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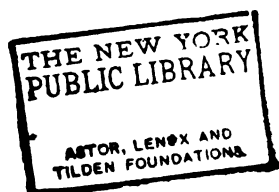




The Rosary magazine

Dominicans







OUR LADY OF THE VEIL.
RAPHAEL.

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No. I.

Our Lady of the Rosary

By Aubrey de Vere

That crown of twelve-starred circling our Lady's head,
That crown St. John descried with heaven-lit eyes,
To which from Paphos' shores his hands he spread,
Save one, the brightest in the Church's skies,
Emblemmed the Credo's twelve great mysteries:
On these Our Lady's heart for years had fed
As earlier yet it kept, by faith made wise,
Kept and held fast, whate'er her Lord had said
Whate'er he wrought: O Rosary! twice-bless'd,
How much of her, of Him, man shares through thee?
Her sorry vigil, her celestial rest?
The child who counts his beads stands at her knee;
Sees what she saw, by Christ's good Spirit possessed,
His life, his death, sees them as Angels see!

E. Devereux



THE BLESSED AMONG WOMEN.

(Continued.)

BY KATHARINE E. CONWAY.

THE tradition of the early Christian Church gives us this description of Mary's appearance when she had attained marriageable age, and was on the point of leaving the Temple. It is of artistic interest, for it served as a type to the limners and glass-workers of the middle ages. "Her stature was middle-sized. Her complexion was tinged like wheat color; her hair light; her eyes piercing, the eye-ball yellowish and something of the color of an olive; her eye-brows beautiful and deep-tinged, and very much arched; her nose long; her lips vermilion, from which came forth words full of suavity. Her face was neither round nor long, but a little oval; her hands and fingers were long. She was averse to all ostentation, simple in her manners, doing nothing to contribute to the beauty of her countenance, nor showing any haughtiness, but acting always with the greatest humility."

It is surprising that sacred art, which has dealt so minutely with other portions of Mary's life, has not made more of the poetic and suggestive legends of the girlhood in the Temple. Jehan Trupin, in the 16th century decorated the Cathedral at Amiens with several panels representing the Presentation, Mary at work, Mary at study, and the prayer of Mary. Paul of Verona painted an exquisite Presentation, now in the Venetian Museum, and in the Convent of the Trinita dei Monti, in Rome, there is a modern but most interesting fresco of Mary's cloistered girlhood, known as *Mater Admirabilis*.

Many beautiful traditions cluster around the marriage of Mary, but these are well known, being long favorite themes of poet and painter. Mary being now an orphan, the High Priest gave her in marriage to a just man of middle age, Joseph, who, though also of the royal race of David, was poor, and earned his bread at the trade of a carpenter. Here the Gospel of St. Luke takes up the story of Mary's life, and shows us that Joseph respected his young wife's vow, for Gabriel, we are told, was sent to an espoused virgin. It is clear also, as St. Augustine points out, from the ques-

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tion of Mary to the Angel, that she purposed neither then nor at any future time to be released from her vow.

From the sacred text we get a very definite idea of the character of Mary. How well the poet, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, has expressed it:

"Unto God's will she brought devout respect,
Profound simplicity of intellect,
And supreme patience. From her mother's knee
Faithful and hopeful; wise in charity;
Strong in grave peace; in pity circumspect."

She was indeed full of faith, patience, and self-restraint, as is evident from the first chapter of the Gospel of St. Matthew, where the doubts of Joseph concerning her are told. She must have known his misgivings; she must have suffered from them, but she was silent. She left her cause in God's hands, and He miraculously justified her. She was strong of heart and sound of head beyond all women, for she carried the sword of Simeon's prophecy in her heart from the day when, a young mother of fifteen years, she presented her Divine Child in the Temple, until thirty-three years later, a mature woman, she stood by the cross on Calvary. Yet she was outwardly calm and peaceful; nor differed notably in her visible life from other Hebrew women. She was thoughtful, silent, absorbed in her wonderful charge—pondering, as the Scripture tells us, her Son's words and deeds in her heart. She exercised a Mother's authority over Him; for, note her words of tender chiding to the Boy of twelve years, when she finds Him on the third day in the Temple. And the Scripture condenses the eighteen years of Christ's life, from this time till He began His public career, into the statement that He returned home with Joseph and Mary, and was subject to them.

She was full of delicacy and consideration, for at the wedding feast of Cana, she asks her Son to put forth His divine power, not to relieve a hard necessity, but to save a hospitable host from being shamed before his guests. Her word had with Christ that weight which a mother's word might be expected to have with the best of sons; for though, by the language of Holy Writ, He seemed to rebuke her request, she certainly did not understand it so. She bade the waiters do whatever Jesus should tell them; and though He had said, "My hour is not yet come," He anticipated it, and wrought, at His mother's instance, His first public miracle.

We get but few and vanishing glimpses of Mary in the Bible,

from this time, until the day of Christ's crucifixion, when she emerges from the shadows, and stands out in sight of all on Calvary, the Mother of the Crucified: "Now there stood by the Cross of Jesus His Mother," writes John. That "stood" is a very eloquent word here, and says more for Mary than volumes of dissertations on her fidelity and fortitude. She did not faint, she did not fail—she stood; though of the men, His disciples, when His enemies closed about Him, it is written. "Then, all these leaving Him, fled away."

Friend, did you ever watch at the death bed of an only child, an only son? You had all possible comfort for the dying one. The room was hushed; sympathizing friends were beside you, or within call. If a word were spoken, it was to cheer the dying, to comfort you. And yet, mother, you suffered more in the dying of your son, than you will ever suffer in your own supreme hour. Was not his every moan, his every convulsive sigh, a sword in your heart? Would you not have given your life itself to ease his pain? But what were your son's sufferings—speaking only in the natural order—to those of Christ's, dying a malefactor's death, in the midst of scoffers and mockers, His thirst aggravated by the ingenious torture of the vinegar and gall, His failing sight confronted by the wrathful faces of His foes? And what were your tortures to His Mother's? Think you that every stroke of the hammer that nailed Him to the Cross was not felt with actual physical pain in His Mother's heart? Think you, she would not gladly, could it have been, have given her own body to the scourges and her own hands to the nails?

We came once on a vivid description of the crucifixion and death of a number of captives on a height overlooking the City of Carthage, in the time of the Punic wars; and we doubt if even a strong woman could read it without feeling a reflection of the pain. But what must it be to witness a crucifixion? To stand for three long hours near enough to hear the rending of muscles and flesh, as the weight of the body swayed, it now this way, now that, on the three nails that held it to the Cross. And the witness was a widowed Mother; and the Victim, her only Son.

We praise, and rightly, the courage of poor Rizpah, the mother of the sons of Saul, who watched their dead bodies as they hung on the crosses, driving away the beasts and the birds, till David heard the piteous story, and gave them sepulchre. But was it not braver to watch by the dying, encompassed by enemies fiercer than ravening wolves or vultures?

Ah, but there was another torture transcending all these; transcending all other possible human experience. Through contact with the Divine, she had caught a reflection of the Divine passion, not for a nation, but for a world. Mary knew why her Son was dying, and she knew that for many His death would be in vain.

Christ on the Cross gave His Mother to the keeping of His best-loved disciple, John, who from that hour, as he himself tells us, took her to his own. And this is the Gospels' last word of Mary.

Withal, it is urged against us Catholics that there is not enough made of Mary in the Sacred Scriptures to warrant the veneration we pay her. We refer to those who receive the Bible—as do all the Christian sects, however otherwise differing—as the inspired word of God. To those who repudiate the Divine inspiration of the Scriptures of the Old Testament and the New, all that we have said, from whatever source drawn, is but a pretty legend, or allegory, or at best a history resting on no more stable foundation than that which underlies the ancient histories of Greece and Rome. Yet, for these also it may not be without interest to hear just what the old historic Church believes about the most widely and tenderly revered of women, and how it honors her.

We base our devotion to the Blessed Virgin on the fact plainly set forth in the Bible that she is the Mother of God Incarnate, Jesus Christ, the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity. Granting her this supreme honor, all difficulties about her minor honors or prerogatives should cease; for these are but preparatory for, or consequent on, her Divine Maternity. It troubles us not that the Bible makes no formal statement attesting Mary's Immaculate Conception, her perpetual Virginity, her life-long sinlessness, her Assumption into Heaven, her Son's exceeding love for her, and her intercessory power with Him. If a great, wise, and virtuous king chooses a maiden for his wife and the mother of his heir, we do not need, in addition to our knowledge of that convincing fact, an official bulletin to assure us that she is fit for the place to which she has been raised; that the king loves her tenderly; that his courtiers honor her, that her intercession counts for much with him, and that he is pleased when his people praise her.

But, it may be objected, Mary is not the Mother of God, for God is from all eternity, and she is but a finite creature. She is the Mother of the Man Christ, or even of the human nature of the Son of God, but she is not the Mother of the Divinity. This objection is lucidly answered in Cardinal Gibbons' popular book, "Faith of Our Fathers:"

"Did the mother who bore us," he says, "have any part in the production of our *souls*? Was not this nobler part of our being the work of God alone? And yet who would for a moment dream of saying, 'the mother of my body,' and not 'my mother?'"

The comparison teaches us that the terms, parent and child, mother and son, refer to the persons and not to the parts or elements of which the persons are composed.

Hence, no one says: "The mother of *my* body," "the mother of *my* soul;" but in all propriety "my mother," the mother of me, who live and breathe, think and act, one in my personality, though uniting in it a soul directly created by God, and a material body derived from the maternal womb. In like manner, as far as the sublime mystery of the Incarnation can be reflected in the natural order, the Blessed Virgin, under the overshadowing of the Holy Ghost, by communicating to the Second Person of the adorable Trinity, as mothers do a true human nature of the same substance with her own, is thereby really and truly His Mother. It is in this sense that the title of *Mother of God*, denied by Nestorius, was vindicated to her by the General Council of Ephesus in 431; and in this sense, and in no other, has the Church called her by that title."

(*To be continued.*)

THE ASCENSION.

MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD.

Lo! His work on earth accomplished
 Jesus seeks His Father's Throne,
 Leaving His most glorious Mission
 To the keeping of His own.

They who love Him best upgazing,
 Mark His wounded hands outspread,
 While upon each yearning spirit
 Are sweet benedictions shed.

Hour of awe! when 'mid such glory
 Hope divine was given to earth,
 That all men might turn with longing
 To the true land of their birth.

A MARRIAGE OF REASON.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN, LL.D.

XXI.

"DONNA QUIXOTA."

MRS. SHERWOOD soon understood the position of affairs. Katharine did not come down to the late breakfast. Her aunt thought that she remained upstairs through fear; she smiled bitterly and nursed her wrath. What did the girl mean by playing fast and loose in this way? Wirt Percival had been permitted to engage himself to the Lady Alicia, and Lord Marchmont had been snubbed. Was there a Duke in prospect, that this penniless young creature should comport herself with so much arrogance?

But Katharine was not afraid. She was not one of those who value peace so highly that they will sacrifice self-respect and principle for it. An unpleasant interview, provided she felt blameless in conscience, had no terrors for her. Mrs. Sherwood did not know this; she looked forward in triumph towards the coming scene, and said to herself that she would force Katharine into compliance, send for Marchmont, and arrange the marriage on a reasonable basis, as they do in France. Katharine was not fool enough to give up her present advantages for a nonsensical prejudice.

Katharine read over and over again the note she had received and, in comparison with its contents, her aunt's wrath seemed a mere trifle. What did it mean? The people who read the "society" columns no doubt believed that she was engaged to Wirt Percival or to Lord Marchmont. To which of them did the writer of the note point? Katharine was impetuous enough at times, but she had been taught to be prudent where other people were involved. She knew that if she mentioned the subject either to her aunt or Mrs. Percival it would be no secret. She could not mention it to the Lady Alicia until she knew just what it meant. She wished ardently that her uncle were at home. She felt that she could trust *him*. She would wait awhile—haste is generally a fault. She put away carefully her ball dress and arranged everything in her room in the most orderly manner. She packed her trunk and satchel, leaving out all the frocks and ornaments her aunt had given her. She would, at least, be prepared to end a struggle

with no empty threat. She counted her money. She had three hundred dollars—given to her by her uncle at various times. She would take this and pay it back after a time, she said. She would not go away if she could help it, and, if she could not help it she would go away as quickly as possible. Where? Out in the world like any poor girl to earn her living. She would have to go without a chaperon! The thought made her smile, although it did seem a difficulty at first. But she remembered that there were thousands of working girls in the city to whom her difficulty would seem the height of the ridiculous.

She made a plan before luncheon, and descended to the table with composure. The meal, made up of odds and ends left from the dinner of the night before, was of unusual dimensions.

Mrs. Sherwood smiled, and in a dulcet voice tenderly inquired after Katharine's health. Then she opened fire.

"You are sorry no doubt for your shameless conduct to Lord Marchmont last night."

Mrs. Sherwood fixed her eyes on her niece with what she considered to be a potential look.

"I am not sorry," said Katharine, in a decided voice. "I heard your whisper last night, and I guessed the rest. I will not be handed to any man like a bale of goods."

"Why did you encourage him?"

"You encouraged him."

"Perhaps you have a Duke in prospect," she sneered.

"I am sick of this kind of talk, aunt. You have neutralized your kindness by treating me as if I were a slave, to be sold for the price of your social advancement. It is un-Christian, it is inhuman! I will not marry anybody! I will not, at any rate, make what you call a marriage of reason!"

"Possibly you are in love with Ferdinand Carey. He was very, very attentive to you the other night, I observed—that is, I couldn't help observing—"

Mrs. Sherwood paused; Katharine started, but suppressed the reply that rose to her lips—this was the time for a Hail Mary.

"Of all things," went on Mrs. Sherwood, "I abhor a coquette—above all a flirt who has learned in a convent how to be demure and hypocritical."

Katharine raised her head and flashed a glance across at her aunt; she put down her fork; she could not eat her aunt's food. She remembered the priest's words; she would endure as long as she could. She rose from the table, her eyes bright, her cheeks

flushed. Mrs. Sherwood rose too, carried away by her pent-up anger.

"You will give me your word to accept Lord Marchmont, if he asks you, or leave this house!" she said, pursuing her niece to the door.

"You threaten, aunt;" said Katharine, standing with the portiere in her hand, and looking back. "If you knew me better, you would not threaten."

Mrs. Sherwood went back to the dining room, angry and puzzled. But by the time the carriage came around to take her to the city, she had come to the conclusion that Katharine would be glad to accept her terms.

Katharine went back to her room and meditated. She would do nothing hastily. It was plain to her that she could no longer stay in her aunt's house amid constant quarrels. She was sure that her uncle would not approve of her aunt's course of action. But that was no relief to the present condition of affairs. On his return it would only cause dissensions between her uncle and aunt. There was no place for her. She must go! She had obeyed her confessor to the limits he had set for her. It was hard, but she was no worse off than thousands of girls; she could do her best and leave the rest to God.

She ordered the butler to have her bag and trunk sent down to the station. That personage, who had lately been imported, had been trained to ask no questions and show no emotion. She found her luggage awaiting her when she went down to catch the half-past two o'clock train; she had it checked to the Colonnade Hotel. Why should she disguise her goings in or comings out? As soon as she should be settled in a permanent place she would send her aunt her address and write to her uncle. It was a question of self-respect, she said to herself, not of pride.

Once in the car, with her luggage checked, she felt that the great step had been taken; her hedges were burned; she was about to enter the whirl of the world, to leave the sheltered life which had been hers from infancy. Her heart beat a little faster than usual and her eyes dimmed, as she recalled the debt of gratitude she owed her uncle. The train had not started. Should she go back and wait until he should come home? No; that might be grateful, but it would be unkind, for assuredly it would cause dissensions between her uncle and aunt. After all, it was right that her aunt should decide on what terms a guest should remain in her house. A day might come when she would have a chance of

showing her uncle that she was not ungrateful; she would wait.

Nevertheless it depressed her to think that there was not one in the household to say goodbye to her,—and yet there was. She glanced out of the window just before the train started, and noticed that somebody was waving a great bunch of white roses. It was Peter McCready, the butler whom Mrs. Sherwood had recently engaged. He was a short man, with a red nose, and twinkling eyes, and great dignity of deportment. He took off his hat, and pushed the roses through the car window.

"The gardener told me to give you these, he says that you always take flowers with you when you're going out, and as I was coming this way," he added, remembering his dignity, "I was glad to take them. They're beauties; he cut them for you before luncheon."

Almost involuntarily Katharine grasped the hand that held the roses. It was like a ray of light to see that there was one person in her uncle's house who thought kindly of her.

"Goodbye, Peter," she said, "goodbye. And tell the gardener that I shall not forget his kindness—I love flowers as much as he does, and say to him," she added, with a smile remembering a certain controversy, "that I still believe that it is a great mistake to fumigate Catharine Mermet roses."

"He will do it," said the butler. "You can't change a Scotchman."

"Goodbye—goodbye!" And the train moved out of the station. Peter would have liked to ask whether she would be long away or not.

"The house will be dull without her," he murmured.

Katharine buried her face in the nosegay of Bride roses and felt cheered. It must be indeed a sad time for her when roses could not cheer her. In a short time the brakeman called out "Philadelphia," and she walked through the station to Broad street. Life seemed a little darker to her than it had seemed the last time she had entered that station. A newsboy held his papers out to her; she bought two, not because she wanted them, but because she was about to earn her living, and people who earned their living ought to help each other. She was tempted to take a hansom, but she remembered that henceforth she must not indulge in such luxuries; she was a working girl now, and every cent would count. She walked to Chestnut Street, unencumbered except by the roses and the luggage checks she held nervously in her hand for fear of losing them.

She had hardly turned the corner of Broad and Chestnut when a voice from the street hailed her. It was the Lady Alicia, in the Worth carriage. Katharine stopped and the coachman drove up to the sidewalk.

"I knew you at once by that bunch of roses. It was easy enough to guess who was hidden among them. Let me give you a lift. I am out calling with a stack of the Worth cards, besides my own. I have been praying at every door I came to that the people may not be at home. Where are *you* going?"

Biddy seemed to be in excellent spirits; her color was higher than usual, her white teeth gleamed in frequent smiles, and there was an air of robust health and satisfaction about her.

Katharine hesitated. Why would people who prided themselves on their good breeding ask such direct questions?

"I am not going far."

"Let me give you a lift."

Katharine hesitated.

"Oh, come, get in—I want to talk to you. I'm so glad that I am settled at last. My father and brothers will think it lovely to get me off their hands without the expense of a London season. So get in!"

"But I'm going only to the Colonnade Hotel," said Katharine, "and you have your calls to make. If you like, I'll meet you in an hour at Blank's—you know where they have those delicious ices."

Katharine was anxious to get a little time for thought—to be away from everybody.

"Yes," said Biddy, "you Americans make the best in the world—which is about the only thing you do well. But I don't want ices—I want to talk to you. Step in; I'll make a call or two, and then drive you for your call at the hotel. The Colonnade? Who that *we* know can possibly live there?"

Katharine got into the carriage with as much bustle as possible to avoid answering this question.

"Wirt is really very nice," began Biddy, "he brought me a basket of ferns this morning, and we walked down Chestnut Street. The Marquise says that if you're seen on the fashionable side of Chestnut street at eleven in the morning with a man, people are justified in saying that you are engaged. Is that an American custom?"

"I don't know," said Katharine, listlessly. She did not belong in this comfortable carriage; she wanted to be in her place among ~~those~~ who walked.

"He showed me some gorgeous things at the jewellers, he must be enormously rich; and he seems generous. Do you know I think we shall get along quite well!"

"But about religion?" asked Katharine. "You know Mr. Percival is at present an Agnostic."

A shade crossed the Lady Alicia's face.

"We shall let each other alone, my dear."

Katharine sighed.

"Here we are at the Colonnade, Biddy. I shall get out. Let me kiss you. Goodbye—goodbye! I am going out of your world."

The Lady Alicia looked at her face, and held tight to her gown.

"What is the matter, Kitty? What do you mean? You are not well."

"Oh, yes, I am. But I want to say goodbye. To-morrow I will be no longer of your class; I shall work for my living; I shall be only Katharine O'Connor the worker—"

"What *do* you mean?" cried Biddy, in genuine alarm. "You *shall* stay with me until I make sure that you are not crazy. Is your uncle ruined? Has his house burned down? Has your aunt been nasty to you? Drive on, John!—drive on!"

Katharine sank back in the seat.

"My aunt,—you may as well know the truth, Biddy,—has followed what she believes to be the code of society and arranged a marriage of reason for me with Lord Marchmont."

"He's a scoundrel!" cried Lady Alicia. "You can't marry him—though, I must confess, he has prospects. He may be a duke some day when everybody in the way dies. He is a scoundrel," said the Lady Alicia, with less energy, "but he belongs to a great family, and, from the American point of view, you might do worse."

Katharine flashed a scornful glance at her friend.

"From to-day I shall work for my bread. And, rather than marry that man or any man for mere worldly motives, I would—"

"Be an old maid," interrupted Biddy, with a laugh.

"Yes," said Katharine, "I see no disgrace in that. It requires a very superior woman to be an old maid, without regrets and without bitterness. Besides, this life is not all. And, Biddy, I think it would be better for you to work, as I shall do, rather than marry a man so opposite to you in religion as Mr. Wirt Percival."

"Nonsense!" said Biddy. "He saves me from dependence; he gives me a carriage, diamonds, his city house, his country house—my papa will respect me now. A question of religion is nothing in marriage. He will have to keep his Agnosticism in the back-

ground. I'm more afraid of his American ways and prejudices. I admit that I don't care about him—but he's not half bad; he likes my title, and I'll keep the whip hand."

Katharine shook her head.

"I shall send you my address as soon as I get work—to-night I shall stay at the hotel."

Biddy protested, implored, entreated, she begged Katharine to go home, to visit her at the Worth's, to ask Mrs. Percival to take her in.

"No," Katharine said, "I must work."

The Lady Alicia shuddered.

"I would rather die than do what you are about to do."

"And I—" Katharine began, but she mercifully suppressed the words.

Katharine listened to all the arguments of her friend unmoved. The Lady Alicia had settled herself in the carriage after a call during which she had heard Katharine praised and envied, and was about to give the coachman another order when a twisted slip of paper was thrown into her lap. She saw no one near the carriage window.

"Insolence!" she said.

The color left her cheeks as she read it.

"I repeat that you had better heed my warning. The man to whom you are engaged has no right to marry. J. M."

"If Wirt Percival has tried to cheat me—" began the Lady Alicia, her nostrils dilating.

Katharine took the paper.

"See—it is addressed to me," she said.

"But people think that you are engaged to him—the papers have said so. The words point to him," said the Lady Alicia, angrily. "I will discover what it means."

"In spite of her preoccupation and distress, she went into the hotel, and, announcing her name to the clerk, saw Katharine installed in a good room, but with protests.

XXII.

JANE MAVRICK.

KATHARINE was alone with her thoughts at last. The best part of the day had gone; a soft glow filled the room, which was well

appointed, but unhomelike. Her trunk and bag had been brought up to her; relieved as she was—safe as she felt when she had turned the key in the lock, she sat on her trunk and began to cry. But, after all, it was a blessed thing to be alone. If one could lock the world out from even the smallest room, one need not be unhappy! She resolved to wait a little while and then to seek out the working girl she had seen at the dressmaker's—the one whose place she had taken for a few moments, much to her aunt's disgust. That girl had a gentle and honest face; from her she could get the address of a lodging house where she could live while she looked about work. She waited until she heard five o'clock strike, then she went into the street; stopping only for a prayer at St. John's, she went directly to the establishment of the fashionable importer of "robes et manteaux."

The place was not far from the hotel. It was a private house, with no sign of business about it, except the French words in gilded letters on a black background. A polite attendant opened the door, and brought a chair for her.

"You are Miss O'Conor?" he said. "Madame will be disengaged in a moment."

"She need not disturb herself," Katharine said. "I came to see one of the young women here—ah, there she is! Will you ask her to come here?"

The girl who saw Katharine came forward at once, and the attendant, after a glance at the famous beauty—as Katharine had come to be regarded even in the suburbs of society—went back to surmise that there was going to be a row—for why should Mrs. Sherwood's niece want to see any girl in the shop, except to scold her for some mistake or other? The girl's face flushed as she saw Katharine; she seemed startled for an instant, and then she went forward with a smile.

Katharine rose from her seat as the girl approached her. Another view convinced Katharine that she might hurt her.

"I am going to ask a favor," Katharine said, in a low voice, "and I hope that you are able to grant it."

"I am at your service—I am sure Madame will permit me to do anything that Miss O'Conor requires."

"Oh, Madame has nothing to do with this! I want to find a comfortable place to live, among people who work—I am to be a working girl myself, and I fancy Madame will not care for my opinions then," Katharine added with a smile.

The girl looked puzzled; she raised her soft, brown eyes to

Katharine's face inquiringly. For the first time Katharine felt that there might be some difficulties in the way of her project, on which she had not calculated. But she could not turn back now, and, as a vision of her aunt and Lord Marchmont floated before her eyes, she determined that she would not if she could.

"I am anxious to earn my own living—but, first, I must find a room in some respectable place, among nice, quiet people."

"To earn your own living!" exclaimed the girl, "if you knew how hard it is, I guess you would hesitate. Is it for fun?"

"No," said Katharine, solemnly, "no, it is for earnest. But I must not detain you; will you call for me at the Colonnade Hotel on your way home?"

"Certainly."

"Thank you," said Katharine, "and now I may say that the last frock Madame made for me was a trifle tight on the right shoulder. You may tell her that."

The girl nodded, and walked with her to the door.

Out in the street, Katharine felt oppressed. After all, the world was perhaps harder than she expected. Would she be able to hold her own? The dusk began to fall; there was a cold chill in the air; people were beginning to hurry homeward. Each of them, she reflected, had an occupation. Why should there not be a place for her?

But she could not shake off the depression. A cloud was over her. She hurried up to her room and ordered a cup of tea. She did not light the gas, but sat in the semi-gloom until the boy appeared with the tray. She sat in the dusk, drinking her tea, and listening to the noise of the city. This was very different from the ceremony of five o'clock tea at her aunt's—very different from an atmosphere of perfume, and the glow of the fire and the shaded lamps—very different from the feeling of security and leisure which permeated the air of the houses she had visited at this hour. Somewhat earlier, she had enjoyed the sense of being alone; now she longed for the young girl to enter; it was not pleasant to be alone at dusk, with nothing to contemplate but a vague future.

At the convent, the bell for supper would soon ring, and then everybody was busy with many interests and plans, in which she, who had been so much of the life there, had now no part. Did dear old friends ever think of her? In a little while, her aunt would come home to dinner and find her note. Would she come after her, to storm and rage? Katharine did not care much—better this unhomelike room, and the solitary cup of tea, than life

with Mrs. Sherwood and the sacrifice of principle! Her heart no longer bounded at the thought of meeting the difficulties of life; she was oppressed by sad forebodings. She reflected that she had good health, she had energy, she wanted to work, and, with Father Faber, believed that:

"Right is right, since God is God.
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin."

But, as the lights appeared on the opposite side of the street, and the darkness deepened, Katharine was seized with an unreasonable panic. The mood appalled her. Perhaps it would have been well to have married Wirt Percival. He would have been kind—many girls married outside the church. Alone in the darkness she thought this over. He was rich and respected; he could have given her everything that the world admires—except sympathy in that most essential of all things, religion. Of love she had been told little at the convent, and the novels she had read were few; but Mother Ursula, who spoke often to the young girls on the practical duties of life, had insisted on perfect respect and sympathy in marriage. How could she partake of the great Sacrament of Matrimony with one who did not believe it to be a sacrament? How could she respect one who denied the divinity of Christ—her All in all? And there was Lord Marchmont, an avowed Agnostic, keener and cleverer than Percival, but from whom she shrank with a woman's intuition that surpasses all logic! No; not even to save herself from death in the right, from the terrors of an unknown future, would she marry Lord Marchmont! The uncertain future was better than that. She knelt and said her beads, bathed her face, on which the tears had stood—for a young girl has a great capacity for self-pity—turned up the gas, rung for some more tea and bread, and began to bustle about in preparation for the coming of the young woman from the shop. There was a grate in the room, and she had a fire made. Things took a more cheerful look. She would never look back again; her face must be set forward.

A bell boy came up to announce that a lady wanted to see Miss O'Connor. Katharine asked that she should be shown up to the room. After a short time she heard the click of the elevator, which was near her room, and she opened her door. She stretched out both hands to welcome the girl, who entered rather timidly.

"Why, it is raining," Katharine said, "your coat is wet!"

"Just a little," said the new-comer, I ran very fast—between the drops."

"And had you no umbrella?"

"I broke mine in getting off a car the other day," the girl said simply, "and I'm afraid I can't get it mended—it was too far gone."

The girl resisted a little Katharine's attempt to take off her wet coat, while Katharine wondered why she did not buy another umbrella, if hers were broken. Soon she was made comfortable, in spite of herself. Her pale face assumed a glow, and her brown eyes lost their tired look. She drank her tea with a sigh of satisfaction.

"Oh, how cheerful this is!" she said.

"Cheerful?" said Katharine, dubiously.

"If you knew what it is to stand on your feet from eight o'clock in the morning until half-past six at night, you would find how restful this is! I am always so glad to get home. And you are very kind. Madame kept us a half hour later to-night."

Katharine watched her enjoying the tea, the light and the warmth.

"You are very kind," she said, putting down her cup. "I am afraid that they will worry about me at home, but I shall get down more easily, for at this hour the car is not so crowded."

"Who will worry about you?"

"My sister and John—John is my small brother."

"You will forgive me for detaining you—but I will see you part of the way home, if you like—"

"Oh, no!" said the girl, "I am used to it, and you would be obliged to go back alone. You were so kind to me that I should be ungrateful not to be anxious to oblige you."

"I am anxious to find a room, with meals, if possible, in a quiet place, as I told you, and I can not afford to pay much for it. You are surprised that I am poor? But I am. I liked your face; you seemed to me like a good and gentle girl, and I thought I would go to you for advice. I am to be a working girl like you."

"It will be very hard."

"Everything is hard in this world—unless we learn to do it for the love of God."

The girl sighed.

"I know that well." She paused, and then spoke with heightened color. "You must forgive me for speaking very plainly. I know," she added, with a quick glance at Katharine's face, "that

one had better die than do wrong. But, if one can keep one's self-respect at all and also have leisure and comfort, it is best to bear some crosses. It is indeed! I am so tired on Saturday, after the week's work, that I can scarcely get strength enough to go out to confession, when the first Sunday of the month comes. Besides, Miss O'Connor, you do not know what poverty means; it means care and fear and anxiety; it means dependence; it means the endurance of slights and the feeling of inferiority."

"I should not mind," said Katharine, wondering at the girl's choice of words; she was certainly not uneducated.

"Ah, you don't know! You will have to think twice before buying an extra loaf of bread, and that will be very hard for you who can afford to buy flowers like that. They are lovely!" said the girl, looking at the roses.

"You may take them home!" said Katharine, putting them in the girl's lap. "You will please me very much!"

The girl's eyes sparkled.

"Oh, they *are* lovely! We grow flowers in our yard in the summer, but I have never had roses like these. You must pardon me for speaking frankly—I can only show you what poverty means by speaking of myself. I awake every day with the fear that I may get sick. My sister at present can do little to earn money, and my brother must not leave school yet, and so, if I fall sick, the support of the whole of us ceases. You who buy your gowns at Madame's, and only ask who made them in Paris and care very little about the price, will find it dreadful to have to make an old dress last years—yes, years. It would not be so hard if I had not a debt to pay. Our house is mortgaged, and I should like to call it our own, but I can scarcely pay the interest. How will you bear the strain of working from day to day, all the year round, to find you have nothing that you can call your own? Sometimes I fear that my sister will lose her mind—she gets so blue thinking of the desert of unrewarded work I am going through, and she so helpless."

"Is she ill?"

"Ill and unhappy!"

"I should not be unhappy if I had a sister's love," said Katharine, gravely.

"Ah, you don't know," said the girl, shaking her head. "You are running away from—you have been disappointed—but if you knew how helpless the poor are, and how despondent they are—that is, if they *think*, you would pause before you leap from the

height of luxury and appreciation to a depth where life is—oh, so different. Not that I have known a life very different from my present life—but I can imagine it.”

Katharine did not speak at once. She looked at the girl thoughtfully; she saw a sweet and gentle face, too thin about the temples, and with dark brown hair, waving a little over the low broad brow, with a straight line of care or sorrow bisecting it—a young girl, but with a look as if she might suddenly become old. Her simple brown cloth dress was neat and carefully kept. Her face lost its tenseness as she sipped the tea, and enjoyed the warm fire and the scent of the roses. For a moment, she seemed to forget Katharine, who reflected that, at least, it was something to be able to give this tired being a little rest. But the girl roused herself.

“ I must go,” she said.

“ But, first, will you find a boarding-house for me?”

“ I shall try; if you—” a sudden glow of hope lighted up the girl’s face, and then it disappeared. A vague likeness in it to somebody she had seen before struck Katharine, who was it?

“ If—” said Katharine.

“ But we are too poor to take you into our house,” said the girl.

“ I am poor—I want to live among the poor—is there a Catholic Church near your house?”

“ Oh, yes, there are two very near!”

“ If you have room, I shall live with you. And I fancy,” added Katharine, with a confident smile, that I shall be able to help you.”

The girl’s face brightened.

“ It will be a great help to us to have somebody take our spare room. But if you knew—Oh, nobody can ever make us happy again.”

“ Our Lord—”

“ By a miracle—a miracle!” said the girl, hastily. “ There are even worse things than penury. To bear a broken heart in one’s breast—to have the light taken from one’s life—to be despised by those we loved!” the girl went on, vehemently.

Katharine listened in amazement, but with interest.

“ When will you come to see our house?” the girl said, remembering herself. “ I must go!”

“ To-morrow, in the morning.”

“ Goodbye—thank you—thank you!” She shook Katharine’s hand, took the roses, and, throwing her coat over her arm, went towards the door. Katharine saw that she arose thus hastily to hide

her tears. She looked at the card which had been left on the table; she read the words written in pencil:

"Jane Mavrick, care of Mrs. Cayre." And then followed the addresses that had appeared in the two mysterious notes.

(To be continued.)

CARDINAL MANNING.

BY HENRY AUSTIN.

O Lamp gone out on earth to be a star
For countless generations that now are
Undreamed-of in the wondrous womb of Time!
How shall we praise thy glorious life aright,—
We in the silence and the shadow of night?
How, with our little, hint of thy sublime?

Not of thy fold, though faintly of thy faith,
How many, who in nature find the wraith
Of Deity, a meaning and a plan,
Must hunger for a union of all creeds,
That are expressions of the deepest needs
And loftiest longings of the heart of man.

And union is the sermon of thy life,
Soldier, who joined in darkest hour of strife
The Church proscribed within thy native land,—
Safety and honor and the grasp of friends,
And all the sweet illusions fortune lends,
Resigning with an unreluctant hand.

But Time, that tireless lifter of the low,
That revolutionist whose torch's glow
Laughs luridly o'er many a principality
Whereof the very history hath grown dim,
Casts a most loving, lingering light on him
Who makes his nature a divine reality.

And thou didst live, O Soldier of the Cross!
To see thy brave relinquishment and loss
Of earthly shows restored with wider powers;
To see thy native land extend to thee
That nobler homage than the bended knee,—
A true repentance of unworthy hours.

Prince of a realm that rises o'er the wrecks
Of many empires,—nothing could perplex
The clear, bright vision of thy soul humane;
No narrow barrier of race or creed
Held thee from speeding to relieve the need
Of England, or of Ireland long in chain.

Thou wast the champion of the common host
Fulfilling thus the Roman's ancient boast
"To raise the humble and depress the proud;"
And so it came to pass, where'er thy feet
Sped thy heart's errand through the sinful street,
Sad London for awhile forgot her cloud.

Priest of Humanity! thy life hath lent
Unto thy Church a nobler argument
Than any miracle of ages past,
For at thy death from east to mightier west
Labor's tired ranks, rising to call thee blest,
Crowned with vast love a life whose love was vast.

How beautiful is the harmony of our devotion and our worship—how delicate, how natural, how beautiful the idea of our Holy Mother, the Church, in selecting this month—this month of promise—this month of Spring—this month of gladness—of serene sky and softened temperature—this month opening the summer, the glad time of the year, and dedicating it to her who represents, indeed, in the order of grace, the springtime of man's redemption; opening the summer of the sunshine of God, the first sign of the purest life that this earth was able to send forth under the eyes of God and man!—*Rev. Thomas N. Burke, O. P.*

LIFE OF ST. DOMINIC.

BY REV. MOTHER AUGUSTA THEODOSIA DRANE O.S.D.

CHAPTER XIII.

CONFIRMATION OF THE ORDER.

THE COUNCIL of Lateran broke up at the end of November, 1215, and soon afterwards Dominic, in company with the Bishop of Toulouse, set out to return to France. On their road thither they stopped at several cities of northern Italy, specially Sienna, where they were received with great honor, and according to the Chronicle of Nanno Donati, overtures were made to the saint by the magistrates of the city, who desired that he should establish some of his disciples among them. This was at the time impossible, and the holy Father was anxious to lose no time in rejoining his brethren at Toulouse. During his absence their numbers had increased from six to sixteen, and the mutual joy of their meeting can be well imagined. The saint explained to them the result of his petition to the Holy See, and the necessity which now lay on them to make choice of a Rule. For this purpose he appointed a meeting of all the brethren, to be held at Prouille, where the brothers William de Claret and Noel, who took care of the nuns, were already awaiting them. Thither, in the month of April, they all repaired, and assembling in the little chapel of our Lady, after earnest prayer and invocation of the Holy Spirit, they agreed to choose the Rule of St. Augustine, under which the holy founder himself had lived ever since he had worn the habit of a Canon Regular, and which they had all observed during their residence at Toulouse. It was the better fitted for their purpose by its very simplicity, which rendered it capable of nearly any development which the peculiar objects of their Institute might require. In choosing it, Dominic fulfilled the obligation imposed on him by the Pope, while at the same time he was left free to add Constitutions of his own to the general principles of religious life laid down by St. Augustine.

He was not the first who had made a similar use of this Rule. If we compare the plan of St. Dominic with that of St. Norbert, who had preceded him by nearly a century, we shall find a very striking similarity between them. St. Norbert's Rule was a re-

formation of that of the Regular Canons. In its design he departed from the ordinary line of the more ancient forms of monasticism, and set before him as his object active missionary labors for the salvation of souls. His work was preaching. He himself preached over all the provinces of France and Flanders, and obtained faculties from Pope Gelasius II. authorizing him to preach wherever he might think proper. But whatever similarity was to be found existing between the two Institutes, they were called to fill a different place in the Church of God. Religious Orders, we must never forget, are the result of Divine vocation, not the mere creations of human intelligence; and those vocations they accomplish in an infinite variety of ways, which human intelligence could never have planned or executed; they are like the varieties of plants and animals in nature, whose mingled similarities and distinctions, multiplied in a thousand forms, attest the authorship of an infinite Creator.

The founder of the Friars Preachers was well acquainted with both the Premonstratensian and the Cistercian Rules, and freely borrowed from them both whatever he found suitable for his purpose; but the idea which had existed in his mind from the very first was distinct from either. His plan was three-fold. The first and primary object of the Order was labor for the salvation of souls; but in setting this before him as his principal aim, he was unwilling to abandon anything of the religious character which attached to the elder Institutes of the Church. The whole of his design is expressed in that passage of the Constitutions where it is said that "the Order of Preachers was principally and essentially designed for preaching and teaching, in order thereby to communicate to others the fruits of contemplation, and to procure the salvation of souls." Dominic well knew that to sanctify others, the teachers should first be sanctified themselves, and he was content to follow the guidance of antiquity in choosing the means of that sanctification the fruits of which were to be imparted to the world.

He therefore included in his Rule all the essential characteristics of monastic life; the abstinence from meat, and the long fast from Holy Cross until Easter; the observance of silence at the times and in the places appointed; the daily chapter; the strict law of poverty, and the rigorous practice of penance. At the same time a certain freedom and expansiveness were mingled with the strictness of its discipline, which enabled it to bend and mould itself so as to meet its great and primary purpose, the

salvation of souls. In the Constitutions of the Order, accordingly, we find, mixed with the usual enactments of regular discipline, certain powers of dispensation, to be used when a literal and unbending adherence to the letter of the Rule would embarrass and impede the brethren in their more active duties. There are also express Constitutions, both for the ordering of their own studies, and the regulation of such schools as they might open for the teaching of others; so that all their active and apostolic undertakings, instead of being departures from the Rule, should be provided for in it, and partake of its own spirit and discipline. We may therefore consider contemplation, apostolic labor for souls, and the especial cultivation of theological science, as the three objects which Dominic sought to unite and to provide for in the Constitutions of his Order.

We must now proceed to give a brief account of the brethren who joined with the saint in the deliberations held at Prouille, and who must be regarded as the foundation-stones of the Order. Of Bertrand of Garrigua, the saint's beloved companion, and Matthew of France, the former prior of Castres, something has been said already; both enjoyed the peculiar confidence of the holy founder, and were afterwards charged by him with important undertakings. The two brethren, William de Claret, of Pamiers, and Noel, a native of Prouille, have also been named as residing at the latter place, where they had the direction of the nuns. The first of these had been a missionary among the Albigenses in the time of Diego of Azevedo, by whom he was employed to superintend the temporal affairs of the little company. After wearing the habit of the Friars Preachers for twenty years, he left the Order and joined the Cistercians, being, it is said, dissatisfied with the law of absolute poverty, which by that time had been enjoined. Not content with this, he even tried to use his influence with the nuns to induce them to follow his example, an attempt which proved altogether without success. Of Brother Noel we know but little, except that he was one of the saint's first companions, and that he was unhappily drowned in the river Blan, when on a journey to Limoux.

Suero Gomez was a Portuguese of noble birth, who left the royal Court to join the army of De Montfort against the Albigenses. He was one of those who witnessed the deliverance of the fourteen English pilgrims, and who, having assisted in bringing them to shore, shortly afterwards passed to the company of Dominic; he is said to have been distinguished for many vir-

tues, and was the founder of the Order in Portugal. Michael de Fabra, a Spaniard of noble blood, was the first lecturer on theology in the Order, and held that office in the convent of St. James, at Paris. He was also a celebrated preacher, and accompanied King James of Aragon in his expedition against Majorca. "So great was the esteem had of him," says Michael Pio, "that during the fifteen months that the siege lasted nothing was done in the camp, either by soldiers or captains, save what was by him ordered." Such was the reverence in which he was held, that after the conquest of the island he was looked on as its father and ruler, and his name was always invoked next after God and the Blessed Virgin. Divers stories of his apparitions and supernatural assistance to the Christian soldiers are to be found; and the Moors were themselves accustomed to say, that it was the Blessed Virgin and Brother Michael, not the Spaniards who conquered the island.

Another Michael, called De Uzero, was afterwards sent by Dominic to establish the Order in Spain. Brother Dominic, called sometimes the little, on account of his stature, or by others, Dominic the second (and confused by some writers with Dominic of Segovia,* or the third), had also been one of the holy patriarch's first companions in the missions of Toulouse. "He was," says his historian, "little of body, but powerful of soul, and of great sanctity." He, too, was a wonderful preacher, and cleared the Court of King Ferdinand, "as it were, in a moment," of all buffoons, flatterers, and other evil company.

Next comes Lawrence, the Englishman. He was one of the pilgrims whom Dominic saved from drowning, as before related, and by many is called the Blessed Lawrence, a title he seems to have deserved by his sanctity and his gifts of prophecy and miracles. Then there was Stephen of Metz, a Belgian, "a man of rare abstinence, the frequent macerator of his own body, and of burning zeal for the eternal salvation of his neighbor;" and John of Navarre, whom St. Dominic had brought with him from Rome to Toulouse, and there given the habit. He it was to whom St. Dominic gave the celebrated lesson on holy poverty,

*Many authors tell us, that "Dominic the little" was the first Provincial of Lombardy, and afterwards of Spain; and that he was likewise called "Dominic of Segovia." It is clear, however, from the account of Michael Pio, that the two Dominics were distinct persons, and that Dominic of Segovia, the Provincial of Lombardy, was *not* the same as the early companion of the holy patriarch of his Order.

which we shall notice in its proper place. "He was then imperfect," says his biographer, "but he afterwards made many journeys with St. Dominic, and by familiar conversation with him learnt how to be a saint, which indeed he became." He was one of those who gave his evidence on the canonization of the holy Father. Peter of Madrid accompanied Suero Gomez into Portugal, but afterwards, journeying into Castile, became the founder of several convents in that kingdom. The two citizens of Toulouse, Peter Cellani and Thomas, have already been mentioned. Oderic of Normandy had been a Crusader, and becoming a lay-brother, accompanied Matthew of France to Paris, where he was known and revered for his "perfection of sanctity." Lastly there was Manes Guzman, St. Dominic's own brother, "a man of great contemplation, zealous for souls, and illustrious for sanctity." He had a great gift of preaching, although his attraction was wholly to contemplation. Michael Pio gives us his character in a few expressive words: "Above all things he loved quiet and solitude, taking most delight in a contemplative life, in which he made marvelous profit; and in living alone with God and himself, rather than with others. He had the government of the nuns who were established at Madrid. Sincerity and simplicity shone in him above all things; and many miracles declared to the world how dear he was to heaven." Of those named above, Bertrand Garrigua and Manes Guzman are numbered among the Blessed of the Order.

As soon as the little Council of Prouille had concluded its deliberations, Dominic returned to Toulouse. There fresh demonstrations of the friendship of Fulk awaited him. With the consent of his Chapter he made him the grant of three churches: St. Romain, at Toulouse, and two others; one at Pamiers, and another, dedicated to Our Lady, near Puy-Laurens. These in time had each a convent attached to them; but that of St. Romain was begun immediately, for Peter Cellani's house was no longer adapted to their increased numbers. A very humble cloister was therefore built contiguous to the church, and over it were placed the cells of the brethren, "which were arranged," says Blessed Jordan, "for the purposes of study and religious retirement." This was the first regular house of the Order; it was poor enough, and soon completed, and the community removed into it in the summer of 1216.

As soon as the brethren were established in their new convent, Dominic prepared to return to Rome, to report to the Sovereign

Pontiff the decision which had been taken, and to obtain from him a formal confirmation of the Order and its Rule. But before doing this he gave a proof of his disinterestedness, and of that love of poverty which he so greatly prized, by making over to the nuns of Prouille all the lands which had been granted by various benefactors to himself and his brethren. It was even with reluctance that he retained the revenues recently given for the support of the community by Fulk of Toulouse; but the prudence of doing so was pressed on him by the bishop; and the obligation of absolute poverty, which was afterwards made a law of the Order, had not as yet been introduced into the Constitutions. Before taking leave of the brethren he made them an earnest and touching address, in which, says Flaminius, he charged them to keep to the old paths and the traditions of the holy Fathers, by adhering to which they would be preserved from the danger of falling into heresy, or any kind of error. Then appointing Bertrand of Garrigua, as before, to govern the community in his absence, he once more set out for Rome, about the feast of St. John Baptist, 1216.

It was in the course of his journey to Rome that Dominic received the intelligence of the death of Pope Innocent III., which took place at Perugia on the 16th of July, 1216, and of the election as his successor of Cardinal Savelli, who took the title of Honorius III. The news exceedingly afflicted the saint, not only because the deceased Pontiff had shown himself a sure and faithful friend, but because of the loss sustained by the Church which he had so wisely and powerfully governed. It was, moreover, no small anxiety to have to treat for the confirmation of an unknown and untried Institute with a new Pontiff, of whose sentiments Dominic was wholly ignorant. Nevertheless he continued his journey, and arriving at the Roman capital in the month of September, found the Pope still absent at Perugia, which caused some further delay. During the interval the saint lived a poor and obscure life, begging his bread from door to door during the day, and at night having no other lodging than the churches. Many difficulties seemed to oppose the success of his undertaking, for the Pontiff was engaged in various important and troublesome negotiations, and his Court was full of dissensions. Dominic, however, took refuge in prayer and patience, and in his long night watches commended the cause he had at heart before many a holy shrine. But the spot that was dearest to him above all was the ancient Vatican Basilica. There night after night he invoked the aid of St. Peter,

the Prince of the Apostles, and of the glorious St. Paul, his own especial patron; and whilst thus praying he was granted a vision well fitted to strengthen and encourage him during this time of suspense. For the two great Apostles appearing to him as he prayed, St. Peter bestowed on him a staff, and St. Paul a book, addressing him in these memorable words: "Go and preach, for to this ministry thou art called;" and as they disappeared from his sight, he seemed to behold his brethren going forth two and two throughout the whole world, preaching the Word of God to all nations.

Great, indeed, was the joy which filled his heart at such an assurance of the Divine approval. He knew full well that if God were with him no human opposition would avail against him, and felt that the sublime vocation of himself and his brethren had now received a seal from Heaven. Some writers add that the Holy Spirit was at the same time seen to rest on his head in the form of a fiery tongue, and others that he was thenceforth specially confirmed in grace, and freed from many temptations. It is certain that he regarded what had passed as a most precious token of favor, and in memory of it, he ever afterwards carried with him, says Flaminius, whether at home or abroad, a staff, together with the Book of the Gospels and St. Paul's Epistles, the study of which he constantly urged on his brethren.*

The confidence of the saint at length obtained its merited reward. Towards the end of the year Pope Honorius returned to Rome, and two Bulls confirming the new Order were issued by him on the 23rd of December, 1216.

The first of these Bulls is of considerable length; it grants a variety of privileges and immunities to the brethren, and confirms the Order in the possession of all the lands, churches, and revenues with which it had been endowed by Fulk and other benefactors. The second Bull is much shorter, and appears to have been intended that the brethren might carry a copy of it with them in their apostolic journeys to present to the bishops through whose dioceses they might pass, thus furnishing them with testimonials of due authority.†

* The staff he was accustomed to use was still preserved at the convent of Bologna when Pere Rechac wrote his history.

† In the Chapter of Strasburg, 1296, it was ordained that this second Bull should be carried by all religious sent on a journey as an authentic proof of their apostolic mission.

"Honorius, Bishop, servant of the servants of God, to our dear son, Dominic, prior of St. Romain, of Toulouse, and to your brethren who have made, or shall make, profession of regular life, health and the apostolic benediction. We, considering that the brethren of your Order will be the champions of the faith and true light of the world, do confirm the Order in all its lands and possessions present and to come; and we take the Order itself, with all its goods and rights, under our protection and government.

"Given at Sta. Sabina, at Rome, on the 11th of the kalends of January, this first year of our Pontificate. HONORIUS."

The church of Sta. Sabina, whence these Bulls were issued, adjoined what was then the palace of the Savelli family and the residence of the reigning Pontiff. Both of them were granted on the same day, but in neither of them did the new Order receive the title of *Preachers*, which had been bestowed on it by Innocent III. The manner in which this omission was rectified is thus related by Thomas of Cantimpre, the disciple of Albert the Great. "Pope Honorius, when publishing the two Bulls, in which he granted the confirmation of the Order, did not make use of the title of Brothers Preachers, but desired that the inscription should be written on the back of the folded patent, 'To Master Dominic and the Preaching Brothers.' But instead of this the notary wrote, 'To the Brothers Preachers.' The Pope, reading over the document before signing it, asked of the notary why he had altered the words. 'Because,' replied the notary, 'the word *Preacher*, signifies both the act and the office, whereas that of *Preaching* implies indeed the act, but does not denote the office, and your Holiness has thought fit to commit to them both the act and the office.' The Pope approved this explanation and desired that the title should stand so amended, and thenceforth the Order, thus solemnly confirmed, became universally known under the title of the Order of Friars Preachers."

Meanwhile, the saint's daily life during the period of his stay in Rome, was anything but an idle one. Not only did he preach almost daily in one or other of the churches, but he took part in many works of charity, both spiritual and corporal. Outside the walls of the city there resided at that time certain recluses, commonly called *Murati*, from their habitation. They lived a sort of eremitical life, each in a poor little cell, separate one from the other, in which they were enclosed, never leaving them, being moved to this singular life by a particular spirit of mortification and solitude. Almost every morning, after celebrating Mass and

reciting the Divine Office, Dominic went to visit them, conversing with them on holy subjects, and exhorting them to perseverance. He was also accustomed to administer to them the Sacraments of Penance and the Holy Eucharist, and was, in short, what would be now called their director.

During this visit he also formed ties of close intimacy with several distinguished persons then residing at the Roman capital, who afterwards became, in various ways, associated with the history of the Order. He had, indeed, that aptitude for friendship, which is to be found in those who, possessing large and deep sympathies, have also the special power of communicating themselves to others. Hence the history of his life is embellished with the records of many dear and noble friendships, which, once formed, lasted even until death.

Among those whose acquaintance he at this time made, was Ugolino Conti, Cardinal Bishop of Ostia, and afterwards successor to Honorius, under the title of Gregory IX. He was already the friend and protector of St. Francis and the Friars Minors, and now for the first time made acquaintance with the founder of the Friars Preachers. He was advanced in age, but a man of warm and enthusiastic feelings, who ever accounted the close personal ties which united him to these two great men, as among the greatest privileges of his life. At his house, Dominic also met another younger friend, William de Montferrat, who was spending Easter with the Cardinal. The charm of the saint's intercourse, which we are assured was of a very peculiar and winning kind, so captivated him that he resolved to take the habit of the new Order. He has left the account of the whole matter in his own words: "It is now about sixteen years," he says, "since I went to Rome to spend Lent there; and the present Pope, who was then Bishop of Ostia, received me into his house. At that time Brother Dominic, the founder and first Master General of the Order of Preachers, was at the Roman Court, and often visited my Lord of Ostia. This gave me an opportunity of knowing him; his conversation pleased me, and I began to love him. Many a time did we speak together of the eternal salvation of our own souls, and those of all men. I never spoke to a man of equal perfection, or one so wholly taken up with the salvation of mankind, although indeed I have had intercourse with many very holy religious. I therefore determined to join him, as one of his disciples, after I had studied theology at the university of Paris, for two years, and it was so agreed between us; and also, that after he had established the

future discipline of his brethren, we should go together to convert, first, the pagans of Persia or of Greece, and then those who live in the southern countries."*

We gather from these words how entirely the saint had opened his whole heart to the writer, to whom he not only made known the burning zeal for the salvation of souls with which he was consumed, but confided that cherished desire which had been shared long ago with Diego of Azevedo, and never laid aside, that he might one day be suffered to labor for the conversion of heathen nations. His great heart was inflamed with an ardor which knew no limits so long as there were souls to save. Rechac enumerates four distinct occasions on which this desire of his was formally expressed, and gives us to understand that the idea of offering himself to preach to the Saracens and unbelievers of the East, had been inspired at this time by the preparations then actually going on at Rome for the promotion of a fresh Crusade. For Innocent III. had before his death equipped a fleet to proceed to the Holy Land, the prosecution of this undertaking having been urgently pressed by the late Council, and the whole matter had engaged the serious attention of Honorius from the first moment of his accession. Very probably, therefore, the plans discussed between the two friends were connected with the memory of that land towards which all Christians turned with love unspeakable, and which they would have given their heart's best blood to redeem from the hands of the infidel. Doubtless the soul of St. Dominic took fire with the hope that he and his children should one day take part in the glorious enterprize; and we can imagine the charm which such vast and glowing thoughts, clothed in the eloquence which was all his own, must have exerted over the minds of those who listened to him. He endeavored also to persuade Bartholomew of Clusa, archdeacon of Mascon and canon of Chartres, one of his own penitents, to enter the new Order, for he clearly discerned that such was God's vocation to his soul. Bartholomew, however, turned a deaf ear to all he said, and Dominic predicted that many things would befall him in consequence of his resistance to grace, which things, he himself assures us, did really afterwards happen to him; but what they were does not appear.

On the reception of the Bulls of Confirmation, the saint at once prepared to return to St. Romain, but before doing so he took one step of great importance and significance. He had, of course,

**Acts of Bologna.*

made the religious vows many years before, when he was professed as a Canon Regular at Osma; but he was now about to establish among his brethren a rule of life which added far stricter monastic obligations to those embraced by the Canons. But whilst about to impose these on others, he desired first to bind himself to their observance, and before leaving Rome, therefore, with the consent of Honorius, he made his solemn profession as the first Friar Preacher, in the hands of the Sovereign Pontiff.

(To be continued.)

DID HE DREAM?

BY GEORGE WILLIAMSON MILLER.



JUST as the tropical sun paused for a moment, as if in search of some object to clothe with its splendor before taking its departure for the day, a light Cayuca canoe, under full sail, darted around one of the numerous points which give to the bay of Honduras much of its picturesque beauty. The sea breeze, as it blew landward, carried along white-capped waves which broke at regular intervals against the rocks; only to fall back with a dull roar, as if in sullen protest.

A few leagues away where the coast range of mountains parted, the Rio Dulcy found its way into the bay. There, where the shores were more hospitable than elsewhere, a pretty little village had been built. Its white houses, shaded by the foliage

of magnificent mango trees, could be plainly seen in the distance, lending human interest to the beauty of the landscape.

As the canoe swung westward into the path of light across the water, its white pointed sails lit up brilliantly for an instant before the sun sank out of sight, as if now satisfied in its search. The canoe gathered headway under the impulse of the freshening breeze; its sharp prow parted the waves in regular rhythm, making a swish, swish, which seemed sweet music to the belated voyagers, as they sped forward toward their destination.

The three occupants of the canoe were a queerly-assorted trio; entirely dissimilar in race and appearance. In the stern, grasping the tiller ropes, sat the owner of the craft, a grim visaged Caribe Indian, swarthy and thick-set. His straight black hair was streaked with gray, but in spite of this evidence of the years which he had counted, every movement showed him to be still alert and active. Handling his canoe as only the natives of the islands of the Caribbean can, he won the confidence of his passengers, who had placed themselves in his keeping for the perilous trip across the bay.

In the forward part of the canoe sat a youth of perhaps eighteen years of age, whose appearance proclaimed him to be a half-breed Spaniard. He was valet to the man, evidently not of the country, who stood amidships looking toward the settlement.

"Shall we be there before nightfall?" He asked of the Indian, as he turned toward the stern for an answer.

"Si senor, please God and the Holy Virgin," was the reply.

"Very well, then, land at the pier, for I shall wish to see the commandant before resuming our journey to-morrow."

The man who gave this order was an American, and as he stood there, tall and straight, he presented a picture in manly beauty such as is rarely seen. His blue eyes were clear and searching; his light hair and beard were closely trimmed, showing a well-formed head; his forehead was broad and smooth; his moustache, which had been allowed to follow its own inclination, curled slightly at the ends, and did not entirely hide a resolute mouth, round which lines of determination clearly indicated the character of its owner—his physique was perfect. At a first glance one would take him to be a man of thirty, without a care; and yet, to a close observer, something indescribable in the expression of his eyes created the suspicion that some sorrow, which time had been unable entirely to efface, had fallen to his lot.

Such was Charles Randolph, a civil engineer. He had chosen this foreign land in which to follow his profession. Now the battle seemed won. He was the government chief of the Republic of —; honored both for his character and his abilities.

Some years before this period, young Randolph had graduated from college with high honors, and entered the service of the United States at Washington. He was a general favorite, and his future seemed assured. It was with much astonishment, therefore, that his friends heard of his determination to resign his position in his own country, and accept a similar one in a little Spanish American republic south of Mexico. They tried to dissuade him, but he remained obdurate. No argument could induce him to alter his decision to follow the more speedy course of promotion thus open to him. So he departed, and, while not entirely forgotten, passed quietly out of the busy life at the national capital.

The opening had been offered him upon the recommendation of Don Jose Alvarado de Aguilar, who, as a member of the legation at Washington, met Randolph and admired his sterling qualities. Don Jose had returned to his native land to assume

the command of the military forces, and the governorship of the north coast provinces. Remembering the young engineer, he used his influence with his government, and the position offered Randolph was the result.

Don Jose, during this season, lived in the settlement toward which the canoe was speeding, and Randolph, having completed his work upon the shores of the bay,



The pilot.

proposed paying a visit to his benefactor while on his way to the interior to report at the capitol.

The canoe sped on, and just before nightfall gained its moorings at the pier. Randolph, springing lightly out, greeted several friends gathered to meet him, and turning to his servant said:

"Rafael, take my traps and follow me to the Posada del Mar." Walking briskly up the path toward the settlement he was arrested by a voice:

"Don Carlos, have you so far forgotten your old friend as to pass him thus?"

A tall, commanding figure in the military garb of a general stood beside him. Randolph grasped his extended hand warmly, and in the flowing language of the country replied:

"No senor, but in the gathering darkness I failed to see him to whom I owe much. You will pardon me, senor, for it was my haste to see you which made me see you not. I am about to retire to the Posada yonder, and will present myself at your villa shortly."

"My son, why do you speak to me thus? My home and all that I possess are yours. When fortune brings you to my door, there you must abide."

"As the two men stood side by side, types of a different race, it was difficult to decide which was the more striking; the military figure of the Spaniard, or the fearlessness of the American. But there was no doubting the sincere invitation. For an instant Randolph hesitated, and then said:

"Senor Aguilar, I appreciate the offer of your hospitality deeply; but though I tarry only for the night, it is not for me to put you, and the fair senorita, your daughter, to inconveniences."

"Ah! Don Carlos, you cannot escape me thus. Let me overcome your hesitation." Taking his arm he led him toward a low white house, with broad verandas overlooking the bay.

Randolph had accepted the hospitality of General Aguilar upon other occasions, and knew that the invitation now extended to him meant more than the usual polite formality of the Spanish gentleman. It was friendship. A natural reluctance to cause even slight trouble, was his only reason for hesitating.

General Aguilar had lost his wife years before, and he and his daughter now lived alone with the servants. Senorita Francisca was a most attractive girl, tall and graceful. Her brown hair and eyes were in marked contrast with the majority of her race. She possessed all their charms, but had lost much of that cling-

ing dependence and diffidence so common among the Spanish-American maidens; the result, perhaps, of the life led with her father while at Washington. Randolph and she were friends, and had spent many pleasant evenings together free from the restraint placed upon her less fortunate country-women.

The two men walked slowly toward the house, talking of the work just completed, and the general coast survey undertaken by the government, under the supervision of the engineer.

Francisca ran down the path to welcome them as they approached, and in answer to Randolph's courteous greeting replied in English, with a smile:

"Ah! Mr. Randolph, I should think that you, a wanderer in our poor land, would be glad to hear his mother tongue at times; for you cannot yet have become a Spaniard? You shall talk to me in your own language for the rest of your stay." He laughed, and continued the conversation in English, in which the General also joined.

During the evening Randolph went to the Posada for a short time, to arrange for the journey the next day. While he was gone the General sat upon the veranda smoking, and Francisca leaned over the railing in the moonlight, looking across the bay. Don Jose suddenly turned toward his daughter and said:

"Francisca, you know the *senor* well. What think you of him?" Watching her closely, he noticed a slight involuntary start. She hesitated a moment, and then, without turning replied:

"Father, your guests are mine, and so are your friends. Where it has pleased you to bestow regard, it is my duty to do likewise. But in truth, I admire Don Carlos for himself. It is rarely our fortune to meet such as he. But I do not understand him, father. He is not as others; his heart is in his profession. But I—" again she hesitated. The General arose, and, walking over to where she stood, laid his hand upon her head and said:

"Francisca, you are a dutiful daughter, and wise; but be careful, child. Like you also I do not understand. Some great sorrow has blotted his life I fear, and his thoughts are not as those of other young men. Never have I heard him speak of any woman of his country, save his mother. Is not this more than strange?"

"I know father, and understand that which you would tell me," she replied. "But do not fear. And now, if you wish me no longer, I will retire. He departs early on the morrow, and I shall see him not. Say farewell, and that I wish God may go

with him on his journey. Good night," and, leaving her father with a caress, she entered the house.

Don Jose and Randolph talked long and earnestly that night of plans for developing the natural resources of the country, and many other matters of interest. Finally the General said:

"Don Carlos, you have lived among us several years. Shall you not return to your country, there perhaps, to seek a completion of your successes?"

"Are you then so anxious to part with me that you suggest my hastening away? No Senor Aguilar, I shall not depart. Here I have friends, here I have my work; and surely one could not wish for more. I am satisfied where I am, and as I am. Farewell, Don Jose, may fortune favor you and yours more and more."

The two men stood for a moment, their hands grasped in farewell; and thus they parted for many months.

Early in the morning Randolph resumed his journey. The canoe, with sails furled, now contained two more Caribes, to aid in paddling up against the strong current of the Rio Dulcy, to its source in the placid lake of the same name. He proposed crossing the lake to one of the small towns on its border, and there take horse and continue overland. Late in the day the canoe arrived at the town. Dismissing the Caribes, Randolph made preparations to continue with Rafael the next day. It would be hard to describe the country through which this journey would take him. Range after range of mountains towered aloft in magnificent grandeur, their slopes descending into fertile valleys teeming with tropical riches; birds of gorgeous plumage flitted from tree to tree; sweet flowers overran everything. Nature seemed to have created a paradise which man had been slow to appreciate. The ground was historic, as well. To the south were the ancient ruins of Coban and Palenque, while not far away were those of Quiregua; standing there silently, guarding the secrets of thousands of years, mute testimony of a once powerful civilization, of which even the traditions of the land speak not, their form and hieroglyphics defying the science of man in his endeavor to read the history of the past. It was here, too, that the fierce Spanish conquerors, not content with their victories at the north, came in search of new fame and glory. Here Alvarado, the conqueror of Guatemala, came and established the civilization which still exists. Here Christoval de Olid revolted from the authority of Cortes, and it was here that Cortes

himself, accompanied by the flower of Spanish chivalry, marched against the rebel. It was here, also, that Guatamozin, the last emperor of the Aztecs, met his tragic death at the hands of the conqueror. And it was here that many of the cavaliers themselves lost their lives, victims to the perils of the march.*

The next day Randolph and Rafael pursued their journey, following the trail leading across the mountains of Ysabel. After some hours spent in weary climbing they reached the summit, below which lay the broad valley of the Rio Montagua. Calling to his valet, Randolph told him to proceed slowly, while he refreshed himself at a spring near by, which he had discovered



A voice suddenly arrested him.

upon a former trip. Taking his drinking cup from his saddle-bag, he dismounted. Parting the under-growth at the side of the trail, he followed a faint path to the right until he came to the spring, or rather springs; for there were in fact two, separated only by a narrow ledge of rock. Nature had divided them thus as if by design. One flowed northward into the Rio Dulcy, and the other in the opposite direction into the Rio Montagua. Their waters were beautifully clear and cool, and, as they softly murmured away, seemed to invite Randolph to drink, an invitation

he was not slow to accept. Stooping, he filled his cup and drank deeply. Then, seating himself, he fell into a meditation, while he played with the waters caressingly. Now and again, in a pre-occupied manner, he would fill his cup and toss the water away; first from one spring, and then from the other. Then he ceased. His thoughts had evidently taken a sorrowful direction. Something like a shudder passed over his body. Placing his cup upon the ground, he buried his face in his hands and leaned forward, as if to blot out some unpleasant sight. Thus he remained for some time. Finally remembering his journey, he arose, and once more leaned over and dipped his cup into one of the springs; but seeing that it was not full, he stooped again, and finished filling it from the other spring. As he raised the cup to his lips a voice suddenly arrested him.

"Do not drink, *Senor*. Listen to me, I pray. Though I know you not, you seem a cavalier of distinction. Hear what I have to say, *Senor*, and then decide. You stand upon the verge of a discovery which may prove a curse to you, even as it has to me."

The man who spoke thus stood in front of Randolph in a beseeching attitude, with his hand stretched forward as if to grasp the cup, upon which his eyes seemed riveted. His words were almost unintelligible; yet Randolph knew them to be Spanish, such as he had read in ancient documents. He did not seem to be of this age; he was clothed in the remnants of a Spanish suit of mail; his delicate features were hidden by a fine black beard, while over his shoulders long hair of the same raven hue swept uncared for. A jeweled sword hung at his side. He was a man such as Randolph had never seen. Startled, he paused, lowering his cup in astonishment, while the voice continued:

"Listen I pray, *Senor*. Here is the Fountain of Eternal Youth. Here is the fountain which Ponce de Leon sought, and sought in vain. Its secret is known to God and me alone. Ah! that I had never known. And you, *Senor*? I warn you against my fate. Ages have I guarded these fountains. Many came and I spoke not, for of them all, you alone mingled the waters. Listen, *Senor*. It is only thus that the fountain possesses its virtue: you raised the water to your lips, and I broke the silence which I had otherwise sworn not to do. Do not drink; do not suffer as I suffer, day by day, year by year, ages after ages, waiting until the just God shall end all things, and call me away, for I have drunk of the mingled waters, *Senor*, and cannot die.

"Listen, and you shall hear my tale:—"

"I am Jose Maria de Olea, a cavalier of Spain, and a soldier of Hernando Cortes, the conqueror. In the fair land of Castile, Senor, I was born and reared. There I received my training, and there my heart lies, broken and buried. But in my youth all was fair; and I, thoughtless, as my companions, had naught to mar my happiness. As I grew to early manhood, I saw the fair Dolores, and loved. Ah! Senor, she was of noble blood, and pure as she was beautiful. Never were the skies half so fair as Dolores. I loved her, Senor, as woman never before had been loved, but I dared not breathe my passion. Still, the time came, Senor, when she looked toward me with interest, and finally with love. Aye, she loved me and I knew it, for then I had spoken. Happi-



A CARRIBEAN HUT.

ness came to me. All nature rejoiced with me, Senor, and there seemed no evil in all the world; even the little gnats passed us by and hummed but words of love. But in the midst of our happiness, Senor, she was taken from me. Death robbed me of my all, and the light went out of the world for me, I could not believe—I could not understand; and then I raved, Senor. For months I knew not my friends, and they thought I, too, would die. But I lived, and suffered day by day. Lived, Senor, and yet did not live. For was not Dolores gone? Finally, Senor, I left home and kindred and came to New Spain. I joined the brave Cortes, hoping to find forgetfulness and death in the fierce battles of the conquest; for I am a good Catholic,

Senor, and cannot take the life which God gave me. Side by side, Senor, with Cortes, Sandoval, Alvarado and the gallant band of conquerors, I fought, and sought death. At Tabasco; the mountains of Tlascala; at the fair city of the Aztecs—all, Senor, all. But death came not. Even upon the terrible 'Noche Triste' I stood in the thickest of the battle and death shunned me, and still I suffered, Senor, and found no relief. And afterwards I followed my captain upon the perilous march to the Honduras, and, when comrades fell about me, I prayed for death—and still it came not. Then I was lost, Senor, and my captain left me for dead. I wandered away alone with my sorrow, and found my way here—here, Senor, where man had not yet trod. Then I waited death, and waiting, mingled the waters of the fountain and drank. Days passed, and weeks, Then, oh, God! I knew that I had found the Fountain of Eternal Youth, and could not die. Ah! the agony of the knowledge—Dolores gone, and I alone with my suffering. Gone, and I should not meet her 'til Eternity. I raved again, Senor, for I know not how long, and then, I watched. Many drank in the long ages following, but none mingled the waters until you came, and you knew not the secret. But I feared for you, Senor. I feared you might suffer as I suffer. Thus I warn you. Live not as I live. I know not your country; I know no country, Senor, nor that which has happened in all these ages. Here will I stay, guarding the secret of the fountain until the end. Go your way, Senor, and be not tempted. God is just, and has hidden the fountain here in the fastness. It is not for you; it was not for me. Beware and touch it not. I depart alone with my sorrow. Again I pray you touch it not. Adios, Senor, adios."

As Randolph listened to the words of the cavalier, he seemed carried back to the fierce battles of the conquest; he saw the vast hordes of Indians hurl themselves upon the conqueror, and underwent the hardships of the march. With bowed head he listened to the story of anguish, and suffered with the narrator. For some moments after the cavalier had ceased speaking he remained thus, overcome by his feelings. Finally he raised his head—*de Olea* was gone. For a moment Randolph stood silently. Tears were in his eyes as he looked toward the fountain, bubbling placidly away as if enticing him to drink. Involuntarily his hand strayed toward the cup at his side, where it had fallen just after the cavalier began speaking; but he hesitated. Taking from his pocket a tiny locket he gazed earnestly at the miniature of an ex-

quisite face which it contained. Again he looked toward the fountain, and again returned to the miniature. A moment, only, his indecision lasted. Kissing the locket reverently, he replaced it in his pocket. Tears filled his eyes again as he murmured:

"Ah! if she had not been taken from me, even as Dolores was taken from him, we could drink of the waters together and be happy always. But alone! I cannot. My suffering now is too great to bear."

Turning, he walked back to his horse, and, mounting, silently pursued his way.*



***Note:—** This story is founded upon a dream had by the author in 1884, while in the employ of the government of the republic of Guatemala. The impression which it made at the time has remained vividly in his memory. The story describes a trip overland which was taken then, during which the dream was had. The two springs exist almost exactly as described, but the author never quite dared to tempt Providence by testing the waters in the manner spoken of.

SAINT TERESA'S TESTIMONY.

BY SARA TRAINER SMITH.

TERESA, the great saint, the loving one,
Who jewelled truths from gold of wisdom spun;
Teresa, she "of Jesus," says, that aught
She asked Saint Joseph, always surely brought
The wished for answer, and, if there had chanced
A fault in her petition, he enhanced
Its value, ever for her greater good.
It seemed to her, that, as he closer stood
To our dear Lord, —for was he not while here,
Protector, tutor, foster-father dear?—

So, now, on high most honored still he stands,
 And his petitions are as love's commands.
 To other saints, our Lord has given power,
 To help us, each in an especial hour,
 But *all* our sufferings, *all* our trials and cares,
 Are soothed and lightened by Saint Joseph's prayers.
 "I would," she cries, "that I could now persuade
 All men to love him, and to seek his aid!
 In all these years, oh! never have I known
 The soul devout that loved him left alone
 To lag in virtue. No! he gently leads
 Onward and upward, while it fervent pleads.
 Now, for the love of God, I only ask,
 Ye who believe not, set yourselves this task,
 Prove ye the truth of every word I speak:
Prayer to St. Joseph is the proof ye seek.
 Those who would taste the bliss of perfect prayer,
 With him your loving tenderness should share,
 And those beginners who would learn to pray,
 With him to guide them, cannot go astray."

Thus Saint Teresa, with that sound good sense,
 Which ever balances her soul intense,
 Puts in our hand the key to portals high:
 What we would prove, we only have to try.
 How many barriers soon would melt away,
 If while we wonder, we would also pray!
 If, for all doubting we would set the task,
 Of simply waiting while we trusting ask.

A DEVOUT EXPLANATION OF THE "OUR FATHER.

FROM ST. THOMAS AQUINAS.

(Continued.)

THE will of God being so efficacious that it must be fulfilled, and God wishing that all things shall be subject to Christ, it follows, either that men will accomplish the Divine will, as the just do, by subjecting themselves to the commandments, or that God will maintain His will, as in sinners, by punishing them at the end of the world. Thus the Psalmist; "Until I make thy enemies thy

footstool." * Therefore when the Saints ask that God's Kingdom may come, they ask that they may be entirely subject to Him. But by impenitent sinners this is dreaded, and hence their cry for the coming of His Kingdom is rather an appeal for punishment: "Wo to them that desire the day of the Lord." †

By the coming of Christ's Kingdom death shall be destroyed, for death cannot dwell with life. "And the enemy death shall be destroyed last," ‡ and this will be the resurrection when "He will reform the body of our lowliness," §

Again, the kingdom of Heaven is called the glory of Paradise. Nor is this strange, for by kingdom we mean a rule, and there we find the best rule where there is nothing contrary to the will of the ruler. But God wills the salvation of men, and this will be realized only in Paradise, where there is nothing contrary to man's welfare. And His angels "shall gather out of His kingdom all scandals." ¶ But in the world there are many things against our salvation; and therefore when we say "Thy kingdom come," we pray that we may be sharers, of the kingdom of Heaven and the glory of Paradise and this kingdom ought to be eagerly sought for three reasons. First, because of sovereign justice that is found there; for all in God's house are just. But here good and evil mingle. Secondly, because of most perfect liberty. Here there is not complete freedom, though all naturally desire it, but there there will be perfect liberty from the servitude of corruption, unto the liberty of the glory of the children of God, ¶¶ and not only will all be free, but all will be kings. "Thou hast made us to our God a kingdom." *** The reason of this is because all will be of the same will as God, and thus all will reign with God and He will be their crown. "In that day the Lord of hosts shall be a crown of glory and a garland of joy to the residue of His people." †† Thirdly because of the great riches of the kingdom of Heaven.

(To be continued.)

"THE Rosary has a peculiar power on earth in forming character, so that it is a Catholic touch-stone. Its influence in Heaven is shown from its having been revealed; and its influence in Purgatory from the immensity of its indulgences. It is a profession of faith, a shield against many temptations."—*Father Faber.*

*Ps. CIX., 2; †Amos V, 18 ‡1 Cor. XV, 26; §Phil. III. 21; Matt. XIII. 41, ¶Romans VIII. 21; ¶¶Apoc. V, 10; **Isaiah XXVIII, 5.

IN MAY.

BY JOSEPH W. S. NORRIS.



HE SNOWS have melted on the hills
Beneath the sun's warm glance,
And rippling down the sweet-voiced rills
Sing to the Spring's advance.
The tiny lances of the grass
Stand in empearled array
As Mary-angels sweetly pass
To deck the fields of May.
Soft sunshine on their snowy veils,
Tears in their lovely eyes,
Gladly they bring to earthly vales
The flowers of Paradise,
While blossoms spring along the way
To touch their garments' hem;
God's love is eloquent to-day
In leaf and flower-gem.
Lo, in the fields of fragrant Spring
The Mary-lover bowers
The bloom the holy angels bring
This favored land of ours.
O peerless Flower, O lovely Bloom,
The world without thee slept
In winter's cold and winter's gloom
Till in the midnight swept
From Heaven afar thy radiant beam,
And with the dawn of day
The slum'bring earth woke from its dream,
Awoke to smiling May.
See, in thy rosy glow the chain
Of white-robed martyrs throng;
The spotless virgins lovely train
Of lilies bloom along,
And while the waiting angels sing
Unheard amid May-bowers,
Sweet children crown and tribute bring
The Queen of Heaven, and ours.

ST. JOSEPH'S AID FOR THE SICK AND DYING.*

By T. M. S.

SINCE the announcement in the March number of *THE ROSARY*, of the work that will be known as the *ST. JOSEPH'S AID FOR THE SICK POOR AND DYING*, preparations have gone actively on for the realization of the founder's pious hopes. To many of the readers of *THE ROSARY* the writer extends hearty thanks for the large number of copies of the Novena to St. Joseph that were bought. In this, Philadelphia, Brooklyn and Troy generously joined with New York; other places responded too. We pray that St. Joseph may bless them all. His Patronage is near,† and therefore, we feel that the time is ripe to tell our friends, the Rosarians, what we have accomplished and what our hopes for the future are.

Sufficient was realized from the sale of the Novena to meet preliminary expenses, for which we are grateful, and for the spread of devotion too. Contributions have been received from different friends and the Dramatic Company of the Holy Cross Lyceum has generously given its services for an entertainment that promises much. To the energetic and Reverend Director, Father Keefe, and to all the members of the Lyceum Company, the St. Joseph's Aid is deeply indebted.

The proceeds to be derived from this will be used in part payment for the expenses of furnishing the headquarters with necessary things. For the remainder and for the means of continuing the work, we must rely on our friends in general and the members in particular.

At this point we may state that membership is open to all Catholics resident in New York or elsewhere. A contribution of \$5 a year will be expected from active members in New York, but associate members or those living in other places may contribute according to their own desire. We shall be grateful for any offering. The spiritual advantages will be a share in the Mass which will be offered every week by priests who are interested in the work, and in the prayers of gratitude which will go up from the

*We refer the reader for particulars to the article in the March number, page 674, of *THE ROSARY*.

†May 8th.

bedside of many a poor soul relieved by St. Joseph's Aid. To these we add the joy of taking part in so noble a work.

Before this number of *THE ROSARY* will reach our readers the headquarters will have been selected.† In further development of the scope of our work, we would state that our plans include the following features:

First—Apartments will be secured in a central location of New York. Notice of this has already been sent to the Reverend Clergy of New York, to Brothers and Sisters, to various physicians and druggists, to different charitable organizations, and by announcements in different churches and through the secular and Catholic press of New York, to the people in general. A sketch of our work has also been spread abroad.

Second—The arrangements of the headquarters will include (a) a diet kitchen where nourishing broths and delicacies for the sick will be prepared; (b) a store room for staple foods, clothing, religious articles in general, and certain standard remedies approved by physicians; (c) a sewing room where the members can meet to make garments; (d) a library or reading room for the dissemination of good books, papers and periodicals; (e) and finally,

A CATHOLIC WOMEN'S EXCHANGE.

There is no such institution in New York under the management of Catholics, and we hope that the first, which will be under St. Joseph's patronage, will meet with Catholic encouragement.

This Exchange will be a general store for the sale of fancy articles, needle-work, paintings, confectionery, fruits, jellies, canned goods, etc.

Any person on payment of an annual fee of \$3 will be entitled to send goods or articles to be sold in the Exchange. Absolute confidence will be observed in these transactions, the arrangements being known only to the Manager and the individuals sending articles. Full particulars of this feature will be sent on application. We trust that many will avail themselves of this opportunity to dispose of their fancy work, and that our people will patronize the Exchange. Orders will be received by mail. We trust that the margin of profit arising from sales will help materially in carrying on the work of the St. Joseph's Aid.

Workers are needed in every parish, and we earnestly invite correspondence, but particularly a visit to our headquarters. We

†See NOTES, this present number.

feel confident that our friends will be interested. As soon as our numbers permit we shall arrange for parish visiting committees, but at all times there will be members in attendance at the headquarters, and all applications sent there, or made in person will be promptly attended to.

A staff of district trained nurses will be engaged as soon as contributions warrant this. Thus our poor patients will not only have the benefit of nourishment, medicine, physicians' care, but the attendance of competent nurses—an exceptionally important point in the care of the sick. In the direction of our work we shall endeavor to act on lines of prudence, though always inspired by charity. While we deprecate any system that plays detective on the applicant for relief, and while we desire that not one individual will be under a sense of humiliation that too often accompanies so-called charity, we shall endeavor to avoid false charity, nor shall we encourage idleness in any form. We shall strive to teach lessons of cleanliness and thrift, and where we find that poverty and sickness are the result of enforced idleness, we shall try to secure employment for such people.

Our article has grown beyond intended limits, but there is one feature that we must add. In connection with the work outlined in this paper and that of March, we propose to labor for the poor little first Communicants. How natural it is for the little ones to desire an outfit for the happy day when they are first admitted to the Holy Communion! And how natural for the poor mother to wish her child as well attired as others! We propose under ST. JOSEPH'S PATRONAGE, to gratify the poor child and the mother too, and fitting we believe it to be, to put the little ones under the care of the dear Saint to whom was committed the keeping of our Infant Lord. Thus they may be taught from their tenderest years to seek for the true love of Jesus and Mary from him who, as St. Alphonsus Liguori says, teaches this of special right. Thus they may learn, in their first Communion, to ask his powerful aid during life and that in their dying hour he may again bring their Lord and Master to them. Thus the seed will be planted of a true devotion to St. Joseph that will endure through life and find its crown in the hour of death. Too many, alas! never think of him except when the gathering shadows tell of the night. Not so with our little first Communicants. From the beginning they will know him; in life they will love him; in death he will defend them.

Behold the harmony of our work and how consistent this fea-

ture is with our main purpose. Tender charity inspires it and that delicacy too for human feelings, mingling with zeal for the house of the Lord in the living tabernacle of the young soul, that are the bloom and fragrance of God's own love.

Again, we ask what say you, readers of *THE ROSARY*? How many will respond to this appeal in St. Joseph's name, and for his little ones and for God's own suffering poor and dying?

Send in your names. Join us in our efforts. Every name means a new worker. Every dollar or dime contributed represents solid charity that will yet bring a rain of blessings on the giver. Much remains to be done. A noble work will be accomplished, but we need help. To all Catholics we appeal, but with special trust, the clients of St. Joseph stretch out their hands and lift up their voices to the lovers of our Lady. Her Magazine carries the message, and may it go to every heart! Rosarians, we await your answers.

ESTAVAYER—A SWISS SANCTUARY.

BY REV. D. J. KENNEDY O. P., S. T. L.

(*Conclusion.*)

During the last mentioned trial the sisters had acquired much merit in the sight of God, but the persuasion daily grew stronger that it would be good to have a director who understood the rules and customs of the order, and finally letters were sent to Rome asking for a Dominican confessor and director. The authorities could not immediately grant the request; moreover the matter was not so easy of arrangement as the good sisters imagined. They had ever remained firmly devoted to the Order but "accomplished facts" must be reckoned with even in ecclesiastical law, and the Order was not in the position, even if it desired, to wage its claims to the direction of Estavayer's community. It must be borne in mind that at this time the Order had not yet been re-established in France. But soon Pere Lacordaire and his devoted followers were clothed with the white robe of St. Dominic, and in sunny Italy were preparing to accomplish great things for the good of the Church in their native land. The duties of his position several times obliged

Father Lacordaire to make the journey between Italy and France. He had heard of the sisters at Estavayer and, at their request, visited the convent early in the forties. What joy, what a feast for the sisters! A Dominican priest had not been seen there since their director left them before the revolution! The renown of Lacordaire had penetrated even into their quiet cloister, and here they beheld him, in the flower of health, full of enthusiasm and zeal for religion and for the Order that he had recently joined! The old priests of the neighborhood still tell of the happiness of the sisters; they add to their account of his reception certain details that must be regarded as *embellishments*, but it is certain that there had not been such rejoicing in the convent since the time of St. Vincent Ferrer's visit in the fifteenth century. There is still living one octogenarian who was in the convent when Pere Lacordaire, with the Bishop's permission, entered the cloister and addressed to the sisters eloquent words of advice and encouragement. Two others—nonagenarians they—who had witnessed the happy event, were carried away by the influenza during the winter of 1889–90. The sisters urged their petition for a confessor of the Order, but the French Dominicans were then few in numbers and even more subjects than they could dispose of would be needed for the great work to be accomplished in France. They were obliged therefore, to wait and hope and pray.

In 1848 came the "Sonderbund", or Swiss civil war. Through the weakness and treachery of one who shamefully abandoned the traditions of his forefathers the radicals of Berne succeeded in capturing Fribourg, the capital city of the canton that bears the same name. The Jesuits and Cistercians were driven from their homes and country, and though other religious communities were not disturbed there seemed to be persecution in the air. In 1874 the Jesuits were by a federal law banished from the territory of Switzerland. A clause in the iniquitous decree guaranteed the safety of existing convents of other orders, but forbade the foundation of new convents, and was on the whole rather unfavorable to the sojourn in Switzerland of any religious not belonging to an authorized community. Still, individual religious were not absolutely prohibited from remaining, and in due time the sisters of Estavayer renewed their efforts to be placed under the jurisdiction of the Order.

In 1874 Father Jandel, Master General of the Order, was advised by his physicians to spend a few months in Switzerland

in the hope of obtaining some relief from the malady that had long been undermining his health. He, too, visited Estavayer, and the sisters renewed their request with increased earnestness; but it was not possible or not expedient to make the change at that time. However, the matter was not allowed to rest there, and finally in 1877, in obedience to an order that came directly from Pope Pius IX of happy memory,* Father San Vito, Vicar General of the Order, sent to Estavayer Pere Barthier, a French Dominican, who still administers to the spiritual wants of the community, and has also succeeded in making some desired improvements in the little convent chapel, which is now very neatly arranged and handsomely decorated.

Here we leave the good sisters to continue in solitude and in peace the observance of their rules and customs. They little suspect that the American public is to be informed of their existence, and would tremble with pious scruples if they heard that several articles had appeared in *THE ROSARY*, giving an account of their glorious history. If there be such a thing as excessive love of retirement and humility and of remaining unknown the traditions of Estavayer tend to that extreme. In some respects this is to be regretted, for an authentic verification of certain extraordinary occurrences would have contributed greatly to the edification of the Christian world. For instance, in the early part of this century the reparation and extension of a portion of the convent necessitated the removal of a number of bodies from a corner of the modest little cemetery. All necessary permissions were easily obtained, especially as it was thought that there would be nothing to remove except perhaps a few bones that had not yet crumbled into dust. When the graves were opened several bodies that had been buried for more than two hundred years were found to be so well preserved that they actually bled when touched with a sharp instrument! Unfortunately no authentic process was ever drawn up and approved, and we are obliged to inform our readers that since the authorities of the church were never called upon to pronounce judgment on this extraordinary occurrence, we merely relate it, confident, however, that we have every reason to respect and accept the record.

*The holy Pontiff said that, since it was traditional for the sisters to have a confessor of their Order, and as they had been deprived of that privilege only on account of the misfortunes of the times, they should have it as a privilege.

Another touching incident is related in connection with the departure of Mgr. Marilley for exile in 1848. One of the consequences of the civil war and overthrow of the legitimate Catholic government was the decree which sent into exile the venerable Bishop of Lausanne and Geneva* who would not yield to the impious demands of the radicals who had seized the reins of government. Before departing he went to say farewell to his children of Estavayer and recommend himself and his diocese to the prayers of the sisters. The community then as now numbered forty, and amongst the forty were several who were more than seventy years of age. They were all disconsolate at the thought of being separated from their pastor and superior, who had always been a warm friend of the community. Some expressed fears that they would never again have the pleasure of seeing the Bishop; to which he answered: "I am your Superior: it is my wish that you should all live until I return to the diocese; hence I forbid any one to die during my absence." Adding a few words of exhortation and encouragement he gave them his blessing and then set out for Chillon, where he lived until a change of government at Fribourg eight years later removed all obstacles and revoked the decree that had sent him into exile.

In the mean time no deaths had occurred in the convent at Estavayer. One poor old sister, was more than seventy at the time of his departure and quite feeble. During the eight years of his exile she had suffered almost continually and often seemed on the point of breathing her last. In the midst of her sufferings, gasping for breath she would sometimes say to the sisters: "Mgr. Marilley will not let me die! How I long and pray for his return! God's will be done!" Shortly after his return to the diocese the Bishop went to Estavayer to console his Dominican children and to see, as he said, if they had obeyed his orders. All were there to answer the call; and two or three days afterwards the poor sufferer mentioned above closed her eyes in a peaceful sleep.

This brings us down very near to our own times, and as we merely intended to jot down a few notes on the past, we now close our short sketch of Estavayer's saintly community.

*The Bishops of Lausanne have resided at Fribourg since the time of the "Reformation."

A CHAMPION OF COLUMBUS.

BY REV. WILLIAM D. KELLY.



When Salamanca from her height looks down
Upon the waters past her feet which flow,
And dreams of glories it was hers to know
When Ferdinand and Isabella wore the crown:
Before the gathered wisdom of the town
Columbus stood, four centuries ago,
And pleaded for assistance to bestow
On Spain immortal honor and renown:
And yet, albeit that the plea he made
Disposed the doctors to promote his plan,
He might have never won the royal aid,
In quest of which he sought San Esteban,
Upon his side had then not been arrayed
Diego Deza, the Dominican.

XIMENES, SPAIN'S GREAT CARDINAL.

BY MARY M. MELINE.

GONZALES XIMENES DE CISNEROS was born in 1456, at Torela-guna, a small town in the Province of Toledo. His father, Alphon-sos Ximenes, was receiver of tithes for the king, a tax levied by permission of the Pope to enable the Spanish Kings to carry on their wars against the Moors. His mother was Donna Maria de la Torre, descended from a decayed, though renowned and noble family. Wishing to devote the boy to the service of God in His Church, the parents brought him up in the exercise of great piety and sent him early to Alcala to study grammar under the best masters. Afterwards, being sent to Salamanca, he began to study canon and civil law, philosophy and theology—the celebrated Roa being his instructor in these. It was here that he first displayed that strong predeliction for biblical studies which after-

wards produced such great results. During his six years' residence here he supported himself by giving lessons in civil and ecclesiastical law, after which, having taken his degree of bachelor in each study, he returned to his native town.

We find him in 1459, on his way to Rome, where he remained another six years. Here, while pursuing his studies, he undertook the duty of consistorial advocate in the ecclesiastical courts. Towards the end of the six years he had begun to attract the attention of his superiors, but his father's death necessitated his return home, and the taking care of his family, now reduced to



GONZALES XIMENES DE CISNEROS.

great poverty. Meantime he awaited the first vacancy in the diocese of Toledo. This was that of the archpriest of Uzeda; the revenue was not very great, but what was particularly gratifying was that his native town was included. In 1480 he exchanged this benefice for the first chaplaincy of Seguenza. In his new post Ximenes soon acquired the friendship and esteem of many illustrious persons, among whom was the arch-deacon of Almazon, Juan Lopez de Medina-Cœli, whom he induced to found the Academy of Seguenza, suppressed in 1807. He now devoted all

his spare time to the study of the Hebrew and Chaldaic languages and the pursuit of his biblical researches.

Such a man could not long remain in obscurity. From the year 1408 the See of Seguenza had been occupied by Pedro Gonzales, of the illustrious house of Mendoza, a prelate of great prudence and high attainments, and one who exercised a great influence on the destiny and history of Spain, and the fortunes of Ximenes. Gonzales was made Cardinal in 1474, and received from Henry IV. the archbishopric of Seville; as the diocese of Seguenza was also intrusted to him, he fixed on Ximenes as his Vicar, assured of his worth, and giving him his fullest confidence. But the harassing cares and worldly duties of his office were very uncongenial to the Vicar-general. He longed for the peaceful retirement of the cloister. Satisfying everyone else, he was dissatisfied with himself. In vain his friends besought him to change his mind, and endeavored to alter his determination in spite of his opposition; their efforts were fruitless, and Ximenes retired to the Franciscan monastery belonging to the Observantines of that Order—that of San Juan de los Reyes, founded at Toledo by Ferdinand and Isabella in fulfilment of a vow upon the success of the war of the succession. He had hardly finished his novitiate, however, before the fame of his piety, spreading far and near, drew many to him, anxious for his spiritual direction. His love of retirement and prayer, indeed his whole interior life being thus disturbed and interrupted, he begged his superiors to send him to some lonesome and distant monastery. The small establishment of our Lady of Castanar, named from its lovely situation in the midst of a grove of chestnut trees, near Toledo, was his refuge. Here he built a hermitage with his own hands, and within its walls Ximenes himself assures us the happiest days of his life were spent, equally divided between study and religious duties, the bible in one hand, the scourge in the other and his body covered with a hair-shirt. He loved this retreat so ardently that afterwards, in the midst of all his greatness, he declared he would willingly exchange for it his See of Toledo, his Cardinal's hat and all the ensigns of the regency he held. His virtues and piety, as also his wisdom and high mental qualities, won him the respect, love and confidence of his religious brethren; he was frequently sent for from Toledo, by his superiors that they might profit by his advice in matters connected with the good of the Order. In one of these journeys his elevation to the See of Toledo was foretold. He was not long allowed to enjoy his retreat at Castanar, as the

rules of the Order require the religious frequently to change their abode. Ximenes was, accordingly, sent to Salzeda, where he diminished neither his mortifications nor his austerities. He was soon unanimously chosen by the religious as their guardian or local superior, and while fulfilling the duties of this office, events were taking place in Spain which greatly influenced his future life, drawing him into the sphere of politics, and rendering him one of the most active instruments in the regeneration of his native land. The disputes and quarrels which finally culminated in the war of the succession, the termination of which put Isabella in peaceful possession of the throne of Castile, belong rather to the history of Spain than to a sketch of her great Cardinal who, during those troublous times was peacefully pursuing his studies and administering the diocese of Siguenza, with no thought of or desire for, the grandeur in store for him.

No sooner had Isabella gained peaceful possession of her kingdom and, assisted by the military experience of her husband, put her army into a proper condition, than the young sovereigns turned their attention to what had long been a source of trouble and annoyance to all patriotic Spaniards. This was the occupation of the loveliest portion of the peninsula by the followers of Mahomet.

Muley Abul Hassan, by surprising the fortress of Zahara, in 1481, was the first to begin hostilities, and gave to Ferdinand and Isabella the long wished for opportunity.

Said Ferdinand: "I will pluck out the seeds of this pomegranite one by one."

And he kept his word.

The war went on with varying fortunes till, on the 6th of January 1492, the sovereigns of Spain entered the Moorish capital to receive the homage of the last of the Moorish Kings. Irving gives a spirited account of the event, and tells how they went up to the Alhambra. But the gate by which Boabdil left for the last time his superb palace was, at his request never reopened after its leaves closed on him, and remains closed to the present time, a mute memorial of the event. The whole of Europe shared the joy of Spain in this glorious triumph of the Cross, and the Pope granted to the two sovereigns the title of "Catholic majesties."

The termination of the war was the means of drawing Ximenes from the retirement of his monastic cell. Isabella having appointed her confessor, Ferdinand de Talama, to the new Archbishopric of Granada, was anxious to chose another as pious and

prudent. Cardinal Mendosa spoke to her of Ximenes in terms of highest praise, and the queen being anxious to see this remarkable man and judge of his qualities herself, the Cardinal ordered him, upon some pretext, to repair at once to court. The humble monk obeyed, and the Cardinal after conversing with him for some time, introduced him, as if by accident, into the presence of the queen. Isabella was charmed by his manner, while his candor of soul, and the noble sentiments manifested in his words filled her with esteem and confidence. But when, in a second interview, she informed him of her wishes, he modestly declined the great trust. The queen insisting, Ximenes could no longer refuse; he stipulated however, that he should remain in his monastery and only appear at court when his presence was absolutely necessary. This appointment gave great satisfaction throughout the country and Alvares, Ferdinand's secretary, in writing to Peter Martyr, thus speaks of him: "A man of great sanctity has come from the depths of a lonesome solitude: he is washed away by his austerities and resembles the ancient anchorites Paul and Hilarion. He succeeds the Archbishop of Granada."

Ximenes was considered by his contemporaries as "equal in wisdom to St. Augustine, to St. Jerome in austerity of life and in zeal to St. Ambrose." The blameless purity and austerities of his life had given him a reputation for sanctity throughout Spain and, says Prescott, "his heart had been steeled by too stern a discipline to be moved by the fascinations of pleasure, however it might be by those of ambition." The New Englander must have his sneer.

Two years after this appointment Ximenes was elected by the chapter of the Franciscan Order to be Provincial of Old and New Castile. The burden of this dignity he consented to bear with pleasure, as through it he would have an opportunity of restoring the monastic discipline and austerities and would have an excuse also, for not appearing at court. With his secretary, Francisco Ruez, he travelled through his large province in visitation of the monasteries of the Order, correcting whatever abuses, (and Prescott has greatly exaggerated them,) had crept in. By word and example he encouraged the religious to aim at a more austere life. These journeyings were all made on foot, and, keeping strictly to the rule of his Order, the Provincial frequently begged what sustenance was necessary to preserve life. In the role of mendicant he was not particularly successful and Brother Ruez once said to him when they had been forced to make a dinner of roots:

"Most reverend father, you will certainly be the cause of my dying of hunger! God gives every one his particular talent. Do you meditate and pray for me while I am begging for you."

A few days before his death which occurred on the 11th of January, 1495, Cardinal Mendoza had a long interview with his sovereigns and recommended Ximenes to Isabella as his successor. The See of Toledo, in virtue of its great wealth, the Primacy of Spain which was attached to it, as well as the office of Chancellor of Castile which its incumbent held, made the choice of that incumbent a serious matter. For this reason Mendoza advised the queen to choose only a person of great virtue belonging to the middle classes, in a word, Ximenes — rather than one connected with the court or the royal family. This opinion was combatted by him in whose favor it was given. Ximenes held that so great a dignity could not be supported save by a person belonging to the highest class and advised the queen to appoint the nephew of the late Cardinal, Diego Hurtado de Mendoza.

The affair was not settled without one of those fits of sullen displeasure from which it was frequently the fate of the gentle and saintly Isabella to suffer at the hands of her husband. Ferdinand wanted the rich dignity bestowed on Alphonso of Aragon. Isabella, albeit she loved her husband devotedly and was willing to pay every deference to his wishes, could not conscientiously accede to this. Alphonso's talents were unquestionably great, but his youth, he was only twenty-four, and his scandalous life forbade the queen to listen to the proposal. Oreposa, formerly a lawyer and a member of Isabella's cabinet was, from his great piety, then thought of and the decree for his nomination was already sent to Rome when Isabella changed her mind. She had determined to raise her confessor to the See. The bulls arrived in Madrid in the Lent of 1495. On Good Friday Ximenes having heard the confession of the queen was preparing to go to his monastery when a messenger arrived requiring his immediate presence at the palace. On his return, after conversing with him for a long time on different subjects, Isabella handed him the Papal bulls saying:

"Reverend father, you will see by these letters what are the commands of His Holiness."

Ximenes kissed the paper as he took it from the royal hand, but when he opened it and read the superscription: "To our venerable brother, Francisco Ximenes de Cisneros, Archbishop-elect of Toledo," he changed color and immediately left the chamber,

dropping the package as he went, and without taking leave of the queen. She did not notice the omission, wishing to give the holy man an opportunity of collecting himself. He started in all haste, in the mid-day heat, for the monastery of Orcana saying no more to his companion than:

"Come brother, we must leave here as soon as possible."

After waiting a short time the queen sent two of the court chamberlains to the Franciscan monastery in Madrid, with orders to endeavor to induce Ximenes to accept the offered dignity. When they learned that he had set out for Orcana, they hastened after him, overtaking him three miles from the capital. Although after lengthy discussion they persuaded the holy man to return, he still refused the dignity. His "*Nolo Episcopari*" has indeed become a proverb.

Six months passed and Ximenes still declining the dignity, Isabella appealed to the Pope. Further opposition was impossible after the receipt of the papal brief commanding acceptance in virtue of canonical obedience. Ximenes was consecrated on the Octave of St. Francis' feast, October 11th, 1495 in a monastery of his order at Tarazona, in the presence of the sovereigns and to the general satisfaction. On the conclusion of the ceremony the newly created prelate went, as was the custom, to kiss the hands of the King and Queen. In doing so Ximenes said:

"I come to kiss the hands of your Majesties, not because they have raised me to the first See in Spain, but because I hope they will assist me in supporting the burden which they have placed on my shoulders."

Ferdinand and Isabella, and after them, the grandees of the court respectfully kissed, in their turn, the anointed hands of the Archbishop, who fervently blessed them and was then conducted to his palace with great pomp.

And in that palace Ximenes so faithfully followed the injunction of St. Paul that a bishop should rule well in his own household, that we may compare him to St. Charles Borromeo and other holy souls who were poor in the midst of riches, hermits in the midst of the world and models of mortification in the midst of pomp and luxury. The Archbishop never forgot the poor Franciscan monk. No silver adorned his table nor was any ornament to be seen on his walls. His garment was the Franciscan habit, his food only such as would have been served him in his monastery. This way of life gave great offence to many. Some blamed him for not properly appreciating the dignity of his po-

sition, others accusing him of hypocrisy and pride, and both parties carried their complaint before the Holy See. In consequence of these complaints Alexander VI. issued a brief, in compliance with which Ximenes reluctantly changed his mode of life. Because he considered it his duty to obey and nothing was further from his thoughts than to do anything injurious to the dignity of his office, he displayed thereafter, in public, a certain magnificence, but persevered in private in all his former mortifications. His table was splendidly served, but his own fare was the poorest and coarsest, his palace was furnished sumptuously, but his own bedroom was a little cell, and the Archbishop slept on a plank or on the floor with a log for a pillow. And in order to preserve his secret, none of his servants were allowed to enter the apartment; an accident, however, led to the discovery of this fact, but it was soon known throughout the country. In a secret chamber of the palace he used the discipline so frequently that Leo X. was obliged to interfere. His garments were of silk and velvet and fur, but underneath his splendid robes he wore the hair shirt and his habit, mending it with his own hands. At his death a small box in which he kept his needle and thread was found and treasured as a relic. Pages belonging to the first families of the Spanish nobility constantly attended the illustrious prelate; but he continued, for his own immediate wants, to be his own servant. He filled his time with labor, prayer and study. The daily offering of the Holy Sacrifice was never omitted and after attending to state affairs, he returned to his breviary with fresh vigor and devotion. A walk was the only relaxation he allowed himself and that but seldom, while he daily entertained himself with pious conversation. From time to time he made retreats in some monastery of the Order, performing all the duties like the humblest friar.

If Ximenes were ambitious, as Prescott accuses him of being, he displayed it by his zeal in the service of God and His church, leaving no means untried by which to secure the one and exalt the other. The means employed were in accordance with the manners and codes of his times and are to be judged by them—not by the very different ways of our own day. In 1499 Ximenes was called by his sovereigns to devote his attention to the condition of the Moors. It was by his suggestion that a law was passed that year forbidding any Moor to disinherit his converted son merely on that account, the daughters who embraced Christianity received a dowry out of the property acquired by the state from the Conquest of Granada. From the same fund converted Moor-

ish slaves were allowed to purchase freedom. In a spirit of conciliation Ximenes frequently invited some of the principal Alfaquis or Moorish priests to his palace where he held conferences with them on matters of religion, seeking to win them by kindness and friendship, and at the same time making them handsome presents. The conversion of some of these was quickly followed by that of a great number of the Moors; so quickly that after laboring for only two months Ximenes baptized 4000 people in one day, the 18th of December, 1499. The result corresponded with so happy a commencement and soon Granada began to look like a Christian city. The sound of bells, forbidden by Mahomet, was now frequently heard and Ximenes who had contributed so much to bring about this change received from the Moors the sobriquet of "Alfaqui Campanero."

A reaction in favor of Mahometism followed this success, naturally, among the Moors who were sincere in their faith. Hence a spirit of opposition not only to the religion, but to the government was aroused and Ximenes ordered the arrest of the most clamorous. It had been one of the terms of the treaty that no force should be used in converting the Moors. But Ximenes persevered in his course and left nothing untried to make the whole of Granada Christian and his courage rose as personal danger thickened around him. False rumors regarding some acts of the prelate having reached the court before his own despatches arrived—Ferdinand, ever ready to take exception to Ximenes, reproached Isabella for having forced so obstinate a man into so important a position. Isabella, herself, felt some anxiety lest all the results of the war should be lost, but Ximenes' despatches and afterwards his personal explanations satisfied even Ferdinand, and he returned to Granada with full powers to continue in his course.

But while Ximenes was taking part in these and other affairs of state and was consulted by the sovereigns upon the most confidential negotiations, his untiring zeal and the uninterrupted and heavy labor entailed upon him undermined his health and he fell seriously ill. He retired to Alcala to recruit.

On the 26th of November, 1504, Isabella expired at Medina del Campo, in the fifty-fourth year of her age and the thirtieth of her reign. When Ximenes heard of the affliction which had befallen him and the nation, he was overcome with grief:

"Never," he exclaimed, "never will the world again behold a queen with such greatness of soul, with such purity of heart, with

such ardent piety and such zeal for justice." The death of Isabella reduced Ferdinand to his hereditary dominions of Aragon and elevated Joanna the Mad and her husband Philip the Fair to the throne of Castile. Joanna's sad melancholy incapacitated her from reigning and the choice of a Regent was necessary. By the advice of Ximenes Philip and Ferdinand divided the authority.

Ferdinand was not unmindful of the services rendered to himself, his daughter and his country by so faithful a servant and on the 17th of May, 1507, the Brief was published which raised Ximenes to the Cardinalate. To the title St. Ballimus was also added that of Cardinal of Spain. The next day a letter was received from Ferdinand, then in Italy, naming him Grand Inquisitor for Castile and Leon and assuring him "that his numerous and extraordinary virtues as well as the important services rendered to Spain had induced him, Ferdinand, to solicit the Holy See to confer the dignity of Cardinal upon him, and that he, Ferdinand, hoped the Archbishop would accept this favor with the same kind feeling as had prompted the request."

Great joy was felt throughout Spain at this honor, but it was not till September, 1507, that Ferdinand returned bringing with him the zuchetta or red cap, which he proposed himself to confer, and did so with solemn ceremony. No one has dared to connect Ximenes name with any Inquisitorial cruelty. On the contrary he sought to protect the people by every means in his power. A great scarcity of provisions occurring in his diocese, he ordered public granaries to be built and from his own revenues settled upon the poor an annual donation of 40,000 bushels of wheat. But space will not allow of my following the Great Cardinal in all his works of mercy. Meantime his enemies were endeavoring to undermine his influence with the King, and in part succeeded. But not for long, however. On the 23rd of January 1516, Ferdinand, having appointed Ximenes regent of the Kingdom until the majority of Charles, breathed his last. Immediately prince Ferdinand endeavored to supplant Ximenes but the royal council in reply to his summons sent the curt message, "*Non habemus alium regem nisi Cæsarem*,"* and the ill attempt was given up. The rest of the Cardinal's life was given to guiding the ship of state through the breakers and storms that beset her. But we may not follow him. Suffice to say that he found little else save ingratitude in those for whom he labored, from the King, as the Cortes had

*We have no king but Cæsar.

named Charles, to the turbulent nobles. He died on the 8th of November, 1557, in the eighty-second year of his life and the twenty-second of his episcopacy. And being dead, the people began to realize what they had lost. The news produced great sorrow everywhere. Even former adversaries, such as the Duke of Alva, acknowledged that Ximenes was one of the most remarkable of men, a truly old Spanish, heroic character.

Ximenes' warmest sympathies were given to the unfortunate inhabitants of the New World and he exerted himself to relieve their sad condition. But the two great works of his life were the University of Alcala, and the Polyglot Bible. As soon as he became Archbishop of Toledo he, with the queen's concurrence, determined to devote the immense revenues of the diocese to the foundation of a house for intellectual culture. He chose Alcala, where a school had existed for two hundred years. In the beginning of 1504, he was able to rejoice over the reception of a Brief from Rome, erecting his school into a University. The professors were to be thirty-three in number; to these were added twelve priests. The latter were to devote themselves exclusively to the divine service and pastoral duties. Besides the college of St. Ildefonso there were other foundations suitable for all necessities. There were two boarding-schools for poor young men where forty-two pupils were supported for three years. There were two other colleges for students of philosophy. Another erection was intended for a hospital, but the Archbishop built a larger one and took this one for eighteen poor youths who wished to prepare themselves for the Church and six who desired to study medicine. A sixth college was founded where twelve Franciscan novices devoted themselves to study. Also the college for the three languages for thirty pupils — ten studying Greek, ten Latin and ten Hebrew, and all thoroughly

The greatest literary work published at Alcala was the Polyglot. It was the wish of Ximenes to give a new impulse to biblical studies by the publication of a work equal to the *Healpa* of Origen. He was indefatigable in his researches for Mss. of the Old and the New Testament and was obliged to purchase some at high prices, while others were generously placed at his command. Giovanni de Medici, then Cardinal, generously sent him the Vatican Mss. and when the first part of the work was finished in 1514, the Archbishop dedicated it to the Cardinal as Leo X. The last volume of the Polyglot was issued July 10 1517, three months previously to the death of its eminent compiler. A fitting monument for such a man.

A TRIBUTE.

(To the memory of Brother Constantius, O. P.)

BY REV. FATHER FALVEY. O. P.

Where Apollo's beams are fervid,
By far Tiber's hallowed strand,
There, a soul we love departed
Heavenward from this earthly land.
Left us ere his years were many
From the cradle to the tomb;
Left us for the light of heaven
While our hearts were wrapped in gloom.

Ere his boyhoods hours were ended,
To earth's joys he bade adieu;
Ent'ring on the narrow pathway
Trodden by the chosen few;
On that pathway, still more narrowed,
With God's sacred cloistral bond,
There he strove to follow Jesus,
Poor, obedient, chastly fond.

Brief life's struggle,—soon 'twas over,
Ah! so soon, who could have thought!
Brief, alas! but oh how nobly
'Neath St. Dominic's banner fought.
Brief, for after five quick summers,
Mary, reigning Queen above,
Showed him, faith and hope rewarding,
The One Object of his love.

Though unknown his tomb to worldlings,
Though his name they never hear,
Though no kindred's tears of sorrow
Dropped upon his distant bier,
Yet, with Jesus and His Mother
Has our brother found a home,
Love and glory far surpassing
Any under azure dome.

Farewell! heart, so kind, so noble,
Lying cold beyond the sea!
Farewell! Brother! long and lonely
Is this last farewell to thee.
And though never more our labor
In God's vineyard here thou'lt share,
That we meet in Heaven's garner,
Is thy grieving brother's prayer!

ST. DOMINIC'S ABBEY, CASHEL.

BY LAURA GREY.

PART I.

CASH! What memories that name recalls! An emerald,—
set in the frame of the "Golden Vale" of Tipperary, clasped on
one side by the Galtee and Knockmealdown mountains, and on
the other by the low lying plains round Thurles!

Heathery hills dot the bosom of the country, and lose their
summits in the clouds, claiming a tribute from the painter's brush.
But the present writer is no painter, only a vagrant artist, wander-
ing through the ruins of Ireland, and fixing her easel under mossy
walls. To master hands she leaves the task of flushing the picture
with glories of the Dominican shrines.

A crude sketch in black and white of an isolated abbey satisfies
her ambition. She is content, if from her canvas flashes some ven-
erable figure, clad in St. Dominic's habit, recalling visions of the
past, and lighting up tradition's store with a halo of holiness.
Crowned with a diadem of antique gems the Rock of Cashel starts
from the plain. On its top are clustered, the Cathedral, the Archi-
episcopal Palace, Round Tower, Cormac's Chapel, the Vicar's
Hall, and Celtic Cross. Beneath nestles the modern town of
Cashel, deriving its name from Caseal, a rock, (Irish) in reference
to the mighty block of limestone frowning above.

Three abbeys stand sentinel round the base. St. Dominic's
Abbey, Hoar Abbey, (Cistercian) and St. Francis' Abbey.

St. Dominic's Abbey will form our sketch to-day.

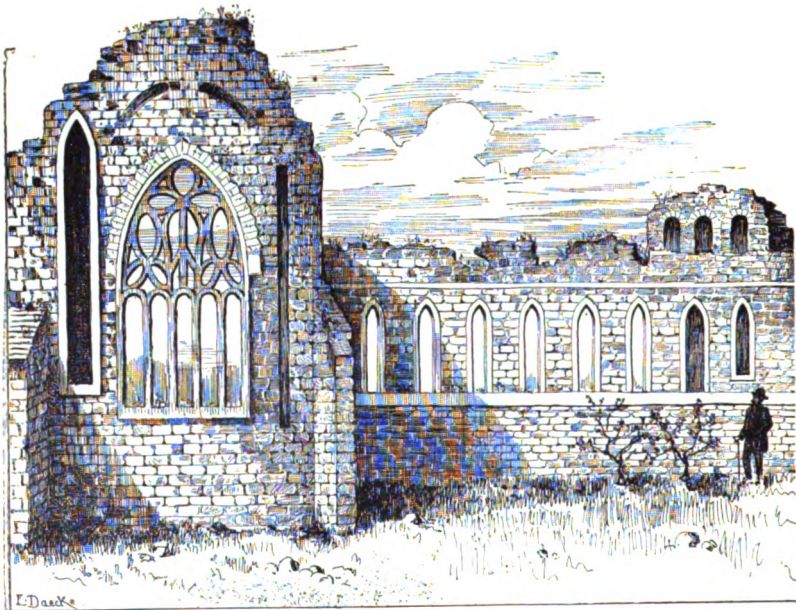
To the doors of the Dominican Abbey in Cork there came in
the year 1230, a distinguished ecclesiastic, one David McKelly

Dean of Cashel. Marian O'Brien, the Archbishop of Cashel, had appointed him superior of the Vicars Choral, dwelling on the Rock, and there he wielded the wand of office till grace called him to join the Dominican Brotherhood in Cork.

He held a proud trust in the Archdiocese, and with divers misgivings were the brethren moved, when he craved to be admitted amongst them as a simple friar.

Yet, David McKelly's proved to be a solid vocation.

Buried in the seclusion of his cell, he fondly hoped that his connection with the outer world was severed forever, disturbed by no foreboding that the mitre of Cloyne hung above his head, yet so it came to pass. For in 1237 he was called to fill that vacant See.



St. Dominic's Abbey. Has three very handsome windows of floriated style, date 1480; that in the southern transept is particularly good.

The next year Marian O'Brien of Cashel died, David McKelly was translated from the See of St. Coleman, to succeed his former patron. Alan O'Sullivan, a brother Dominican followed David in the diocese of Cloyne. Casting a farewell glance at his peaceful retreat in Cork, McKelly vowed he would build an Abbey for his Order, near his old home, on the Rock of Cashel, and this promise he fulfilled in 1243. The Dominican Abbey, which the antiquarian

views to-day, rose under the giant Rock, guarded on one side by the Hall of the Vicars Choral, and on the other by the Archbishop's Palace. Similar to the Black Abbey in Kilkenny, McKelly's foundation possessed no northern transept.

The Cistercians always built their abbeys in the form of a cross, but the Dominican and Franciscan cloisters and cemetery usually occupied that arm of the cross facing the southern transept. In other words, they were *not* cruciform.

Three richly carved windows testify to the beauty of St. Dominic's, Cashel, in its palmy days.

That one set in the southern transept is especially florid in design. Inside the walls the tall grass waves over rifled tombs. The groining of the tower roof is perfect, and the lateral windows are pointed as of yore.

General Chapters were held here in the years 1289 and 1307. "In 1251 David McKelly cited Robert of Emly, the Bishop-elect of Limerick, to appear in his court and receive confirmation of his election, if canonically made, notwithstanding the king's prerogative, (Henry III.) that his royal license or assent was not had thereto. The King issued his writ to the Archbishop commanding him to revoke what he had done in prejudice of his prerogative, and ordered, if he did not obey, to seize his temporalities, and to renew his appeal therein."

In 1245 we find Archbishop David at the Council of Lyons to the acts of which his name is subscribed.

He died on the 2nd of March, 1252. The monk of Buelly in his annals commemorates the deceased prelate thus: "David McKelly, Archbishop of Cashel, and Alan O'Sullivan, Bishop of Lismore, went to rest. It is recorded that they were buried in the chapel of the Apostles in the Cathedral of Cashel, (which if I mistake not) stood on the left hand of the choir, on the entrance—perhaps in the north wall thereof, where formerly was seen a fair statue of a bishop engraved on a monument of stone."

In the year 1480 we find the Archbishop of Cashel, John Cantwell, rebuilding St. Dominic's Abbey, which had been accidentally burned down. This munificent act he performed at his own *private* expense. In gratitude the Vicar General of the Dominicans, John Fitz Roy, together with the Prior of the Abbey, constituted him their patron and founder, and granted to him the participation and full benefit of all the masses, prayers, sermons, vigils, and other meritorious works of all the Dominican Brethren throughout Ireland. The document of this extraordinary favor, bears date at Limerick, on the vigil of St. Augustine's feast.

The original is reported to have been left in the custody of one Mr. Cantwell of Moy-carkey, in the Co. Tipperary, said to be lineally descended from the said archbishop. John Cantwell died in 1482, and was buried in his own cathedral on the Rock of Cashel.

In 1490 William Duffe de Burgho was Prior.

Edward Marten was the last Prior. He surrendered the Abbey of St. Dominic to Henry VIII. in the year 1540. Besides the church and belfry, the king seized the abbey proper, containing a dormitory, a chamber with two cellars, a cemetery, two orchards and two parks or gardens, all within the precincts.

Some years later, Walter Fleming became the owner forever of St. Dominic's Abbey. By stealth the friars still hung around their deserted home, and the mother house in Cork continued to supply recruits to their decimated ranks.

The halo which encircles the latter days of the Cashel Abbey is due to the glorious martyrdom of Father Richard Barry, the



Figure over northern doorway.

Prior. In part II. I shall ask "Dominic of the Rosary" (an Irish Dominican historian) to paint the sufferings of this Confessor of the Faith, and I shall supplement a sketch of places consecrated by his presence, St. Dominic's Abbey, and the environs of Cashel.

More than a year has passed since I climbed the Rock, and wended my steps through the rank herbage which carpets the Dominican Abbey. The leaves that I plucked from the lime tree are now yellow and withered, but I fancy a fragrance of fresh lime blossoms clings round them still, emblematic of the fadeless palm

branch carried by Father Richard Barry in Heaven.

After his martyrdom the Dominican Order continued to exist in Cashel.

John Baptist Hacket, a distinguished divine, and a native of Fethard, Co. Tipperary, embraced the Rule of St. Dominic in Cashel, and afterwards taught theology at Milan, Naples and Rome. He died at the Convent of the Minerva in Rome, A.D. 1676, having bequeathed to the church "*Controversorum Theologicum completens omnes Tractatus Doctoris Angelici*," "*Synopsis Theologica in Tractatum de Fide, Spe and Charitate*," and "*Synopsis Philosophicæ*."

NATIONAL ANTHEM OF THANKSGIVING.

BY MARGARET E. JORDAN.

HAIL, holy God of peace and might!
Hail Lord of Hosts and clean oblations!
Of wrong Avenger, Meed of right!
Holding within Thy Hand all nations:
Eternal God of Liberty!
Columbia tribute claims for Thee,
From coast to coast, on land and sea,
Pleads that thanksgiving ceaseless be!

While famine, war and pestilence
Fill other lands with desolation,
We lean upon thy Providence,
Thy tender care knows no cessation.
Eternal God of Liberty!
Columbia tribute owes to Thee,
From coast to coast, on land and sea,
Let glad thanksgiving ceaseless be

Let us remember "Gratitude,
The guardian is of every nation."
He who hung on the saving rood
Claims love, and thanks and adoration.
Eternal God of Liberty!
Columbia tribute brings to Thee,

From coast to coast, on land and sea,
Shall glad thanksgiving ceaseless be!

The Virgin Queen of Heaven's host
Unfurls her standard fair and holy;
We gather round from coast to coast,
While rings from hearts both great and lowly:
Eternal God of Liberty!
Columbia tribute sings to Thee,
From coast to coast, on land and sea,
Shall glad thanksgiving ceaseless be.

Mother of Him who rules the spheres!
Protectress of our mighty nation!
Till Time dies in eternal years,
Intone our hymn of Jubilation:
Eternal God of Liberty!
Columbia tribute pays to Thee,
From coast to coast, on land and sea,
Love and thanksgiving ceaseless be!



1492.

1892.

The Children of the Rosary.

THE SECOND SORROWFUL MYSTERY.

THE SCOURGING AT THE PILLAR.

Blow falls on blow—O children! see	Cling close to Mary, Virgin pure,
How Jesus suffers for your sake!	Rest your weak hearts on her strong one.
How can you still ungrateful be?	And she will help you faithful be
How pleasure in aught sinful take?	Until the day of trial's done.



Children dear, we now come to the second part of our Blessed Lord's sufferings—the scourging at the pillar. As you look at the picture think in your little hearts how these cruel and wicked men stripped our Lord of His clothing, and tied Him to the pillar. Then, with heavy whips they beat Him till his pure and tender flesh was cut and bleeding and the blood ran down to the ground. Still they continued and one of the Saints tells us that five thousand lashes were given to our suffering Lord. O dear children, think of all these cruel blows, and remember how our Saviour bore them, for love of His people who so often offend Him.

Understand that He was scourged because many persons love their bodies more than they love their souls. They think more of pleasing themselves and enjoying themselves than they do of serving God. They live as if they had not souls, thinking only of their bodies and the pleasures of life. Tell your dear Lord how sorry you are for Him. Tell him you wish never more to grieve Him. Tell Him that you will love your souls more than your bodies, and that you will be willing to suffer for the love of Him. Think of all these things when you say the decade.

ADELE'S EASTER LILIES.

BY FLORENCE MARY KILKELLY.

(*Conclusion.*)

Three years passed by, during which time many changes took place in the little settlement. The good priest was called to his reward, and his poor little penitent felt keenly the loss of her sympathizing director; she had no earthly friend to advise her now, so, with redoubled fervor she prayed to the Comfortress of the Afflicted, and the Mother of Sorrows, she who was bereft of her only Son, obtained from Him for this chosen soul the gift of perfect resignation to His divine will. Without a murmur she received the intelligence that her father had died suddenly in the office of the Doctor whom she had insisted on his consulting in Green Bay, and, although having to work harder than ever, to support her mother and young brother, every evening she would collect the neighbor's children running wild about the woods, with a promise of candy, and after they had enjoyed this rare treat, she would teach them to say the Rosary. In the beautiful summer time she assembled them in the fields and whilst all were gathering berries she passed the time by obeying our Blessed Lady's injunction, and in her simple language told the story of the Cross.

When an uncle in Chicago sent for, and adopted her young brother, with her mother's consent Adele converted her humble home into an orphanage. Any children whose parents died, she at once claimed and supported. In order to do this she had to work without ceasing. When she had collected eleven children she was advised by her spiritual director to become a tertiary of the Third Order of St. Francis. A cousin joined in the good work and soon they were both professed. Adele's tiny log-cabin was, by this time, far too small to shelter the numerous applicants, so leaving her good mother in charge of her beloved children, she began to travel to solicit from more favored communities, alms for the erection of a large convent and church.

A risky undertaking for one who had never left her country home, never seen a railway train. She was unusually shy before

strangers, had only the sight of one eye, and command of her native language, but confiding in her whose heavenly commission she was fulfilling, she courageously prepared for the journey.

The novice who accompanied Sister Adele could fortunately speak a little English. Together they travelled through Wisconsin, Illinois, Michigan, and some of the Eastern states. Very few turned a deaf ear to their appeal, and the result of their labors, a magnificent convent and adjoining church, to-day mark the spot where our Blessed Lady stood, and commissioned Adele to undertake the work of instructing the little ones so dear to the Sacred Heart of her compassionate Son, and of whom He said "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such are the kingdom of God." Miss Eliza Allen Starr in her own inimitable style, writes touchingly that, "this humble school of instruction for these wandering lambs of the fold of Christ has changed the wilderness into a garden of delights to the Saviour of souls."

Many wonderful cures both spiritual and corporal, have been, and are daily being wrought there. The numerous crutches and many inscriptions left by grateful hearts are proofs of this. Sister Adele's band of helpers now numbers nineteen, but she herself gives the instruction in Christian doctrine.

It was on one of our Sweet Lady's most beautiful feasts, that of her glorious Assumption, that the writer had the happiness of visiting this favored shrine and of listening to Sister Adele explaining, to a class of very young children, the meaning of the Feast. Whenever she mentioned our Blessed Lady's name it seemed, by the look of rapture which overspread her face, as if she was once again favored by a vision of the Queen of the Most Holy Rosary.

Boys and girls, the Editor asks as a particular favor that each one of you will try to fill at least one card so as to obtain THE ROSARY for some hospital or prison. As the magazine comes to you in your pleasant houses where you enjoy the care and love of fond parents, be grateful to God and our Lady, and remember the poor who are sick in hospitals and the unhappy people who are in prisons. How good it will be to send THE ROSARY to them!



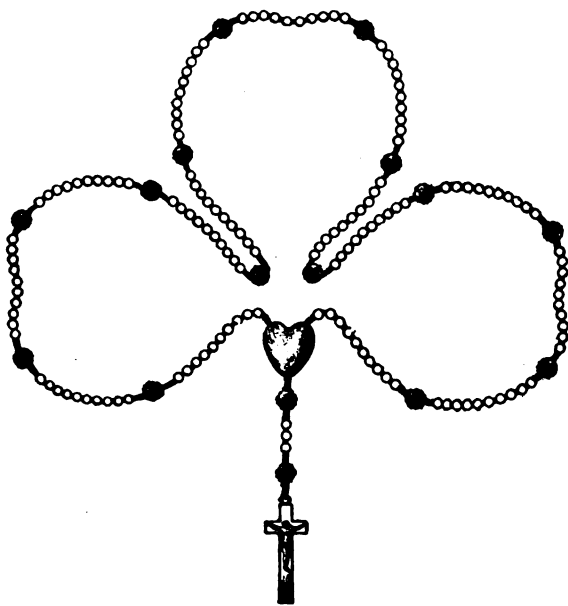
SEND THE ROSARY TO THE POOR.

Do you know, dear children, that there are young folks, and older ones, too, who are living in poorhouses, or in asylums, or, alas! some in prisons or houses of correction, and perhaps they never see a good book never have one to read, and yet many of them would enjoy them as much as you do, and all would be better for the reading of them, as, we hope, you all are. It has made the Editor feel very, very badly to think that he has not been able to send *THE ROSARY* to all these poor people free of cost to them, but it takes, oh, so much money to "run a magazine," as literary people say, that truly, dear children, he could not afford to send so many copies free. But if everybody would only help him, then poor people would be made happy by the monthly visit of *THE ROSARY*, that you all greet so gladly.

Do you see this little picture of a rosary, boys and girls? Do you notice that the large beads are finished while the small ones are just 150 little rings? Now, we have this rosary printed on cards for all who desire to help send the magazine to the poor.

Ask all those whom you know to *make one or more beads*, that is with pen or pencil to *fill in the little rings*, giving *one cent for each*. You will thus collect \$1.50, the price for which *THE ROSARY* will be sent to any poor person, or charitable institution, or prisoner, as you desire to send it, though the regular price is now \$2.00 a year.

You see that on the card there is a place for the name and address of the poor person, or the institution and for your own name and address. Fill these blanks and then send the card to Rev. J. L. O'Neil, O. P., New York. He will send the magazine to the poor whom you name, and will send a pretty autograph album to you.



Please send **THE ROSARY** for one year

to

(Name of poor person or institution.)

Address.....

Solicitor's name.....

Address.....

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS.

BY EDWIN ANGELOE.

It was evening in May. The Brooklyn Bridge was crowded. At the entrance passengers pushed and jostled one another rudely. On the promenade could be heard the hurrying tread of many feet, and at either side sounded the heavy rolling of the cable cars.

As John Malone pursued his way amid the throng of pedestrians toward New York's sister city, his young heart was sick and sad.

He had searched all day in the metropolis for employment, but had met with no success whatever.

"I don't know what will become of mother, Benny and me," he murmured bitterly. "I have tried day after day to get something to do, and no one will take me. I have offered the Rosary every evening at May service, hoping it would gain me success. As it is, I am disappointed. I must believe it is all for the best, though to tell the truth I cannot see it in that way."

John was fifteen and lived with his widowed mother and little brother in a dingy tenement.

When John's father had been alive the little family had enjoyed many comforts, but now they were sorely in need of money.

When well, Mrs. Malone earned a small living at teaching embroidery, and just managed to meet the household expenses. Now she was ill, and owing to her weakness the rent could not be paid.

Old Phineas Rush, the landlord, who lived on the first floor below them at home, was a cold-hearted man, and had threatened to eject them in a few days if he did not receive at least one-half of the money due him.

"If Mr. Rush turns us out, and mother so ill," thought John, filled with dread, "the shock will surely kill her. Oh! what shall we do anyway?" And strong boy though he was, great tears filled his eyes.

He had not proceeded far when his gaze was suddenly arrested by a dark leathern object lying almost at his feet.

"It is a wallet!" he exclaimed, stooping quickly and picking it up. "I wonder who dropped it? It is hard to tell in this great crowd. I'll put it in my pocket and see what is inside of it when I reach home."

He suited his action to his word and then quickened his pace.

John found his mother and Benny asleep. He did not disturb them, but sat down in the little kitchen to examine his prize.

Opening the wallet, he drew out a packet of bills, which he counted.

"One hundred dollars! That seems like a fortune to me. I wonder if I can find anything else? Hello! what's this?"

"This" was the photograph of a handsome young man with a smooth face of gentle expression.

As John was studying the features, he noticed that the lower margin of the card bore what was probably the original's autograph.

It read: "Martin Grey, Jr."

"I shall not forget the name," John told himself. "It may help me to find the loser of the money. How I wish I really owned so much! Then mother and Benny should have what they need. But I must return the bills, for it would not be honest to keep them."

Just as he was replacing the money in the wallet, a knock sounded at the door, and the next moment the landlord entered. He was a tall, lean man, and wore a wig. He had little black eyes which made one think his scruples were not of the best.

"I see you are in luck at last," said he, in a shrill voice addressing John. "Where did you get so much money?"

"I found it on the Bridge."

"It will come in nicely to pay your rent with. You ought to let me have two months in advance for keeping me waiting."

"I cannot let you have any of it, Mr. Rush," said John. "I would pay you if the money were really mine."

"If the money were really yours! Didn't you say you found it?"

"Yes; but I must restore it."

"Fiddlesticks! What folks find, folks ought to keep. Besides, I want my money. If I don't get it pretty soon, I'll keep my word about having you all vacate these rooms. How do you propose to find the owner?" he added.

"I shall advertise."

"You find him, and he rewards you, will you pay me from it?"

"Yes."

"That's fair," reflected the landlord. "The prospects seem favorable. In either case I may hope for money, if he finds the owner or not. It won't cost me anything to let them stay a little longer. No one wants the rooms just now."

"I'll allow your mother another week," he said aloud. "If you or she don't produce the money by that time, I'll listen to no excuse." And with that speech he left the apartment.

John advertised, but received no response that was honest. He studied the loss notices in the different papers, but could learn nothing. It is needless to say that he drew from the money itself to meet the expense he was put to.

Some evenings later as he was again crossing the Bridge, his attention was drawn to a richly attired gentleman who strikingly resembled the face in the photograph.

"How like the picture he is!" thought John. "He seems much older, though. Perhaps I ought to speak to him. I will."

He approached the passenger and touched him on the arm. The latter started and turned, while John inquired:

"Did you lose anything lately, sir?"

"I did—a wallet containing one hundred dollars and a photograph," replied the gentleman, exhibiting intense interest.

"And there was a name written on the margin of the photograph?" pursued John, wishing to make sure.

"Yes. It was Martin Grey, Jr. Can you give me any information concerning my loss?"

"Yes sir. I found your wallet while crossing here one evening last week."

"Is it possible! I was under the impression that some clever pickpocket had accomplished the theft. Tell me all about it."

John recited the details of the affair as they walked along side by side, and Mr. Grey—that was his companion's name, as John learned—was filled with admiration of the boy for his honesty.

"That photograph is of my son," said Mr. Grey, and his tone was sad. "He is dead. He was named after me. I would not part with the picture for worlds. It is the only one I have of him."

They reached Brooklyn, and Mr. Grey turned with John toward the latter's home, where the wallet was in safe keeping with Mrs. Malone.

"You were a smart boy to know me by the photograph," said Mr. Gray, as they climbed the creaking stairs that led up to the rooms. "Poor Martin and myself were always remarked for looking much alike."

Mrs. Malone, who had improved greatly, and was up and around, received them as they came in. At John's word she brought forth the wallet and placed it in its owner's hands.

Mr. Grey selected only the photograph, and turned over the book, with its remaining contents, to John.

"Accept it," he said, "as a slight acknowledgement of my gratitude."

John could hardly express his thanks, he was so amazed.

"Oh, sir, you are too generous," said Mrs. Malone.

"Not at all. He deserves it. Now, I want to help you more, if I can," offered Mr. Gray, addressing them both. "I don't feel that I have done half enough. Do you go to school, John?"

"No, sir. I have been graduated."

"You work, then. What at?"

"Nothing, sir. I can't find anything."

"I think I can use you over in my office. One of my clerks is going to leave me soon. When he goes, I shall notify you by letter. It will be in about ten days."

John was delighted. Surely his prayer had been answered now.

When Mr Gray had departed, John, with his mother and Benny, went to May service and offered the Rosary and Benediction in thanksgiving for the blessings they had received.

"Wasn't it strange, mother," said John, after they had finished, "that I found the wallet just as I was about giving up hope. See how it has led to Mr. Grey's offering me a position."

"It was strange, John. It very often happens that our prayers are answered in a way we little expect."

At the end of the time mentioned by Mr. Gray, John entered that gentleman's office, there to begin a most promising career.

He never ceased to be grateful to our Blessed Lady for his good fortune, and he was often known to grace her statue, in the church which he attended, with the most beautiful flowers he could procure.

THREE HISTORICAL QUESTIONS.



UU

WAS



UU



DID

COLUMBUS



WHO WAS IS



A

For the first and best set of answers to the puzzles in May, June and July numbers, a bat and ball, a foot-ball, an autograph album or a work box will be awarded.

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS' CADETS.

BY AQUINAS.

THERE is a martial spirit born in every boy—in every girl also we may say—a spirit of fight. If in no other manner, they will at least fight for their own way very naturally, and therefore it remains for those in whose care God has placed them so to train them that they will put their way according to God's law, and then the fight will ever be for the right, a just, a noble, and a holy one.

The boyish hands that in to-day's sport toss the ball and swing the bat will cast the votes for the future, and the destiny of the country will be in their keeping. Hence too much cannot be done to teach boys to revere and to obey the laws of country, of the Church and of God.

Societies of a military character appeal to this martial spirit in the boy; hence are they for many more effective for good than are sodalities.

Intemperance and disobedience to lawful authority, two great evils of this age, are the enemies against which the youth of St. Vincent Ferrer's parish engage to fight, when they enlist in the ranks of the St. Thomas Aquinas Cadets. Boys cannot be admitted to the Cadets until after they have made their first Holy Communion. The cadets are divided into three companies. Three evenings in the week are devoted to them, one for each company, during which they are trained in calisthenic exercises and military tactics, and the drum and fife corps in martial music. They possess a well-stocked armory; their uniforms are pretty and graceful.

At a regular hour the roll is called and with equal exactness is the hour of dismissal observed, so that parents know always at what moment to expect the cadets to reach home.

The rules enforced at the armory are as far as practical, those which govern United States armories. To these are added special rules for the reception of the Sacraments and for the warfare against intemperance. The cadets pledge themselves to total abstinence till they are twenty-one, and also against even the carrying of intoxicating drinks.

It was a day ever to be remembered by the cadets, that upon which their beautiful flag, the gift of the Sunday School teachers, was solemnly blessed, at High Mass in St. Vincent Ferrer's. Long may the Flag of our country wave in the light of the Cross! Long

may obedience to the laws of country, of the Church and of God. preserve in the hearts of the St. Thomas Aquinas Cadets the angelic virtue of purity.

THE BLESSING OF THE FLAG

GLOWING and red, as the blood that was shed
On many a battle field;
Spotless and bright, as the lives chaste-white
In noblest of struggles sealed;
Heaven's own azure, with red and white blend,
Star-gemmed e'en as the firmament;
Tri-colored standard, starred and barred
Never by stain of dishonor marred!
Silken thy folds and thy staff secure
Lifted aloft by the young and pure!
Fearlessly keep they their Altar tryst,
Bearing thee e'en to the feet of Christ!
Oh! in the light of His Cross away,
Flag of our Country! wave e'en as to-day!

Do we defy those who fain would deny
That sons of Christ's Church can be
True to her laws, yet staunch to the cause
Of a country from bondage free?
Nay! Let no word of defiance ring,
But from the archives of glory bring
Records preserved from oblivion's mist
By truth, the unerring annalist!
Read of the Church who unfurled
Her standard, and 'neath it discovered a world;
Read in the names of its rivers and seas
What was their faith who discovered these.
Read in the names on the tombstones white
Their faith who died for freedom and right!
Oh! fearlessly keep ye your altar tryst—
Your Country's Flag bears the blessing of Christ!



WITH OTHER YOUNG FOLKS.

The charming dramas for young girls, prepared by the Sisters of the Holy Cross, Notre Dame, Indiana, for their pupils, the *Ave Maria* tells us, will be published for general use. "A World's Affair," a comedy will be the first to appear.

In the *Children's Corner* of the *Catholic Mirror*, we find the legend of the Fuchsia very sweetly versified by T. M. R.

We quote from "Old Fairy Scrapbag," a reply to one of its young people—it is in keeping with our own apostolate: "When our petitions are granted, we ought always to make a Novena of Thanksgiving."

The *Merry Band* is the catching title under which "Aunt Rowena" conducts the young folks department of the *Michigan Catholic*.

• The *Annals of Our Lady of The Sacred Heart*, and *Le Couteux Leader*, have both a noble mission. The former to win help to the Apostolic School, Watertown, N. Y., for the education of poor boys with vocations to the priesthood; the latter, to win it for the school for deaf mutes in charge of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Young Eagle, St. Clara's Convent, Sinsinawa Mound, Wis., and the *Salve Regina*, St. Mary's Academy, New Orleans, La., both issued by Daughters of St. Dominic, are bright journals of school life. We greet them warmly to our Exchange table.

NOTES,

Two hundred more young people have enlisted in the Angelic Warfare. Of these eighty-eight have come from the far off state of Washington. For conditions of membership see the March number of THE ROSARY. We shall be glad to hear from societies of the Angelic Warfare anywhere.

We acknowledge the receipt of one dollar from a Rosarian for the fund for little First Communicants. In this happy hour of their lives poor children will be tenderly cared for by the ST. JOSEPH'S AID, which aims at helping souls in both their first and last Holy Communion. Read the article "St. Joseph's Aid," in this present number

WE refer our young people to the list of prizes in the beginning of the April number. In addition to these we now have some fine White Mountain Views, oil paintings, which we shall give, according to value, to solicitors sending in from fifteen to one hundred subscribers.

A LEGEND OF THE ROSARY.

BY ANGELIQUE DE LANDE.

Long ago, in sunny Provence,
Dwelt a peasant maiden mild,
Orphaned in her early childhood,
She was called, "our Lady's child."

For the simple folk around her
Thought such little ones as she
Were by Mary's self protected,
'Neath her robe of purity.

So the maiden grew in beauty,
Modest as a wild-wood flower,
Walking in the path of duty,
Day by day, and hour by hour.

Bounteous Nature was her teacher;
Books or pictures had she none
Save the little chapel windows,
Where was pictured Mary's Son.

There, at eve the child would linger
At her Blessed Mother's knee,
And with simple fond devotion,
Nightly say her Rosary.

Once, when she was over-weary,
She forgot her beads to say,
And, within her little chamber,
Slept her weariness away.

Suddenly a wondrous radiance
Filled the room with heavenly light,
And a perfume as of roses
Made her waking a delight.

For her eyes beheld a vision
Of a Lady, pure and fair,
Starry-crowned and azure-mantled,
'Twas our Lady standing there.

On her mantle's hem sweet roses
 Were entwined in patterns rare,
 But a single rose was wanting
 To complete the garland fair.

Humbly knelt the child before her
 Lost in wonder at the sight;
 But a soft low voice addressed her,
 Like a wood-bird's note at night.

"Child," she said, "your love has fashioned
 Faithfully from day to day,
 This sweet rose-wreath for my mantle
 As you knelt your prayers to say."

"Yet to-night a rose is wanting,
 I have missed your whispered prayer;
 Child, too many are unfaithful,
 But your love I cannot spare."

Then the gentle Vision faded,
 And the child in sorrow wept,
 While the beads slipped through her fingers,
 Then 'till morn she calmly slept.

Like a rose its fragrance shedding,
 Faded the sweet child away;
 She had caught a glimpse of Heaven,
 And on earth she could not stay.

But, through weariness and weakness,
 Languor, pain and failing breath,
 To her trust she aye was faithful
 'Till her eyelids closed in death.

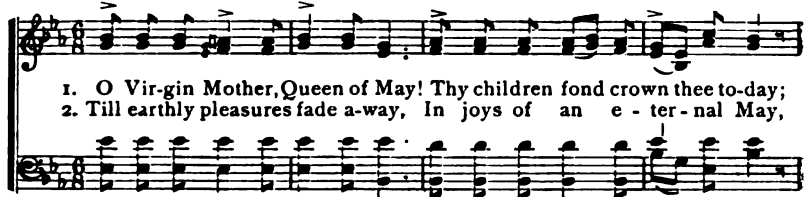
* * * * *

There's a little grave in Provence,
 Many pilgrims flock to see
 Where the child was laid whom Mary
 Taught to say the rosary.

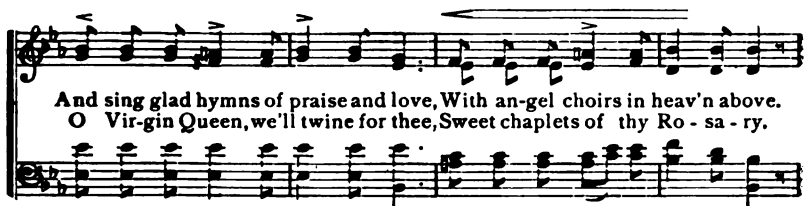
OUR MAY QUEEN.

Words by MARGARET E. JORDAN.

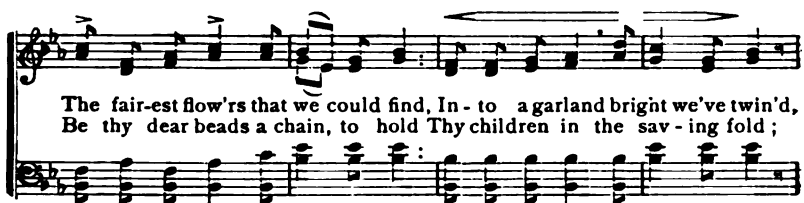
Music by LOUISA MORRISON.



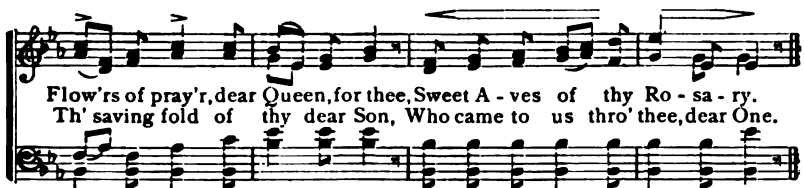
1. O Vir-gin Mother, Queen of May! Thy children fond crown thee to-day;
2. Till earthly pleasures fade a-way, In joys of an e - ter - nal May,



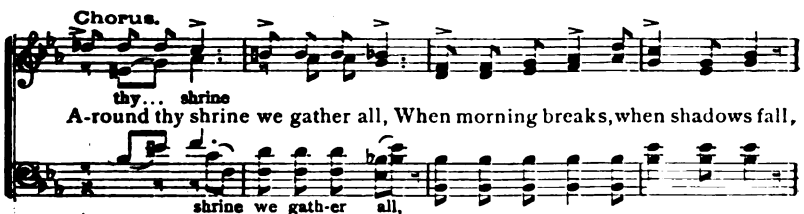
And sing glad hymns of praise and love, With an-gel choirs in heav'n above.
O Vir-gin Queen, we'll twine for thee, Sweet chaplets of thy Ro - sa - ry.



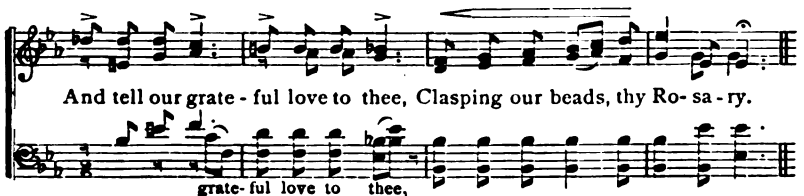
The fair-est flow'rs that we could find, In - to a garland bright we've twin'd,
Be thy dear beads a chain, to hold Thy children in the sav - ing fold;



Flow'rs of pray'r, dear Queen, for thee, Sweet A - ves of thy Ro - sa - ry.
Th' saving fold of thy dear Son, Who came to us thro' thee, dear One.



Chorus.
thy... shrine
A-round thy shrine we gather all, When morning breaks, when shadows fall,
shrine we gath-er all,



And tell our grate - ful love to thee, Clasp ing our beads, thy Ro - sa - ry.
grate - ful love to thee,

HOW TO BECOME A ROSARIAN.

1. *Have your name enrolled by a priest authorized to receive you.*—If the Confraternity be not established where you reside, you may send your name to some church where it is established. Our readers may send their names to the Editor of THE ROSARY, and he will enroll them. Be sure to give the baptismal name and the family name.

2. *Have your Beads blessed with the Dominican blessing.*—To accommodate those who may not have an opportunity of receiving this blessing otherwise, the Editor of THE ROSARY will bless all Beads sent to him, and will return them. Postage for this must be enclosed.

3. *The fifteen decades must be said during the course of the week—from Sunday to Sunday.*—These decades may be divided in any way found convenient, provided that at least one decade at a time be said. It is a pious practice of Rosarians to say five decades each day.

HOW TO SAY THE ROSARY.

In the usual "make up" of the Beads we find one large bead and three smaller beads immediately following the crucifix or cross. It is a practice of some to recite on the cross or crucifix the *Apostles' Creed*; on the large bead, an *Our Father*; and on the small beads, three *Hail Marys*. In reality they do not belong to the Rosary. They are merely a custom, but not authorized by the Church. For simple-minded people who cannot meditate a devout recitation is all that is asked. The method of saying the Rosary practised by the Dominicans is as follows:

In the name of the Father, etc.

V. Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee.

R. Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb—Jesus.

V. Thou, O Lord, wilt open my lips,

R. And my tongue shall announce Thy praise.

V. Incline unto my aid, O God;

R. O Lord, make haste to help me.

Glory be to the Father, etc. Alleluia.

(From Septuagesima to Easter, instead of Alleluia, say Praise be to Thee, O Lord, King of eternal glory.)

Then announce either "the first part of the holy Rosary, the five joyful mysteries," or "the second part of the holy Rosary, the five sorrowful mysteries," or "the third part of the holy Rosary, the five glorious mysteries." Then the first mystery, "the Annunciation," etc., and "*Our Father*," once, "*Hail Mary*," ten times, "*Glory be to the Father*" once; in the mean time meditating on the mystery. After reciting five decades, the *Hail, holy Queen* is said, followed by

V. Queen of the most holy Rosary, pray for us.

R. That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.

Let us pray.

O God, whose only begotten Son, by His life, death, and resurrection, has purchased for us the rewards of eternal life, grant, we beseech Thee, that meditating on these mysteries of the most holy Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary, we may imitate what they contain and obtain what they promise. Through the same Christ our Lord. Amen.

1. The joyful mysteries are honored on Mondays and Thursdays throughout the year, and on all Sundays from the first of Advent to the first of Lent.

2. The sorrowful mysteries are honored on Tuesdays and Fridays throughout the year, and on the Sundays of Lent.

3. The glorious mysteries are honored on Wednesdays and Saturdays throughout the year, and on all Sundays from Easter to Advent.

1. In Calendar, C. C. means Confession and Communion.

2. Prayer: for intentions of the Holy Father, viz., the welfare of the Holy See; the spread of the Catholic faith; the extirpation of heresy; peace among nations. It is not necessary to mention these intentions in detail. Five Our Fathers and Hail Marys will suffice for the prayers.

3. On second Sunday of each month, Plenary indulgence for members of the Holy Name Society.

4. On any day chosen by members of the Angelic Warfare, a plenary indulgence each month for daily recital of the prayer "Chosen Lily." C., C., prayer, visit to their chapel.

5. On each of two days chosen at will, a plenary indulgence may be gained each month by Rosarians.

(a) By those who daily spend at least a quarter of an hour in meditation, C., C., prayer.

[The same conditions and the same indulgence for members of the Holy Name Society.]

(b) By those who are accustomed to celebrate or to hear the privileged Rosary Mass, "Salve Radix," C., C., prayer. A plenary also each time this Mass is said or heard.

6. On the last Sunday of each month a plenary indulgence may be gained by all the faithful who have been accustomed to say five decades of the Beads three times a week in common, C., C., visit to church, prayers.

7. Many partial indulgences may be gained every day, for the recitation of the Rosary and for carrying the Beads through devotion. It is not necessary to think of them in detail. A general intention suffices.

8. The usual conditions for gaining indulgences are Confession, Communion, and prayers for the Pope's intentions, with special work enjoined, such as a visit. One Confession and Communion suffice for all indulgences appointed for one day, even though Confession and Communion are named for each; and for those who are accustomed to weekly Confession and Communion this pious custom satisfies for all indulgences during the week.

9. All the indulgences of the Rosary are applicable to the souls of the faithful departed.

Notes.

OUR Blessed Mother's month! Dear Rosarians, what are your needs? What are your promises? How many times will you say the Beads?

WE request our friends to examine this number carefully, considering the great variety and excellence of its articles as well as the generous illustrations that we have added; and then let them decide as to the promise of the year and the small sum that we ask to aid us in continuing this splendid undertaking. We expect to lose some subscribers, but we feel assured that THE ROSARY will not fail in winning many more, at least among those who appreciate sincere efforts in a noble cause inspired by true love for our Lady.

MOST earnestly we commend to our readers the work of the St. JOSEPH'S AID. Read the article in this number bearing on it, as well as that in the March number. Communicate with the ladies in charge if you desire fuller information. But we ask all our readers to take an active interest by accepting a membership, by contributing, by patronizing the Women's Exchange.

WHEN we receive no notice to the contrary we shall take it for granted that subscribers wish to continue. This is according to United States law which provides moreover, that before a subscription is stopped, all that is due must be paid. If any who receive this number do not wish to continue, they will oblige us by enclosing twenty cents in postage stamps with the notice that the magazine is no longer desired. We earnestly request all our friends who communicate directly with us, that they will give their names and addresses distinctly and in full, also stating whether they are old subscribers renewing, or new subscribers about to begin, and in the former case, in what parish they gave their names. By complying with these few suggestions, much trouble and expense will be saved to us. And we feel assured that our friends will aid us in this way.

WITH feelings difficult to describe we issue this first number of the second volume of THE ROSARY. Looking back one year and passing in review the events that have contributed to the success of our work, our first prompting must be an acknowledgment of deep gratitude to God and our Blessed Lady for the graces that have sustained us during the trials inseparable from the establishment of any worthy enterprise. The blessing of Christ's Vicar was with us in the beginning; it cheered our early struggles, and when it came a second time, even in fuller measure, we experienced a joy of heart that told us God was with us. Messages of sympathy and encouragement came from different prelates and priests; and we gratefully welcomed all. We trust that the future labors of THE ROSARY will deserve their continued approbation. We shall endeavor to win this, not for what it is in itself, but for what it signifies of good done for God's people and recognized by His ministers. We shall labor to interest all, for are we not striving for the same end? And is the written sermon less efficacious than the spoken word? Nor does religion lose because it comes in sunny ways, nor are the faithful less devout because from time to time they wander in the dream land of fiction where experience points the way and virtue bids them encouragingly on. Out from its shadowy realms the Catholic writer summons his fictitious characters, clothing them as in the flesh, and as in life their types have come before him, and thus in a vivid picture presents a sermon that appeals to the hearts of young and old, while refreshing the weary minds of the laborers entitled to a passing repose. Assuredly religion may be here in its happier vein. And history and biography, timely articles on timely subjects, music—all will urge us to our best efforts, and the smile of our Blessed Mother will lighten the labor of THE ROSARY staff as they lay their offerings at her feet.

WE again commend to our readers, in view of the feast of St. Joseph's Patronage, May 8, the beautiful novena in his honor of which mention was made in our March advertising pages. The spread of this excellent compilation will do much good.

THE heavy financial obligations, incurred in carrying THE ROSARY during the first year were met, to a considerable extent, by the revenue from advertising. We gave our subscribers far more than they expected, and every copy of the magazine that left this office went out at a loss. Without the advertising we could not have continued. This year, we intend, though the subscription is advanced a trifle, to give most excellent value, but we shall again rely on advertising to help us. As we admit no cards but those that are reliable, we trust that our friends will patronize those who solicit their trade through THE ROSARY. Mention the magazine, and we shall be grateful. Our success in this is for the benefit of our readers.

ALMIGHTY God permitted that we could not have sinned in Adam except through Eve, our natural mother, so, also He has willed that we should not be saved in Jesus Christ except through Mary, our supernatural Mother. Just as Eve is our mother in the order of nature, so is Mary our Mother in the order of grace. The stream of sin flows from Adam the head, through Eve, into every member of the human race. Solikewise the stream of Divine grace flows from Jesus Christ the head through Mary, into every member of the mystical Body. In Mary's womb, through her consent and the operation of the Holy Ghost, the Divine union of God and man was consummated in the Divine Person of the Son. "In the brightness of the saints, from the womb before the day-star I begot Thee." Thus the "Woman," that was barren in Eve, became in Mary, through her Immaculate Conception and the operation of the Holy Ghost, the joyful Mother of the children of God in Jesus Christ! The Incarnation, which is the Mystery of mysteries, was the Divine secret of the Immaculate Heart of Mary! Ponder upon this truth in humble prayer, in order to obtain Divine light to appreciate Mary's part in the work of human redemption! Reason melts away under the sun of Mary's glory! In the light of Divine faith behold the Divinity hidden in the living Tabernacle of the Immaculate Temple of Almighty God! Behold the true Son of God and Mary, Jesus Christ, reposing in the bosom of His Immaculate Mother, for His Father's glory and our salvation!

"JESUS, Mary and Joseph, I give you my heart, *my life* and my soul." What a beautiful gift and sacrifice is the gift and sacrifice of our life at the moment of death, to the earthly Trinity.

IN our next number we shall publish the second of Mr. Mooney's splendid series of papers on Columbus. We promise our friends an exquisite treat.

WE begin with this issue a series of beautiful frontispieces—copies of the masters—that will not only adorn THE ROSARY, but will serve as a valuable means of culture for many to whom the originals are not accessible. They will also be a source of keen spiritual delight to all who understand the mission of THE ROSARY. The frontispiece of the present number is a copy of Raphael's "Virgin of the Veil." There is no necessity for us to give an explicit description of this composition, so ingenious and pathetic, so ideal and so familiar. The meaning of the scene, the expression and grace of the figures, are on a par with the beauty of the forms and the inimitable elegance of the drawing. It was executed by Raphael during the third or fourth year of his residence in Rome, in the year 1511, or 1512, when his talent was at its zenith. We may regard it as amongst the first of the series of Raphael's Virgins, which commenced with the beautiful "Virgin Gardener," and finished with the "Virgin of the duke of Alba." This picture has been designated under the title of "the Silence of the Virgin;" the "Sleep of Jesus;" the "Virgin of the Linen;" and the "Virgin of the Diadem;" but it is more generally known as "the Veiled Virgin." The antique ruins which are seen in the background are those of the Sacchetti castle and vineyard near St. Peter's in Rome. Vasare does not mention this picture. We know not how or when it was brought to France. We only know that towards the end of the 16th century it formed one of the celebrated collection of M. de Chateauneux, from whom it passed by succession to the house of the Marquis of la Vrilliere. Later, we find it in the possession of the Prince of Carignan, by whom it was sold. At his sale it was purchased by Louis XV. It is now in the grand gallery of the Louvre. Besides the authentic history of Raphael's pictures we invariably find a legend connected with them. It is related of this one that it was, at one time lost, and found in an inn at Pescia, divided into three pieces, thus forming a screen. A poor artist when passing

the open door, remarked the picture, which was nailed on rough boards. He bought it and joined it together to the best of his ability. He soon afterwards sold the picture to an amateur who carefully restored it. In these collections we find a large number of analogous compositions, copies or imitations, all claimed as originals by their possessors. But no one has ever doubted the authenticity of the picture of the Louvre. The mind, the soul and the hand of the master are so visibly portrayed in the work, that not a doubt as to its origin has ever arisen. This little picture is painted on wood, 22½ inches in height and 14½ in width, the figures being about 20 inches high.

WE entreat all our readers to remember the appeal that THE ROSARY made in April for a year of thanksgiving to God. Let there be a multitude of offerings—joys, sorrows, cares, labors, trials, prayers, the mass, the sacraments—all that comes into our daily life, and that we may lay at our Lady's feet for presentation by her to her Divine Son. The Rosary being the universal prayer, the prayer that embraces all other prayers, the devotion under which all other devotions may be placed, will surely be frequently used. Glory and thanks to God and through our Blessed Mother, Queen of the Holy Rosary.

AFTER the article on the St. Joseph's Aid had gone to press, the good tidings came that the boys of Father Drumgoole's Home would play at the entertainment, afternoon and evening, for the benefit of the Aid. The ladies in charge express their deep gratitude for this favor, to Fathers Dougherty and McNichol as well as to the brave good boys, who are ever ready to play for sweet charity's sake. From Father W. J. Daly of the Cathedral, the entertainment likewise received substantial encouragement. A company of his Young Men's Club shared the honors of the evening with the Holy Cross Lyceum. With pleasure the Editor expresses the thanks of the St. Joseph's Aid to Father Daly and his generous boys, and wishes them success in their own worthy work. To Mr. R. H. Coleman, of this city, the St. Joseph's Aid is also indebted for the afternoon performances, entirely arranged by him.

THE first bound volume of THE ROSARY has been ready since early in April. In its handsome covering of blue cloth, with gilt lettering and design it will be an ornament for any library table, while its rich and varied contents make it a veritable store house of literary and devotional treasures. The price is only \$2.50, postage paid by us. To teachers in our Catholic schools and academies we would recommend this volume as a very appropriate premium book. We shall be pleased to make special arrangements in all such cases.

AS announced in the April number the price of subscription is fixed at \$2 for the United States and Canada, and at \$2.50 for foreign parts. No matter what improvements will be made in the magazine, there will be no advance in price.

IF any of our new subscribers wish to procure the numbers of the past year, so as to have Mr. Egan's story and the Life of St. Dominic complete, they can obtain them, by addressing the publisher, P. O'Shea. A few sets remain and they will be sold at reduced rates.

ON the feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph, May 8, the solemn crowning of his statue will take place at West De Pere, Wisconsin. The Ordinary, Rt. Rev. Dr. Messmer will officiate. THE ROSARY gladly joins in this devotion, and heartily do we congratulate good Father Durin, the Director of the Arch confraternity of St. Joseph, and the Editor of the *Annals of St. Joseph*. For two years Father Durin has urged this project, and at last, by authority of the Holy Father, he sees his efforts blessed with success. On May 11, all Catholic children are invited to consecrate themselves to St. Joseph, the Guardian of our Infant Lord. On May 12, the associates gathered at De Pere will commemorate the first centenary of Pius IX, who was born in 1792. He is not only the Pope of the Immaculate Conception, but he also proclaimed St. Joseph Patron of the Church. There is a deep significance in this coming coronation ceremony, and to all our Rosarians we commend the lessons of St. Joseph's life. His silence, his humility, his obedience, his purity, his delicate charity, his love for Jesus and Mary, are unto us a most encouraging example, at the same time that they gently but earnestly rebuke the spirit of the world, which is so strongly opposed, in our day, to the special virtues practised by the Saint. And

in this connection, we heartily recommend the *Annals* which are published monthly. They may be secured for a year by sending 75 cents to Rev. J. F. Durin, West De Pere, Wisconsin.

How many of our subscribers will take an interest in our endeavor to send THE ROSARY to hospitals, asylums, prisons and houses of refuge? Last year we distributed without one cent of remuneration, more than 500 copies a month. This we consider remarkable, during the first year of a Catholic magazine. We must discontinue if our friends will not aid us. Every subscriber paying \$2. may have THE ROSARY sent to any institution of charity or mercy or to any prison for \$1.

READERS OF THE ROSARY, we earnestly commend to you the work of the St. Joseph's Aid. We know its beginning, we have seen its first efforts and we believe in its future. Dear it ought to be, in Catholic charity, to every heart but to the clients of our Lady, an appeal in St. Joseph's name and for his cause ought to be most welcome. The feast of his Patronage will stir our love anew, and what more touching proof of practical devotion can you give to the dear Saint than by contributing to so noble an enterprise? Be with it in your prayers, and when the time comes, take a part in establishing it in your own districts. But in the meantime, aid these worthy women by a substantial offering. Whatever you send will be welcome. If every reader of THE ROSARY gave even five cents, a handsome sum would be realized. The Editor begs to assure all his readers that the work is most deserving, and that its advocacy by our Lady's magazine is most becoming.

DURING the first year we made it a rule to send back numbers to any subscriber claiming not to have received them, no matter how late the application. At times we were convinced that some were not only inconsiderate and exacting, but positively unjust. Making application for a September number in March is a rather late waking up to the fact (?) that September was not received. Consequently we make this rule in the beginning of the new year: *If complaint is not received by us before the 10th of the month of which the number is missing, we shall pay no attention to it, unless 20 cents are enclosed.* All complaints received before the 10th will be honored.

WE desire all our subscribers to remember that they share in the daily Rosary recited by those employed in THE ROSARY office, and in the weekly Mass in honor of our Lady, celebrated by the Editor. Form your intentions day by day, and join in this holy union of prayer. These privileges and blessings ought to impress on the minds of our friends the religious character of our work, as well as the spiritual advantages they enjoy. As children devoted to their mother they should strive to advance the interest of her magazine.

THIS is our Lady's month—lovingly dedicated to her by that Catholic devotion that has always been in the Church, and which among the multitude of pious practices with which it delights to honor our Queen, has set aside an entire month for her, the beautiful month of May, and we are glad to call it Mary's month, to give it all to her in love and praise and prayer. Rosarians, be foremost among the children of Mary.

To all our subscribers of the first year, we send this opening number of the second year. The subscription, as already announced, will be two dollars, foreign, two dollars and a half, or ten shillings British. The present number is a good specimen of what the remaining issues will be. Assuredly none will hesitate in saying that for such a series the price asked is moderate, yes, even cheap. We request all our friends, therefore, to be prompt in remitting to us. Those who can do so will give their subscriptions to the Promoters. Others will send directly to us. The current expenses for conducting THE ROSARY are very heavy. Hundreds of dollars are required every week. Individual subscriptions may seem small, but when they accumulate, the total is considerable. Let all, therefore, try to do their duty by sending promptly the subscription for the second year. Where it can be done, checks or drafts should be used, or money orders. Postal notes are not safe inasmuch as they are payable to any person who presents them, and at any office. Registered letters will be convenient for some who may not be able to procure a check or draft.

WE are happy to be able to announce to all our readers that the St. JOSEPH'S

AID FOR THE SICK AND DYING has secured headquarters at 127 East 52 St., New York, where the members will be pleased to receive visitors at any time after the opening on May 1st. Address all communications in the meantime to THE ST. JOSEPH'S AID, 127 East 52 St., New York City, N. Y.

THE appeal for thanksgiving, issued in the April number, has been generously answered. Canada as well as our own dear country joins the army of praise. The Seminary at Troy, the Congregation of Notre Dame, Montreal, the Franciscan Brothers, Brooklyn, various communities of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, and of the Dominican Nuns, have taken different days. Priests have promised Masses, the devout laity Communions, Rosaries and other prayers, and oh, how glad we are, for all will go through our dearest Mother's hands. "Praise the Lord, for He is good, for His mercy endureth forever and ever."

YOUTH is the time for the joyful mysteries of the Rosary; the sorrowful ones will come later; but the glorious ones will take away all sorrow in the resurrection that awaits us in Jesus through Mary, as the crown of fidelity.

May is not only our Blessed Lady's month, but it offers to her lovers several days that call for special devotion from all Rosarians: the Rosary mysteries, (Finding of the Cross and the crowning with Thorns); St. Pius and St. Antoninus, the former a great Pope and the latter a great archbishop; our Lady, Help of Christians on the 24th, Translation of St. Dominic on the 25th and the Ascension of our Lord on the 26th.

SUBSCRIBERS will please note the following list of Promoters to whom subscriptions may be paid for the new year:

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In New York City, Mrs. F. J. Herron, 24 West 59th St.; J. P. Casey, 450 West 31st St.; E. P. Cramer, 300 West 141st St.

The following indulgences may be gained by Rosarians during May: On the 1st, the feast of SS. Philip and James, three plenary indulgences—(a) C. C. in Rosary church; prayers for Pope's intention; (b) C. C. in any church, visit to Rosary Chapel; (c) C. C. in any church, assist at procession. On the 3rd, the Finding of the Holy Cross, a plenary—C. C.; visit Rosary Chapel. On the 4th the Crown of Thorns—a plenary, C. C., visit Rosary Chapel. Also the 5th, St. Pius—C. C. visit Dominican Church; prayers (plenary for all the faithful); on the 10th, St. Antoninus, same as 5th. On the 23rd, 24th and 25th, (Rogation days), Stations' Indulgences—30 years and 30 Lents, visiting 5 altars of a church or one altar 5 times. On the 26th, the Ascension of our Lord, three plenary indulgences—(a) as May 3rd; (b) the Stations; (c) C. C.; visit any church; prayers.

PRAYERS are requested for the repose of the souls of Rev. Edward J. McCabe, Editor of the *Catholic Youth*, and pastor of the Church of the Visitation, Brooklyn; Sister Joseph Scannel, O. S. D., of St. Cecelia's Convent, Nashville, Tenn.; James Walsh; Patrick Shields; Patrick Duffy; Mrs. Raftery; Mrs. Jennings; and for the soul of a mother, whose name is not mentioned; also for many spiritual and temporal favors that will be specified in our next issue.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

J. J. B. F.—*Can I gain indulgences by using beads previously blessed for another, and willed to me?* No; they must be blessed again.

J. D. Lockport.—*May the dead be enrolled in the Confraternity?* Yes, if some one agrees to say the Beads for such person.

E. D.—St. Louis—*Can I gain 2000 days by just saying one Hail Mary?* No; you must recite at least five decades to gain the indulgences. See Answers in July number.

OUR EXCHANGES.

Under date of March 7, of this year, the Editors of the various Rosary Magazines throughout the world united in a letter of congratulation and filial greeting to the recently elected Master-General of the Dominican Order, Most Rev. Andrew Fruhwirth. The document was signed for THE ROSARY and also for the following Magazines: *El Santisimo Rosario*, (of Spain;) *La Couronne de Marie* and *Les Petites Fleurs du Rosaire*, of Lyons; *L'Annee Dominicaine*, of Paris; *Le Propagateur du Rosaire* and *De Rozenkrans*, of Belgium; *Il Rosario*, *Memorie Domenicane*, of Rome; *Der Marien-Psalter*, of Westphalia; *De Rozenkrans*, of Holland; *El Mensajero Del Rosario*, of Chile, and *The Rosary* of England. Thus the advocates of our Blessed Mother are championing the Beads the world over.

THE April number of the *North American Review* contains several notable articles: the Cardinal's on politics and patriotism; Thomas N. Page's on the Negro Question, and two on Emigration.

Outing for April is brim full of good things with many excellent illustrations. This is an ideal magazine for all lovers of manly sports.

The April *Catholic World* pays tribute to John Gilmary Shea in a paper by M. F. Vallette. Among other contributions we find Bishops Chatard and Spalding, Professor Egan, Father Dutto on "Columbus in Portugal," and Father O'Keefe, of this city, on the "Third Congress of Colored Catholics." Father Hughes continues his valuable and interesting work for the reading unions.

The *Educational Review* for March has a scholarly paper by John A. Mooney, on the Catholic Controversy about Education. It is incisive, thorough, and like all Mr. Mooney's writings, exceedingly readable.

THE proposed Catholic *Chautauqua* or summer school of literature, art and science, for Catholics, is an excellent scheme. The CATHOLIC READING CIRCLE REVIEW is urging it, and the Catholic papers in general speak favorably of it. Having selected a pleasant site (and this ought not to be difficult) where the attractions can be found of a first class summer resort, we may confidently look for able speakers and willing listeners. An impulse would be given to Catholic thought that would be refreshing and invigorating, and an opportunity offered for higher education and culture that would be eagerly embraced by many. Those who may feel disposed to join such a school should communicate with the Editor of the CATHOLIC READING CIRCLE REVIEW, Youngstown, Ohio.

The April number continues the discussion. Letters are published from Archbishop Elder, Bishop Chapelle, John A. Mooney, Eliza Allen Starr, Maurice F. Egan, Father Conway, of the *North Western Chronicle*, Father Mullany, of Syracuse, and others of the clergy and laity. This number also contains some excellent papers. Father Sheedy writes on "The Labor Problem and Leo XIII.," a prison Chaplain on "Beginning and Increase of Crime," besides others. Heartily do we wish the *Catholic Reading Circle Review* success in its mission.

IGNORANCE and bigotry seem disposed just now to assert themselves in a way most offensive to Catholics. The *Cosmopolitan* has been under fire for a gross insult to the confessional, an entirely unnecessary fling, the sting of which is not blunted because of the airy manner of its delivery. *Harper's Monthly* has been ventilating some of Mr. Eugene Lawrence's petty spite in an article on Columbus, and we also detect the *Youth's Companion* in an ugly affair. In its issue for March 17, there is a second part of a paper by Grace E. Channing, on "Visions of Death in Italy." Her description of a funeral in Santa Maria Novella, Florence, is vulgar, unrelieved by a coarse attempt at cheap wit in sacred things, and altogether offensive to good taste. The author's concluding remarks regarding the burial of an unbaptized infant in Rome, in which she represents a bystander as declaring the child lost, are in beautiful (?) harmony with her description of the Florence ceremony. Why will people write of things of which they are ignorant? And why will prejudice persist in misrepresenting things dear to Catholics? In the issue of April 7, the *Companion* has a sonnet on the Maternity of the Blessed Virgin that is misleading, according to Catholic theology. The writer sees only nature and fails to grasp the Divine vocation of Mary as Mother of the redeemed in the order of grace. We regret to have to call the *Companion* to task, for in many ways it does admirable work.

THIS month we do not make special mention of our weekly Catholic exchanges, but we intend, beginning with the June number, to present in each issue of THE ROSARY an index of leading articles that appear in the columns of these papers. We shall thus lend our influence to the spread of such articles and to the wider advertisement of our friends who are laboring for good reading, in which we are anxious to interest all our subscribers. Indebted as we are to our fellow workers for many courtesies, we are anxious to do all in our power to advance the cause for which we all labor.

Secret societies in relation to the Church are clearly set forth in the April number of the *American Ecclesiastical Review*. Archbishop Katzer is the author of the article.

THE *Catholic Review* presents an elegant Easter number. Special contributions, with autograph signatures, from Eliza Allen Starr, Eleanor C. Donnelly and others, are an excellent feature. We notice too, a communication from a convert to a Protestant friend, explaining the Rosary. It is well written. We congratulate the *Review*.

The April *Review of Reviews* furnishes some lively entertainment. This is the busy man's review. The whole field of current magazine literature is swept, and some good things gathered together in concise form. But in the March number it discusses the question "Shall we adopt a Sixteenth Amendment?" This seems to be inspired by the old know-nothing spirit, for under the misleading name of American institutions we discover the insinuations against the Church. How long will it be necessary for us to defend our faith against the cruel and unfounded charge of being un-American and even anti-American?

BOOK NOTICES.

"THE TRIAL OF MARGARET BRERETON," by Pleydell North, 12 mo, cloth pp. 120. Benziger Brothers.

A delightful book! The story of Madam Brereton, striking in its lessons of the danger of mixed marriages, is also one of exquisite tenderness as shown in a brave woman's life, as she nobly suffers for husband and children. The unhappy ending of the young squire whose faith had been bartered for a worldly inheritance, and the light from darkness that came into his eldest brother's life, with the sunshine of the closing years of Mrs. Brereton form a picture at once strong and sad, beautiful and touching. With exceeding pleasure we followed the story, and with regret laid it down.

From the same publishers we have also received "THIRTY-TWO INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE MONTH OF MAY AND THE FEASTS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN," translated from the French by Rev. T. F. Ward, 12 mo., cloth, pp. 184, net 75 cents. Believing that too much cannot be written in praise of our Lady, we welcome this latest "Month of May," for the devotion that prompts it, for the practical character that it has, and for the clearness and simplicity with which it is presented. The translator, who is also Pastor of St. Charles', Brooklyn, will, no doubt, be consoled by an extensive sale of this work, especially among Brooklyn Catholics, where he is so well known and esteemed.

"REASONABLENESS OF THE PRACTICES OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH," by Rev. J. J. Burke, 12 mo, paper, pp. 64, 20 cents. This is a companion pamphlet to "THE REASONABLENESS OF THE CEREMONIES OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH," by the same author, and treats in an easy, plain way, of the Sacraments, prayers for the dead, feasts, sacramentals, indulgences etc. As we have already said, such books ought to be spread among our people, but at a cheaper rate.

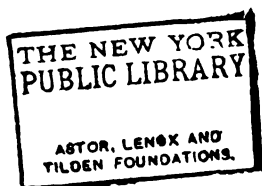
We believe in making all books *net* to all buyers, and in putting that *net* much lower than it usually is.

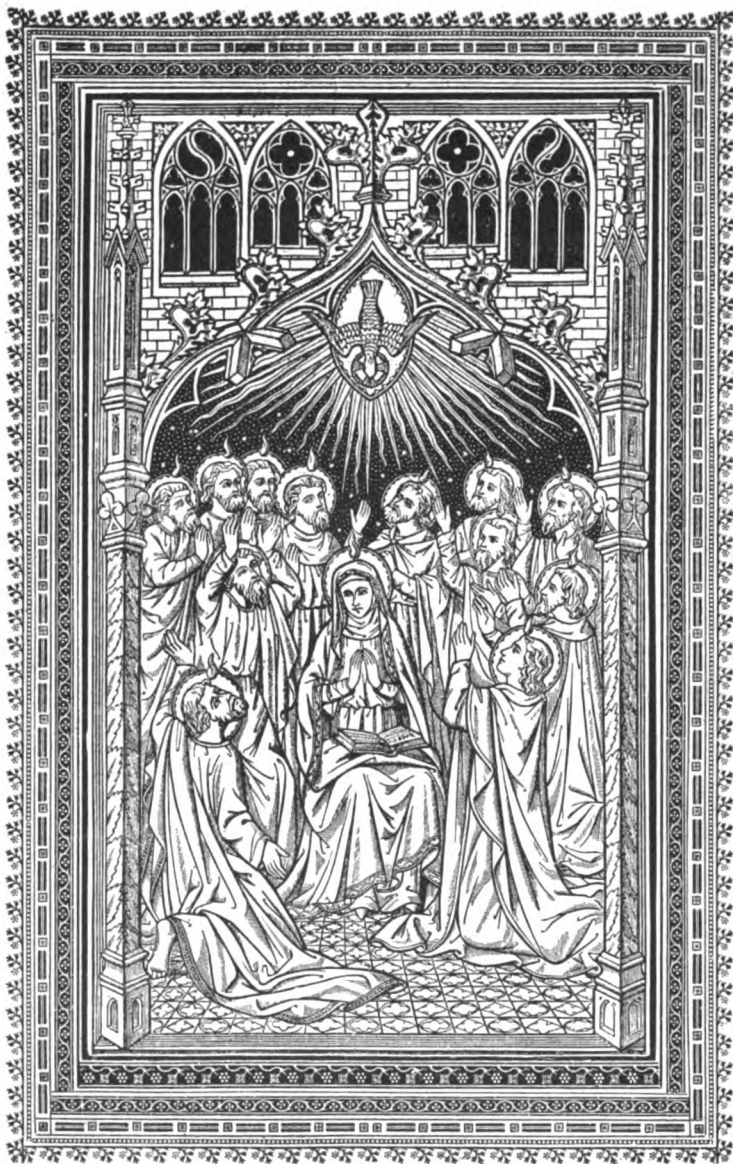
As a rule the Benzigers do their work well, but they should have given Father Ward's book a better frontispiece

By an error, the price of Father Clark's book "PILGRIMAGES TO THE HOLY COAT OF TREVES," was given in our April No. as \$1.75. It should be \$1.25. This will certainly increase the sale of this excellent work.

From the "Charity Organization Society" of New York, we have received their new classified "DIRECTORY TO THE BENEVOLENT SOCIETIES AND INSTITUTIONS OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK," 16 mo, cloth, pp. 472, price \$1.00. This is a very valuable collection of information bearing on the many charitable organizations of New York, and ought to be in the hands of all who are interested in such work.

From the *Ave Maria* office we have received "MARY QUEEN OF MAY" by Brother Azarias, 16mo, cloth, pp. 83. A dainty volume! Fragrant in its devotion, charming in its style, breathing tenderest love for Mary. We welcome this tribute to our Blessed Lady, executed in Brother Azarias' best form, and presented in an artistic way by the press, of our good friend the *Ave Maria*. May it find its way to every Rosarian's hand.





THE DESCENT OF THE HOLY GHOST.
FROM THE DOMINICAN MISSAL.



THE HOLY GHOST.

BY HELEN GRACE SMITH.

THOU Comforter! our souls are dark; we need Thee,
We need Thee, Light eternal, Love divine!
O Wisdom, Power, Peace, descend! Ah! speed Thee,
Send forth Thy lightning, bid Thy glories shine.

What are we? Blind and groping, all our spirit
Filled with the sadness born of death and sin;
Forgetting the bright treasure we inherit,
And closing doors where joy might enter in.

What are we, and what have we? Still confounding
Some fickle falsehood with the gleam of truth.
Our wilful fancy eager for the sounding
Of bells rung out in pride of strength and youth.

Of bells long still; and silence of Thy lending
Is with us now. Dear Lord! That we might hear
The rush of wings, and know the Dove descending
With seven gifts, with wisdom, and with fear.

So weary are we! O Thou Peace from Heaven!
Thou Light in darkness, Comfort in despair!
We need Thee. Come, Thou Beautiful, God given,
Thou everlasting One, eternal Fair!

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS AND DON DIEGO DI DEZA.

BY JOHN A. MOONEY.

"THE Lord Bishop of Palencia has always favored me, and has desired my glory ever since I came into Castille; now we must beg him to occupy himself with the means of remedying the wrongs which I am compelled to suffer, and of obtaining that their Highnesses prescribe the execution of the conventions and grants which they accorded me, and that they have me indemnified for injuries so many." Thus from Seville, on the twenty-first of November, 1504, Columbus wrote to his son Diego, who following the Court, devoted himself to the protection of the great Admiral's rights. Mark the wording of the letter: 'has *always* favored me.' Only of a rare good friend could the Discoverer have used this language. And yet he has not paid full tribute to his friend: 'Ever since I came into Castille, he has desired my glory.' An unselfish friend! No petty jealousy, no change, no deceit; *always* favor; *ever* desire for a friend's glory. Who was this constant helper of most fortunate and most unfortunate Christopher? The Dominican, Don Diego di Deza.

The fame of Ximenes has overshadowed the name and fame of many Spanish Churchmen of the 15th century, who deserve a larger, higher place in history than they have hitherto received. Were it not for the "Great Cardinal," Mendoza, "the third King of Spain," some stray notice of one Ximenes, a devout Franciscan Friar, might have come down to us, but the world would not have known Cardinal Ximenes, the prudent and masterly ruler of a kingdom. And yet, outside of Pedro de Salazar's dry Chronicle,* where may we go for a detailed life of one of the most splendid Churchmen of any age? Alfonso de Burgos, Bishop of Cordova, Cuença, Palencia, grand chaplain, confessor of the king, Councilor of the king, President of the Council of Castille, and founder of the magnificent College of St. Gregory and Convent of St. Paul, at Valladolid—who has told, who shall tell us, of his good words and deeds? Of Thomas de Torquemada, Prior of the Convent of the Holy Cross at Segovia; teacher, advisor, protector of the young Isabella before she had won a crown; confessor of the

*Cronica de el gran Cardenal de Espana, Pedro de Salazar, Toledo, MDCXXV.

Queen-wife of Ferdinand of Aragon, Councillor of State, intimate of the great Mendoza, Grand Inquisitor, forwarder of the Crusade against the Moors; orderly, pious and zealous friar—to learn the ceaseless, prudent life-work, must we turn to Victor Hugo, or to certain Catholics no less ignorant, or more simple than the un-Christian Frenchman? But why prolong the list? Who thinks of gaining strength of mind and will, elevation of thought, knowledge of mankind, a proper, intelligent pride, through association with the great Churchmen of the past?

Though Ximenes was born eight years before Deza, the latter had earned a reputation for learning and wisdom long before Ximenes had become known outside of Sigüenza, or the Franciscan Order. To the "Great Cardinal," Ximenes owes his introduction at Court, (1492,) his appointment as confessor to the Queen, and finally his advancement to the Archiepiscopal See of Toledo. (1495.) When first presented to the Queen he was fifty-six years of age. At fifty-nine he succeeded his patron, Mendoza, as Primate of Spain. A ripe man, his rise, though late, was rapid.

In Deza's career there were fewer surprises. At Toro, a half a day's journey from Medina del Campo or from Valladolid, he was born in 1444. Originally subjects of Portugal, his family had long borne honorable charges in the Kingdom of Leon. At the age of sixteen, Diego, who had received a good education, entered the Dominican convent of St. Ildefonso in his native city. Advancing in knowledge and merit, he took a doctor's degree at the University of Salamanca, and, in 1479, won the chair of Theology in that famous University, after a public competition. The ability with which he filled this honorable position, his prudence and virtue, may be readily estimated from the fact that seven years later Ferdinand and Isabella called him to Court, and entrusted him with the education of their only son, Don Juan, the acknowledged heir of the two Kingdoms of Castile and Aragon; the idol of a loving father and mother, and the hope of a people.

A native of Toro could not but be acceptable to King and Queen. For near by the great bridge, and within sight of the imposing tower of La Colegiata, Ferdinand had beaten Alfonso of Portugal and thus assured his soldier wife's crown, and the unity of Christian Spain. (1476.) Deza's fitness for the responsible trust committed to him is proven by more than one fact. Both King and Queen chose him as confessor. During eight years, as long as they judged it desirable to leave the training of the Infante in the hands of a preceptor, the Dominican was his friend and guide.

The confidence he had earned, the esteem in which King and Queen held him, were made manifest by their presentation of his name to the Pope, early in 1494, for the See of Zamora. At Toro he took the habit of St. Dominic in the convent of St. Ildefonso. Now at Zamora, the strong walled, he bent a mitred head over the blessed body of the same great saint.

Three months after assuming his new office, the Sovereigns called him to Segovia to witness the marriage contract passed between their son, his pupil, Don Juan, and the Archduchess Margaret, daughter of Maximilian of Austria. Three years and three months, and at Salamanca the Bishop stands beside the bier of the young prince to whom he had been so devoted. Grief of mother and father he does assuage; but who could console the loving bride?

As a Bishop Deza displayed the most sterling qualities, laboring above all things to raise the standard of the clergy, and to this end instructing them in speech and writing concerning their duties toward their flocks. In the disturbed condition of the Kingdom at this time a zealous Bishop was a most powerful agent of the public peace, and because of his zeal and of his successful administration, Deza was successively appointed to the See of Salamanca, of Jaën, and of Palencia. Nor were these the only honors conferred upon him. Within the three months next after the death of the Infante, their Highnesses promoted Diego di Deza to the potent and weighty dignities of grand Chancellor of Castille, and of Grand Inquisitor of the Faith.

On the 26th of November, 1504, the good, brave Isabella died at Medina del Campo; "died naturally," says the Curé of Los Palacios and says beautifully, truly. Strong as she was in will and body, she could not bear up against the load of grief that oppressed her mother's heart. The loved Juan, who should have worn her crown was gone from her, and with him the loved Isabella, wife of Emmanuel of Portugal, and last of all poor little Miguel who, during his two years of life, had fought death so hard for her sake. Deza was at hand to serve the dying queen as he might. When her will was read, his name stood third on the list of her chosen executors. Eighteen years had passed since he was first called to the Court; at the end, he stood higher than ever in the Queen's confidence. What stronger evidence could there be of his moral worth, or intellectual power?

In the Alhambra, glorious monument of a Christian Queen, Isabella desired that her body should rest until, in good time, it

could lie till the Judgment day by the side of him to whom God had joined her. The holy, mournful offices performed, Ferdinand hastened to show his respect for her executor, and for his own loyal friend by elevating Deza to the Archbishopric of Seville. Here the Dominican's experience, loyalty and zeal proved more than ever serviceable to Spain. Isabella foreseeing the dangers to which her death would expose her Kingdom had wisely provided against them. To her daughter, Juana, wife of Philip the Fair, archduke of Austria, the Crown of Castille descended. Juana's mind was as weak as her mother's was strong; and Philip was fairer to look upon than he was to do. To assure the unity of Spain, for which she had sacrificed so much, the dying Queen had appointed her royal husband, Ferdinand, sole regent of Castille until Charles, their grandson, had reached his twentieth year. Philip resented this proviso of the will. He made a party in Castille, a party of malcontents, considerably increased by the purchasable patriots that abound in troublous times. Ferdinand's advisers pressed for prompt action. The Cortes was summoned to meet at Toro, the birth-place of Deza. There in the grand hall of Los Leyes more than one historic Cortes had sat during the 14th and 15th centuries. To calm excited minds, to win over or subdue the factious, to counsel the King prudently, not one of the great men who were gathered at Toro was more efficient than the former novice in the Convent of St. Ildefonso. And great men there were with the King. Ximenes, the Duke of Alva, the Count of Cifuentes. The Cortes of Toro supported Ferdinand, and requested him to assume the authority willed to him by Isabella; but Castille was not wholly pacified. Philip the Fair came into Spain from Flanders. He bought powerful nobles with money or promise of place, he negotiated with France. The disorders were numerous and widespread. Isabella's splendid structure was threatened with ruin. Then it was that to save a Kingdom, by winning over France, Ferdinand married Germaine de Foix, niece of Louis XII. Even this action did not secure the King against the ambitious, headstrong Philip, to whom, for the sake of peace, he finally gave way in Castille. Only Philip's sudden death, (Sept. 25, 1506,) saved Spain from troubles whose ending none could certainly foretell. In accordance with the trust reposed in him by the illustrious Queen, Diego di Deza, Archbishop of Seville, was instantly in counselling the King and the nobles. Nor did his services to the people and the monarch consist only in wise counsel. When famine and the plague ravaged

Castille, (1505-1508;) when the streets and the roads were filled with the dying and the dead; then Deza, taking his life in his hands, went forth to feed, to nurse, to pardon the living, and to bury the corpses of the forsaken.

On the 17th of May, 1507, Julius II. nominated Ximenes to the Cardinalate; and on the day following the King appointed him Grand Inquisitor of Castille, in place of Deza who had resigned his more important office of Grand Inquisitor of Castille and Aragon in favor of the new Cardinal. "The most learned and the most illustrious ecclesiastics of this Kingdom:" thus Mariana, the historian of Spain, couples the names of Francesco Ximenes, Archbishop of Toledo, and of Diego di Deza, Archbishop of Seville. Outliving the former some six years, Deza continued to give new proof of his science, and to add new lustre to his name, his office and his Order. In the year 1508 the young Duke of Medina-Sidonia having rebelled against the King, and having been put down by force of arms, Ferdinand committed many of the Duke's strong places to the charge of Deza, who, caring for the King's rights, and none the less for the subject's, sought above all to make peace between prince and noble. And this, with much patience, he succeeded in effecting, two years later.

At Rome Deza's name was held in honor. When arranging for the Council of the Lateran, in 1511, great Julius II. was most anxious to assure the presence of the Archbishop of Seville, offering him a Cardinal's hat as an inducement. But the Dominican was too deeply moved by the spiritual needs of his own dear land, and conscience forbade him to do for the sake of honor what he might not do from a sense of duty. Visiting his diocese, strengthening discipline, combatting superstition, reforming morals, instructing by word and book, directing synods of the clergy, practising every word of holy charity, Diego di Deza passed his years at Seville.

"The Athens of Spain," "The Queen of Andalusia," were titles of which Seville was not unworthy. Queen in one respect at least she is to-day. She can boast of the largest and the grandest of Gothic cathedrals, a cathedral which, though unfinished exteriorly, presents interiorly a model of bold originality, of beautiful proportion, of noble design, rare in the world. And how could it be otherwise? When the Chapter began the work in 1401, they set it down in writing that their purpose was "to construct a church such and so good that it never should have an equal." And yet we read much of the ignorance of the middle

ages, and of our own wondrous progress! Expletives have been exhausted in describing the solemn grandeur of Seville Cathedral, and the wondrous effects of the light that plays upon altar pavement, wall, column, and vault from a hundred windows. There was a time when, on the same day, fifty masses were offered up on the Cathedral altar. May that day soon come again! Neither foreign war, nor revolution, nor famine, nor plague quenched the pious ardor of the Andalusians. Chapter after Chapter builded such and so good that Seville should never have an equal; and Diego di Deza continuing the glorious tradition, builded at last to completion, in the year 1520. Had he done no more, he would have deserved well of posterity. But he did more.

A "Christian Athens" Seville could not be, Deza thought, and rightly thought, without a fitting monument to the greatest of Christian philosophers, St. Thomas Aquinas. And therefore he gave Seville a better right to her title, by gifting her with a great college and church named in honor of the clear-visioned, holy Neapolitan. To this splendid institution, which he established on the lines laid down by the founder of St. Gregory's at Valladolid, Deza devoted his best years in Seville. Money he spent freely to beautify the structures, and more than all to insure that, religiously trained, youth should have within their grasp the newest, soundest, best of human science. To the professors and students of this college of St. Thomas, the polished Leo X., by Bull, granted many special privileges. Aquinas died in 1274. Forty-nine years later he was canonized by Pope John XXII. Only in 1567 did Pius V. order that his festival be honored as were those of the four great Doctors of the Church. Don Diego di Deza, close student, careful follower of the greatest of theologians and philosophers, recognized the debt Christian men owed Aquinas, and the importance of fixing his name in their treacherous memory. With the Pope's consent, he therefore made it a rule that the Chapter of the Archdiocese of Seville, should yearly, on March 7th, attend the church attached to the college of St. Thomas, and there solemnly celebrate the Saint's feast.

In 1444, as we read, Deza was born. His friendly sovereign, Ferdinand, was eight years younger than the Dominican. Thirty years had the friar served the King in ways most serviceable, deserving and enjoying fullest confidence. Preceptor of the heir to the crown, confessor of Queen and King, Councillor, Bishop, Archbishop, executor of the ~~Queen's~~ will, consoler, supporter, confidant—the bond could be ~~broken~~ ^{now} painful then the

parting on that sad January morning, 1516! Beside the aged King's bed, the aged Archbishop stands. To-day the King's raiment is not of velvet or satin, neither crimson nor golden. The victorious sovereign, the proud bearer of many titles, the King of the Indies, seeing Death approach and the Judgment near at hand has put off all trappings of vanity; and in sign of humility, and as an appeal to a powerful protector, he has put on the habit of a Dominican. Tenderly Ferdinand presses the kind, the vigorous hand that has so often blessed him. Thomas de Marienço, his Dominican confessor, has shrived him. A crown is a bauble to fight for, an ornament to parade, a weight to bend under, till Providential Death plucks it from legitimate or adventurous head. Then grace, contrition, prayer, how high in value they o'ertop even an imperial crown!

At Madrigalejo, on the Seville road, Deza saw the light sink out of Ferdinand's once brilliant eyes. The case of the Admiral of the Ocean against the King of Aragon and Regent of Castille, men are still arguing. And yet the case was judged centuries ago. Whatever that judgment, as we look on the dead man's face, let us not forget that, with all his faults, he was a great King, and, as Christians go, a great Christian. In the Cathedral of Granada, where he left lasting proof of devotion to the Holy Faith, he rests by the Queen, who, one with him in life, desired that from him she should not be separated in death;—rests in peace, all Christians will hope.

Peace the Spaniards never welcomed long. The regency of Ximenes, the Kingship of Ferdinand's grandson, Charles, were not pleasing either to Castillian or Aragonian. Ferdinand, the brother of Charles, was the chief disturber. Revolt succeeded revolt, nor did the coming of Charles, about the middle of September, 1517, pacify the rival parties. The death of Ximenes, two months later, increased the difficulties of the new King. When in June, 1519, Charles, outbidding his competitors, Henry VIII. and Francis I., was awarded the imperial crown, which his grandfather Maximilian had worn so long, the Spaniards offered him no heartfelt gratulations. On the contrary, with arms in their hands, they protested vigorously against his departure from their Kingdom. They would have a King to rule them, and not a viceroy. Toledo, Segovia, Burgos, Avila, Toro, Zamora, Leon, Salamanca, even Valladolid where Charles was practically a prisoner, rose up determinedly. They formed a Republic, quite after the 19th century fashion, and elected deputies and a Junta. Agitators organized

province after province on the side of the revolution. One great city and diocese there was that kept the peace, and proved its right to the proud devise: "It has not deserted me." Seville was that loyal city. The wise Archbishop, Diego di Deza, restrained his flock from committing themselves to a rash and senseless enterprise, whose only outcome was bloodshed and punishment. Thus in turn three sovereigns of Spain owed to the Dominican friar of Toro a debt of gratitude, on account of his prudent and successful work in pacifying, unifying, civilizing Spain.

(Conclusion in July.)

MYSTICAL ROSE.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

WHITE are thy satin petals, Sacred Rose!
For from thy birth the good Lord poured on thee
The balsam of a heavenly purity,
The spotlessness and lustre of the snows.

Oh, in thy budding youth and summer time
His sunshine had for thee its brightest rays;
For thee the zephyrs hymned their fondest lays,
And birdies sang in canticles sublime.

White Rose, no rose is half so fair as thou,
For thou art not of earth but of the skies,
Half-dreamful, half-ideal, half-divine;
As in the past, so be thou with us now,
Consoler of our sorrows and our sighs,
O glorious Rose, Queen-flower of Palestine!

THE BLESSED AMONG WOMEN.

(Conclusion.)

BY KATHARINE E. CONWAY.

ORDER and fitness characterize all the works of God. To every creature of His hands, He has appointed an office; and everyone he has fitted for his office. Holiness is the essential preparation for nearness to Himself, the All-Holy. All Bible Christians believe that John the Baptist, Christ's kinsman and precursor, was sanctified from his mother's womb. Is it not fitting that Mary, His own Mother, and His faithful ministrant throughout all His life on earth, should have an ampler sanctification—freedom both from original sin and actual sin—an immaculate conception, and a perfect life! We Catholics believe that we would dishonor her Divine Son by doubting that she has.

As to Mary's perpetual virginity, there is a propriety in it which suggests itself to every Christian; and hence it is not strange to find eminent Protestant writer's like Bishop Bull and Dr. Hooker, of the Anglican Church, and Calvin and Grotius of the Evangelical, asserting it as steadfastly as any Catholics.

Did Christ Himself really love and honor His Mother? That is equivalent to asking if Christ who is perfect in His manhood were a good Son. The Scripture says that He was subject to her and His reputed father, and it is hard to see how it redounds to His honor to suppose Him devoid of those graces of filial affection which move us to enthusiasm when manifested by the eminent men of our own or of other times and lands. It is hard to understand the pleasure which some readers of the Sacred Book have seemed to find in searching out words or expressions of Christ which might be construed to cast some slight on His Mother.

When we praise the devotion of Washington, or Lincoln, or Garfield to his mother, would it not jar on our sense of fitness if some one should exultingly declare—"Oh, but he didn't really care much about her. I have reason to think he snubbed her on several occasions."

But look at the text which is most often quoted against Mary's

place in her Son's honor. Once when he was preaching, a woman in the crowd cried out: "Blessed is the womb that bore Thee and the breasts that gave Thee suck." Whereto he answered, "Yea; rather blessed are they who hear the word of God and keep it." Cardinal Newman, commenting on these words says that Christ laid down a principle that it is more blessed to keep His Commandments than to be His Mother. But who will say that Mary did not keep His Commandments. She had the double blessedness, of office and the qualification for it.

Now what is the veneration which Catholics accord to the Blessed Virgin? and where do we get our warrant for it? We find our warrant for honoring her in the Sacred Scriptures, where we find her right to honor through her Divine Maternity, and there, too, we are taught by the Angel Gabriel and Saint Elizabeth the manner of that honor. The salutation we offer to Mary daily and many times a day, simply embodies their words. They struck the note which the church has sounded ever since. "Blessed among women."—"Mother of the Lord."—No hymn, no prayer, since made in her honor has added or could add anything to that.

But it has been said that we adore her, that we pray to her:—nay more, that we adore her images and offer supplications to them. A Catholic child could clear up that point. We have the same Ten Commandments which non-Catholic Christians have: and we are taught that we sin damnably when we break them. How then can we adore a creature, much less a graven image? Let us be credited, at least with consistency. We pray to God. We ask God's Mother to pray for us. You will search the Catholic liturgy in vain for a word or an expression attributing anything but intercessory power to Mary. If the prayer of a just man availeth much, and the Bible says it does; and if we may ask our mothers, our kinsfolk, our friends on earth to pray for us; why not ask our friends in Heaven, God's friends, God's Mother?

But can she hear us? Let our own hearts answer that. Few articles of the Catholic creed appeal more strongly to the heart of humanity than that which teaches the communion of Saints—the knowledge which the blessed in Heaven have of our affairs on earth, and the interest which they take in them. It is not hard to believe that our own mother, who passed away in God's grace and favor, last week or last year, it may be, still loves us, watches over us, hears the cry of our loneliness and sorrow, and prays to God for our perseverance in well-doing. And although we do

not invoke her as a saint, does not our heart instinctively seek communion with her? It is not repugnant, then, to our natures to turn for sympathy to the Blessed Mother, who loves us each with all a mother's love?

Can we not pray directly to God? Without doubt. But we will take, not from a Catholic theologian, but from your own poet Longfellow, an expression of the common feeling which leads us to seek Mary's intercession:

" Even as children who have much offended
A too indulgent father, in great shame,
Penitent, yet not daring unattended
To go into his presence, at the gate
Speak to their sister and confiding wait
Till she goes in before and intercedes;
So men, repenting of their evil deeds,
And yet not venturing rashly to draw near
With their requests, an angry Father's ear
Offer to her prayers and their confession,
And she in Heaven, for them makes intercession."

But what of the pictures and statues of the Blessed Virgin?—what of the scapulars and medals? Catholics may ask with equal reason, what of the statues of Governor Winthrop, and John Quincy Adams, and Horace Mann? What of the pictures of William Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips? What of the ribbon of the White Cross League; the blue ribbon of the temperance cause; the red, white and blue button of the Grand Army Men; the miniatures of lovers or husbands which fond women wear about them? The same principle—and it is an innocent, grateful and honorable principle—underlies the honors which our human hearts prompt us to pay to the eminent of our kind, whether they be heroes in the natural or in the supernatural order.

But are not the scapulars and medals, not simply badges, but charms, amulets, which are worn with superstitious reverence, as a protection against spiritual and temporal misfortunes? Emphatically no—and non-Catholics should know that the Catholic who thus regards them is not a good or a well instructed Catholic. No amount of scapulars or medals or rosaries will save the liar, or drunkard, or evil doer of any kind, who will not forsake his sins. The emblems of which we have spoken are tokens of our affiliation to certain orders or societies in the Church; they are blessed

with the rites of the Church; they remind us of our obligations, and they honor those whom they represent, but the mere wearing of them, without conforming our lives to the Divine Commands, cannot help us.

Is God pleased with our confidence in His Mother, with our praise of her? Yes: for all the confidence, all the praise is referred to Him. If the moon is so fair what must be the splendor of the orb whence it derives its brightness? Mary shines not of her own radiance, but with the light which God has lent her. She is her Creator's masterpiece. May we not praise Him in His works? She is His noblest work. What author, what artist—to borrow a comparison in the natural order—feels that we admire and honor him less because we linger with delight over his poem or his painting?

Briefly then, we had not loved God's Mother so much, had we not loved God far more. She is, after Him—though at a creature's infinite distance—all perfect and all lovable.

SHE IS FOR HIM: and when we see her, the woman of the Apocalyptic Vision, sun-clothed and star-crowned—the highest of creatures adorned with the noblest of created beauties—we deem her still but an humble shrine for the Creator Incarnate—the Mighty, who hath done great things to her, and Holy is His Name.

In conclusion, we must make glad advertence to the sympathetic understanding shown by so many non-Catholic New England writers, of the true meaning of Catholic devotion to the Blessed Virgin; of its sweet reasonableness, tenderness, and poetic beauty. Quotations might be multiplied from Longfellow. And Whittier praises—

" Thy more than mortal grace,
O Mother, beautiful and mild
Enfolding in one dear embrace,
Thy Saviour and thy Child."

We all remember Hilda and the Madonna's Lamp, in Hawthorne's "Marble Faun."

Oliver Wendell Holmes, in a beautiful stanza on the name of Mary says:

" She to whom it first was given
Was half of earth and half of Heaven."

Julia Ward Howe, in her noble poem, "Of Woman" makes

her perfect woman, "the Angel at the top," still look higher to

"The Heaven that dreamed the Mary and her Christ"

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps sings one of her sweetest lyrics to "The Maiden of the Spotless Name." And for a last word, we will quote from the lovely lines of Frances L. Mace, on the Sistine Madonna:

"Behold, as in vision sublime
The flower of the fulness of time!
The type of all loveliness human,
The one ever-glorified woman!
An angel, a goddess, she seems,
As borne on the violet air,
Self-poised and transcendently fair,
A high, starry presence she beams.
Yet those beautiful sybilline eyes
Have wept as no goddess could weep;
And angels have leaned from the skies
To look on her blessedness deep,
When on sorrows eternal release,
Fell the sunlight of infinite peace.

* * * * *

O Woman majestic and mild,
Our Lady of holiest fame!
Let me muse on thy beauty and be
Uplifted, transported with thee,
In the smile of the long promised Child."

HARRY'S MEMORIAL WINDOW.

BY HENRIETTA M. K. BROWNELL.

WHEN our Harry died it was the crushing out of a great hope. We had loved him dearly—as other people love their boys, but he had been a pride as well as a joy in the household. He was the first born son, the heir to a name which was dear to us in past generations, and in the bright young life prematurely ended there were developed those rare promises, that have in so many cases besides our own, wrung from the bereaved heart the old quotation: "Death loves a shining mark."

We claim no finer feeling or deeper grief than belongs to hun-

dreds of others daily afflicted, like theirs our cup was full, and that is all that can be measured at a time.

Harry's mother had been early taught, that even the presence of a great affliction is not always sufficient to excuse the performance of duty, that stopping is apt to be either selfishness or cowardice, while going on is courage, and often love of God.

So after the early days of indulged grief, in which she had been learning that true loving is more than mere submission, she took up her usual duties, and went about them, not in sadness only, but with a willingness to work, and to accept as well whatever satisfaction or enjoyment each work afforded.

Though she found that joy was subdued by an undertone of sorrow she would not refuse to see a brightness in the sunlight still, or to find music in the song of birds, nor would she deny her own notes to her household. Toward every live young thing she felt more tender and kindly than ever, especially to all children.

From the customs of her community, and the beauty of sentiment in itself, Harry's mother thought she would like to place a memorial window to him in a newly built chapel. One such already existed in the building, which was a structure of architectural merit. It spoke touchingly of the death of a girl of sixteen who died of heart disease at a Sunday School picnic, and was the offering of her companions of the festivity. It appropriately represented the "Reaper whose name is Death," whose sickle, thrust among the ripe and golden wheat, embraced a fair flower as well.

Harry's window as created in his mother's fancy should embody a device of the Lamb, with holy and beautiful words from the many afforded to choice, which should at once express the parents' love and faith, and carry the thoughts of others up to the Lamb who was "Agnus Dei."

His innocence of character rendered this most suitable. So it was not to be a selfish memorial of love and grief alone, but a beautiful invitation to pious desire in others, who on bended knee and with hearts stirred by music and lofty instruction, should glance at the graceful design.

After long anticipation and careful estimate it was deemed inexpedient after all, and such decision proved a greater trial to our matron, than she would have believed possible, or they supposed, who knew her best.

It was one of those things which seem so "just right," that the very unselfishness on the surface of things was delusive, and

for some time there was temptation to make it a matter of hope still. But there came a day when the duty of giving it up was quite clear, and it was in the pang of final abandonment, that this thought flashed like a ray of hopeful light through the mind of Harry's mother.

"I will frame a Memorial Window for my boy in the Great Heart of God, through which light shall shine on the poor, and the sick, and troubled, and to the best of my purpose will not be lost, though the window I dreamed of will never exist."

A part of the reason for denial had arisen from financial consideration. There did not seem to be a time when for a series of years the family resources would warrant this tribute to the dead, without the sacrifice of some desirable good to the living.

But there could be no reason at all why this new memorial window conceived in a mother's heart, should not be extended over a sufficient time to do injustice to no one, until the sum had been expended in works of love to God and man, that the perishable one of lead and glass would have cost.

There had been in this family benevolence habitual and systematic, and this was no beginning of charity, but was meant to be a very luxury of giving. Every penny saved or gained must be a penny taken from no economy already practised, and here began a healthful knowledge of two things. One, those that can be done without, the other, those which had best be done without, quite different matters.

Diogenes of old, and the miser of later years, with the straitened of all times, have solved the first problem, reducing life to its barren, lowest terms; but one of the questions of an American household now, is the feeding of mental, social, and artistic craving along with satisfying the hunger of the body. We have to decide in a hundred varying proportions what is luxury and what parsimony, after food, raiment and shelter have been paid for. There is an avarice that is vindictive in starved imaginations, as well as in muscle and flesh. That debt is sometimes sin is another ingredient to stir into the domestic pottage.

It was felt that no member of the household was to be sacrificed of course, in need, health, or judicious pleasure, and even the diminution of her personal enjoyments were now carefully studied, wherever the rights of others were in danger of being trespassed upon. "So surely," said she, "must joy-giving be measured out, and shared with food and clothing. I might do without my own music lessons," she farther argued, "but would

not those of Margaret and Agnes suffer in consequence, should I lose practise, and all that it does for them, and for our evenings?" This is an *example* of her reasoning all through her search for economy.

Then as to saving in outside expenditure, Harry's mother could trim a hat or fit a dress with a skill that won approval from many a friend among ladies, and had often done this for her humble acquaintances, but would not every hat of her own so trimmed take from the revenue of Kitty Wayne, milliner? And were not Kitty's own charities, that ought to be literally "widow's mites," ever putting to shame in actual amount the gifts of many richer persons? Anything poured into Kitty's hands multiplied like the scriptural "cruse of oil," and ran over in healing or helping those poorer still. Clearly this was no point on which retrenchment could be made.

Much in the same way the making of dresses for herself and the little girls, would occasion loss to one who was far from crowded with custom, otherwise this would have proved a strong temptation.

But maidens and mothers you know the scores of chinks through which your money slips away with or without the reproof of conscience, and you know as well that without wrong to your own, or to those whom you have taught to be in some wise dependent on you in outer circles, there are manifold methods of economy which you can grasp. If you are too young to have found them hitherto watch with an earnest motive at heart, and be surprised, for they will as surely come as you search with good will and honest intention.

Now that it is being told, it is to be regretted that we do not know mamma's first saving. She has forgotten the beginning of this special hoarding or just when the first dollar was given. The only written record is contained in a few pages of figures kept apart purposely from all other accounts, that the progress of the sum might be noted until the end was reached, and it is the habit of this woman to forget, absolutely forget, giving once accomplished. This habit of mind can be readily acquired by practice, and without detriment to the general memory.

There was nothing therefore to mark the first gift in her remembrance, except the figures of the amount, but she recalls among those earlier days, a little crippled boy aided and loved for Harry's sake, and called for a while "a little diamond pane in Harry's window."

Not far from the same date came assistance for some aged persons, helped not for the first time, but anew, from this irregular fund. Oh, how sweet giving began to grow then—"Harry's children," she called them, at the time, and some of these aged "children" became "Harry's" so often in after days, that in that way only have they been recalled.

There have been other means of learning that the orphans of more than one "Home" or "Asylum" shared in the result of this secret long kept between a heart and God.

The knowledge that a child was sick of typhoid fever, always sent a thrill of its own to that mother-heart. It was in this form that death had summoned Harry, and this illness in a child seemed to invest it with a special claim to her care. In the book of brief registration such entries might be found as:

Nils æ 6 typhoid = \$2.00.

Poor little John, typhoid \$—

The window was not constructed of money alone. There were contributions not figured in the barren columns of the little book, as visits to bedsides and lonely homes, walks and talks with other boys who had been of Harry's age and social circle.

When a mother loses a boy there are two epochs in the life of man that acquire a peculiar interest for her ever after. She can never see a boy at the age of the one she has lost, without associating the two in some ideal companionship, and she watches the growing up of those who were his actual peers, seeking in their development answers to her questions; "Where would mine have been now had he lived? What would he have been like at this age, through the teens and twenties?" The Toms and Eds and Wills that used to play with Harry belonged in this fashion to Harry's mother, and she mothered them all for his sake in a way that came to their frequent aid. For one, a few cookies from the baking, for another help over a difficult lesson, a third was visited in sickness, while an invitation for some holiday brought a fourth from a home without cheer. These things happened and meant "window," although uncounted among the figures of the memorial.

A book long coveted by one of straitened means, and obtained from the window fund, bore in an out of the way corner a nearly imperceptible H., the little *chiffie* telling no story, though the recipient knew it was in some wise associated with the dear child of old acquaintance.

An artist up among the housetops of the near city, with the swallows of the eaves for companionship, found sight failing, and

the means of life and his one happiness vanishing together. This occasioned the largest draft made upon the fund for any one person, and its continuance forced the employment of her "one talent" into use for gain. For the first time her pen won gold, which found its way to the studio undetected. Eventually with recruited forces and a return to work he sent forth a picture which brought him friendship and more material aid than he had known for a long time. Others followed, and on the back of one of them, catalogued by some casual name, the purchaser found inscribed—"Gratitude to H. unknown." It was the artist's hope that in this way his appreciation might be delicately whispered back. And it was.

After this demand even with the aid of authorship the fund had to wait a long time. It was renewed with the purchase of an engraving from one of the old masters, which has gone the rounds of many a sick room, through hospital wards, and once or twice rested in the cells of a prison, never unwelcomed in either.

A man aged by misdeeds as well as years, said one day with faltering voice:

"Oh madam if I could have grown up with such pictures as that before my eyes, and heard such words as yours about it when I was young, you would have seen me in a better place to-day."

An untaught boy's tribute to the same picture was:

"Seems if you'd most got to be good with folks like them lookin' on."

Another *resumé* of its influence was: "Those blessed eyes seem to pity you so!"

All boys who bore her boy's name naturally inspired interest. There are plenty of Harrys, rich and poor, some to be helped with a dinner or a garment, others with the surplus of affection only. None of these could go as they came, whether the richer by a smile and kind word or by more material aid, more than one Harry had cause to rejoice in his name.

But why enumerate farther the details of a charity, unless to provoke suggestion to some other mind fired with sympathy from this one? Are there not always hungry ones to feed, and ragged to clothe? Are there not medicines too costly for the destitute sick, that with the young, mean often life or death? Fine oil for the delicate-lunged, choice tonics to bring back lagging appetites, and suitable food to satisfy them afterward?

There were city children to be snatched from city pestilence in the days we are writing about, and brought to country air and

the sea. There was one summer of fatality when the death roll among teething children attained gloomy numbers. Public appeals were made through the press, for aid for excursions for these and other children of the poor.

Oh, wise to-day, that now recognizes that a single day's pleasure like this means a dream of happiness in a child's whole life, and so creates Fresh Air Funds, and like organized charities. Into such collections a little money given, expands, every dollar so used becoming practically two in its wholesale purchase of life and joy. It was easy to slip something of Harry's into the approaches to these that were beginning then, beside extending relief for little victims found in the excursions into town, in the close homes of narrow heated streets.

There were men and women to be brought in contact with the labor from which they were separated, to whom the gift of a few car-tickets meant industry and honest living. One day Harry's mother, seeing a heavily charged laundress falter as she walked, fell to thinking of some old words about "bearing one another's burdens, etc.," and began an experiment of tickets, as a literal application of the injunction. In this first attempt she found that the poor creature already overwrought by a day's labor among the tubs and irons, was a recent hospital patient, and was leaving young children locked up from necessity until her return. Her destination, a mile away, would have made two in walking. Count up all that two tickets did in that case, and say as she did:

"Bless the horse-cars, chariots of the poor!"

Is there not a class of sufferers whose wants must be divined and delicately aided without words, people unused to help, who will wait until direst extremes drive them to speech? They are the most difficult of all to detect and reach.

A young violinist might answer some of these questions; poor to-day and with limited prospects still, but scraping away with courage, because he is less hungry than he was last year, and hopeful because youth with any hope at all leaps up such mountain heights. He has a fine "bow-arm" and a man's heart beneath it.

How strangely the needs of such as these were fathomed and ministered to as never before, after the memorial window began to be built! It was as if some finer sense had been developed in this more than ordinary work had ever called out.

How warm the mother's heart grew as something deepened and widened in it day by day! If she had loved her boy in life,

she knew not by what name to express her affection now, as he went hand in hand with her over hard paths, and through places that were dark, but lightened by the smile of God. It seemed sometimes as if she could hear the old bright "Thank you, mamma," following the Divine approval which she sought first in all that she did.

By degrees she learned new speech, albeit in fewer words than she had been used to employ. She found out how to press a mother's hand, and in slipping in a gift to say: "In memory of one who was your own child's age," and escape spoken thanks, or if the gift were needless, only: "I have lived through this, too." This saved much on both sides, for

"Wisdom to heal a broken heart
Must not be wisdom preached."

There were winter walks less cold, and summer heats more bearable in doing the work that would have blessed it in any wise, but doubly so now because of Harry's part. "Dear boy," she often said, "I never loved you so before."

There were occasionally children in lingering sickness or slow convalescence before whom it was possible to place Harry's photograph, and tell them stories of this boy. They were not wonderful things at all, but only such happenings of daily ways, true things said and done by a bright, live boy. This would win the love she seemed to covet from them all, and which she poured out freely in return.

Sometimes when young eyes were closing to earth forever, and young lips were past speech, the dying ears received a message for her boy—"mamma's love," in case Infinite Wisdom should permit the coming together of these youthful spirits.

The neighbors now and then "wondered" when this woman had other children that she dearly loved, "why" her whole heart was not filled, and thought it strange that she brought other boys into her household or took them with her own to sail or walk. It is a seaside home with an available boat in season.

Such marvellers had not learned that no vacant place is ever again quite filled in this world. Your heart may twine its tendrils ever so fondly around the remaining branches, or cling ever so firmly to the tree, the broken bough will show its space and scar, the want of symmetry will be ever clear to the loving eye.

Count up your row of little heads for ten years, the heart will never fail to throb at the gap, and utter the proper numeral in its place. Other brothers have grown past Harry's years as dear as

he, but are never thought of as "the little elder son." No other hat on the wall, or treasures of the pocket are liable to be mistaken for his souvenirs "kept around" with the rest to mark his place.

Once the fund was menaced, the memorial window was likely to be closed ere it was completed, when Harry's mother fell sick herself. There were weary days and anxious nights, and in the alternations of hope and fear it was that the secret came to light.

"I fear that Harry's window will never be finished."

We thought that she was dreaming or wandering again, but the keener eye of our good physician noted a change in that moment for the better, and hailed the unknown solicitude as a favorable symptom, with the faint blush of embarrassment which followed enquiry. When we knew that a crisis was past, we recalled those words and gradually coaxed from her the dear secret, that like other good things she has long shared with us now.

Some one may wish to know whether the window has ever been finished or no, if the sum proposed has ever been reached, and if so what the final appropriation chanced to be in this original structure, for we never have known any other like it.

A baby died last year, a little "Rose" of Portugal, for whose semi-tropical being our winds were too rude and cold, and her tiny life flickered in a faint flame, and went out. Other children in the family were sick, and whether that final sum was paid on the coal that must be had to save them, or entered into the few adornments of burial it is needless to decide. It may have paid for the rosebud in the baby's hand, or hid in a tendril of smilax that laid like a little "glory" on its pillow. Poor people as well as rich ones love to see their little ones beautiful when they look their last on them.

Yes, the figures are ended, but the work goes on. We should not know how to leave him out of it now. The window may grow to be a door, and the door become a gateway or an arch, and all expand to some infinite portal in life or afterwards. Of such as this there is no end.

The very latest giving associated with Harry was a picture cherished all the years since his death, (upwards of ten,) it looked so like him—but—it looked too like another boy whose mother had no picture taken from her living child, and one of the things our mother had learned to bear was a little wrench like this.

So the picture was detached from beneath Harry's portrait, and went without regret, not without tears, but these were forgotten in

the other mother's consolation. Is there much that is sad in this? It should not be so. If ever a love has grown bright in constancy it is the love for this absent boy. If ever cheery brightness as long lines of light lie aslant the pillars, or shine down cathedral aisles through old stained glass, making ideal beauty of all it illuminates below, so the happiest hours of life are radiant by the light that shines down on us through Harry's Memorial Window.

A LEGEND OF THE MIGNONETTE.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

It is told in ancient story
When our Lady took her way
In the springtide's verdant glory
O'er Judea's mountains gay
To Zachary's abode,
Tree and shrub upon her road
Bent them lowly.

And the rose leaves fell from flowers
Pink and pearly, pied and red,
The acacia's bloom in showers
Dropped from branches overhead,
Circling round the song birds came,
In their bird-notes to proclaim
Mary's praises.

And the Jordan flowing fleetly
Murmured over sand and weeds,
And a gentle south wind sweetly
Sang amid the vocal reeds,
But one poor plant humbly said:
"Let me die beneath the tread
Of God's Mother."

And it bent before her lowly,
Eager 'neath her foot to die,
But our gracious Lady slowly
Raised the scentless weed on high,
And her breath its sere leaves wet,
And it grows among us yet,
Sweet mignonette.

THE LIFE OF ST. DOMINIC.

BY REV. MOTHER AUGUSTA THEODOSIA DRANE, O. S. D.

CHAPTER XIV.

DISPERSION OF THE BRETHREN.

1217, 1218.

It was not until the May of 1217 that Dominic was able to return to Toulouse, where he found his brethren established in their new convent of St. Romain, to which they had removed in the October of the previous year. The joy of reunion was somewhat qualified on the part of the brethren when they learned that it was the resolution of the saint very speedily to disperse the little community which was but just gathered together. He made known this intention to his followers almost immediately on his arrival at Toulouse, where, after addressing them a fervent exhortation on the rule of life to which by their profession to pledge themselves, he plainly declared his intention of sending them forth in companies of twos and threes, in order that they might plant the foundations of their Order in other parts. The plan seemed the height of imprudence; all joined in blaming it, and endeavoring to dissuade him from it. But Dominic was inexorable; the vision which he had seen beside the Tomb of the Apostles was fresh in his eye; their voices yet sounded in his ear. Fulk of Toulouse, De Montfort, the Archbishop of Narbonne, and even his own companions, urged him to pause, but nothing would stir him from his purpose. "My lords and fathers," he said, "do not oppose me, for I know very well what I am about." He felt that the vocation of his children was not to one place, but for all nations; not for themselves alone, but for the Church and the world. "The seed," he said, "will fructify if it is sown; it will but moulder if you hoard it up." Some little time he gave them to consider if they would submit to his determination, with the alternative of withdrawing from the Order. But his followers had too profound a veneration for his person and character to oppose their judgments to his, and soon yielded the point. The

event showed how entirely his resolution had been guided by the Spirit of God.

Meanwhile, in the preparation which he made for this dispersion of his children, he showed how great was his anxiety for the preservation among them of the observance and spirit of their Rule. The convent of Toulouse he designed to be the model which was to be followed in all later foundations, and he therefore made several regulations to render it more perfect in its arrangements. He thought it well that the brethren should from time to time meet together for mutual counsel and encouragement. For this purpose he caused two large additional rooms to be built, one for containing the habits of the community, the other for the brethren to assemble in; for until now, like the Cistercians, they had no rooms but their cells and refectory. These two additions to their little convent added materially to the comfort of those who were left to inhabit it, and were welcome proofs of the watchful thoughtfulness of their Father. He was very earnest in enjoining the strict observance of that part of St. Austin's Rule which forbids all private appropriation of the smallest article, and prohibited the use of the words "mine" and "thine," as contrary to holy poverty. Even in the church itself he desired that the spirit of poverty should never be forgotten; and though he constantly insisted on its being kept a mirror of cleanliness, yet he forbade all elegancies and curiosities, and even ordered that the sacred vestments should not be made of silk. As to the cells of the brethren the poverty he enjoined was absolute: a little cane bedstead and a miserable bench were the only furniture he allowed. They had no doors, in order that the Superior might always be able to see the brethren as he passed along; the dormitory resembled, as closely as possible, that of a hospital.

But besides these regulations for the exterior of community life, he at the same time applied himself to such interior training of his disciples as should best fit them for the apostolic duties of their sublime vocation. He failed not to impress on his followers the necessity that the members of an Order of Preachers should apply with ardor to sacred letters, and exhorted them above all to steep themselves in the study both of the Old and New Testament. At the same time, well knowing that learning alone does but foster the pride that puffeth up, he was no less earnest in bidding them unite prayer and meditation to the pursuit of science, that digesting in prayer what they had learnt from study, they might be the better able to communicate its fruits to others. And to

this end he willed that wherever any convent of the Order should be founded in time to come, special attention should be given to the choral recitation of the Divine Office, the celebration of which he would have always accompanied by the chant and sacred ceremonies.

Flaminius, in the very interesting account which he gives of those early beginnings of the Order at Toulouse, adds that the holy Father, whilst devoting himself to the spiritual training of his children, failed not to impose on himself an altogether new rule of life, to which he faithfully adhered even until death. He would not be merely the teacher, but the exemplar of those into whose hands he was about to entrust the foundation of his Order in distant countries; and whilst seeking to form them to that ideal of religious life which should henceforth make the true Friar Preacher, he desired himself to be the first to lead the way. And to this he was the more urged by the words of Pope Honorius, in a patent addressed to the prior and community of St. Romain, which the saint had brought with him from Rome, together with the Bull of confirmation. In this document the Pontiff, after giving thanks to God, the Author of all grace, for inspiring the brethren with their generous design, welcomes them as laborers in the field of the Lord, and champions of the faith, who shall hereafter win glorious victories for the salvation of souls by the apostolic ministry of preaching. But he reminds them that this can only be done by those who, burning with the fire of charity, spread abroad the good odor of holiness, that so, commending themselves as true and faithful servants of God, they may freely distribute to others the talents which they had received.*

The manner in which the saint began from this time to order his life was rigorous indeed. Whether in or out of the convent, he never broke the rule of abstinence from meat, and kept an almost continual fast. He chose for himself the worst accomodation and the poorest habit in the house, and never allowed himself the luxury of a bed. After Compline it was his custom to watch in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament until Matins, at which he assisted with extraordinary devotion, often going from one side of the choir to the other and animating the brethren to chant with fervor. When the Office was ended, he remained alone in the church for a considerable time longer, praying and offering to God the sacrifice of bloody disciplines; and when at last he gave his

*Rechac, p. 302.

body a little repose, it was taken either on the bare ground, at the foot of the altar, or on a plank, or something equally austere and incommodious. Even then he slept but little, and the brethren who occupied the cells nearest to the place of his repose, were often awakened by his sighs and tears, and the strong crying with which he poured out his soul to God in prayer for the salvation of souls. At home or abroad he strictly kept the rule of silence which he would have observed by others, and even when he spoke, he was never known to utter an idle word, observing the law which he never wearied to impress on his brethren, that the tongue of the religious should never be used save to speak either *to* God or *of* God. And yet to all this austerity of life he united a tranquil cheerfulness which won the hearts of all men, for his countenance was always serene and gay, as that of one to whom the practice of penance brings no bitterness, but rather sweetness unspeakable. Under the guidance of a master who presented in his own life a model of the perfection which he taught with his lips, it is no wonder that the novices of St. Romain made rapid progress, and that in these days of early fervor the example of their holy Father was closely followed by many of those who were formed under his personal direction.

It was while thus engaged in the training of his disciples, that the saint had a vision which foretold to him the approaching death of the Count de Montfort. He seemed to see an immense tree, in whose branches a great quantity of birds had taken refuge; the tree was luxuriant and beautiful, and spread out its arms over the earth; suddenly it fell, and the birds all took flight, and Dominic was given to understand that this represented the fall of him who had been known in a special manner as the protector and "father of the poor." This was accomplished in the following year, when the two Raymunds having regained possession of Toulouse, the Count de Montfort fell at the siege of that city. It is probable that his knowledge of the approaching return of war hastened Dominic in the execution of his designs. He accordingly fixed the approaching feast of the Assumption for the assembling of all the brethren at Notre Dame de Prouille that they might there pronounce their solemn vows before leaving for their respective missions.†

† John of Navarre in his deposition, which forms part of the Acts of Bologna, declares that he himself received the habit from the hands of Brother Dominic on the feast of St. Augustine, 1215, and made his vows on the same feast at the convent of St. Romain, as we may suppose, a year later. This declaration

On the appointed day, the little company all met to keep the festival with an unusual solemnity in the church of their mother-house of Prouille. It was a deeply touching spectacle to all present, and to Dominic himself one of profound and singular emotion. Great numbers of persons from the surrounding country, who knew the circumstances which had gathered the brethren together, came to witness the ceremony of the day; among them was De Montfort himself, and several prelates, all anxious to ascertain the final determination of St. Dominic as to the destination of his little flock. It was he himself who offered the Holy Sacrifice, and who, still habited in the sacred vestments, preached to the assembled audience in language some of which is still preserved to us. Its severity compels us to draw conclusions little favorable to the people of Languedoc. "Now for many years past," he said, "have I sounded the truths of the Gospel in your ears, by my preaching, my entreaties and my prayers, and with tears in my eyes. But, as they are wont to say in my country, the stick must be used when blessings are of no avail. Lo! princes and rulers will raise all the kingdoms of this world against you: and woe be unto you! they will kill many by the sword, and lay the lands desolate, and overthrow the walls of your cities, and all of you will be reduced to slavery; and so you will come to see, that where blessings avail not, the stick will avail." These dismal announcements were too truly fulfilled; and they indicate that the evils under which the unhappy country had so long labored had produced an effect which not even the ten years' labor of an apostle had been able to counteract: it was a solemn farewell which framed itself into words of prophetic warning. He then turned to his own brethren, and reminded them of the first origin of their Order, the end for which it was instituted, and the duties to which they stood pledged. Above all, he exhorted them to confidence in God, and a great and unflinching courage, always to prepare for wider fields of labor, and to be ready to serve the Church, in whatever way they might be called to work for the conversion of sinners, heretics or infidels. His words had an extraordinary effect on those who listened; any lingering feelings of dissatisfaction they might have felt were dispelled by this appeal to the heroism of

is in no way inconsistent with the fact as narrated above, that the subsequent profession of all the brethren took place at the convent of Prouille on the feast of the Assumption, 1217, a fact which rests on the authority of the MS. of Prouille, and is accepted by Echard, Percin and other writers as a statement of undoubted accuracy.

their nature. Like soldiers harangued by a favorite leader on the battlefield, they all seemed kindled with a spark of his own chivalrous ardor, and were impatient to be led on to the enterprise which awaited them.

When Dominic had concluded his address, the brethren knelt before him, and made their vows in his hands, for until then they had been bound to him by no other tie than their own will. The nuns of Prouille, in like manner, all made their profession on the same day, adding the fourth vow of enclosure.† When this ceremony was over, he declared to each of them the quarter to which they were destined. The two Fathers who had until then had the direction of the convent of Prouille, were to remain there as before, whilst Peter Cellani and Thomas of Toulouse were to continue at St. Romain. A large section of his little company were appointed for the establishment of the Order in Paris, where flourished the most famous university then existing; and from the first it entered into the designs of the holy founder to plant colonies of his brethren in the chief seats of learning throughout Christendom. No fewer than seven brethren were therefore set apart for the foundation at Paris; Manes, the saint's own brother, Michel de Fabra, and the lay-brother Oderic, were the first despatched, and they were followed a few weeks later by Bertrand of Garrigua, Matthew of France, John of Navarre, and Lawrence of England. Matthew of France was appointed to be the head of this little company, but associated with him in the responsible task of founding the convent was Brother Bertrand, "in whom," says Mamachi, "Dominic had perfect confidence on account of his rare virtue." Indeed, according to this writer, Bertrand alone was charged with the foundation, but it is evident from the words of Blessed Jordan that he only acted conjointly with Matthew, and on his withdrawal from Paris the following year the latter remained Superior of the little company.§ The four Spaniards, Michael Uzero, Dominic of Segovia, Suero Gomez, and Peter of Madrid, were to be sent to Spain, the saint reserving Stephen of Metz for his own companion to return with him to Rome.

Before they separated to their several destinations, Dominic determined to provide for the future government of the Order in case of his death or removal, for as we have seen, he still cherished the secret design of himself departing for the countries of the infidels, and finding perhaps a martyr's crown among them. He

† Percin. § Jordan, apud Echard, t. i. p. 16; Mamachi, *Ann.* lib. 2, 366, 367.

therefore desired them to make a canonical election among themselves of some one who should govern the Order in his absence, or in case of his death. Their choice fell on Matthew of France, who received the title of *Abbot*, a designation never continued in the Order; after his death the brethren were content with the title of *Master* for him who held the chief authority, whilst the other Superiors were called priors and subpriors, names chosen as best befitting the humility of their state. This election being finished, Dominic committed the Bull of confirmation to the keeping of the new abbot, that it might be solemnly published in the capital of France, and gave them a parting exhortation to keep their vows, and be diligent in founding convents, preaching God's Word, and following their studies; and so dismissed them with his blessing.

One of them, and one only, showed signs of reluctance to obey. It was John of Navarre, who had strongly shared in the sentiments of those ecclesiastics who condemned the holy patriarch for imprudence. He ventured, before departing, to ask for a little money for his expenses on the way. The request seemed reasonable; but Dominic clearly discerned the secret feelings of distrust and discontent which prompted it. He sharply reproved him, and set before him the example of the disciples whom their Lord sent forth, "having neither scrip nor purse;" then, quickly exchanging severity for the paternal tenderness which was more natural to him, he threw himself at the feet of the Brother, and with tears in his eyes besought him to lay aside his cowardly fears, and to arm himself with a generous trust in God's Providence. "Go in confidence, my son," he said, "for nothing is wanting to those who trust in God." But John still continuing stubborn in his view, and unconvinced of the practicability of travelling two hundred miles without funds, Dominic desired them to give him twelve pence, and then dismissed him.

We are told that some Cistercians who were present expressed their surprise in no measured terms, that he should send out these ignorant, unlettered boys to preach and teach. Dominic bore the officious remarks with the equanimity which he never failed to exhibit on such occasions. "What is it you say, my Brothers," he replied with his accustomed sweetness; "are you not a little like the Pharisees? I know, nay, I am certain, that these 'boys' of mine will go and return in safety, and that they will bring back with them great fruit of souls."

Thomas of Cantimpré, relating this anecdote on the authority

of Flamininus, remarks that it was indeed a matter worthy of all admiration that in the beginning of the Order, such great things should have been wrought by a few inexperienced youths, many of them delicately nurtured in the world, who going forth as sheep among wolves, escaped the perils which beset their innocence and did the work of apostolic men. He attributes the success which attended their labors and their own preservation in the midst of a perverse and evil generation to the singular devotion cherished by them towards the Blessed Virgin, the peculiar Patroness of the Order, under whose maternal protection they were defended from the assaults of temptation. And he goes on to quote the authority of one who, having heard the confessions of more than a hundred brethren in the early days of the Order, declared that out of that number no less than seventy had kept their baptismal innocence unstained.

One by one then the little companies departed, and by the middle of September the saint found himself left with only three companions at the convent of St. Romain. But the numbers of the community were soon increased by the reception of fresh members, among whom were Poncio Samatan, afterwards founder of the convent of Bayonne, Raymund Fulgaria, or De Felgar, a Narbonnese noble who became successor to Fulk in the bishopric of Toulouse, Arnold of Toulouse, first prior of Lyons, and the Blessed Romeo of Livia, afterwards fifth provincial of Provence. The saint himself was preparing to depart on his return to Rome when a dispute which arose between the brethren of the convent and the procurators of the bishop's court, and which bore reference to the portion of tithes which had been granted to the community by the bishop, gave occasion for him to give another token of his magnificent disinterestedness. He speedily settled the difficulty by executing a deed in accordance with the views of the procurators, regarding it as a thing hateful to God and man that charity should be wounded for filthy lucre's sake. This document is dated September 11, 1217, only two days before Raymund of Toulouse, by stratagem, regained possession of his ancient capital.

From this time there will be but few occasions for returning to the history of those provinces, which had been the scenes of the saint's earliest labors, and had witnessed the foundation of his Order. The future course of his life will lead us forward into other countries; the bright star which had risen in Spain, and spent its long meridian in France, was to shed its setting splendor on the fields of Italy. For a time indeed, events seemed to threaten

the overthrow of the Catholic cause in Languedoc, and the ultimate triumph of the heretics and their supporters. On the resumption of hostilities, victory declared itself for the two Raymunds, father and son, who succeeded in stripping the Count de Montfort of the greater part of the provinces with which he had been invested; and in 1218, urged to a last effort for their recovery, he laid siege to Toulouse with a force wholly unequal to the enterprise. It was sunrise on the 25th of June, when word was brought him of an ambuscade of the enemy. He received the message with tranquillity; and arming himself with his usual composure, he went to hear Mass before going to the field. Another despatch arrived in the middle of the ceremony; they had attacked his machines of war, would he not hasten to their defence? "Leave me!" was his reply, "I stir not till I have seen the Sacrament of my redemption!" Yet once again another messenger rushed into the church; the troops could hold out no longer; he would surely come to their aid. He turned to the speaker with a stern and melancholy air: "I will not go," he said, "till I have seen my Saviour." He knew his last hour was at hand; the sadness of deep disappointment was in his heart, but he surely made that day a solemn offering and resignation to God of the life whose human hopes had failed. When the priest elevated the Sacred Host, De Montfort knelt and uttered the words, *Nunc Dimittis*. Then he went out to the scene of combat. His presence had its wonted effect on his followers, as well as on his enemies. The men of Toulouse fled back to the city, pursued by the victorious Crusaders; but a stone from the wall struck their gallant leader to the ground; and smiting his breast with his hand, he expired, recommending his soul to God, and with the name of Mary on his lips.

His remains were honorably laid to rest in the cathedral of Carcassonne, whence they were afterwards removed to his own territory of Montfort d'Amaury, near Paris; but his original tombstone may still be seen at Carcassonne, recalling the memory of one whose character presents us with as fair an example of Christian chivalry as we shall find portrayed on the page of history. Even Raymund VII. himself was forced to bear witness to his merits. "Often," writes his chaplain, William de Puy-Laurens, "have I heard the last Count of Toulouse, although his deadly enemy, speak in praise of the courage, the fidelity, and the magnanimity of the Count de Montfort, and declare him to have possessed every quality that belonged to a great prince."

His friendship towards the Order of Friar Preachers survived

in his family. One of his daughters, Amice, or, as the Italians sweetly name her, Amicitia, the wife of the Seigneur de Joigny, bore so peculiar a love to the children of Dominic that she used all her endeavors to induce her only son to take the habit. He, however, followed the army of St. Louis to the Holy Land; but whilst detained in the island of Cyprus, he was taken with a mortal sickness, and on his death-bed, remembering his mother's prayers, he sent for the friars, and received the habit from their hands. When the tidings were brought her, she gave thanks to God, and on the death of her husband resolved to enter the Order herself. She was constantly repeating the words, "If I cannot be a Friar Preacher, I will at least be one of their sisters;" and she succeeded, after much opposition, in founding the convent of Montargis, where she herself took the habit, and died in the odor of sanctity about the year 1235.*

The warlike struggle continued to rage under varying fortunes for ten years after the death of De Montfort, whose son, Amaury, unable to resist the arms of Raymund VII. resigned his rights over the county of Toulouse to King Louis VIII. For a time the triumph of the house of St. Gilles seemed complete, and under its restored rule the Friars Preachers of St. Romain had much to suffer. Count Raymund VII. followed close in the footsteps of his father, and far from repressing the violence of the heretics, showed himself their constant protector. But a term was put to his tyranny in 1226, when all the nobles of the disputed provinces, as by a common impulse, made their voluntary submission to the French crown.

Two years later the authority of the young King St. Louis IX. was firmly established by the treaty of Paris, and Raymund, finding all further resistance useless, sought reconciliation with the Church, and repaired to Paris to fulfill the required conditions. There standing in the porch of Notre Dame, barefoot and bare-headed, and in the humiliating garb of a penitent, he swore to observe the terms of the treaty, one clause of which required him to give his only daughter in marriage to the King's brother, Alphonsus, who, on receiving the hand of the bride, was to be declared the heir to her father's territories. Then being absolved from excommunication, he was dubbed knight by the young King,

* The Count de Montfort had four sons; Amaury, who succeeded him; Guy, Robert, and Simon, Earl of Leicester, so well known in English history.

a dignity which up till then he had, as an excommunicated rebel, been deemed unworthy to receive. At the same time Toulouse was relieved from interdict, and the heretics being driven out of the city, the Catholic worship became once more established within its walls. In compliance with one of the articles of the treaty of peace, a university was established at Toulouse, and Count Raymund had to contribute a large annual sum towards the maintenance of its professors of theology, canon law, and arts. The foundation of this university was decreed for the express purpose of supplying sound Catholic teaching at the very headquarters of heresy. From this time the power of the Albigenses and their supporters was broken, and though the entire extinction of the heresy was only gradually obtained, yet the restoration of religion throughout the country so long laid waste by their sacrilegious hands, may be said to date from its submission to the crown of France.

(To be continued.)

MARY, HELP OF CHRISTIANS.

BY MORTIMER EDWARD TWOMEY.

STOOD one day at famed Lepanto,
Ranged for battle stout and dire,
Christian ships and Christian heroes,
Christian hearts with love on fire.

For the Saviour and His Mother,
For the Crucified and slain;
For the maid who bore the God-man,
Shared His anguish and His pain.

Strong in arms and strong in valor,
Not in these their trust they place,
But in Mary, help of Christians,
Mighty Virgin, full of grace.

High on mast the cross is waving,
Pointing on to deeds of love;
While the dark and gloomy crescent
Droops the Turkish ships above.*

Stern the conflict, fierce the battle,
But the Christians win the day,
For the sea's bright star benignly
Shining on the bloody fray,

Blessed the arms of those who bore them,
And who had invoked her name;
Gave them victory and good fortune,
Put the enemy to shame.

Let us then in all our trials
Think of her our constant aid;
To this potent Help of Christians,
To this clement Mother-Maid,

Let us in these days of sorrow
Our long suffering faith commend;
She will guide the Church to triumph
O'er the world unto the end.

A MARRIAGE OF REASON.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN, LL. D.

XXIII.

AT MRS. CAYRE'S.

KATHARINE read the address over and over again. It was in the handwriting of the notes she had previously received. There was no doubt of that—"Jane Mavrick, care of Mrs. Cayre." On the back of the card were the directions for finding the house. It was far down town. Katharine saw that she must take two lines of street cars to reach it.

What was in store for her? What would this lead to? If Katharine had been a sentimental girl she would have constructed a strange romance upon this and sought high and low for a confidant. The white satin heroine in the old sentimental plays always had a confidant in white muslin, and the sentimental woman in our times finds great happiness when she is unhappy by pouring forth her tale into sympathetic ears. But Katharine was not sentimental.

Mother Ursula had not let her feast on all sorts of novels and had discouraged day dreams; consequently she was without silly conceit or self-consciousness. It must be admitted that if she had been a different kind of young woman, she might have had some reason to believe that she was specially marked out for special favor. Had she not been made a belle on her first entrance into society? Had not the most sought after man in town proposed to her? And was not a Lord—truly only a Lord by courtesy—waiting for her now?

But Katharine saw nothing remarkable in all this. She was not a remarkably brilliant girl; she was only a naturally good girl, perfectly trained to see clearly right from wrong and not to put undue value on earthly things.

At funerals sometimes when the priests speak about the worthlessness of earthly gain, the on-lookers say to themselves, "Ah, if he had not paid attention to money-getting, he would not have silver handles to his coffin." But Katharine would not have cared for the silver handles; she saw with a straight simplicity beyond. She was simply the result of the teaching of the nuns, who had voluntarily chosen the Lady Poverty as their mistress.

On the morning of the next day, she went out to Mass, and then breakfasted in her room. Would her aunt come? Well, if she did, there was only one condition for a return to Kenwood—Lord Marchmont must not be mentioned. But her aunt did not come; a telegram did:

"Come back at once—or you shall never come back. A sensation or even a scandal will not frighten me."

Katharine tore up the paper. She could see that her aunt thought she had run away, to make a sensation. She took the Chestnut Street car and rode toward the river. It was a bright morning and she enjoyed the drive.

She changed cars and went down another street—down through a neighborhood whose horrible squalor appalled her. She shrank back in horror; she had never seen anything like this. Early as it was, dishevelled women, white and black, sat on the low door-steps or lounged about the damp and dirty pavements, and groups of all ages, men, women and children, mostly black, were gathered about stands, where oysters and crabs were sold. There were strange smells, and the car was obliged to stop in order that a wretched woman, scolding and mad with drink, could be conveyed from one side of the street to the other.

Katharine had never seen this sort of poverty, poverty and laziness, and sin—poverty the result of self-indulgence. Farther down and farther down, she drove, until she came almost in sight of green fields. Then the conductor told her that she had reached her destination. The houses for many squares had pleased her by their neatness and cleanliness, but rather wearied her by their monotony. Red brick and white paint seemed to stretch for miles—brick scrupulously red and paint scrupulously white. Everybody visible seemed to be engaged in cleaning the front of their houses. Some of the houses were fine and handsome, but all without one patch of green in front of them—or, when there was a patch of green, it was banked in by two other houses. This struck Katharine as sad. A world without patches of green had no attraction for her. Not a flower or a shrub in all this vast expanse of brick walls—not a half acre in which little children could play. It is true, she saw some digging in the gutters, and she longed to take them out to Kenwood and to give them the run of the garden.

The number on the slip of paper led her to a dazzlingly red and white house, two stories in height, with a slanting roof, and an attic beneath it. She walked up the three snowy stone steps, and pulled a dazzlingly brilliant bell-handle.

A woman answered—a rather tall woman, neatly dressed in a gown of calico; Katharine's quick glance read that she had once been beautiful, that she would be beautiful now, were it not for the lack of color and the careworn look of the face. Hair of a peculiar light color, between brown and a grayish tint, was knotted at the back of the head. There was such a wealth of it; it escaped in a hundred tendrils about her neck; and it was the first feature that struck Katharine in the woman before her. Katharine had no need to tell her name. The woman's face changed at sight of her; it had been cold, white, almost stern; it suddenly took on another look. A smile made her face sunny for a moment.

"You are Miss O'Connor?"

"And you—and you?" began Katharine, standing in the box-like hall and gazing earnestly at the young woman. This was the face she had seen at the carriage window, and she had seen it before that—somewhere—but where?

"Oh, I am Mrs. Cayre—Jennie Mavrick's sister," said the woman heartily, as she led the way into a little cheery room.

Beyond, Katharine could see the kitchen. There was a glim-

mer of sunlight through yellow shades there, on tin and silver. The dining room was not so bright; it was by comparison in semi-gloom; but Katharine could make out an engraving of Murillo's Immaculate Conception over the lounge, and see that the paper was of a soft and tasteful color. A table covered by a red cloth, stood near the window, on the sill of which a geranium upheld early clusters against a dainty white curtain.

A crimson curtain separated this dining-room from another apartment, which was doubtless the parlor. Katharine took the chair which Mrs. Cayre offered with grace and kindness.

"Your sister has told you that I need a room."

"Yes," answered the woman, "and I hope you will like it here. It is far down town, but then the cars are so convenient. And if you write books, you know, it will not make much difference where you live."

"Write books!" said Katharine, in amazement. "Why, if I write a letter, it is a great acquirement for me! Who could have told you that?"

"Perhaps I must have misunderstood after all, I think Jennie merely said you seemed clever enough to write books."

"Jennie is kind," said Katharine, smiling. She looked into the bluish gray eyes of the woman; they were honest, merrie eyes, with neither flattery nor satire in them.

"I shall look out for music pupils."

"We are very poor, you know—and I do all the work myself; perhaps our ways will not suit you, though I should like to have you."

There was a cordial light in Mrs. Cayre's eyes; and Katharine wondered why she should show so much interest.

"I am poor, too," said Katharine, "and I want to learn how to live within my means, and I hope you may teach me—how pretty your picture is—and everything seems nice—you don't seem to be poor at all!"

"But we are," said Mrs. Cayre, "and it takes great planning to keep everything so neat, and I flatter myself it is neat. In the summer we have a very pretty yard. I hope you like flowers."

"Indeed I do! But, if you will show me the room—"

Mrs. Cayre rose, and led the way up a narrow staircase. She ushered Katharine into a square room smelling of lavender. The paper on the walls was white, with pink garlands of rosebuds scattered over it; the counterpane on the bed was similarly decorated; the bureau and its glass were almost entirely draped

with white muslin and pale pink ribbon. On the mantle-piece stood an image of the Blessed Virgin—a cheap plaster image, but in front of it were a few geraniums and a sprig of mignonette. The floor was painted white, a thick rug of artistically woven rags lying in front of the bed.

“It is very pretty!”

Mrs. Cayre’s face, which had worn a look of great anxiety, smiled.

“I arranged it myself—I painted the counterpane when I was too ill to do anything else, and, when I got better, I put those roses on the wall. It was a tedious job, but I did my best.”

“And you succeeded!” cried Katharine, warmly. “They are La France roses, too. How I love them!”

She noticed that the roses she had given Jennie the night before were grouped before a small metal crucifix on the bureau. The room was small; it would probably be hot in summer, and cold in winter, in spite of the little stove in it. But, as Katharine reflected, she was poor, and she must put up with some discomforts. There was a bath-room over the kitchen. Mrs. Cayre and her sister occupied the attic, and the back room could be rented by Katharine, too, if she wanted it. The terms seemed low to Katharine; she paid a month in advance, and then re-examined the room with interest and a feeling of possession. She observed two little blue shoes on the bureau, half-hidden by the roses. She picked them up; they had been worn; the marks of the little toes were visible and the heel in one was worn. Katharine involuntarily kissed them; she loved little children even better than flowers.

She turned, to see tears in her companion’s eyes.

“Whose are these?” she asked.

“Yours,” whispered the woman, in a broken voice. “Don’t you remember? Oh, do not speak to me—do not speak to me! I can never feel joy again! And yet you alone make it possible.”

Katharine put down the shoes gently among the flowers. She turned again to the woman. Was she mad? After all, perhaps it was unsafe to take this room in the house of an unknown person. The woman covered her face with her hands.

“Ah, Miss O’Conor, I should be in despair if it were not for you. You gave me hope. You could not save my little one’s life, but you saved its soul. It is now among those who are in the full presence of God.”

Katharine was puzzled. The woman was sincere; her sobs

attested that. A light broke upon her; she recalled the journey with Mr. and Mrs. Percival from the convent of Our Lady of the Rosary, and the scene of the Baptism. So this was the mother! Now she knew where she had seen the face. No wonder that she had been ill, no wonder that she looked careworn.

"Ah, I remember," said Katharine, "and I thank God that He gave me the sweet privilege of helping that little child to its place near the Divine Infant. Surely it was a great privilege! And you have lost your husband, too—poor dear!"

And Katharine kissed her. Mrs. Cayre's face hardened.

"My husband?—Oh yes," she said, "I lost him."

There was silence. The softness and tenderness of the moment before had gone. There was a chill in the air. Mrs. Cayre averted her face from Katharine, who went to the window to look at the dreary row of brick houses opposite. How strange life seemed, how small the world! And how helpfulness for one another makes hidden, golden chains through it all! These thoughts ran through Katharine's mind, though she was not given to such reflections.

"I will come this afternoon," Katharine said. Mrs. Cayre silently led her downstairs; there, with a certain pride, she drew aside the crimson curtains and showed the parlor, a small, square room in semi-gloom, for the shutters were closed. There were prettily draped chairs, a small, old-fashioned piano, a rug on the painted floor, and a few drawings on the wall. Evidently people could be refined, even if they were poor; she had a peculiar satisfaction in the thought.

She gave her hand to Mrs. Cayre, at the door.

"You will be back to tea?" asked the latter, wistfully.

"Oh, yes," said Katharine, "if it is convenient."

"Jennie will be happy," answered Mrs. Cayre, "she has so few friends of her own age, and she wants to like you, if you will let her, though your positions are so different."

Katharine smiled. "I don't see that, we must both work and I am glad she likes me." she paused; would it be well to ask about the notes.

Perhaps Mrs. Cayre divined her thought. As they waited on the step for the car to come—Katharine had gone through a cross street to reach the lawn—the woman said, timidly:

"Will you let me ask a question?"

"Willingly," said Katharine.

"Are you engaged to be married—the papers say—"

"I am not engaged to be married, and I never have been!"

said Katharine, decidedly.

"Thank Heaven!" said Mrs. Cayre; and she said to herself: "Now I can keep my secret."

Katharine's car came; she was glad to let the affair of the notes alone. What difference did it make now?

XXIV.

A QUESTION OF SPELLING.

"No," Katharine said, "no." She stood, facing Mrs. Percival in her room at the hotel; she spoke firmly yet in that low tone which the careful cultivation of the nuns had given to her voice; and consequently Katharine's "no" was deprived of all offense in Mrs. Percival's ears, for Mrs. Percival could forgive almost anything that was not ill-bred.

"My dear," Mrs. Percival urged, "you are doing a most foolish thing. You are throwing yourself away. You are rushing into poverty. I admit that your aunt is a scheming, designing, underbred woman, but—"

"No word against my aunt, please, dear Mrs. Percival," said Katharine, "she is my uncle's wife, and she has been kind to me. I am grateful for your offer—I am indeed, but I can not accept it."

"Why not?" Mrs. Percival leaned back in the large, easy chair, which gave the hotel room an unusual air of luxuriousness. "Why not? Mr. Percival likes you, I like you. You have only to come to us. The arrangement can easily be made with your aunt, and the thing done very quietly."

"It is very kind, Mrs. Percival," Katharine answered, "I may say that, except my uncle, I like you and Mr. Percival better than anybody I have met—in the world. And I am sure that I might learn to like you almost as well as Mother Ursula and the Sisters, if I knew you better. But how could I live on your bounty? I have a sort of claim on my uncle because he is my uncle. But how could I live in idleness, supported by Mr. Percival. It would not do."

"Idleness!" exclaimed Mrs. Percival. "What nonsense! you could answer my notes, arrange the flowers for dinner, see people when I am tired. Idleness!—why, Katharine, Mr. Percival would keep you singing to him."

"No," repeated Katharine, "It is better that I should break loose from this kind of life. It is artificial; it does not do me any good; I was never intended for a 'society girl'—never!"

"Why don't you go into a convent, then," said Mrs. Percival, shortly.

"I have no vocation—I wish I had. I thought that you would be one of the last people in the world to forget that the religious life requires a very special vocation."

"Perhaps I have forgotten it," said Mrs. Percival with a sigh. "I fear that this continual rush and bustle rubs the bloom off one's religious impressions."

"I am afraid of that," said Katharine, eagerly. "It is really—"

"Oh, don't preach," interrupted Mrs. Percival, petulantly, "I hate preaching from young girls. How can you defend yourself? How can you explain your going off in this way? It will be hard enough to cover up your running off from your aunt's house without a chaperon as it is. You know very well that of late a chaperon is an absolute necessity. Its only to save you from your own imprudence that I have come after you now."

"I am grateful," answered Katharine, "very grateful. I can understand that a chaperon is a desirable thing in your set, but a working girl can not afford a chaperon, and I prefer to be a working girl rather than a dependent. Let me go on—please! Suppose I lived with you in luxury—a time would come when I should have to look out for myself—and then I should be unprepared for it. I know I am poor, and I accept the fact. My father came to this country and he accepted the fact, and did what he could. And I am willing to do as he did. Mrs. Percival, I will *not* be married for my uncle's money, And I am afraid of this life of 'society;' I might become—"

"Like me—say it out, Katharine—you mean it."

Katharine turned away; she had not intended to say it. Mrs. Percival was silent for a time.

"There is not a girl in society who does not envy your opportunities—and yet you throw them away."

"Would you have me marry Lord Marchmont?"

"And perhaps be a Duchess some day."

"Goodbye, Mrs. Percival—goodbye," Katharine said, kissing her. "If," she added, timidly, "you are ever ill and need me, you will find me a capital nurse—"

"Oh," said Mrs. Percival, impatiently, "I am never ill. Good-bye. But you have disappointed me, Katharine O'Connor. And I am sure Mr. Percival will be disappointed."

She went away. Katharine sat on the bed and cried. It was hardest of all to know that Mr. Percival would be disappointed.

Again she weighed the two lives before her, and again she felt sure that the artificial life as she saw it in society would not suit her. She panted for fresh waters, she wanted to be free to live according to God's will. And then the doubt arose—was it God's will that she should go out into the world, from riches to poverty? She called to mind that our Lord was poor; she thought of the little house down town and of Mrs. Cayre's face. She wiped her eyes and felt comforted. After all, to stay at her uncle's would mean to struggle continually against her aunt's will and perhaps to make a breach between her uncle and aunt; and she felt sure that to take up her residence at Mrs. Percival's, after leaving her uncle's house, would seem a great offense in his eyes.

She strapped her trunk and rang for the porter. Just as the trunk had disappeared, the Lady Alicia entered the room; she was attired in her rough serge suit and thick walking shoes, and a large blue veil did not add to the elegance of her appearance. She threw back her veil, and Katharine observed that she was pale and anxious-looking.

"So you are actually going to play the fool, Kitty—you are really in earnest in doing this Donna Quixota act!" Biddy said, sharply.

Katharine's color rose, but she restrained the words that rose to her lips.

"Cervantes made Don Quixote a very noble gentleman, if I remember," she said, with a smile.

"And so you will give up the best things in life for a whim!"

"If the best things in life are riches and luxury, I am willing to give them up. If they are the best things in life, our Lord lived in vain," Katharine said with spirit.

"Is this the talk of a convent girl?" said the Lady Alicia, with sarcasm.

"I don't know what your convent girls are taught, but we are taught here in America that the best things under Heaven are not money and luxuries. We are not taught that to marry for these things is the sole duty of women."

Katharine's temper was rising. Biddy changed color; she had a temper, too.

"Do you mean that for me, Kitty O'Conor?"

"Perhaps I did mean it for you," said Katharine, hastily. "Biddy, I don't want to quarrel. You will never understand me, so what's the use of talking."

The Lady Alicia went to the window and drummed on the

pane with her fingers. Katharine held the door knob in her hand; she was anxious to be gone.

"Do you think Wirt Percival could deceive me in any way? Do you think that there is any truth in that note?"

Katharine turned in amazement.

"You don't mean to say that you have such a doubt of the man you promised to marry? Oh, Biddy!"

The Lady Alicia raised her eyeglass, with an attempt at insolence. Kitty O'Connor was a nice girl, no doubt, but she might go too far. The eyeglass dropped; Katharine was not at all subdued.

"I do distrust Mr. Percival," she said, after an uneasy pause. "You Americans have such lax ideas about marriage and divorce—and the man has no religion. He may be a Mormon for all I know—Americans are so queer."

Katharine put her hand on the knob again; she was disgusted.

"I might have known that you wouldn't let such a prize escape you, if there wasn't something wrong about him."

"Good bye," said Katharine, opening the door.

"Stop!" cried the Lady Alicia, "I am wretched, Kitty—can't you see it? I can't ask this man whether he is divorced or not—and they say in Dublin that half America is divorced—and I haven't any mother to do it. Don't you see how wretched I am? If he were a Catholic, I should be safe—but, as it is, I am not at all sure. At home everybody knows everybody, and one is pretty safe. But here—Oh, don't you see how wretched I am?"

"Very wretched," said Katharine, "to think of marrying a man whom you distrust. I can't imagine anybody more wretched."

The Lady Alicia rose angrily.

"What am I to do? I can't marry at home unless I go down in the social scale. I haven't any money, and nobody at home in our set would marry me without a *dot*. You ought to know that. What am I to do?"

Biddy intended this question to be pathetic. But Katharine did not understand it that way.

"Work," she said.

"Work?" repeated the Lady Alicia, sarcastically. "Work! Starve, be a pauper, live a pauper, die a pauper! What can I work at? One of your newspaper men offered me a lot of money for a series of articles on 'How They Act in English Society.' I shall do that, and help pay for my trousseau. It won't last long,

though, and I fancy that, when the man sees how I write, he'll be tired of his bargain. I can't even teach you American girls deportment—you've already more style than the Parisians! But don't let us quarrel, as you said. I *must* marry Percival."

"It is worse than death. He does not believe in Christianity even; and for that reason you do not trust him. Biddy, I can *not* understand you. For what our religion teaches us is like a mere passing breath, you are willing to sacrifice what is really best in life—Faith and Peace."

Biddy went up to Katharine and put her arms about her. Katharine felt a tear fall on her hand.

"I wish I had never met you!" she said, passionately. "Nobody ever talked that way to me before. People said, 'Marry for love,' but nobody that I knew could afford to marry for love, and of course the sentimental novels are all nonsense; but we never thought of religion, and yet now I begin to see that religion ought to have something to do with marriage. One can't trust a man in this country, where even the best people don't seem to believe in this country. It is Paganism! You Americans are utterly unscrupulous!"

Katharine could not help smiling—she could not tell why. There was an artless worldliness in the Lady Alicia's point of view which was amusing. Instantly, however, Katharine saw again the miserable side of the affair.

"Wirt Percival is no doubt a gentleman," she said, "I imagine that he would never break a promise he had made. But, Biddy, think of a life spent with a husband whose God is not your God—who will grow year by year more and more apart from you."

"I'm not thinking of the sentimental side, but, Kitty, I have only a short time to stay in the country. It must be Wirt Percival or nobody."

"Let it be nobody, then."

"That is impossible."

Katharine drew away from her friend.

"Goodbye," she said, "I am afraid I shall never see you again; but I will pray for you, Biddy."

"Help me to find out what that note means."

Katharine looked thoughtful.

"I will—and I think I can. Mrs. Cayre is Jennie Mavrick's sister; she knows. Biddy," cried Katharine, as a new light flashed into her mind, "I have it now! Mrs. Cayre is not the wife of Wirt Percival, but of Ferdinand Carey—*Cayre* is Carey—don't you see?"

The Lady Alicia stared. Slowly she was made to understand what Katharine meant.

"Thank you, Kitty," she said, "I believe you are right. The paragraphers—particularly the one that writes in that nasty New York paper—had you engaged to this Carey. Yes, you are right! I am awfully relieved!"

"Goodbye," Katharine said, "I must go. If you have distrusted Wirt Percival once, what guarantee have you that you will not distrust him again?"

Katharine hastily left the room. The Lady Alicia looked after her, looked after her wistfully, and then went down stairs slowly, with a thoughtful look on her face.

(To be continued.)

ST. DOMINIC'S ABBEY, CASHEL.

BY LAURA GREY.

Part II.

WHEN Murtagh O'Brien ("the Burner,") 6th Earl of Torchiquise, (a man whose name must be execrable to the latest posterity, cursed by the widow and the orphan), sat down before the walls of Cashel, a band of Catholics took refuge on the Rock, resolved to sell their lives with bitter cost to the assailants. Now, though it may appear to be a digression, let me inform you that the Rock on which the cathedral stands, towers high above the surrounding country, and looks over against the Dominican Convent.

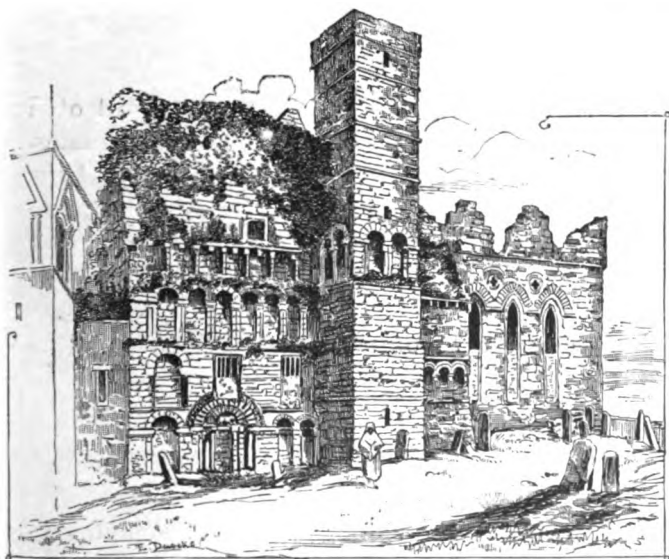


The ascent to this elevated place was then very difficult, and on its summit was a small green spot hard by the ruin of what was once the treasury, whilst yet the Milesian kings ruled in the land. On the eminence stood a gorgeous shrine erected by Cormac O'Cuillenan, and next to it the cathedral church sacred to St. Patrick.

To this church Father Barry betook himself, and when the assault was made by Torchiquin, those who held possession of the temple made a heroic effort to repel it.

About 80 men fell on both sides; and when the priests had been cut to pieces, Richard Barry alone survived. God reserved him for greater trials.

The captain who commanded the assault had scarcely entered the desecrated precincts, when seeing the venerable friar in his habit, and struck by his noble and sanctified appearance, he thus addressed him: "Your life is your own provided you fling off that habit," (for the father was clothed in the habit of his Order,) "but if you cling to such a banner, you will compromise your life."



"You are to know," replied Richard, "that this habit represents the Passion of Christ our Lord; it is the livery of my warfare; and if you are disposed to save me, you must respect it."

"Think more wisely," rejoined the captain; "abandon this blind passion for martyrdom, for if you do not comply with our orders death awaits you."

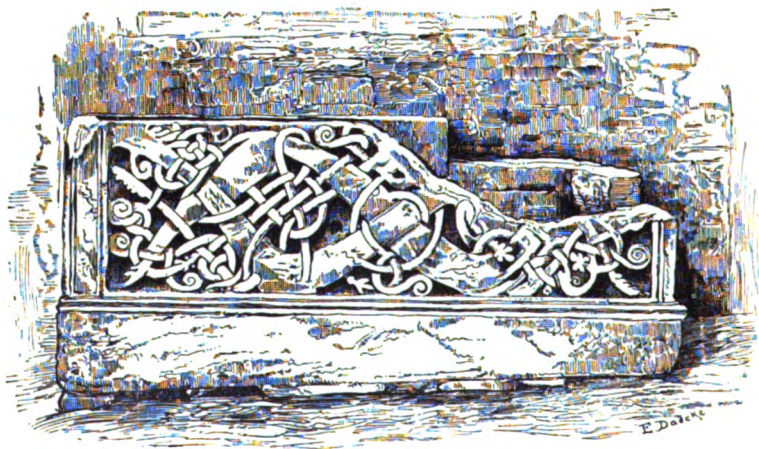
"Be it so," said the father. "Your cruelties will be to me a blessing, and death itself great gain."

Infuriated by this answer they bound the venerable man to a stone chair, kindled a slow fire under his feet and legs, till after two hours of torture, his eyes beheld that heaven which he was about to enter.

Such is the narrative of "Dominic of the Rosary."

Father Reginald Walsh (an Irish Dominican of our own day,) tells us in his interesting articles on the "Irish Dominican martyrs," that Father Barry was released from his sufferings by a sword being thrust through his breast, and the habit he loved and died for, was crimsoned with his blood.

"Further, Dominic of the Rosary adds, that though three days had elapsed between the death and burial of the martyr, the charred limbs and wound in his side bled freely. The martyrdom took place Sept. 16th, 1647.



FONT OR STONE COFFIN OF THE FOUNDER OF CORMAC'S CHAPEL, ROCK OF CASHEL, SYMBOLIZING ETERNITY.

A devout woman of the Third Order of St. Dominic recognized the body amongst the slain and had it conveyed to St. Dominic's Abbey, where it was buried by the Brethren in the cemetery. Fra Dominic tells us no more of his martyred brother in Christ. When I visited the Rock of Cashel, I saw the spot where the stone chair stood, on which Father Barry was consumed by fire. Tradition says the seat was fastened to the pillar which supports the gallery at the end of the Cathedral.

Next, descending from the Rock, I passed along the winding by-path by which the sacred relics were carried home to the Abbey.

No remnant of the High Altar remains. On its marble steps were placed the lifeless form of the Prior, robed in his blood-stained habit, whilst his brethren sang the *Te Deum*, rejoicing at the entrance of another citizen into Heaven.

The cemetery where they interred Father Barry is now a vegetable garden. The cloisters bounding it have disappeared. Not even the foundations remain.

In the centre grows a high lime tree. Underneath, your guide will tell you, rest the remains of the intrepid Dominican. Some years since, a local antiquarian delved several feet deep into the earth, in hopes of finding some remains of the martyr, but his efforts proved fruitless.

In the hurry of that night of carnage he was buried without shroud or coffin, in his habit, and in due time his bones mingled with the clay.

I bore away a bunch of lime leaves, from the tree which watched over him. They will always recall my visit to St. Dominic's Abbey, Cashel.

A DEVOUT EXPLANATION OF THE "OUR FATHER."

FROM ST. THOMAS AQUINAS.

(Continued.)

WE also pray that God's Kingdom may come, because of His wonderful riches. Eye has not seen what God has prepared for those who love Him.* He fills us with good things.† And remember that we shall find in God, the excellence and perfection of all that we see of good in the world. If you seek riches, in God you will find the plenitude. "The soul defiled," says St. Augustine, "seeks outside of God, what can be found in its purity and beauty, only by returning to God." Again we pray that God's

* Is. LXIV., 4. † Ps., CII., 5.

Kingdom may come to overthrow the reign of sin, for sin reigns in the world when men are so disposed that immediately they yield to the appetite for sin. Therefore the apostle says "Let not sin reign in your mortal body."† Rather should God govern our hearts, "Sion, thy God shall reign,"§ when thou art prepared to obey God and to keep all His commandments. When, therefore, we say "Thy Kingdom come," we pray that God and not sin may reign in our hearts. Through this petition we shall finally come to the happiness of Heaven, of which it is said "Blessed are the meek for they shall possess the land."||

Now according to one explanation of this text, when a man desires that God shall be the Lord of all, he does not seek to revenge injuries, but leaves it to God. For if we seek revenge we do not desire the Kingdom of God. And another explanation says that if we expect the Kingdom of God, that is the glory of Paradise, we shall not care what earthly losses or injuries we may sustain. And again, if we are anxious to have God reign over us through Christ, we ought to be meek of heart, after the model of our Lord, "Learn of me because I am meek and humble of heart."¶ "And you took with joy, the being stripped of your own goods, knowing that you have a better and a lasting substance."**

THE ROSARY AND THE DEVOTION TO THE HOLY FACE.

BY A DOMINICAN SISTER.

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Among the wondrous organs that support human life, and carry it to its perfection, or its speedy dissolution, the brain is the most honorable, sitting enthroned in the head, the loftiest part of the human structure. So busy a monarch is this mysterious brain, it resents intrusions and shrinks from publicity; for its shelter, therefore, it has that marvel of architectural skill, the human skull, and for its screen the still more marvelous human face.

"The faces we meet" is a subject upon which many a student has written, with glowing eloquence and profound ignorance; a subject better suited to a philosopher's pen—a Christian philosopher's pen—and we doubt if even he could exhaust its suggestive-

† Rom. VI, 12; § Is. LII, 7. || Matt. V. 4. ¶ Matt. XI, 29; **Heb X, 34.

ness. Be this as it may, burning thoughts and sweetest memories arise in the mind at the recollection of certain faces. The screen has the power of reflecting the lineaments of the monarch it conceals, and of portraying his dominant thought, his ruling emotion. Hence the face is regarded as the most honorable part of man's physical form, and any insult to it is peculiarly abhorrent and most bitterly resented.

To all our mental queries, regarding friend or foe, we seek an answer in his face. It is the face of his mother that the infant caresses with tiny, loving hand, and it is toward this same dear face that his eyes wander, as he lies in the agony of death. We recall not the form, but the face of our absent friend, and, when overwhelmed with a sense of our sinfulness, we cry out, "Turn not thy face away from me, O my God, but look upon me with pity and compassion," we feel assured that if our Heavenly Father but turns His face towards us, His hands will be stretched forth to save us. If His face bends above us, it is because His Heart is inclined to receive us.

A truly noble and most touching devotion is that of the Holy Face of Our Lord. We cannot meditate on the mysteries of our rosary without contemplating our Lord's beautiful humanity, and prostrating ourselves before it, as we behold it everywhere manifesting His ineffable divinity. In the first joyous mystery, as in the Blessed Sacrament, the Holy Face is hidden from the eyes of man, yet from the bosom of the Virgin Mother, as from the tabernacle, went forth the radiance of its glance to illumine the world, and to show it where to find peace and joy. Mary, Queen of Charity, wends her way over the hills of Judea for the Visitation of Saint Elizabeth, and carries with her the Holy Hidden Face. Vain and worthless the deed of charity or the word of kindness that has not the face of Jesus hidden within it. Multitudes of meritorious deeds are done with unmeriting zeal; the Holy Face is not stamped upon them; the effigy of the world is there instead, and the Supreme Judge renders to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's; when He finds the supernatural motive He beholds upon the coin of human acts the face of His Son, and then does he render to God the things that are God's, and to the child of God, eternal merit.

The shepherds of Judea and the wise men from afar enter the stable at Bethlehem, and behold! they find between them and the majesty of the Divinity only an infant's face. What a subject for meditation is that soft, dimpled cheek, that small, but nobly-arching-brow, that quivering baby mouth, those infantine but far-

seeing eyes! The face of a babe screening the beatific vision of a God! Not less deep are the thoughts awakened, as we contemplate Holy Simeon gazing upon that same dear little face, on the occasion of the Presentation, or as we, with Mary and Joseph, discover the divine Boy disputing with the Doctors in the Temple, while they, astounded at the wisdom of His answers, gaze with awe upon His face, failing to see the Supreme Giver of the Law in this its youthful interpreter.

Thus the beads have slipped through our fingers, and the Hail Mary has dropped from our lips, while our eyes have been fixed on the Holy Face in its beauty. In the next five mysteries we behold it in its disfigurement; bathed in a bloody sweat; beaten and spit upon; mantled with a blush of shame, in the scourging; haggard with pain, in the crowning with thorns; bent toward earth in the weary way to Calvary; turned heavenward, in the crucifixion, and again earthward, when the cross stands erect. What food for devout thought and tender meditation. No trace here of Bethlehem's innocent loveliness, or of Nazareth's boyish beauty; no promise, but faith in His word, of the glory of the Resurrection. Divinity veiled by a face of flesh was wonderful indeed, but Divinity, veiled by a wounded, disfigured, blood-stained face—even more by a livid, dead face—this is almost inconceivable, yet before the crucifix we bow and express our faith, while our soul is filled with fear at the thought of what we creatures dare to do before the Face of our God. Sore need we have to say our rosary, and to prostrate ourselves, in each of its mysteries, at the feet of Him whom we entreat to turn towards us His Holy Face.

St. John tells us in his beautiful Gospel that when Mary Magdalen turned from the sepulchre, where she had failed to find the body of our Lord, she "saw Jesus standing: and she knew not that it was Jesus." The glorified face of our risen Lord was not easily recognized by the loving eyes that had so lately beheld its sacred features livid in death. "Jesus said to her: 'Mary.' She, turning, saith to him: 'Rabboni.'" [that is to say, Master.] What joy must have been hers in that recognition of the Master, her Lord, her Friend. How fruitful a meditation for us is the expression of the Holy Face as it looks upon a soul that is in all particulars pleasing to the Sacred Heart.

A fitting intention for a decade of our rosary would be the obtaining of grace to deserve from the Holy Face the look it turned upon Mary Magdalen.

During the forty days that our Lord remained on earth, after His resurrection, how the apostles must have studied His face, trying to catch the meaning of each marvelous change of expression, and to stamp upon their hearts each sacred feature, that when He should go to His Father, they might possess a recollection so intense as almost to equal reality.

We find the Ascension among the glorious mysteries, and it is proof that an event may be glorious, and yet ineffably sad. The Apostles and the Virgin Mother rejoiced indeed in the triumph of their Lord, rejoiced, too, that He had gone to send them the Paraclete, the Comforter, yet must not their hearts have fainted within them when "the cloud received Him out of their sight," and that face so dear, so adorable was withdrawn from their view? We may well believe it. Yet St. Luke tells us "They adoring, went back to Jerusalem with great joy." Hope went with them. However many the years, it would not be long, compared with eternity, till they should see that face again, not darkly, as under a veil, but in its divine beauty and splendor. And did not they feel an assurance, when the Holy Spirit descended upon them, that the face of their Heavenly Master bent over them? The Seven gifts enabled them to see and to know that face as they had not seen or known it before; now they realized, with deeper feeling, the insults it had received on earth, and with higher joy the honor it was receiving in Heaven.

What must a look of expectation be on a divine face! The poor weak, human way of expressing ourselves that Father Faber so often bewails, must not lead us astray. Of course God never expects, for to Him all things are present, but how shall we qualify the expression on the human face of the Divine Son as the angels celebrated the first glad feast of the Assumption of His holy Mother? What a beautiful subject for meditation—what an inspiration to the most loving devotion!

The mystery of the Coronation is given out, when the rosary is recited aloud, and many of us respond thoughtlessly to the Our Father and the Hail Mary, our dull mind so sluggish, our dull hearts so inactive and unfeeling—Oh! if we were but to think of what our Lady's Coronation means, if we would but rouse our minds to picture the face of our Lord as He receives into Heaven this spotless, radiant being, and crowns her as the Mother of God and Queen of Heaven, how our love for both would increase, how firm would become our faith, how unwavering our hope, and how

fervently and effectively would we join our voices with those of the saints in chanting the Hail Holy Queen!

ST. CLARA'S, SINSINAWA MOUND, WIS.

THANKSGIVING TO THE SACRED HEART.

BY MARGARET E. JORDAN.

I.

We thank Thee, Lord, that ever waking, sleeping,
In toil or rest or round Thine altar kneeling,
We dwell secure within Thy blessed keeping;
Each hour new tokens of Thy love revealing.

II.

We thank Thee, Lord, that every pain or pleasure
Thy Sacred Heart would fain with us be sharing;
The meed of joy increasing without measure;
The heavy part of all our sorrows bearing.

III.

We thank Thee, Lord, that when the heart's devotion
Grows faint, and when the weary spirit falters,
Strength we may find e'en 'mid the world's commotion,
For Thou art ever dwelling on our altars.

THE month of the Sacred Heart reminds us of the doctrine of the Blessed De Montfort from whose writings we have occasionally made edifying extracts. It will be a portion of THE ROSARY'S labors hereafter to make known more fully the teaching of this great man on the power and grace of our Lady to bring us to our Blessed Lord. We ask all our readers therefore, carefully to read the "NOTES" and various extracts published from time to time.

The Children of the Rosary.

CONDUCTED BY AQUINAS.

THE THIRD SORROWFUL MYSTERY.

THEY weave a crown of cruel thorns
And press it on His Sacred Head.
Oh, could we weave a crown of flowers
And twine it round His brow instead!

But, children, e'en the sweetest flowers
May hide deep piercing thorns beneath:
Sin wounds the Heart of Jesus more
Than wounds His brow that thorny
wreath.



CHILDREN dear, we now come to that part of our Blessed Lord's sufferings when He was cruelly crowned with thorns. You know that kings on earth wear a crown. The enemies of our Lord, hearing that He was called a king, but not knowing that His Kingdom is Heaven, prepared to crown Him, but only in mockery and cruel pain. Having torn off His clothing, thus opening again the wounds of His scourging, they put on Him an old robe as if it were the cloak of a king; they put a rod in His hand as if it were the sceptre of a king; and then having blindfolded Him and having spat on Him, while treating Him with all manner of contempt, they made out of long, sharp thorns, a crown and pressed it on His sacred head and beat it down, till the points pierced deep, and the blood ran in many streams over His blessed but disfigured face.

O children dear, think how much your loving Saviour suffered, especially because many are proud and disobedient and turn their minds away from God. Look at your dear Lord bearing the crown so cruel and bloody, and tell Him that for love of Him you will try to be humble, obedient and faithful ever more.

CHARLEY'S CHANCE.

BY MRS. C. A. GILLESPIE.

I.

"JOHN, if you wouldn't take such long steps, I could put my feet in the same prints, and then I wouldn't sink so deep in the mud."

John, a great, ungainly fellow of twenty, with drooping eyes and mouth, and big, work-hardened knuckles, swung a strap of books to the other shoulder, and for answer took the little pale blue-eyed chap in his arms and trudged on.

Two thin, dirty hands met around his neck, and presently the weak voice piped, "John!"

"Well!"

"Did you understand what Father Doyle meant about the ladder?"

"I dunno. Did you, Charley?"

"Wasn't it that each kind or helpful deed done to another raised us a step higher?"

"I guess that was it."

"But what's at the top of the ladder, John?"

"Character," he said.

"I don't know what that means; though I heard father say Bill Sykes was a man of no character."

"That's it, I reckon. To be different in every way from him."

No more was said and the two passed on in the deepening twilight of a short December day. Their rugged path wound round the sharp knob of some low mountain on the borders of the state. Heavy rains and a spongy soil made walking hard work. At last they came to a narrow plank laid far above a turbid stream. Here John put his burden down, and they cautiously trod the wet, slippery bridge. On the other side a short, steep hill confronted them.

It was climbed in silence, and then both swung over a low, worm fence and across a sedge field, in the far corner of which stood their home, if such a miserable shed could be called home. We wonder if THE ROSARY ever reaches homes like this. It was built of logs roughly chinked in with stones and plaster. A pioneer settler had put it up nearly a century before, and the

wood now looked black and rotten with age. There were two rooms built on each side of an uncouth chimney, and a low loft formed a half story, while in each apartment a diminutive window seemed only to make the darkness visible.

Charley got from the big stone forming a door step to the elevating sill, by putting up his knees first. John had strode on before him, pushing the chair that held the door to, inwards, and when Charley had clambered up he replaced it. The child never remembered the door having any other fastening, though there was a hole for a latch, long since broken. Inside the room another lad of about fifteen was asleep upon two chairs, his swollen cheeks and the greasy cloth around his head proclaiming mumps. An oldish man with thin face and lank hair was on a stool, his arms resting on his knees, and his hands, long and thin like Charley's, were stretched out over a tolerable fire, made up of broken fence rails and knotty tree roots. The immense fire place, blackened with smoke, yawned like the mouth of some dark cavern, and the fitful glare of the flames lighted up a dingy room, destitute of everything but the barest necessities.

John brought forward the only remaining seat, a kind of bench made from the outside slab of a tree, the bark still clinging to the under side, into which were stuck some uneven wooden pegs. Charley climbed upon it, and John seating himself beside him, spread out his hands towards the flames also.

"Late," said the old man, shifting a quid of tobacco to the other jaw.

"Yes, father," struck up Charley, "and we wouldn't have been here now if John hadn't carried me half way, I got so tired."

"You're too little to go to school any how."

"There's littler boys nor me there, and you said you'd give me a chance 'cause my back's weak."

"Yes, yes, you can go all you want, and Sam, too, as soon as he's able, but what you mean, John Clark, I dunno, to stop railing right here in the middle of the season, and start off to school. I thought you'd done with that four year ago."

"I don't want to argufy, father, but Miss Dodge, she told Sam here that she could teach a boy to write a decent letter in six weeks, and I'm going to let her try her hand on me. I'll pay you for the grub I eat next summer, and I'd ruther know how to write than make nine or ten dollars railing. You never give me a chance when I was a little chap. I've picked up readin' myself, and now

I'm determined to know how to write." And despite the drooping mouth, the poor, ugly face looked manly and resolute.

"I give you as much chance as I ever had. Two months every winter for five year. I've had a hard struggle, as it is, since your mother left me with a baby on my hands." This was said querulously, as if the sad-hearted, over-worked wife had been to blame for dying.

"I 'spose it was a chance, but I was too young to understand, and learned more about marbles and ninepins than I did about my books, 'sides we had no such teacher as Miss Dodge. She cares for a fellow, and is sorry he don't know as much as she does. I wish she'd come here ten year ago, but 'its never too late to mend.' "

Here John rose and set about getting something to eat. A pot of coffee was made, and some "slap jack" cakes of corn meal fried in a pan with some bacon. The sick boy could swallow nothing, and after supper was taken by his father to bed in the next room. Charley and John conned some thumb worn books until the tallow dip went out, and then, covering up the embers, they ascended the ladder to the loft, and the humble "shake-down" which they shared together.

There was a great, big, soft spot in John's heart for this little brother, who had been placed in his arms eight years before by a dying mother. He had slept in his bed ever since, and always fell asleep with one of John's horny hands clasped tightly between his own. There was nothing of the hero in this great awkward John. He was slow and dull, and the inward life and high purposes but seldom made themselves felt. He was of the earth, earthy, but the germ of good was there as it is in each of us, and Charley's weakness and need of help, and the clinging of Charley's little fingers were the dew and sunshine that were to develop that germ, and to enable it to burst through that strata of ignorance and a hard, sordid life, and to spring up and grow heavenward, a thing of beauty and of use. In the past year, since Charley first started to school, he had been made painfully aware of his own great need of education, by the little fellow's artless questions; for in his love and reverence for his big brother, he would come to him to confirm or explain the assertions of his teacher, never doubting that John was wiser than she. It was these questions and Charley's account of Miss Dodge that had awakened a tardy thirst for knowledge, and determined John to

make one more effort that winter; and this was the close of his first day at school. The teacher understood the preciousness of every hour to this stalwart six-footer who stood so humbly before her, snatching himself, as it were, from a life of toil to lend his nobler powers for a few short weeks to the pursuit of wisdom. She therefore assigned him special studies, and told him she would further assist him after school hours if he would remain. She little knew, looking at his stolid face, how this kindness had opened windows in unused rooms in John's heart, and let a whole flood of sunshine into his life, and that instead of the awkward bow as he left he would like to have knelt and kissed the hem of her dress. Her goodness and compassion made God and all goodness seem real; before it had been a thing to hear about on Sunday from the pulpit. Now it was a mighty billow that heaved his heart heavenward. He fell asleep thinking of her plain, pleasant face, while Charley dreamed that a rosary hanging at the head of their bed had lengthened out into a ladder, up which he was trying to drag his father and brothers, while his mother stood at the top of it.

The next morning he awoke with a face the counterpart of Sam's, and John started off to school alone, leaving the sick boy in charge of their father, who never worked when he could find an excuse for doing nothing. It was a clear cold crisp morning. A light snow had fallen during the night, and was now clinging to every object, veiling the ugliness and nakedness of winter in a robe of weird beauty, and softening the outlines of the hills, "rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun." Here and there the face of some gray, moss-grown landmark was fringed with pendant icicles, glittering in the morning light. Winter wears her finest face on such a day, and John was not insensible to her loveliness, but paused more than once in his brisk walk to peer through the trees at the snowy vista extending in every direction. At a turn in the road several schoolmates joined him, and in a few moments the noisy chattering group had reached the school-house. It was an old, square, log building, standing on a hill side, with queer little many paned windows, and queerer desks and benches; built, oh, ever so many years ago! unsheltered by trees, very warm in summer and very cold in winter. The country road grazed the door, and no place could have seemed more unsuitable for a school, but the teacher, a middle aged woman with a gentle voice, made it seem very nice for the poor little lads and lassies, most of whom came from very humble homes.

and would have thought the elegance and adornment of a city school house quite superfluous.

It was a rough looking, homely group that stood around the old "ten plate" stove. Under some influences they would have appeared unpromising enough, but they were very dear to the pale, little woman, who, coming from an opposite direction entered the room with John. She lived in and for her pupils, having, in fact, very little else to live for; and loving and understanding them, she was beloved in return, and John was not the only one who felt each hour precious and important, for more than half of them were plough boys, whom the first spring like day would put behind a horse.

"Where is Charley, John?" asked Miss Dodge as she hung up her shawl and hood.

"Him and Sam's got the mumps, ma'am."

"That makes ten down. I think I must try to get around to see my sick, pretty soon."

"Please, Miss Dodge," cried one of the girls, "you promised to go home with me to-night, and we live right near John's."

"Very well, Nancy, you shall take me."

At four o'clock behold Miss Dodge mounted on a very raw-boned animal that had been sent for her! Nancy's fat legs and red head peeping out behind, as they jogged up Lone Mountain. John had hurried on before, and they found a clean swept hearth and the two podgy faced boys ranged on the short bench leaving the chairs for the teacher and Nancy. The old man, as Lone Mountaineers designated all fathers, had brushed up a little and welcomed Miss Dodge by saying his boys seemed to take a deal of stock in their teacher.

In the swift womanly way that some women have, and without seeming to take liberties, she soon had the swollen dirty faces bathed in some liniment she had brought, and bound up in sweet, clean cloths, telling all the time a funny anecdote about when she had the mumps. She did not stay an hour, and yet ere she left the father had been made to feel that it would be a fine thing for his boys to have an "eddication." Each one had been treated with so much consideration and respect, that all thought better of themselves and of each other. Two pretty chromos tacked up against the wall made the old shed look more homelike; a spot outside the door had been selected for a flower garden, and some seed and plants promised in the Spring. A halo seemed to rest on the poor womanless home that lasted for many a day. Char-

ley had only to close his eyes and he saw her there again, felt the touch of her tender hands, watched her walk across the room and out the door, which that moment his father determined should have a latch before another nightfall; and it has one, and no more was said about John's wasting his time.

The first day Charley was able to attend school, found him in his place, and to his regret he was obliged, on account of the crowded condition of the school, to sit between John and a boy named Jim Sykes, a son of that very man whom his father held in such light esteem. Jim was "a chip off the old block," and was as much despised by the better class of pupils, as his father was by the respectable part of the community. He only came to school by fits and starts, and then with the avowed determination of having "a good time," and this meant getting all the boys he could influence into scrapes. Though he was always the prime mover and abettor, it was often impossible to fasten any particular disorder upon him. since his audacious and unblushing denials would bewilder the very boys led on by him; and sometimes make them feel inclined to doubt the evidence of their own senses.

Jim's appearance always occasioned gentle Miss Dodge much uneasiness. Teaching that day was sure to be uphill work. The silly ones thought him smart and laughed at his antics; the little ones were corrupted by his influence; and the studious were disturbed. She was often tempted to complain to the trustees and request his suspension; but this seemed the weak teacher's resort, and she felt that public schools were intended to instruct and reform the ignorant and vicious, as well as to encourage the good; and remembering many obdurate cases successfully grappled with, she each year made a fresh effort to reach and touch this perverted nature. But the season of his probation and her endurance was, unknown to both, about to terminate.

It was a wet raw day; a sleety rain falling. The boys' damp jackets created an unwholesome and depressing atmosphere within. Their hob-nailed shoes brought in more mud than they left upon the scraper. The chill air penetrated the open spaces in, wall and floor, and occasional gusts of wind drove the smoke down the chimney into the room. Miss Dodge felt her cup to be full, when, at a late hour and with an air of bravado, Jim swaggered in purposely planting one of his big feet on the toes of a little girl, evoking a cry of pain, jostling a boy's elbow and causing him to blot his exercise; and, finally, making his rickety bench give forth

a series of discordant creaks, until he heard the low titter which was the sweetest applause. His teacher nerved herself to the strictest vigilance, and by keeping her eye almost constantly upon her disorderly pupil, she succeeded in averting any further trouble, and the long day wore slowly away. Late in the afternoon, while instructing a class at the map, she missed a hair breastpin which she constantly wore and highly prized, since it contained locks of her parents' hair, both of them having died in her infancy. She turned immediately to the school, explaining her loss, and stating that as it had been in its place but an hour before, it must still be in the room, and she called upon each one to assist her in finding it.

After a few moments' confusion a girl exclaimed, "Why here it is Miss Dodge! in Nancy Dickerson's desk!" at the same time holding it up to view.

Every eye was now directed towards Nancy, and "Shame!" and "Thief!" were muttered loudly.

Poor Nancy's red face assumed an almost purple hue and hastily rising she stammered:

"Indeed! indeed! Miss Dodge," but here the array of accusing eyes confronting her proved too much for her, and she burst into tears.

Miss Dodge looked shocked, but incredulous.

"Nancy! It cannot be! I can hardly believe my own eyes! Why, Nancy! how came my pin in your desk?"

"I—I—don't—know!" sobbed the despairing girl.

A pert Miss here spoke up:

"Miss Dodge, it was only yesterday I heard Nancy say she wished she had your pin."

"O, no! no!" moaned poor Nancy, "it was not that. I said I wished I had a pin like it, made out of *your* hair, Miss Dodge, Indeed that was what I said!"

Doubtful looks greeted this assertion and Nancy in terror saw herself branded as a thief. Oh, it seemed too cruel! Was there no one to take her part? Every bosom apparently was turned to stone. These children that she had known, and with whom she had played, ever since she could remember, were now united to crush her; eager to shake their skirts free, as it were, of any imputed interest in one so mean and guilty

(*To be continued.*)

CHILD OF THE SACRED HEART.

BY FLORENCE AGNES WALKER.

ALONE in the convent's chapel
Kneels a little maid in prayer,
Rapt in tender devotion
To her Lord and Saviour there.

Her dimpled hands are folded,
With tender lips apart
She gazes with love and longing
Up to the "Sacred Heart."

Through a glorious stained-glass window
The moonbeams pale and cold
Fall on the convent's darling,
The sweet wee lamb of the fold.

The voices of many children
At play ring loud and clear,
She heeds them not, for Jesus
To her heart is far more dear.

When come the sisters and children
For evening prayer divine
They find the child still kneeling
Close to His lowly shrine.

Deep in the Heart of Jesus
May this precious one remain,
Kept from the world's dread evil
By the Love that can sustain.

OUR LADY'S CABLE.

BY MARY O'SULLIVAN.

"Just think, mamma! my book says that one cable saved a hundred souls!"

Little Fred had been reading a tale of shipwreck, and turned eagerly to his mother to claim her attention and enlist her sympathy.

"Wasn't it grand, mamma?"

"It was indeed, dear child, noble work; but our Lady's Cable has done more; it has saved millions of souls, and is still cast out to succor all in distress."

"Our Lady's Cable, mamma? How I should like to see it!"

Mrs. Spencer smiled on the eager face turned to her, and drawing from her pocket a little pearl rosary with silver links, placed it in the boy's outstretched hand.

"You may have it for your very own, dear lad, if you will promise me to always carry it about you, and be ever ready to use it in our Lady's honor."

"But this is just a rosary, mamma: Why do you call it our Lady's Cable?"

"Because it holds us to Heaven. When we are drifting towards sin or wrong it gently draws us back to God. It never chafes or breaks away like other cables; divine love holds the strands together, and unless we let go through our own stubborn will we cannot perish. It is a beautiful cable of prayer strong enough to save the world; one end lies within reach of your little hand, the other is held by the Mother of God. Do you understand now why I call it our Lady's Cable?"

Do you, little children of THE ROSARY? And will you, like Fred, love and honor it, wearing it always as a sacred talisman to save you from sin and danger?"

THE ANNUNCIATION.

Words by MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD.

Music by LOUISA MORRISON.

1st Soprano.



2d Soprano.

1. "Hail full of grace!" the Angel sings, His "Hail" celes-tial choirs re-peat.
2. Thy spot-less pur-i-ty of soul, Thy hum-ble heart has fav-or won;
3. Teach us, O Queen, that vir-tue rare, That gift so pre-cious in His sight,

Alto.



The mes-sage of the King of kings, Telling Christ's coming, Virgin sweet.
The Fa-ther yields to thy con-trol, Th' In-carnate Word, His on-ly Son.
That we with thee in joy may share His Kingdom of se-rene de-light.

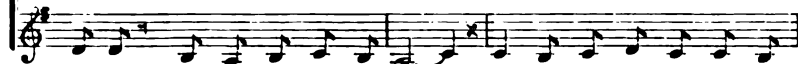


Chorus.

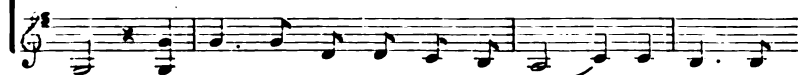


List-en,

List-en, O Mother, while we pray, We show thee all our cares and



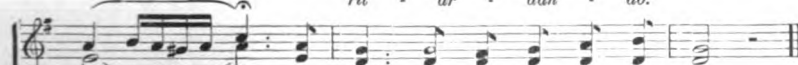
needs, As plead-ing for thy aid we say.... The A-ves



on thy bless-ed beads; As plead-ing for thy aid we



rit - ar - dan - do.



say..... The A-ves on thy bless-ed beads,



HOW TO BECOME A ROSARIAN.

1. *Have your name enrolled by a priest authorized to receive you.*—If the Confraternity be not established where you reside, you may send your name to some church where it is established. Our readers may send their names to the Editor of THE ROSARY, and he will enroll them. Be sure to give the baptismal name and the family name.

2. *Have your Beads blessed with the Dominican blessing.*—To accommodate those who may not have an opportunity of receiving this blessing otherwise, the Editor of THE ROSARY will bless all Beads sent to him, and will return them. Postage for this must be enclosed.

3. *The fifteen decades must be said during the course of the week—from Sunday to Sunday.*—These decades may be divided in any way found convenient, provided that at least one decade at a time be said. It is a pious practice of Rosarians to say five decades each day.

HOW TO SAY THE ROSARY.

In the usual "make up" of the Beads we find one large bead and three smaller beads immediately following the crucifix or cross. It is a practice of some to recite on the cross or crucifix the *Apostles' Creed*; on the large bead, an *Our Father*; and on the small beads, three *Hail Marys*. In reality they do not belong to the Rosary. They are merely a custom, but not authorized by the Church. For simple-minded people who cannot meditate a devout recitation is all that is asked. The method of saying the Rosary practised by the Dominicans is as follows:

In the name of the Father, etc

V. Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee.

R. Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb—Jesus.

V. Thou, O Lord, wilt open my lips,

R. And my tongue shall announce Thy praise.

V. Incline unto my aid, O God;

R. O Lord, make haste to help me.

Glory be to the Father, etc. Alleluia.

(From Septuagesima to Easter, instead of Alleluia, say Praise be to Thee, O Lord, King of eternal glory.)

Then announce either "the first part of the holy Rosary, the five joyful mysteries," or "the second part of the holy Rosary, the five sorrowful mysteries," or "the third part of the holy Rosary, the five glorious mysteries." Then the first mystery, "the Annunciation," etc., and "Our Father," once, "Hail Mary," ten times, "Glory be to the Father" once; in the mean time meditating on the mystery. After reciting five decades, the *Hail, holy Queen* is said, followed by

V. Queen of the most holy Rosary, pray for us.

R. That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.

Let us pray.

O God, whose only begotten Son, by His life, death, and resurrection, has purchased for us the rewards of eternal life, grant, we beseech Thee, that meditating on these mysteries of the most holy Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary, we may imitate what they contain and obtain what they promise. Through the same Christ our Lord. Amen.

1. The joyful mysteries are honored on Mondays and Thursdays throughout the year, and on all Sundays from the first of Advent to the first of Lent.

2. The sorrowful mysteries are honored on Tuesdays and Fridays throughout the year, and on the Sundays of Lent.

3. The glorious mysteries are honored on Wednesdays and Saturdays throughout the year, and on all Sundays from Easter to Advent.

1. In Calendar, C. C. means Confession and Communion.

2. Prayer: for intentions of the Holy Father, viz., the welfare of the Holy See; the spread of the Catholic faith; the extirpation of heresy; peace among nations. It is not necessary to mention these intentions in detail. Five Our Fathers and Hail Marys will suffice for the prayers.

3. On second Sunday of each month, Plenary indulgence for members of the Holy Name Society.

4. On any day chosen by members of the Angelic Warfare, a plenary indulgence each month for daily recital of the prayer "Chosen Lily." C., C., prayer, visit to their chapel.

5. On each of two days chosen at will, a plenary indulgence may be gained each month by Rosarians.

(a) By those who daily spend at least a quarter of an hour in meditation, C., C., prayer.

[The same conditions and the same indulgence for members of the Holy Name Society.]

(b) By those who are accustomed to celebrate or to hear the privileged Rosary Mass, "Salve Radix," C., C., prayer. A plenary also each time this Mass is said or heard.

6. On the last Sunday of each month a plenary indulgence may be gained by all the faithful who have been accustomed to say five decades of the Beads three times a week in common, C., C., visit to church, prayers.

7. Many partial indulgences may be gained every day, for the recitation of the Rosary and for carrying the Beads through devotion. It is not necessary to think of them in detail. A general intention suffices.

8. The usual conditions for gaining indulgences are Confession, Communion, and prayers for the Pope's intentions, with special work enjoined, such as a visit. One Confession and Communion suffice for all indulgences appointed for one day, even though Confession and Communion are named for each; and for those who are accustomed to weekly Confession and Communion this pious custom satisfies for all indulgences during the week.

9. All the indulgences of the Rosary are applicable to the souls of the faithful departed.



NOTES.

It is the month of the Sacred Heart, a month that should be very dear to all our little Rosarians. Mary and Jesus are never separated. In every mystery of the Rosary she holds Him out to us, even as she does in the little picture we here give you. In every one we may with faith behold His Sacred Heart beating, now in the joy of infancy and childhood, again in the sorrow of His awful suffering, yet again in the story of His risen life and His life in Heaven. Take your beads, then, often during the beautiful month of June, and let your young hearts beat in grateful love, as with our Blessed Mother you meditate as children can upon the love of Jesus' heart in the joyful, sorrowful and glorious mysteries of the Rosary.

OUR appeal for prayers of thanksgiving made in the April number has won many a young heart. Many schools and asylums have chosen days on which every action, be it of prayer, work, study or play, is offered to God in thanksgiving for all the blessings He has conferred upon America since its discovery.

WE shall be glad to hear from religious institutions everywhere. Let them choose a certain date of the month for their special day of thanksgiving, and send it to us that their name and chosen

date may be entered among the many others who have engaged in the Apostolate of Thanksgiving.

THE young soldiers of the Angelic Warfare still grow in numbers. For the benefit of our boys and girls whose parents were not subscribers during the past year we here publish the conditions for membership that appeared in the March number of the preceding volume.

CONDITIONS FOR BECOMING SOLDIERS IN THE ANGELIC WARFARE.

- 1.—Send your full names to be enrolled.
- 2.—Wear around the waist the little white linen girdle that must be blessed by a Dominican priest, or by a priest where the Angelic Warfare is established.
- 3.—Strive in every way to be pure in soul and body.
- 4.—If you cannot buy the girdles in your neighborhood we will buy them for you. Enclose ten stamps to cover the expense of the girdle, leaflets and postage. But let no child hold back from becoming a soldier in the Angelic Warfare on account of poverty. To those who cannot pay we shall send all free.

WE are more than pleased at the many calls for Rosary Cards that have come from far and near. A generous spirit towards God's poor has been shown, and we trust that the Magazine of our Blessed Mother's Beads will breathe unto many words of comfort and blessing. Be grateful to God and to our Lady, and out of the thankfulness of your hearts, for all the blessings that have come to you through good reading, place it within the reach of those who are too poor to buy it for themselves. Bad reading is thrown at their doors, and they have only to stoop down and pick it up. Not so with Catholic magazines and papers. Do not believe those who tell you that the poor people will not read good books—just try them and see,

A great many answers came in reply to the historical questions. Our young folks have yet two months to work, the prizes were offered for the *first* and *best* answer to the puzzles in May, June and July issues. Remember, boys and girls, that the little word *best* implies a good deal; spelling, writing, punctuation and the capitalizing of letters, all will be considered in awarding the prize.

Any letters for this department about the Angelic Warfare, the work of Thanksgiving, the Rosary Cards, puzzles etc., should be addressed to AQUINAS, Office of THE ROSARY, New York.

In sending subscriptions be sure to tell us if the persons whose names you send are old or new subscribers.

ANSWERS TO HISTORICAL QUESTIONS IN MARCH NUMBER.

ON THE AUTHORITY OF DARRAS AND LINGARD.

DURING the life time of St. Thomas Aquinas the Church was guided by Honorius III., Gregory IX., Celestine IV., Innocent IV., Alexander IV., Urban IV., Clement IV., Gregory X. The throne of France was occupied by Louis VIII., (St.) Louis IX., that of England by Henry III., and Edward I., and Spain by (St.) Ferdinand III., Alphonso X., and Germany by Frederic II., Interregum; the Great Council of Lyons was held in 1274.

PUZZLES.

(1) In what town in Massachusetts may be found words meaning, a small insect, a labor and to inquire?

(2) Rearrange the letters and form two original stanzas, from the following:

Tillet lhdncneir neo nad lal,
Rvee ihtflfua recihdln eb;
No rou dlseeb hromte lacl,
Yiadl ni erh sroyar.

Dan oruy vloee orf ehr liwl orgw
Mwerar epeder ady yb yad;
Hilwe uyo vlie no reath lewob,
Dna llwi wogl ni vaheen rfo eya.

WITH OTHER YOUNG FOLKS.

Our Boys and Girls, in the *Pilot*, Boston, in its issue of May 14th, is of a specially instructive nature. We commend the apt quotations which it makes from the new books of etiquette.

"Uncle Raymond" in the *Catholic Columbian*, Columbus, Ohio, and Uncle Robert, in the *Catholic Union and Times*, Buffalo, N. Y. give their countless nephews and nieces many an entertaining story, charming poem, and timely advice.

The *Young Catholic Messenger*, Dayton, Ohio, in its appearance and reading matter, gives proof of its publisher's determination to hold it among the very best of papers for Catholic young people.

Notes.

THE month of the Sacred Heart! May it bring our Rosarians nearer to our Blessed Lord through the guidance of our gracious Lady. She, above all the other saints of God, can teach us the lessons of His loving Heart. We can learn them in the Rosary mysteries, of joy and sorrow and glory, and His own dearest Mother is the divinely chosen One to point their meaning to her faithful clients of the Beads. Be diligent, dear Rosarians, that the Sacred Heart of Jesus may be able gradually to form yours after its own Divine image.

The third glorious mystery, the coming down of the Spirit of God on the assembled disciples of the first Christian Pentecost, is the leading feast of this present month. We entreat our Rosarians to be worthy of its grace. The Holy Ghost is laboring day by day for the salvation of every soul, and it is only by following His lights, even in little things, that we can hope to attain to sanctification. Our Lady, the spouse of the Divine Spirit will help us.

The mission season of 1891 and 1892 closes this month. The labors of the Dominican band led by Father McKenna, and including Fathers Daly, De Cantillon, Splinter and Kernan with occasional reserves, have been almost constant since September. Thousands have been received to the Rosary Confraternity, the Holy Name Society and the Angelic Warfare.

The Dominican Sisters of the Perpetual Rosary established in West Hoboken have secured, through the exertion of Father Saintourens, their director, a plot of ground near the monastery of the Passionist Fathers, on which they intend to erect a suitable convent. In this community the recitation of the Rosary will be maintained day and night. Father Saintourens still continues his zealous efforts and with great success, in propagating the Perpetual Rosary.

Dear Rosarians, continue in your gladness of thanksgiving. The Sacred Heart has many claims on your devotion, and while your gratitude is lovingly offered for blessings that have come into your own lives, remember those who make no return of praise, and for the army of the ungrate-

ful, often say a fervent prayer of reparation and thanksgiving.

SOME of our subscribers have already taken an interest in the ST. JOSEPH'S AID, and we trust that others will quickly follow. It is an admirable work, but being in its infancy it needs generous help. We urge our Rosarians to be earnest in co-operating with the present band of good women who are laboring, in St. Joseph's name, to establish this most worthy enterprise. Communicate with them; send them fancy articles, books or anything that will be serviceable in their sick calls. Make an offering and though it be small, it will swell the general fund. See May number for special article and "Notes." Address all communications to

THE ST. JOSEPH'S AID,
127 East 52 St., New York.

THE Fresh Air Fund of the Children of the Rosary will this year be in charge of the ST. JOSEPH'S AID. Something was accomplished for the poor little ones last year, but we trust that our Rosarians will do much more during the present summer. The warm days of June already remind us of the multitudes of God's poor shut up in the narrow confines of this great city of New York, to whom even a breath of fresh, pure air is like a special gift direct from Heaven. Think of them, dear readers; think of the little ones longing for blue sky and green fields and God's free air; and remember the noble charity that seeks to bring some sunshine and happiness into their dreary ways. Health surely and oftentimes life depends on such help as the ST. JOSEPH AID proposes for these poor children as well as for the sick in general. THE ROSARY pleads for them and the Editor assures his readers that the cause is most worthy. Let every Rosarian do something. Send a donation great or small to the ST. JOSEPH'S AID, 127 East 52 St. New York, and visit the headquarters if you can.

The Children of Mary, of Mt. St. Vincent's on the Hudson sent to the ST. JOSEPH'S AID, seven beautiful wreaths and seven white gowns for little girls for their First Communion day. This is an offering in honor of the seven joys and seven sorrows of St. Joseph, and is an example that we hope many will follow.

What a joy, what a consolation, to feel that we are drawing daily nearer to our Blessed Master, and that Mary our dearest Mother is leading the way! What a joy, what a consolation, to feel that our poor hearts are gradually growing like to the Heart of Jesus, and that it is in the love of Mary's Immaculate Heart that the blessed change is taking place!

We commend to all our readers the excellent plan proposed by AQUINAS in the May number to interest the children in securing THE ROSARY for institutions of charity and mercy. It is simple and much encouragement can be given to the children by the grown people.

With this number we begin the publication of a series of Rosary hymns with music. We trust that these will be favorably received, and that they will be used not only in family devotion but also in church services.

The bright month of June offers special opportunities of grace to our devout Rosarians. The feast of Corpus Christi, of the Sacred Heart of our Blessed Lord, and of the Immaculate Heart of our Lady, occurring respectively on the 16th, the 25th and the 26th, are reminders of that close union with Jesus and Mary for which we all ought to strive, and for which the Rosary is so powerful an aid.

We have some sets of unbound numbers of the first volume. Those desiring them can have them at \$1. a set, postage prepaid. The bound copies of the first volume will prove very suitable for premium books at the closing of the school year. The regular price is \$2.50 a volume, extra blue cloth, \$3.50, morocco; but special rates will be made for schools and academies. Address the Publisher.

We bespeak for our Promoters a kind reception by all the subscribers whom they may visit. We also trust that prompt returns will be made by subscribers who may be in arrears. In a general way we ask the aid of our friends in extending our work. A little effort on the part of each can accomplish much. Let each one secure one more subscriber and so add another to the list of active Rosarians who are striving to promote our Lady's honor and the cause of sound and wholesome reading.

Saturday is our Lady's day. So Catholic piety decrees and the Church sanctions. And this spirit and practice have ever been dear to the children of St. Dominic, whose liturgy makes ample provision for special honor to our Blessed Mother on this day. Office and chant, litany and hymn, song and praise, are lovingly mingled with our Lady's name. And thus have they taught the children of the Rosary, who gladly learn the lesson and faithfully put it in practice. But the special fruit that this has borne is the beautiful devotion of the Fifteen Saturdays. Toulouse claims the honor of its origin. And this is becoming. Sacred with the memories of the holy patriarch Dominic, this favored city might well bring forth so lovely an off-shoot of the Blessed Father's Beads. Towards the end of the seventeenth century the practice was introduced of visiting the Dominican church and receiving the usual sacraments on each of the Fifteen Saturdays preceding the great Rosary Sunday in October—each Saturday being dedicated to a Rosary mystery. And so quickly did the pious practice grow, that an old historian tells us, and with much satisfaction, that in the year 1686 more than 1300 persons received the sacraments in the church of the Dominicans at Toulouse, on each Saturday of these fifteen. Great graces and favors were granted to such generous devotion, and even well-authenticated miracles wrought, of which, later on, we may give our readers an edifying account. This year the devotion will begin on June 25. We earnestly commend it to our Rosarians. The method is as follows: Confession and communion, a visit to a Dominican church, and some prayers for the Pope's intentions on each of these Saturdays. Where a Dominican church does not exist, visit a church where the Confraternity is established. The indulgences are copious. On December 12, 1849, by a rescript of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences, a plenary indulgence was granted to all who made this exercise, on three Saturdays chosen at will; and for the other twelve, seven years and seven Lents each. On December 29, 1853, Pius IX. granted a plenary indulgence for each one of the Fifteen Saturdays. We trust many will win these treasures while offering honor to our glorious Queen.

BOOK NOTICES.

"THE CONSECRATION OF A BISHOP," issued in honor of Rt. Rev. C. E. McDon-

nell, D. D. Bishop of Brooklyn. This is an excellent publication. It is a translation

of the Order of consecrating a Bishop, according to the Roman Pontifical, and with explanatory notes, is the work of Father Joseph H. McMahon, Director of the Cathedral Library, New York. We congratulate Father McMahon for his share in this undertaking, and we recognize in it another proof of his constant activity in behalf of good works. The paper is fine, and the press work exceedingly creditable to the Catholic Protectors. It was a difficult performance, but the work was well done. To many who witnessed the magnificent ceremonies of the consecration of Bishop McDonnell and Bishop Gabriels, Father McMahon's book was a delightful treat.

From the author, Rev. W. P. Treacy, Swedesboro, N. J., we have received (1) "OLD CATHOLIC MARYLAND AND ITS EARLY JESUIT MISSIONARIES," 12 mo, boards, pp. 183. (2) "IRISH SCHOLARS OF THE PENAL DAYS," 12 mo, cloth, pp. 354. These sketches are very readable and take up most interesting topics. The "IRISH SCHOLARS" is a work that must be specially acceptable to our Irish people, as well as to all who desire to know something of the splendid record of Ireland during the days of the Penal Code.

From Benziger Brothers, New York, we have received (1) "AMERICAN CATHOLICS AND THE ROMAN QUESTION," by Monsignor Scroeder, of the Catholic University, Washington; octavo pamphlet, 109 pages, 25 cts. A scholarly article, reproduced from the *Catholic Quarterly*, but enlarged. The learned author thoroughly covers the ground of this most interesting question, and presents the case in a very clear and convincing way. We trust that it will be widely read. (2) "POLITICAL ECONOMY," by Charles S. Devas, of the Royal University of Ireland, 12 mo, cloth,

pp. 580, net \$1.50. The social question is exhaustively treated—the sources of wealth, its distribution, the relation of the rich and poor, rents, taxes, credit, public revenue, etc., all being considered. An intelligent study of these questions is earnestly commended to our people. (3) "OLIVE AND THE LITTLE CAKES," 12 mo, cloth, pp. 178, price 50 cents. (4) "GERTRUDE'S EXPERIENCE," 12 mo, cloth, pp. 184, price 50 cents. These are part of "Our Young Folks" Library. Drawn from the French, they bear its stamp, but the reading of these little stories does good among our youth. (5) "MANIFESTATION OF CONSCIENCE," from the French of the Capuchin, Father De Lancogne, 32 mo, cloth, pp. 171, price 50 cents. This little book contains the decree of the Congregations of Bishops and Regulars promulgated December 17, 1890, bearing on the important matter of "manifestation," with copious explanations. We commend it to religious. (6) "HER FATHER'S RIGHT HAND;" and (7) "THE BRIC-A-BRAC DEALER," both 12 mo. fancy cloth, pp. 184 and 171, price 50 cents each. These are parts of the Catholic home Library, and we recommend them as a neat contribution to wholesome reading for children. (8) "A MARTYR OF OUR OWN TIMES," 12 mo. cloth, pp. 196, price 75 cents. This is an edifying account of the martyred priest, Father de Breteniers, translated from the French of Mgr. D'Hulst, and edited by Father Slattery, of St. Joseph's Seminary, Baltimore. Entertaining, delightful reading for all, but it ought to be a particular inspiration to young men aspiring to the priesthood. Cardinal Gibbons cordially commends the life, and we trust it will have a good sale.

OUR EXCHANGES.

AMONG our exchanges there is not one that has stronger claims on the gratitude of THE ROSARY than the *Owl*, published monthly by the students of the University of Ottawa. It is bright, solid, entertaining, and always presented in good form.

The *Catholic Standard*, Philadelphia, has three strong editorials in its issue of May 11th: "The Duty of the State to the Poor," "Un-American and Anti-American," and "The Opportuneness of the Church's Utterances."

Table Talk, Philadelphia, is a decidedly useful and interesting publication, and aims directly at its mark—"the American Authority upon Culinary and Household topics."

While of but little interest to the general reader, perhaps, the May number of *Art in Advertising* is full of excellent reading matter that is sure to prove of incalculable benefit to advertisers and those engaged in the advertising business. Its able and concise comment on the merits and de-

fects found in some of our more modern advertising, are sure to receive a warm and appreciative reception by those directly interested. Instituted for the purpose of elevating the tone of advertising in general, *Art in Advertising* has proved a true and worthy friend.

The Catholic Sentinel, Portland, Oregon has an editorial keen and to the point, "National Degeneration," in its issue of May 5, now at hand.

We echo the wish of the *Catholic Review*, in a tender editorial on the Month of Mary: "Some of our High Church Episcopalian friends are even establishing sodalities of the Blessed Virgin in imitation of Catholics. We hope their example will be extensively followed, and who knows? perhaps in the providence of God and through the all-prevailing intercession of the Holy Mother of God this devotion may be the means of reclaiming multitudes from the conventicles of heresy and schism where it is only tolerated, to the bosom of Holy Church where it is perfectly at home and is one of the crowning glories of Catholic devotion."

Under the heading "Science and Progress," one finds many an item of instruction in the *Catholic Journal*, of Rochester, N. Y.

The *Providence Catholic* is the name of a new venture in journalistic work. We extend our warmest greetings to the Providence Publishing Co., and wish it a bright future.

The Brooklyn *Leader* has a word to say against the constant moving in old "ruts," that it will be well for many to read. The people who do the most good for mankind and give the greatest glory to God are those who are alive to the needs of the day and apply the present means to remedy them. It has a good word to say in behalf of the capabilities of girls educated in the country.

The *Sacred Heart Review* of East Cambridge, Mass., is meeting with earnest

co-operation on the part of prelates, priests and laymen, in its laudable enterprise of erecting a monument upon "the spot where the Christian religion took possession of this continent four hundred years ago." God speed the good work!

That excellent little weekly devoted to the interests of advertisers and advertising, *Printer's Ink*, continues to improve as it grows older. Each number is replete with timely articles on current advertising that fairly sparkle. In fact *Printer's Ink* is an invaluable adjunct to the proper conducting of any advertising office. Its fight against the Post Office Department's ruling compelling it to pay third-class postage, has been characterized by some very telling arguments showing the manifest injustice of the ruling, which, to any honest mind, ought to be convincing. *Printer's Ink* would prove a valuable ally in the fight now being made by the publishers of monthlies to have the postage on these periodicals reduced from one and two cents a piece to one cent a pound. How about this suggestion?

The March number of the *Engraver and Printer*, published in Boston, Mass., contains a host of very readable and timely articles of much interest to publishers and those having to do with the publishing business. The different processes of line and half-tone engravings are well represented. Among the latter are the "Flower Girl," "Mignon," and "In Old England," which, by the way, is the frontispiece of this number. The typographical appearance of the *Engraver and Printer* is all that could be desired, even by the most exacting.

In its issue of May 7th, the *Colorado Catholic*, Denver, publishes a stirring account of Archbishop Ireland's life while chaplain of the fifth Minnesota Regiment.

The *Ladies Home Journal* for May is an extremely interesting number and in it articles covers a wide range of subjects, treated by writers whose names are well known in the social and literary world.

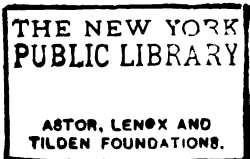
INTENTIONS.

Prayers are asked for the following intentions: In thanksgiving for many favors obtained; in petition for light to know the will of God; to decide a vocation; to see the truths of the Church; grace of conver-

sion for several persons; for an entire family; that a whole family of children may be brought up in the faith; for reconciliation between those at enmity; for purity of mind for children of a mixed

marriage; for a religious vocation; a good journey; four special undertakings; health for a sick Tertiary, and for many others; that parents may have the grace of a happy death; a happy marriage; the success of an artist in study, success in studies for one, restoration to the faith for four; a husband's success in business; welfare of an academy; a family's release from debt; for a family in trouble through a wayward boy; that two communities may be enabled to pay debts; that all the members of a family may make their Easter duty; for a position; reconciliation between two persons; that God will restore a friendship if He deems best; the reformation of twenty inebriates; for one addicted to the use of opium; for the successful settling of an estate; for one afflic-

ted with sore eyes; for the repose of the soul of Rev. John Hyacinth O'Connell, O. P., who died on April 29, in the 33rd year of his age, the 16th of his religious profession, and the ninth of his priesthood; for the souls of Sr. M. Francis, superioress of the Academy of the Visitation, Catonsville, Md., and Maggie O'Malley, both subscribers; of Jane Kavanagh, Mrs. Mitton, A. McConnell, Miss Kelleher, Edward Brennan, John Brennan and Mrs. James E. McLarney; for the souls of a father, mother and brother, and for the recovery or the happy death of a mother, a father, and of a consumptive girl, and for several spiritual, temporal and special favors not otherwise specified; for a very important intention.





THE VISITATION.



VOL. II.

JULY, 1892.

No. 3

MAGNIFICAT.

BY AQUINAS.

“ My soul doth magnify the Lord,
My heart rejoice in God.”
Sweet prayer that pulsed through Mary’s heart
As Judean hills she trod,
Bearing from distant Nazareth
Joy-tidings to Elizabeth.

“ My soul doth magnify the Lord,
My heart in God rejoice.”
O glorious “ Magnificat,”
Through ages finding voice,
Since Mary’s lips repeated thee
In thankfulness and charity!

“ My soul doth magnify the Lord,
My heart rejoice in God.”
Mother of God! Elate with joy
Or bowed ’neath chastening rod,
Grant that my prayer may ever be
The grateful one intoned by thee!

OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY OF SANTA FE.

BY HAROLD DIJON.

LONG before the settlement of St. Augustine, Florida, long before Columbus set out on his famous voyage of discovery, Santa Fe in what is now New Mexico, was a city possessed of all that an Aztec civilization could give it. Its inhabitants were brave and warlike, and as devoted to their false gods of blood as were the people Cortez conquered in the farther south. Thrice did they drive back the troops of Albuquerque, when that Spanish General attempted their conquest, and were overcome at last, only by the mild and gentle sway of the missionary who brought to them the message of the God of Peace and Love.

Santa Fe lies in the heart of the mountains named in honor of the Mother of God, the Sierra Madre, and on one of the hills, about a mile from the city, called *La Paz* the hill of peace, the converted Mexicans concluded a lasting peace with the Spaniard, and on this hill they erected a church, which they called the Church of our Lady of the Rosary. Years passed, and the lasting peace was broken by the war of Mexican independence, to be speedily followed by the war between the United States and Mexico, which resulted in the passing over of Santa Fe to the American domination.

Twice during this time, the church on the Hill of Peace; was threatened by destruction. On one occasion during the war of Independence, a party of Mexican women sought protection in the church from a band of Spanish mountaineers. They bolted and barred the church doors, and prostrated before the tawdry picture of Our Lady of the Rosary that hung above the altar, they recited their beads in unison with the parish priest, who was according to the tradition, a very old man who had once served in the army himself.

The soldiery outside, drunk with passion and wine, failed in their endeavors to beat in the doors. Their failure but exasperated them the more, and piling up brushwood and timber against the main entrance to the church, they fired it with their flints. Smoke began to fill the church, but the faith of the praying women did not fail although they were in almost instant danger

of being suffocated. They did not ask for, neither did they expect a miracle to save them, yet saved they were.

For months, as is not unusual in New Mexico, rain had not fallen. After these droughts, when rain does fall, it is as though the sea had been taken up into the heavens and dashed back on the earth. And now rain fell, and washed away the heaped up brushwood, and when the sun arose again, it shone on the corpses of five of the soldiers who had been drowned in a mountain gully, in their attempt to escape the storm that saved and destroyed.

After this event, a new title was added to that already given the church. People began to call it the church of our Lady of the Rosary, who brings rain.

The other occasion on which the church was threatened with destruction arose from the fact that it could no longer support a priest. The town was growing away from the Hill of Peace, and the very few families remaining in the vicinity of the church were too poor to aid it otherwise than by their prayers, and their prayers saved the church. The priest had been withdrawn to Santa Fe, the Blessed Sacrament no longer dwelt in the church of our Lady of the Rosary, the altar was dismantled, nothing remained but the tawdry painting before which the women had prayed the night on which they sought to be saved from the soldiers.

Day after day the members of the families already spoken of who remained in the vicinity, assembled in the church to recite the rosary. Their piety attracted the attention of others who followed their example. And still others gathered till the church became what it is to this day, a place of pilgrimage for all the country round about. Again the Blessed Sacrament dwelt within its walls, again the daily sacrifice was offered on its altar.

Before relating the event that has made this church famous wherever the Spanish language is spoken in North America, it may not be amiss to give some description of the church as the writer saw it some few years ago.

The Hill of Peace is a semi-perpendicular elevation of some five hundred feet above the level of Santa Fe. Its sides are rugged and except in rare spots bare of cultivation. Cactus grows plentifully among the rocks, both the dwarf and giant kind; and their brilliant scarlet and golden flowers are charming objects in what would be an arid landscape were it not for the wonderfully rare atmosphere that transfigures all it touches. The only tree that grows on the hill is the tall plummy piñon, and the

dwarf willow along the sides of the *acequias* (ditches) that meander yellow threads to the *arroyo* in the cañon below.

On the topmost eminence of the hill, reached by a winding road, stands an *adobe* building, rectangular in shape, in height about fifty feet. The walls of the exterior are yellow-washed, and the only windows are sheets of glass built in the walls at regular intervals. A tiny belfry surmounts an angle of the church, and supports a bell much too large for its environment. Altogether, the exterior of the building is far from being attractive, though the luminous atmosphere does much to tone down its ugliness.

The interior, however, is agreeably disappointing. The walls and ceiling are covered with canvas stretched on frames, and tinted a pale sea-green picked out with silver. Fluted pillars of pine wood highly polished, support the roof, and the sanctuary rails are of the same material, as is the one altar of the church. Both sanctuary rails and altar are beautifully carved, the carving all native handiwork. High above the altar, hangs an almost obliterated picture of our Lady of the Rosary, the same one that has been mentioned before. It was brought from Spain by one of the earliest of the missionaries, and time and the smoke of the altar tapers have well nigh destroyed it. The only recognizable feature in the picture now, is the face of our Lady. Back of the tabernacle, and supported by four columns of block marble, is a slab of white onyx on which rests a statue of our Lady of the Rosary. The statue is of wood, and is by no means the conventional one of its kind. Our Lady is represented as a young girl seated in an arm-chair, holding in her arms the Divine Infant, who presents in His outstretched hand a rosary. Conventional enough, this. But the face of our Lady, and that of her Child! They are those of Mexicans, and singularly beautiful. The dress, too, of our Lady is that of a Mexican, even to the shawl worn over her head; and the chair she sits in is of a style of household furniture, never seen outside Mexico. Unrealistic though the statue be, it is no less a true work of art, and is more provocative of devotion to those for whom it is intended, than would be one from a foreign model. How this statue, the work of an artist in the city of Mexico, came to be made, which will now be told.

A detachment of troops belonging to the regular army stationed at Santa Fe, had been sent out in pursuit of a band of Indians in the south-western part of the New Mexican territory. The pursuit was successful and the troops were returning to Santa Fe, traversing that most desolate region that lies on the confines of Ari-

zona, to the southwest of the town of Albuquerque. It was the hot season in a region where all seasons are hot. The sun under which the troops travelled and the sand over which they toiled their weary way, seemed to be at war as to which should throw out the most heat. There was no oasis in this desert, and the troops had been a day without water. One man had fallen, unable to advance another foot. His comrades carried him to a wagon, and he died as they carried him.

Among the soldiers were a number of Catholics, rather, it should be said, the greater number were Catholics, and among these Catholics was one who was noted throughout his regiment as the praying captain. As one of the men said, "Casserly is never without his beads in his hand, unless it be his musket." That was when Casserly was a private; afterwards, when they found out what he was on the battle-field, they promoted him. Casserly did not forget his beads on this dreary march, and more than once did the Catholic soldiers take heart, when they looked at his quiet, manly face, and felt that he was praying for them all.

At last things came to such a pass, that few had hope left. The men staggered rather than walked, and Casserly saw that it was but a question of minutes when the greater part of them would lie down to die. The command had devolved on him, the leader having broken down, so he called a halt. "Now, men," he said; "only those who wish need join us, but we are going to say the Beads in honor of our Lady of the Rosary; and men, we promise, if we are brought safely through this, to see to it that her chapel at Santa Fe is fitted up anew, and that we erect a statue to her honor in that place. Who says yes to that?"

As from a single heart, a "yes" was uttered by every man present.

Reverently they said the Rosary, the Protestants joining in as well as they could, and they were scarce ended when, as is recorded in a book preserved in the church on the Hill of Peace, a great wonder happened, and this wonder is attested by the handwriting of every man who witnessed it.

They were reciting the fifth glorious mystery when one cried out: "Water!"

About ten yards to the front of them they saw welling up from the sand, a spring of water that flowed out and formed a rivulet that trickled to the south.

At first they were afraid to trust their senses, but one more eager than the rest was seen to run to the water, and when they saw

him surely drink, Casserly, covering his face, pale and awe-struck, cried out:

"Don't forget your thanks, boys, don't forget your promise."

They did not forget their promise, as we have seen. The fact that these men discovered a spring in the Arizona desert as it is called, and that no trace of this spring can now be found has never been disputed. The witnesses were too many. That there was anything miraculous in the event has been disputed, but never by any of those benefitted by the spring. They believed that they had been saved by the direct interposition of Heaven, and testified to this belief and to their gratitude by the beautifying of the church of Our Lady of the Rosary. The devotion to our Lady of the Rosary is very great in Santa Fe. There are processions in her honor in May, August, October and in December. The most notable of these processions is the one from the church on the Hill of Peace to the cathedral and back. The statue of our Lady is taken down from its pedestal and placed on a sort of triumphal car drawn by boys in white. The car is decorated with a profusion of flowers and lights. It is preceded by the garrison of the town, the clergy, the Christian Brothers, various confraternities and the laity. It is met at the cathedral door by the Archbishop, who on this occasion celebrates Pontifical Mass.

The regular time for this procession is the 12th of October. It may take place more than once a year, and generally does. Whenever rain is needed, the procession of our Lady of the Rosary who brings rain, takes place, and it has never been known to fail to bring rain. There was one year that small-pox attacked the town. The people besieged the church on the Hill of Peace and the plague ceased. Is it any wonder that the people of Santa Fe love our Lady of the Rosary?

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS AND DON DIEGO DI DEZA.

BY JOHN A. MOONEY.

(*Conclusion.*)

ENTERING Spain Charles was quick to show his regard for Deza. Nor did time lessen the prince's esteem for the illustrious churchman. In the year 1523, Charles, King and Emperor, nominated

Don Diego di Deza to be Archbishop of Toledo, Primate of Spain. On account of his age Deza declined this most honorable office, but, notwithstanding, Pope Adrian VI. sent him the Bulls. Taking possession of the See, by deputy, Deza prepared for his departure from Seville. Providence had, however, appointed him to a throne more peaceful and more permanent. On June 9th, 1523, he committed his sturdy soul to God, and thereafter, in accordance with his own wishes, his body was buried within the precincts of the College of St. Thomas, with which he had so beautified and benefitted the "Athens of Spain."

One of the two most learned ecclesiastics in Spain—thus we have heard a knowing historian qualify Deza. And he has left proof of his learning in that walk which is especially the ecclesiastic's—Theology. While at Salamanca, he published two works in defense of the doctrine of the Church as exposed by St. Thomas. At Seville he re-edited and re-issued these volumes, which, in their day, were much used and quoted. After the manner of St. Thomas, he wrote an explanation of the Lord's Prayer. For the instruction of pastors he composed a book in which he set forth their duties towards the laity. Homilies for the feasts and Sundays of the year, a treatise on original sin, a commentary on the Apocalypse are attributed to him. The manuscript of his most important work should be in Seville to-day: A Harmony of the Four Gospels, with an explanation of the text in the exact words of the Fathers of the Church. A statesman Diego di Deza was, but first of all an ecclesiastic, a teacher, a student.

At Seville we saw him completing the grand Cathedral and building the magnificent College of St. Thomas. Nor were these the sole monuments that Spain owed to his zeal and his taste. He founded at Seville the Royal Monastery which housed two hundred Dominican nuns. At Toro not only did he enlarge the Convent of St. Ildefonso in which he made his novitiate, but there he also built a church in honor of St. Sebastian. In his Cathedral you may still see precious work in gold, silver, iron, bronze, with which he enriched chapel, choir and treasury.

A scientific political economist was this Spanish friar, as well as a diplomatist, governor in Church and State, builder, art-lover, and Theologian. His house was an Academy where poor young men of noble birth were educated and supported at his expense. For the poor who were not idle, he had ever an open hand. To the farmer he supplied seed, to the workman tools; thus encouraging men, rightly and wisely, to help themselves—a lesson that

might well be enforced this very day in Spain and elsewhere.

Such was the man who "always favored" Christopher Columbus, and who, from the time of Christopher's coming into Castille "ever desired his glory." Fray Juan Perez, the Franciscan of La Rabida, deservedly receives credit for the interest he showed in the wandering, friendless Genoese; for the encouragement and aid he freely gave in the convent and at the Court; for his generous, valuable assistance at little Palos-town, from which the hopeful discoverer sailed on his first adventurous voyage. and to which, Admiral and Viceroy, he proudly returned. Has due credit been paid to that other friend of Columbus, the Dominican, Don Diego di Deza? Let us see!

It was late in January, 1486, that Christopher sought an audience, for the first time, with Ferdinand and Isabella. At Cordova they were organizing the army which was to free Spain from Moorish dominion. According to the story, Christopher's hope of reaching the King and Queen rested wholly on a letter written by Fray Juan Perez to Fernando de Talavera, a Jeronimite priest, who was at the time confessor of the Queen and high in the royal councils. Talavera read the Franciscan's letter, listened to the foolish notions of the Genoese, and dismissed him as an enthusiast. Talavera was a theologian of repute, unimaginative, however, and not given to the study of the science of cosmography in which Columbus was so thoroughly versed.

This rebuff did not discourage Christopher. Patiently he sought to interest others in his ideas. To keep body and soul together he copied manuscripts, and copied them beautifully. Charts and globes he designed with rare skill, for mean pay. Meantime he made friends at Court, and at length obtained audience of the King and Queen. The sovereigns listened, were favorably affected, but acted cautiously. Talavera was ordered to select a commission of competent men, to bring Columbus before the commission, and as it decided would the King and Queen determine. During the winter of 1487, Talavera's board of commissioners met at Salamanca. There were a number of Justin Winsors on the board, very good men in their specialty, but wholly incapable of appreciating an innovator, a man ahead of his time, gifted with a large, quick perception, positive because logical, grand in his conceptions, daring in proposal. Poor, unknown, his only recommendation Fray Juan's letter, the chances were all against him.

Before Seville, the city of Salamanca claimed to be the Athens

of Spain. In fact Spain was filled with learned men. During forty-eight years, from 1406 to 1454, John II., King of Castille, and father of the resplendent Isabella, cultivated all the arts and sciences. The saying of Mendoza, Marquis of Santellana, that "knowledge neither blunts the point of the lance, nor weakens the arm that wields the knightly sword," only expressed the thought of the Spanish nobility of the 15th century. "No Spaniard was accounted noble who held science in indifference," Prescott affirms. Once fixed on the throne, Isabella gave royal aid to every branch of learning. To her largely are we indebted for a beautiful literature by which every European people has been influenced. Among the schools of Spain, the university of Salamanca held highest place. At Palencia, in 1208, the first Castillian University was founded. Thence, thirty-one years afterwards, it was removed to Salamanca. A foundation of two hundred and fifty years made Salamanca respected, famous. Eight thousand pupils hotly competed for honors in the university halls. Here Diego di Deza had lectured to admiring crowds until within a year of the meeting of Talavera's board. Around the university were grouped college upon college. The Franciscans, Jeronimites, Carmelites, Augustinians, Canons Regular, Bernardines, Benedictines—to name but a few of the Orders—prepared youth for the university course. But not one of these institutions could compare with the renowned college of the Dominicans—St. Stephen's. It was not to the house of his own order that Talavera called the Columbus commission. Very properly he selected as a meeting-place the Dominican college of St. Stephen, the home of the most learned men in Spain.

All the members of the commission we cannot name. The "Great Cardinal," Mendoza, was one of the number, and with him were Alonso de Cardenas, Juan Cabrera, Allesandro Geraldini, and the confessor of the Sovereigns and Preceptor of the Infante, Don Diego di Deza. In books we find no word to show that Deza and Columbus had formed an acquaintance before their meeting in the college of St. Stephen, except those convincing words of the dying Admiral by which he testified that the Dominican had desired the glory of the Genoese ever since he came into Castille. Reasonably we may argue that while attempting to reach the King and Queen through the learned and powerful men at Court, Columbus had not failed to explain his views and plans to the ex-Professor of Salamanca, who now stood so close to royalty.

With much detail and much warmth the poor map-maker pres-

ented his case, but the majority of his judges, more skilled in theology than in cosmography, were not favorably impressed by the novelties with which he supported his position. Indeed, as a body, the commission measured him as had most of those to whom he had for a dozen years made advances. He was a fanciful fellow, cram-full of foolish notions. They would have dismissed him incontinently were it not for the stand taken by one of the most learned men in Spain, Diego di Deza. He defended the helpless map-maker, insisted on the reasonableness of his argument, and asked and obtained that due and fair consideration be granted him. Thanks to the Dominican, the commission did not act hastily, and though Talavera suspended the sittings after several months of discussion, yet he hesitated to decide against the scrivener, in the face of Deza and of those whom he had brought over to his side.

For more than four years the commission was not reconvened. During this dreary time of waiting, Deza was indeed an active friend of Christopher's. To whom, if not to the confessor of the sovereigns and the Preceptor of the Infante, was he indebted for the various sums paid to him by the royal treasurer, and for the recognition that he was engaged in the service of their Highnesses? These royal payments did not supply his needs, but true friend that he was, Deza assisted him and encouraged him. Nor did the Dominican stop here. He pressed the claims of Columbus on the Queen and the King, and endeavored to dispose them favorably to his undertaking. At length, in the winter of 1491, Talavera called his commission together. They decided against Columbus. His scheme was vain and impracticable, they declared. Had it not been for Deza and the few able men who supported him, there can be no doubt that the Sovereigns would have acted in accordance with Talavera's report. As it was they made no decision.

Disappointed, Christopher turned to the great dukes of Medina-Sidonia and Medina-Celi. They failed him. Then he returned to La Rabida. Pitying him, Fray Juan Perez writes to the Queen, and at her request journeys to Santa Fé. Columbus is called to Court, and in the winter of 1492, a new commission is appointed. Talavera is again at the head. Before this commission Columbus is more than ever positive. He states his terms: Admiral of the Ocean, Viceroy of the lands he would discover, and a tenth of all gains. Now indeed they look upon him as a madman, and so they report to the Queen. She has more confidence in the Genoese

than they have, and offers him terms not unqueenly; but Christopher knows his own mind, and will have his demands, or nothing. From his feet he shakes the dust of Granada, and starts for France.

But now, says Fernando, the son of Columbus, in the *Historie*, Luis de Santangel, Intendant of Aragon, hastens to Isabella and begs her to think of what a great glory she and Spain may be deprived of, should the Genoese, going elsewhere, really discover the new lands about which he is so positive. Was his risk not great? If he enriched Spain and extended her power, would he not deserve great recompense? The Queen yielded. But the cost! The Queen will pledge her jewels. Not so! exclaims Santangel, I will find the money. An officer is speedily dispatched, overtakes Columbus and brings him before the Queen. The King finally consents. Christopher's terms are accepted, and a contract is signed. This account we can accept as truthful. But does it state the whole truth? Evidently it does not. Santangel was not the only friend that Columbus had at Court. There were others of equal standing who believed in him, and who, having for several years interested themselves in his purposed voyage, would not have seen him depart for France without making a last appeal to the Queen. Where was Mendoza, the "Great Cardinal," or Quintanilla, Treasurer of Castille? Would they forsake the man who had by the force of his scientific argument won them from opposition to hearty support? And were not they as considerate of Spain's glory as even Santangel could be? From records other than that of Christopher's son, it is apparent that the sudden change of the King's and Queen's determination was due to the efforts of several important men. But the man who above all others, at the last moment, influenced Ferdinand and Isabella to reject the finding of the royal commission, to reconsider their own royal decision, to recall Columbus, and to accept his exacting terms, was Diego di Deza. Furthermore it was he who softened Columbus and brought him back to the Sovereigns of Spain on the day that, embittered, he went forth from Granada determined never to return. And the proof of this we have in the written words of Columbus himself; words which we shall quote from his letter to his son Diego, under date of December 21st, 1504. Only recently had Columbus heard of the death of his benefactress, Isabella, and of Deza's choice as one of her executors. "You should take steps to learn if the Queen, who is doubtless with God, mentioned me in her will," says Columbus, "and you should push the Bishop of Palencia, (Don Diego di Deza,) *he who was the cause of their High-*

nesses possessing the Indies, and the cause of my remainiug in Castille when I was already on the road with the intention of leaving it." Could words be more definite, clearer? To Diego di Deza, the Discoverer of the New World 'within eighteen months of his death' attributes his return to the Court in 1492, and more notable still, to the Dominican he gives the credit of Spain's ownership of the New World. What Columbus of his own motion conceded to Diego di Deza, we should willingly concede. All honor from America to the Spanish Dominican!

How much the weary and neglected Admiral depended on his faithful Dominican friend, during the trials that oppressed him in the last years of his life, we know from other passages in his letters. Writing on November 21st, 1504, Christopher informed his son Diego that he had written to the Lord Bishop; and he requests Diego to present his compliments to Deza, and to tell the Bishop of his intention to journey to Court; a journey he fears because the cold is injurious to him, suffering as he is with rheumatism. On the 29th of December he sends his son a copy of a letter addressed to the Pope. This letter gave an account of the affairs of the Indies, and was written Columbus says: "so that the Holy Father should no longer complain of him." "I send this copy," these are his words, "in order that His Highness, or the Bishop of Palencia (Don Diego di Deza) may see it, in order to avoid false interpretations." Deza's standing at this time we may judge from Christopher's rating him as high as the King.

The sailors who served under Columbus during his last voyage are unpaid. From the Crown they can get no redress. They have determind to go to the Court and there personally to demand justice. Columbus has interceded for them, but unavailingly. Now he tells his son of the angry men's resolve; adding these words: "I have given them a letter for the Lord Bishop of Palencia,"—Diego di Deza. In all his troubles we see the Discoverer of the New World turning to the man "who desired his glory ever since he came into Castille."

As it happened, Deza was no longer Bishop of Palencia when this letter was despatched. Eight days previously he had been appointed Archbishop of Seville. Columbus however was unaware of the promotion of his good friend. To his much loved Diego, the anxious Admiral wrote often; but the answers he received were few. Columbus could not bear the suspense, and at length, in May 1505, painfully he made his way to Segovia.

There he saw Ferdinand who gave him soft words but righted his wrongs not at all. Columbus was not silent. Again and again did he request that justice might be done him. His wonderful work he pointed to; the royal word he quoted; the royal seal—could a King deny? His power to do service in the future,—great service,—he was conscious of; and all his powers were at the King's command. For the past he demanded only the fulfilment of written grants and promises. Ferdinand suggested an arbitrator. Submit to anyone his rights to the titles guaranteed him, Christopher would not; but the matter of the Crown's money indebtedness to him, he would submit to the judgment of the Archbishop of Seville, Don Diego di Deza. The King accepted this proposal, taking good care however that the case should never come before the straightforward Dominican. Ferdinand was desirous of withdrawing from his early written engagements; and from Deza he sought to have an opinion that would relieve his conscience, but the Dominican advised the King that he was bound to keep the promises made to the Discoverer. Had Ferdinand been as just as the Archbishop the last days of Columbus would have been happier than they were. Dragging himself after the Court, he continued, at Valladolid, to plead for equity. Vain were all his pleadings. How sad, how resignful. Christian are the words that, from his death-bed, he wrote to the loyal friend who 'desired his glory ever since he came into Castille!' "It appears that his Highness does not think it expedient to execute the promises that I have received from Him and from the Queen, (who is now in the abode of bliss,) on their word and their seal. To fight against his will would be to fight against the wind. All I should do, I have done. The rest I leave to God, who has been propitious to me in all my necessities." In the eyes of the generous, loyal Dominican we see the tears gather, as he reads these touching lines. But he was as powerless as the dying man. Indeed there was only one friend who could undo the injuries done to Columbus. In that Friend's hand Christopher wisely left his case. Speedily God took him to His Court. There each man receives the strict meed of honor that becomes him.

"Founder of this College," says the epitaph graved on Diego di Deza's tomb in the College of St. Thomas. In the grand Cathedral of Seville, his friendship for the discoverer of the New World is permanently recorded. We know how deep and true that friendship was. But Deza's name deserves still another me-

morial. During his rule over the See of Seville, the three first Cathedral churches of America were erected, Santo Domingo being the Metropolitan. 'From the holy Church of Seville these American churches received their law and jurisdiction, so that the See of Seville is the mother of all the Metropolitans and Cathedrals of Spanish America.*' To find a new world was not the great ambition of Columbus. He longed above all to carry the Cross to pagan lands. Unity of religious zeal—there was the bond that held Columbus and Deza so closely together. When his friend was dead, the great Dominican did not rest until the Cross had been firmly planted in the land which, had it not been for him, their Highnesses would not have possessed. Doing this, he erected the most lasting, the most splendid of monuments to himself and to his friend, Don Christopher Columbus.

SAINT MARY MAGDALENE.

MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD.

MARY, the Sinner, heard the Saviour speak
The words of absolution that set free
Souls from sin's bondage, low and suppliantly
She knelt before Him a like boon to seek,
Tears pleading pardon from the Heart so meek,
Bright waves of sorrow from contrition's sea
Laving her stricken spirit: agony
From which she rose no longer frail and weak.

Great Saint from sin by penance purified,
O blessed Magdalene! thy sighs and tears,
Thy dreary exile on a foreign shore,
Far from the scenes Christ's life had glorified,
Thy glorious mission through long toilsome years,
Harvest a hundredfold for Jesus bore.

*Comp. Hist. Descript. de Sevilla. Varflores, 1789.

A MARRIAGE OF REASON.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN, LL. D.

XXV.

A WRECKED LIFE.

KATHARINE felt that she had solved the mystery of the notes by a sudden flash of that intuition which is every sane woman's birthright. Jennie Mavrick's sister was Mrs. Carey, and Mrs. Carey and the woman whose child she had baptized were one. When she had time to think it all over in the car going downtown, she was amazed that both the Lady Alicia and herself had taken it so coolly. It seemed impossible—impossible that Ferdinand Carey could have married a woman like Jennie Mavrick's sister. He was fastidious—almost snobbish, she had heard his friends say, in his regard for social standing. And yet there was a mystery about him; he had hinted of a sad past. Katharine recalled the face of Mrs. Cayre and her look of suffering. How could it have happened? Jennie Mavrick was a worker among the workers; and her sister was of the same class, while Ferdinand Carey was of another class entirely. How wretched it was! Katharine thought. And then as she thought of Biddy and Wirt Percival, her heart went out to her friend, and she shuddered. Marriage without trust, marriage without the truest harmony in the most essential of all things—religion—meant to her unmitigated misery and regret.

It was growing dark when she reached the little house downtown. A cheerful light shone in the parlor, and Mrs. Cayre, looking less sad and spiritless than in the morning, received her warmly. She looked up into Katharine's face shyly and then kissed her. Katharine was surprised and pleased by this demonstration.

"It is good to have you here—good to see you here. Ah, suppose Baby had died without baptism!"

The woman gently removed Katharine's wrap and hat, and kissed her again. She found that her room had been made warm and cheerful for her.

She locked the door, and enjoyed for a few moments the agreeable sensation of being alone. She was free at last. Mrs.

Sherwood could not interrupt or insist of her going through any fashionable formality now.

She made her plan. She would rest a day or two, and then try to find pupils. And perhaps Herr Teufelsch might be induced to help her to a place as a concert singer. She had hope, and there was work before her. Providence seemed to have led her into this house—into the house of Ferdinand Carey's wife, and perhaps it might be her mission to reconcile those two whom God had joined, and who were parted, she felt sure, by the influence of man. The cars rattled past her windows, their jingling bells at first disturbing her meditations. But she became used to it after a time. The room was small, the green blinds on the windows a little faded, but there was an air of neatness and severity about everything such as one finds only in Philadelphia, where even poverty has a distinction of its own, and is seldom the squalid thing found in other cities.

Katharine wrote two long letters to the convent and one of them was to her little friend, Maria Rodriques, full of sage maxims. In answer to them, there came a few days later, a letter from Mother Ursula full of gentle reproach. Could not Katharine have come back to the convent, if her aunt's house were intolerable. And might not she have endured that house until her uncle could have come home. After all, Mother Ursula said, "obedience was better than sacrifice." What unknown dangers might a young girl meet, venturing alone into a strange city? Mother Ursula counselled her in the end to see the parish priest at once, and to inquire particularly into the character of the people among whom she had fallen.

The other message consisted of an orange skin which enclosed some guava jelly from the little Maria, and a slip of paper on which was written in a large, round hand, "I love you." This message somehow or other gave Katharine a good deal of consolation.

For a few days she saw little of the people of the house, except at meals. They were quiet and soft-spoken and eager to please. Katharine noticed that Mrs. Cayre still possessed great beauty, although a sad and troubled look never left her. When she was not busy arranging her belongings in the room, she wrote letters, and even composed a little song. The only response to a note sent to Mrs. Sherwood was a large trunk containing all her dresses and gloves, with a slip of paper pinned inside the lid, on which her aunt had written:

"Your uncle will never see you again. You are as dead to him."

It gave Katharine a passing pang. But, in a few moments, she regained her composure. She was sure that her uncle had not authorized those words. She called Mrs. Cayre up to her room to show her the finery. The woman's eyes sparkled and she sighed, as Katharine displayed the soft silk and gauzes.

Katharine was surprised.

"I didn't think you had such an interest in these things."

"Ah, it would have made such a difference!" she answered, half to herself. "*He* was fond of such things, and I had never acquired the graces which he liked. Perhaps, if he had seen me once in a dress like that—for I was not always so worn and faded as I am now—"

"He!" asked Katharine, "He! I fancy he could not have been much of a man, if he admired you for your looks and dress alone! I thought there was more in him than that!"

Katharine, remembering herself, saw Mrs. Cayre start. She took her hands.

"I have guessed who *he* is. Ferdinand Carey is your husband!"

The woman dropped her eyes and then looked in a startled way at Katharine.

"And you knew this, and yet—"

"No," said Katharine, "I did not—I guessed it lately. Besides, you are mistaken—I know what you mean—Mr. Carey was never engaged to me—he is an honorable man. There was a silly rumor in the newspapers about it, but—"

"Thank God!" said Mrs. Cayre, looking young and bright again. "You give me new life; I feared, with his idea about divorce, that he might have sent me adrift. Oh, it can be done, you know—it can be done without a poor woman knowing anything about it—for he is rich, and the laws are all against marriage in this country."

"And yet you married him, knowing that he held marriage as a trifle—as a thing of mere *human* law!"

"No human being can help me," said Mrs. Cayre sadly. "The past is past. And—I love him still."

"It *must* be helped!" said Katharine, with all the decisiveness of hopeful youth. "God works through human means, and He never intended that married people should be separated. Besides, there must be hope, since Ferdinand Carey himself is so unhappy."

"I wish I could think he was unhappy," said the woman, "and yet I would not cause him pain for all the world. If he were unhappy, there would be hope for me. I hear that he is the gayest of the gay. I read of him among people who would despise me as the dirt beneath their feet. He has wealth, society, pleasure—while I have nothing but bitterness, and the memory of that death."

"Neither wealth nor pleasure makes us happy. Father Mehen told me that you ought to be happy, because you are good."

"Father Mehen is kind; if I try to be good, it is because he keeps me from despair."

Father Mehen was the parish priest, whom Katharine, following Mother Ursula's advice, had seen.

"No," said Mrs. Cayre, burying her face in her hands, "it would be better for me to die. It would release *him*. I know I deserve all this—I brought it on myself; I know that I should never have married. But I can't help suffering; I can't forget him. He is my husband—and you say these stories were false?"

"All false," said Katharine.

"I love him," answered Mrs. Cayre simply.

Katharine did not answer at once; she stood, holding the soft gauze in her hands.

"I cannot understand how you could have loved a man whom you did not respect—a man who could hold lightly that supreme principle upon which your whole happiness was to rest. I cannot understand it—but, after all, it is not necessary that I should understand it. I want to help you now. I know now why you were so anxious to warn me. I thought that those warnings were pointed at Mr. Wirt Percival."

"I am glad; he has forsaken me; but he is not as base as I thought. Jennie told me how kind you had been to her, and, when rumor coupled your name and his together, I was almost tempted to kill myself. 'I can make them both happy,' I said."

Katharine shuddered.

"How horrible!" she exclaimed.

"Some people would have called it heroic," said Mrs. Cayre. "Ferdinand Carey would, and I thought, 'he will weep over my grave, and think kind thoughts of me.' But I hurried off to the church, and there, before the altar, all those sinful thoughts went away."

Katharine put her arm about the woman's neck.

"You are morbid," she said; then she had to stop and think—

a case of this kind was beyond her experience. She was not sentimental, and Mrs. Cayre's proposed sacrifice appeared to her not only foolish, but criminal. The truth is, Katharine had not read the current novels.

"I tell you what we'll do," she said, cheerfully, "you stay here and I'll bring up some tea—Oh, yes, I will; you must let me wait on you this time; you must! Then we'll sit in this quiet room and have a lovely talk. And you'll let me call you Mrs. Carey—"

"No," said the woman, with a frown, "I shall not be called by that name so long as *he* is ashamed of me. Call me Helen, if you will."

"Well, Helen, wait!"

Katharine enjoyed the excitement of running downstairs and making the tea in the little kitchen; besides it gave her time to think. Oh, if Mother Ursula were here! It was such a responsibility to have a human heart in her hands.

When she returned with the tea, she found Helen Carey crying. This pleased her, she believed that tea and tears were sovereign cures for the sorrows of her sex.

She poured out a cup, sat down on the lounge beside her new friend, and said, "Tell me all!"

Helen drank the tea, and, whether it was through the cheering cup or Katharine's presence, she began to brighten.

"There is little to tell," she said. "My sister and I lived on a farm in Ohio. Our parents were dead, and there was just enough left to keep us—and we hadn't made up our minds what we should do yet. People said I was pretty, and I am afraid it made me very idle and capricious. I thought my face was my fortune, and I read novels, while I waited for the Prince. He came to visit Judge Lambert on the hill one day in summer, and he was—you know who."

Katharine nodded.

"We were Catholics; and he wanted me to drop my religion. But that I stood out against. I must have been very pretty, and clever, too, in a crude sort of way—not like *you*," she said, wistfully, "or like the other girls he knows; but in my own way. He liked me. Even Judge Lambert, my father's old neighbor, spoke to me. He said I could not be happy with a man so different from myself. I didn't mind it much when he talked about opposite religions; but, when he said I was Ferdinand Carey's social inferior, I fired up, and I said that I'd marry him, anyhow. And I did! Well, afterward the baby came; then we quarreled. He stayed

in Ohio; and he was always trying to teach me; he wouldn't have the baby christened; so we fought about everything. At last, I demanded to be introduced to his relatives. He refused, unless I would consent to go abroad first, and be made 'presentable.' During all this time, I never thought of religion, except to quarrel about it. One day I took the baby and Jenny, and ran away. He was ashamed of me—he was ashamed of me! and he showed it! Oh, I almost hate him when I think of it. Jennie and I moved from place to place, I, sullen, despairing—and you know what happened. Ah, the dear little baby!" There was silence. "Miss O'Connor, if I was not sure that the sweet, little thing was in Heaven, I should go raving mad!" she said, in a broken voice.

"She is in Heaven!"

Helen pressed her hand.

"We came here—because I must be near him. We had but little money; I was sick, and Jennie had to work so hard. But, still, we kept together; and to be near him, is joy and torture! I worked, Miss O'Connor, at my looks; I observed people; I tried to correct the defects he noticed; I did my best to restrain my voice, and to think of my manner. Oh, if I could only please him! If he would only be proud of me!"

"He *shall* be proud of you," said Katharine, losing her patience, as she looked at the flushed, anxious face near hers, the eyes soft and luminous, the pale skin flushed. "Oh, what idiots women are, to care!" she said to herself. He *shall* be proud of you yet!"

"Ah, no," said Helen, "I am so unworthy of him—I know it. He loved music, and I was so ill-trained, yet I thought myself so clever; and, until I met him I seemed to know so much more than other people. But I would be humble now. If I had only been, I might have won him to me—and to the Church."

Katharine moved impatiently.

"You should never have married him. He is—well, I'll not give my opinion of him. If a man will not see the beauty of our Faith by the light that each human being receives, no woman can make him see it. Still, you are his wife, and it can't be helped. You must use your tact; don't mope. Dressed well, and looking more cheerful, you'd compare with the handsomest woman he knows."

"Would I?" cried Helen, raising her head. "And, oh, I have worked so hard at my music. I can almost sing well."

"And perhaps I can help you."

"Ah, you can! And perhaps—"

Katharine did not know whether to be pleased or contemptuous at the joy and hope on her face.

"Well, perhaps," she said, kissing her, "now, go and get tea for Jennie."

XXVI.

'THE WINTER ROSES.'

HERR TEUFELFISCH next occupied Katharine's thoughts. She had never known the value of money in the necessity of earning it. But, as a girl of common sense, she reflected that her little store of money must come to an end soon, if it were not replenished. She would have been willing in the first flush of her enthusiasm to go to work for nothing. Fortunately, she had no illusions about the measure that her talent was likely to meet with in the world. She had been told that she could sing; but she had been told a great many other things during her experience in society which she knew to be only complimentary. She was sure that Herr Teufelfisch would be honest; Katharine's ambition did not soar above the giving of lessons, in spite of the music master's opinion that they were wretched drudgery. She had Herr Teufelfisch's address; he lived in a narrow street uptown, in a colony of his compatriots—Viennese who followed the Viennese ways.

Katharine rang the bell in a dingy doorway, and a blooming servant maid, in a white cap, made her appearance. Katharine gave her a card; but the amiable maid merely smiled, muttered: "So?" and showed her into a parlor where Herr Teufelfisch was sitting before a little piano. His hair was more than usually dishevelled, he wore a dingy, reddish dressing gown, he paid no attention to the entrance of Katharine, who had time to notice the tarnished ormolu clock on the mantel, over which hung a portrait of the Emperor Francis Joseph, flanked by two long candlesticks. The air of dinginess noticeable on the outside of the house was evident inside. And yet, it was comfortable. If there was a special spot in the wall paper just over the sofa on which Herr Teufelfisch's long pipe reposed, it was because some guest—or perhaps the old musician himself—preferred to rest there. Sheets of music were everywhere scattered over the carpet.

Herr Teufelfisch did not turn his head; he went on drumming on the little piano.

"So?" he said, in a cross voice. "You are late again! You

are always late—*spitzbube!*—always late, always! Come in! You shall practice my grand *Polonaise* for two hours for this!"

Katharine laughed.

Herr Teufelsch turned and scowled ferociously.

"So! So!" he said, jumping up from the piano-stool. "It is you, *guödiges fraulien*. And I scolded you? I thought it was the little Pickett—the little Pickett is a very clever pupil, but a very lazy one. He is always late—sit down—I beg of you. Wait, till I take my dear pipe from the sofa. And you will pardon the looks of everything! See! I am a bachelor, and I am not neat."

Katharine sat down, and the old man beamed on her over his spectacles.

"Ach," he said, "you are the same but different. What is it I miss? You have no flowers; you always had flowers? Why have you no flowers?"

Katharine threw back the fur boa about her neck, and laughed.

"Even your laugh is *true*," said the old man. "You could not make a discord, if you would. Ah, you have come to sing for me. The Pickett—sometimes I call him the little Pig—will not come to-day, so that I shall be free during his hour. You will sing? I am afraid you will not like my little piano; it is very old; it was made for the young Duke of Reichstad, and his mother, the Empress, gave it to my father. But the tone is sweet; and I like it for the singing, though it is nothing to the grand piano I have in the other room. It is tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, but—oh! so sweet! But where are your flowers?"

"I am poor now, Herr Teufelsch, and I can not afford to buy flowers," said Katharine. "I must work, and so I came to you!"

"And so you have run away from the amiable Mrs. Sherwood? So! So! I have heard that. You shall sing at my next concert!"

Katharine stood up impulsively, her eyes sparkling.

"Oh, Herr Teufelsch—you are too kind. I did not expect this. I expected only a pupil or two, like the little Pickett, for instance."

Herr Teufelsch drew himself up.

"Not the little Pickett—no—he is a genius, but lazy. Only *I* could teach him. But you can sing, and that is not so hard. And you will have fifty dollars for three songs."

Katharine's eyes sparkled.

"That will be lovely!—but—"

"No buts. What will you sing? If I could get a new contralta

to go with you." Here he laughed. "You might sing the duo in *Semiramide*—Patti and Schalchi sang it."

"You are making fun of me!"

"Just a little. But Miss O'Connor, what will you sing?"

"I wish I knew," said Katharine, nervously, "will it be in a large hall?"

"No—in a drawing-room."

There was a pause. Katharine wanted to ask where, but she felt that she had no right to make conditions; and even if it should be in some house which she had visited socially, she would have to accept the fact, for the sake of "getting her chance."

"I have a little song in German," said Herr Teufelsch, "which I should like you to sing; but it is a duo. The contralto is ill, and I know not anyone who could sing it with you as it should be done. Ach, the sisters have trained you well—but then you have fresh blood in you, and the fresh art of natural musicians. I sang, when I could sing—once at Dublin. Such a reception—such applause! But here is my little song, 'The Winter Roses.'"

"If you will let me take it home—"

"No use," said the music master, "who will sing the second part?"

"I think I can find one," said Katharine, a faint color coming into her cheeks. "I can let you know by to-morrow afternoon."

Herr Teufelsch looked at her thoughtfully, while she went to the piano and tried both parts of "The Winter Roses."

The soft tinkle of the old piano under her touch took the old man back to a time when his mother had played an air very like that—for the air of the "Winter Roses" was a reminiscence of his childhood.

Katharine ceased playing, and spoke with an accent of distress.

"The air is lovely—but I am afraid the contralto does not know a word of German."

"That is bad," said Herr Teufelsch, "musicians who do not know German are half blind. You can not understand German music without knowing German."

Katharine laughed. "But what shall I do?"

"Translate the words."

"I never could write a line of verse."

"And the good sisters did not teach you that, too?" said Herr Teufelsch, with a twinkle in his eye.

"They could not *make* me a poet," said Katharine. "Oh, dear!

I wish I knew somebody who could translate 'The Winter Roses.'"

"Well, take the song with you, and to-morrow bring the song with you. Now sing for me—to-morrow we shall talk—at three o'clock—about your prospects. Ach, how foolish to give up the roses, the luxury and the company of the amiable Mrs. Sherwood for the pleasure of teaching the little Picketts!"

Katharine sang Titania's florid air from *Mignon*, and after that several others. After that, she bade goodbye to the eccentric old master, and went her way, laden with sheets of music. .

She was both hopeful and depressed. Soon, however, she forgot herself in a great castle in the air, in which she saw Ferdinand Carey and his wife re-united, both singing, in German, "The Winter Roses." She was aroused from her reverie by a voice near her.

"There she is Walter-- God bless her!"

She hurried on, startled for a moment. She did not remember the voice, but it seemed as if she ought to remember it.

"Where?" asked a voice she remembered very well. In another moment a man stood beside her.

"Miss O'Conor!"

She saw Walter Dillon beside her, hat in hand. The sun made his red hair glow and shine, and Katharine was glad to see his honest blue eyes again. But, it must be admitted that the cordiality of her manner was due to the sudden thought that here was a man that perhaps might translate "The Winter Roses."

Near him stood an old woman, smiling gently at her, an old woman in faded black, who held out her hand, carefully gloved, but with many stitches in the gloves that spoke of the pathetic battle between gentility and poverty.

"You have forgotten the old woman to whom you gave the roses at the station?"

"Oh, no," said Katharine, catching the kind light in the old lady's eyes. "I have not forgotten. I am glad the roses gave you pleasure."

"Let me present you to my aunt, Mrs. Warland," said young Dillon. "She has spoken many times of your kindness. She was ill and troubled on that day," he added, "but she shall be troubled no more." And he looked at the gentle looking old woman very affectionately. "She has come to live with me."

"I hope to see her," said Katharine impulsively. "May I give you my address, Mrs. Warland? And, if you will let me, I shall call." Then she paused, somewhat embarrassed. If Mrs.

Warland lived with her nephew, and was not mistress of the house could she with propriety call? She could not remember what Mrs. Sherwood's invaluable book on social topics might say to that. Mrs. Warland relieved her.

"I will call, my dear," she said, "for, in truth, I board in one house, and Walter in another, we have no home yet. I will go to your house with Walter."

"Soon, I hope," said Katharine, forgetting her reserve. "Could you come to-night? I am so anxious to have some words translated from the German into English verse, and perhaps Mr. Dillon might be kind enough—"

"I am only an architect," Dillon answered, smiling, "not a poet; but Mr. Alfred Devine, whom you met at the Worth's dinner, writes poems. I could ask him—"

"Oh, do," said Katharine. "Do you think he could manage it at once? Would you give him this sheet of music? The words are here."

Walter Dillon took the roll rather dubiously. He began to be afraid he had got himself into a scrape. Suppose Devine should be in one of his "moods" and refuse? A glance at Katharine's anxious face made him resolve to write the verse himself rather than disappoint her. How desperate this resolve was, can be imagined as he had not even tried a rhyme in his life.

As they stood on the corner, Katharine's car came up, and Dillon could find no excuse for prolonging the interview. His aunt smiled gently, almost pathetically as Katharine entered the car. Looking at the young man, hopeful, cheerful, and with an air of self-reliance, Katharine felt that the pathos was real—there was such a contrast between youth looking towards the sunrise and age with the sunset on the horizon facing it. It suddenly occurred to Katharine that perhaps she had been bold in attacking Walter Dillon. But then he did not seem like a stranger—and, after all—she forgot her annoyance in thinking of the concert and the contralto, for, when she was in earnest, Katharine was a girl of one idea. If Dillon had known this, he would scarcely have annoyed his aunt by outbursts of song, as they went their way towards her boarding house. He could not guess how much "The Winter Roses" had to do with Katharine's cordiality.

(*To be continued.*)

A VISION.

BY LAURA GREY.

A JULY sun was slanting its ruddy rays down upon a dust stained traveller, who with uncovered head and weary feet was hastening towards a belt of trees which fringed a green sward.

To the jaded individual the coveted resting place appeared many miles ahead, so eagerly he panted for the cool retreat which the shadowy boughs imparted.

At last he reached the leafy tent, and stretched himself upon the ground, with his back against a beech tree.

Yielding to the balmy influence of the place, he sank into a sleep, and though the heath on which he rested was soft and springy, yet his slumbers were fitful and disturbed. Hood's lines were applicable to our traveller:

"Oh bed, oh, bed! delicious bed:
That heaven on earth to the weary head;
But a place that to name would be ill-bred,
To the head with a wakeful trouble—
'Tis held by such a different lease!
To one a place of comfort and peace,
All stuffed with the down of stubble geese,
To another with only the stubble."

It was evident the sleeper was enjoying only the stubble, because he tossed restlessly on his couch, knit his brows and clenched his hands, as if warding off an unseen foe. His mind was ill at ease. For years he had worshipped at the shrine of a deity, called Love, and on this particular day had been repulsed from the home of one whose heart and hand he had hoped to win.

In common parlance, he was a disappointed suitor. There was but scant comfort arising from those fevered dreams, yet it was preferable to wakefulness, with the curtain of despair overhanging like a pall! After a short interval our traveller awoke, yawned, and sat upright. A puzzled look overspread his countenance, and curiosity gave place to gloom.

Seated at the farther end of the velvet sward he perceived a youth of heaven-born beauty. He wore a tunic of silver sheen

embroidered in roses. White, red and yellow, their petals unfolded in profusion round the hem of his garment. From his girdle hung garlands of the same flower, and his sandals sparkled with ever changing roses, wrought in precious stones. Across his shoulder he carried a golden wallet, full of roses strung on silver thread, and separated at intervals one from another.

All round shimmered a rosy halo, but there was no discordant glare throughout.

The youth seemed to ignore the presence of the traveller. Composedly, he opened his golden case, and surveyed his wares. They consisted for the most part of phials of all colors and sizes. One bore the title, "Balm for a wounded heart;" another, "Tonic for the weak;" a third, "Comfort for the sick and weary;" a fourth, "Stimulant for the languid."

"What a Utopian collection!" muttered the traveller, and approaching, he touched the new comer on the shoulder, and asked an explanation of his merchandise. It was gladly given. The former asked permission to examine the mysterious phials. That one dealing with the wounded heart, attracted his special attention, and he gently unfolded the malady from which he suffered to the attentive youth. The prescription followed, brief and simple.

"The idol of *human* love has fallen from its pedestal and crushed you. Learn a lesson from your so-called misfortune. That incense which you have offered in the past before an earthly shrine, consecrate in future to a higher end, and replace poor paltry human love, with Love divine." So saying, he poured some amber drops from the phial into the hollow of the traveller's hand, and bade him swallow them. He obeyed, and found an unearthly happiness laving every portion of his spirit.

The vision of his lost love was fast merging into oblivion, and decaying, like a branch struck by lightning, while in its stead was springing forth a tender green spray, soon to become a lusty shoot of Divine Love

"You are cured," resumed the youth, "but beware of ruminating over the past. In due time you may aspire to become an ambassador of mine, and with the blessing of Heaven you will carry my merchandise to far-off lands, and heal souls, which like your own, crave the salutary power of the great Physician.

"You will scatter these rosy garlands, and you will teach the multitude the fragrance of their perfume. See here, this snowy chaplet divided into five sections, represents the *five joyful* mysteries of the Rosary," and he produced a wreath of white roses,

THE LIFE OF ST. DOMINIC.

BY REV. MOTHER AUGUSTA THEODOSIA DRANE. O. S. D.

CHAPTER XV.

RETURN TO ROME.

1217.

IN the October of 1217, Dominic bade farewell to St. Romain, and set out on his return to Rome, accompanied by Stephen of Metz. None of his early biographers have preserved any particulars of this journey, over which there hangs a certain obscurity. Nevertheless, a careful study of local tradition enables us to follow his course with tolerable certainty, and makes it apparent that on leaving Toulouse he bent his steps northwards. We find him first at Pamiers, where the Count de Montfort and the newly appointed Cardinal Legate had met to confer on the altered aspect of affairs caused by the recent successes of the two Raymunds. After urging on them the necessity of adopting vigorous measures for the recovery of Toulouse, and recommending to their joint protection the two communities of Prouille and St. Romain, the saint continued his course towards Paris. According to the archives of the cathedral of Puy, he visited that famous sanctuary on his road, and prepared the way for a foundation afterwards made there in the year 1221. It is probable that he more than once paid his devotions at Puy, and some writers suppose that it was there that our Lady revealed to him the devotion of the Holy Rosary. From Puy he continued his journey to Clermont, and there so touched the hearts of the people by his preaching that they conjured him to stay with them, offering him more than one site for a convent. The saint promised to send them brethren as soon as he should be able to do so, and a foundation was accordingly made there about three years later. Clermont preserved the memory of this visit with the utmost jealousy, and an ancient inscription over the door of the chapter-room claimed for this house the honor of being the fourth in the whole Order, though this was certainly inaccurate. Reaching Paris, the saint found the seven brethren recently despatched thither suffering great discouragement. Both during their journey, and on

their first arrival in the capital, they had met with difficulties and obstacles of all kinds. It was Laurence the Englishman who cheered his companions, and animated them to persevere at a moment when they were half tempted to abandon their enterprise. We read in his Life that as they drew near the city full of doubt and anxiety, God, willing to encourage them, revealed to his servant Laurence, all that should afterwards befall them there; the abundant favors He would bestow on the convent which they should found, and the many stars of learning and sanctity which should arise within its walls. Making known this revelation to his brethren, they received it in faith, out of the great opinion they had of his sanctity, and joyfully entered the city, where in due time all his predictions were fulfilled. Nevertheless, their first experiences were hard and difficult. They were all strangers in Paris with the exception of Matthew of France, who had formerly studied at the university; and being entirely without means, they had to beg their bread for daily support. At first they occupied a little house situated between the bishop's palace and the Hotel Dieu, a locality which enabled them the more easily to frequent the schools, and to render the bishop such assistance in the ministry of preaching as he might require of them. At the end of ten months passed in extreme distress, John de Barastre, dean of St. Quentin, an Englishman by birth, and one of the King's chaplains, being struck by their piety, the eloquence of their preaching, and their patient endurance of so much poverty, was moved to befriend them. He had some years previously founded a hospital for pilgrims which stood on Mount St. Genevieve, to which was attached a chapel dedicated to St. James. This chapel was often visited by the brethren, and their modest and devout aspect attracting the notice of the dean, an acquaintance began which soon ripened into friendship; and he ended by making over to them, with the consent of his colleagues, the church and hospital which was thenceforth to be known as the Dominican convent of St. James.

If St. Dominic really visited Paris in 1217, it must have been for the purpose of consoling and encouraging his brethren in their early days of depression; the visit must have been of very short duration, and no particulars regarding it have been preserved. The first place where we find any certain evidence of his presence after leaving Pamiers is Metz, the registers of which city declare him to have arrived there in company with Stephen of Metz in the latter part of 1217. He was warmly received by the citizens,

who flocked to hear his preaching, several asking and receiving from his hands the habit of the Order. An image of our Blessed Lady in one of the churches, before which he was accustomed to pray, was long held by them in great veneration; it obtained the title of "The Virgin of St. Dominic," and on the foundation in the city of a convent of the Order, it was transported thither and placed in the dormitory of the religious. Yielding to the pressing solicitations of the citizens, Dominic consented to leave Stephen of Metz among them for the purpose of founding this convent; a design which the latter was prevented from executing by his early death, though it was afterwards carried out by his fellow-citizen, Gueric of Metz. The saint himself continued his journey, passing through Germany and Switzerland. Having crossed the Alps, he directed his steps towards Venice, visiting Milan, Padua, and finally Brescia, on his way. At Milan he was hospitably entertained by the canons of St. Nazzaro, who received him as one of themselves, he and his companion still wearing the habit of the Canons Regular. At Padua his preaching attracted crowds of the citizens, who earnestly besought him to give them a colony of his brethren. Unable at that time to comply with their request, he promised to satisfy them as soon as he could, and passed on to Venice, which he entered together with four companions, Gregory, Henry, Albert, and Otho,* whose names indicate them to have joined him either in Metz or in Germany. The fact that the first visit of the saint to Venice took place in 1217, is proved by ancient records, preserved in the convent of SS. John and Paul, and sent to Rome by the Fathers of that convent. "In the year 1217," they say, "the holy Father Dominic came to Venice with a few other brethren, and received from the Republic the oratory then dedicated to St. Daniel, but which after his canonization was called the chapel of St. Dominic." The circumstances which led to his obtaining the grant of this chapel are related by Castiglio, who, however, assigns them the date of 1221, to which date undoubtedly belongs the real foundation of the convent. "There was," he says, "at that time in Venice, a little church or hermitage, dedicated to St. Daniel, which the Doge Giacomo Tiepolo, beheld in a dream adorned with a multitude of most lovely flowers, blossoming there as in a garden. As he stood and gazed with wonder at their beauty, he saw a company of angels descend, carrying thuribles in their hands, and passing

* Prog. p. 309.

in and out among the flowers, they swung their censers to and fro, thus adding to the exquisite perfume. Presently there came into the garden a flight of snow-white doves, having on their heads crosses of gold, and as he was still beholding these things with great delight, he heard a voice which declared to him that it was God's will to be served in that place by a community of white-robed preachers. Awaking from his dream the Doge assembled the Signoria, and made known to them what he had seen, and all with common consent agreed to bestow the church with grounds adjoining on Brother Dominic, that a convent of his Order might there be founded." Here then arose a few years later the great convent of SS. John and Paul, remains of the ancient fabric being preserved in a portion of the building called the novitiate. So great was the love which the Doge bore to this foundation that he chose it for the place of his sepulture, and before his death gave orders that in memory of the above event, there might be painted on his tomb the representation of a flower-garden, wherein should appear the angels with their thuribles and the doves with their golden crosses."* Malvenda considers it probable that it was at this time also that the saint sent brethren to Spalatro in Dalmatio, the convent in which place was certainly founded not later than 1218, by a religious whose name was Gregory, and who is supposed to have been the same already mentioned as having accompanied St. Dominic to Venice.

During this journey Dominic followed the same rule which he observed in the course of all his apostolic wanderings. They were always made on foot, he and his companions depending on charity for their support, and preaching in all the places through which they passed. Malvenda remarks on the wonderful recollection which was exhibited in his exterior as he travelled along, stick in hand, with his bundle on his shoulders, and absorbed in God. As soon as he was out of the towns or villages he would stop and take off his shoes, performing the rest of his journey barefoot, however rough and bad the roads might be. If a sharp stone or thorn entered his feet, he would turn to his companions with that

* *Prog.* p. 307. In notices of the foundations of convents in Italy, we frequently find a discrepancy of dates similar to that which appears above. The fact is easily explained. The ancient conventual records from which Father Michael Pio has collected so many interesting particulars, often assign as the date of their foundation that of the first visit paid by the saint to their city, this being in general only a prelude to an actual foundation made some time later.

cheerful and joyous air which was so peculiar to him, and say, "This is penance," and such kind of sufferings were a peculiar pleasure to him. Coming once to a place covered with sharp flints, he said to his companion; "Ah! miserable wretch that I was, I was once obliged to put on my shoes in passing this spot." "Why so?" said the Brother. "Because it had rained so much," replied Dominic. He would never let his companions carry his bundle or his shoes, though they often begged him to suffer them to do so. When he looked down from the heights which they were descending, over any country or city which they were about to enter, he would pause, and look earnestly at it, often weeping as he thought of the miseries men suffered there, and of the offences they committed against God. Then, as he pursued his journey and drew nearer, he would put on his shoes, and, kneeling down, would pray that his sins might not draw down on them the chastisement of heaven. The prayer that he was accustomed to use at such time is preserved in the MS. of Prouille, and runs as follows:

"O Lord, in Thy goodness regard not my sins, but withhold Thine anger from these people among whom I come; punish them not, neither destroy them for my iniquities."*

There was in his character a singular mixture of that joyous cheerfulness so invariably to be found in a high and chivalrous mind, with a tender melancholy which had in it nothing morose, but rather flowed from profound reverence for the purity of God, the outrages against Whom, as they hourly came before him, were felt with an exquisite sensibility. He seldom looked about him, and never when in towns or other places where he was not alone. His eyes were generally cast down, and he never seemed to notice anything curious or remarkable on the way. If he had to pass a river he would make the sign of the Cross, and then enter it without hesitation, and was always the first to ford it. If it rained, or any other discomfort disturbed him on the road, he praised and blessed God, singing in a loud voice his favorite hymn, the *Ave Maris Stella*, or the *Veni Creator*. More than once at his word the rain ceased, and the swollen rivers were passed without difficulty.

He constantly kept the fasts and abstinences of his Rule, and the silence prescribed by the Constitutions until after Prime; and this silence he insisted on being also observed by the others; though, as regarded the fasts and abstinences, he was indulgent in

*Percin. *Mon. Con. Tol.* p. 5.

dispensing with them for the brethren whilst they were travelling; requiring them to eat twice a day, an indulgence he never extended to himself. Then, as they went along, he would beguile the way with talking of the things of God, or he instructed his companions in points of spiritual doctrine, or read to them; and this kind of teaching he enjoined on the other brethren when travelling with younger companions. Sometimes, however, he would say, "Go on before, and let us think a little of our Divine Lord." This was the signal that he wished to be left to silent meditation. Then remaining behind to escape observation, he would very soon begin to pray aloud, with tears and sighs, losing all thought of the road he was following or the possible presence of others. Sometimes they had to turn back and search for him, and would find him kneeling in some thicket or lonely place without seeming to fear wolves or other dangers. The dread of personal danger indeed formed no part of Dominic's character. His courage, though always passive, was essentially heroic. Over and over again he had been exposed to the assaults of his enemies, and warned of their intentions against his life; but such things never so much as made him change his road and alter the plan of his journey in any particular. He always treated the subject with silent indifference. When his prayers were ended, his brethren, who often watched him on such occasions, would see him take out his favorite book of the Gospels, and, first making the sign of the Cross, pursue his road, reading and meditating to himself. However long and fatiguing was the day's journey, it never prevented him from saying Mass every morning whenever there was a church to be found, and most frequently he would not merely say, but sing it, for he was one who never spared his voice or strength in the Divine Offices. We are constantly reminded of the heartiness of the royal psalmist, in the character left us of Dominic's devotion. "I will sing to the Lord with all my strength," was the language of David; "I will sing to the Lord as long as I have any being." And Dominic had no indulgence for any indolence or self-sparing in the praises of God. He always rendered Him the sacrifice, not of his heart only, but of his lips; and called on all his companions to do the same, for he felt it a good and joyful thing to praise the Lord.

In this matter his wonderful bodily constitution was no little assistance to the fervor of his soul. He never felt that fatigue, or indisposition, or other little ailments and difficulties could be an excuse for doing less for God. Therefore when he stopped for

the night at some religious house, which he always preferred doing when it was possible, he never failed to join them in the singing of Matins, and he gave it as his reason for choosing to stop at a convent, in preference to other lodgings which he might have accepted, saying, "We shall be able to sing Matins to-night." At such times he generally choose the office of waking the others.

His invariable custom of making his first visit to the church has been religiously preserved in the Order. Blessed Humbert, commenting on the text, *Et intravit Jesus in templum Dei*, observes, "Hence has arisen the custom for the religious on arriving at any convent always first to visit the oratory, and many do the same thing in towns or villages through which they pass."*

His passing visits to the convents, whether of his own or other Orders, were always full of profit to their inmates. They made the most of the few hours of his stay, and Dominic never thought of pleading for the privilege of a weary traveller. If the convent were under his own government, his first act was to call together the religious, and make them a discourse on spiritual things for "a good space," and then if any were suffering from temptations, melancholy, or any kind of trouble, he was never tired of comforting and advising them till he had restored to them the joy of their souls. Very often these little visits were so delightful to the religious who entertained him, that on his leaving them in the morning, they would accompany him on his way to enjoy a little more of his discourse; for the fascination of his conversation was universally felt to be irresistible. But if there were no such houses to receive him, he left the choice of the night's lodging to his comrades, and was all the better pleased if it chanced to be incommensurable, only making it a rule, before entering, to spend some time in the nearest church. When people of high rank entertained him, he would first quench his thirst at some fountain, lest he should be tempted to exceed religious modesty at table, and so give occasion of scandal, a prudence which, in a man of such austerity of life, gives a singular idea of his humility. Even when ill, he would eat roots and fruit rather than touch the delicacies of their tables, and adhering to the rule he had observed when canon of Osma, he never touched meat.

Thus journeying, he would stop and preach at all the towns and villages in his way, what kind of preaching this was we can easily guess. "With all his strength," says Blessed Jordan, "and

*Hum. in cap. i. in Const. Ord. Præd.

with the most fervent zeal, he sought to gain souls to Christ without any exception, and as many as he could, and this zeal was marvellously, in a way not to be believed, rooted in his very heart." His favorite way of recommending to man the truths of God, was the sweetness of persuasion, and yet, as his parting address to the people of Languedoc shows us, he knew (according to his own expression) "how to use the stick." Finally, to cite once more the words of the writer just quoted, "Wherever he was, whether on the road with his companions, or in the house with the guests or the family of his host, or among great men, princes or prelates, he always spoke to edification, and was wont to give examples and stories whereby the souls of those who heard him were excited to the love of Jesus Christ, and to contempt of the world. Everywhere, both in word and deed, he made himself known as a truly evangelical man." The same testimony was borne by those who were examined on his canonization: "Wherever he was," they said, "whether at home or on a journey, he ever spoke of God or to God, and it was his desire that this practice should be introduced into the Constitutions of his Order."*

Such is the picture left us by his brethren and companions of the habits observed by the servant of God in the course of those apostolic journeys in which the remaining years of his life were for the most part spent. We must now resume the thread of his story, which at the close of the year 1217 finds him once more within the walls of Rome.

(To be continued.)

THE TRUE DEVOTION TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

BY A DOMINICAN TERTIARY.

Vouchsafe, most tender Virgin, that I may praise thee worthily.

* * * * *

Two years before his death, the Blessed Apostle of Mary, Louis Marie Grignon de Montfort, confessed to his intimate friend Monsieur Blain, that "God had favored him with an extraordinary grace, which was the continued presence of Jesus and Mary in

*" (Prædicatores) qui accepta benedictione exeuntes ubique.... sicut viri Evangelici sui sequentes vestigia Salvatoris, cum Deo, vel de Deo, secum vel cum proximis utiliter loquendo, vitabant suspiciosi comitatus familiaritatem." (Cons. FF. Præd. Dist. ii. c. xiii. De Prædicatoribus).

the bottom of his soul." This is a mystery of grace. "It is by the most holy virgin Mary that Jesus Christ has come into the world, and it is also by her that He has to reign in the world." These are the words of the Master, at whose feet we are to prostrate ourselves, in order to learn the secret of true devotion to the Mother of God. "I avow," says he, "with all the Church, that Mary, being a mere creature that has come from the hands of the Most High, is in comparison with His Infinite Majesty, less than an atom, or rather she is nothing at all, because he only is "He who is," and thus by consequence that Grand Lord, always independent and sufficient to Himself, never had, and has not now, any absolute need of the Holy Virgin for the accomplishment of His will, and for the manifestation of His glory. He has but to will, in order to do everything. Nevertheless I say that, things being supposed as they are now, God having willed to commence and to complete his greatest works by the most holy Virgin, since He created her, we may well think He will not change His conduct in the eternal ages; for He is God, and He changes not either in His sentiments or in His conduct." With this solid introduction, resting upon dogma, the Blessed Apostle of Mary proceeds to lead us into the "Mystical city of God," in order that we may consecrate ourselves to her, and through her, to God. After having repeated many things, said by the Saint, in praise of the Blessed Mother's outward glory, he continues and says, "All the glory of the King's daughter is within. It is as if all the outward glory which heaven and earth rival each other in laying at her feet, is nothing in comparison with that which she receives within from the Creator, and which is not known by creatures, who in their littleness are unable to penetrate the *secret* of the secrets of the King. After that we must cry out with the Apostle 'Eye has not seen, nor ear heard, nor man's heart comprehended,' the beauties, the grandeurs, the excellences, of Mary—the miracle of the miracles of grace, of nature, and of glory."

I will say here, that my object, in preparing this paper, is to epitomize the doctrine of "True devotion to the Blessed Virgin," as far as it is possible, in the Author's own words, for the benefit of the readers of our Blessed Mother's magazine, "THE ROSARY." In order to follow our blessed Guide, through the divine darkness of this Mystical City of God, we must take in our hand the torch of Divine faith to illumine our way. "The world," says St. Augustine, "was unworthy to receive the Son of God immediately from the Father's hands. He has given Him to Mary in order that the

world might receive Him through her." As our Divine Lord performed His first miracle, in the order of nature at the word of His Mother, by changing water into wine, so, also, He will continue His miracles, in the orders of nature and grace, for all time, at the word of His Blessed Mother. The Head and the members of the mystical Body of Christ are born of one and the same Mother. St. Augustine calls our Blessed Mother, "The mould of God. The mould fit to cast and mould gods." He "affirms that all the predestinate, in order to be conformed to the image of the Son of God, are in the world hidden in the womb of the most holy Virgin, where they are guarded, nourished, brought up, and made to grow by that good Mother until she has brought them forth to glory after death." This is a mystery of grace. We read in the holy Gospel, according to St. Luke, that St. John the Baptist was sanctified in his Mother's womb. at the word of Mary. St. Elizabeth tells us, that at the sound of Mary's voice, "the infant in my womb leaped for joy." Yes, indeed, St. John's sanctification was in his Mother Mary's womb! So, also, is our sanctification in the same Blessed Mother's womb! As "Jesus is God Who embraces the entire humanity," and, as "He is the entire humanity which embraces God," it follows, that Mary is the Mother of All in Him, and through Him. Where Jesus is there is the Father and the Holy Spirit also, Three in One. To elucidate this subject, I will quote from the beautiful work, on "The Christian Life and Virtues," by Bishop Charles Gay. "God the Father," says he, "and God the Son, have ruled in concert with God the Holy Spirit, that the creation of a God-Man having been already determined upon as the principle and foundation of all things," it follows that the adorable Trinity, from all eternity, determined upon Mary as the Mother of this God-Man. "Gratuitously and before all ages, He had at first predestinated us in Him to introduce us by adoption into His eternal Son-ship," through His Immaculate Mother. "So that, according to God's eternal plan, by His Sovereign will, the grace which makes us Christians, which sanctifies us, which beatifies us, which deifies us, is life eternal in Christ Jesus our Lord." And this grace we have received in Jesus, through His Immaculate Mother. The act of creation makes a creature, "but the act of the baptism of a creature makes a God." It is through His most precious Blood that Jesus enters the soul. "Know you not," says St. Paul to Christians, "that all we who are baptized in Christ Jesus are baptized in His death." "When Jesus enters the soul, Life enters and the soul is born of God; and dwell-

ing in us He unites Himself to us, and becomes personally 'our wisdom, our justice, our sanctification and our redemption.' " But Jesus does not enter the soul alone. Into the soul, He is accompanied by Two who work with Him, and They give Themselves, as He gives Himself, each according to what is proper to each. Through Jesus, and in Jesus, we enter into relations with One and with the Other; and this is as true as marvelous, in the same relation that They, each of Them, bear to Jesus. I mean to say, that first of all, through Jesus, and in Jesus, we become truly and really sons of God," and Mary, "and we have the same right as He to call God our Father," and Mary our Mother. "I ascend to my Father and to your Father, and to my God and to your God." "Son behold thy Mother." "The Father begets Jesus and Jesus begets us; He begets Him eternally, He begets us in time, by an act of His own will; but you see that both He and we are sons." But, besides, in Jesus, and through His Immaculate Mother, the "Holy Spirit becomes our spirit. Jesus gives Him to us, that having vivified and guided the Head, He might vivify and guide all the members, and that between the Head and the members there might be one and the same Spirit, the Divine Spirit of the Father and the Son." The soul "United to the Body of Christ becomes an extension of the holy Humanity of the Word, and as a secondary humanity which Jesus designs to unite to His own. It follows that the mystery of Christ reproduces itself in the soul, as it were in abridgement. Thus, thanks to Jesus, to His life, to His death the Three Divine Persons dwell truly in us, and with a firm will to remain there always. Such is the mystery of the life that each of the faithful in the state of grace has in himself, and which is the foundation of Christianity." "I am come," says our Divine Lord, "that they may have life." I have made these quotations, in order to rest the true devotion, to our Blessed Mother, on the solid foundation of Christian dogma. But, notwithstanding our sublime dignity as Christians, let us not forget our infirmity. Let us remember that our Head and our Model, "was compassed about with infirmity, tempted in all things like as we are, yet without sin." For our example, our Lord "served His apprenticeship to obedience, to mercy, and to compassion." But "Jesus was absolutely free from all moral misery." Because of our concupiscence we cannot say as much. And our concupiscence will remain with us as long as life remains. Our Divine Lord in His "personal Humanity," "grew in age, in grace, and in wisdom, before God and man." So, also, must the Christian soul grow in

age, in grace, and in wisdom, that, "doing the truth in charity we may in all things grow up in Him Who is the Head, even Christ."

To accomplish "the truth in charity" is the reason for our filial devotion to the "Mother of Divine Grace." "Can a woman forget her infant? Is she ever deaf to its voice, or has she any distraction when it speaks to her, or is she indifferent to its interests, without emotion in its dangers, without compassion for its sufferings? And when this is possible with other mothers, is it not possible with her? Have recourse, then, to her. A temptation exposed, brought and confided to our Blessed Mother, is a temptation overcome; or rather, it is transformed, for, of that germ of sin which it contained, this Holy Virgin Mother infallibly makes it a germ of virtue and of glory." Remember, that, in the struggles with our spiritual enemies, we have God and Mary on our side. Let us ask them to behold the face of Christ in us. "Look on the face of Thy Christ." "The Sacred Heart of Jesus passes into Mary and His own power with His Sacred Heart. Mary enters the lists, and is engaged in all our combats. She has many grounds and titles for this work; "her title of Mother of God," I am again quoting from Bishop Gay's work, "with her insatiable passion for the glory of Him whom she has the right to call her Son; her title of the Spouse of Christ, associated to His work, and sharing all His labors; her title of Mother of men, so that all which regards them moves her to the quick; her title of Immaculate, which, inspiring her first with an untold horror for all that is sin, then constitutes her, so to speak, the personal enemy of satan, and proclaims the command to crush his head; finally, her title of Queen of angels, whence it comes that she not only commands them to aid us, but that in this, as in all things, she feels bound to set them an example. Therefore it is of her, and justly on this account, that it is written, and of her *alone*, she is terrible as an army set in battle array. Meditate on these doctrines, enter successively, under the conduct of Holy Spirit, into each of these paths, to which I have only shown you, in passing, the approach and the way; follow them unto their end, and you will see that, viewed only in her relations with our temptations, the dogma alone of the most Holy Virgin would be sufficient to place us, on this point, in an inviolable security." "We have," says St. Bonaventure, "three steps to mount to go to God; the first, which is the nearest to us, and the most suited to our capacity is Mary; the second is Jesus Christ; and the third is God the Father." It is in consideration of our weakness and frailty, that we mistrust our-

selves, and, therefore, we leave all the graces and treasures which we have received from God, in our Blessed Mother's hands, in order that she may keep them out of the reach of our spiritual enemies. "Ah! how many of the cedars of Lebanon," says Blessed Montfort, "how many of the stars of the firmament, have we not seen to fall miserably, and in the twinkling of an eye to lose all their height and all their brightness! Whence comes that sad and curious change? It has not been for want of grace, which is wanting to no man; but it has been want of humility. They thought themselves stronger and more sufficient than they were. They thought themselves capable of guarding their own treasures. They trusted in themselves, leaned upon themselves. It is because of that scarcely sensible leaning upon themselves, while all the time it seemed to them that they were leaning only on the grace of God, that the most just Lord has permitted them to be robbed by leaving them to themselves. Alas! if they had but known the admirable devotion which I will unfold presently, they would have confided their treasure to the Virgin powerful and faithful, who would have kept it for them as if it had been her own possession; nay, who even would have taken it as an obligation of Justice on *herself* to preserve it for them."

THE PERFECT CONSECRATION TO JESUS CHRIST.

"Mary being the most conformed of all creatures to Jesus Christ, it follows that of all devotions, that which consecrates and conforms the soul most to our Lord is devotion to His holy Mother, and that the more a soul is consecrated to Mary, the more it is consecrated to Jesus. Hence it comes to pass, that the most perfect consecration to Jesus Christ is nothing else but a perfect and entire consecration of ourselves to the Blessed Virgin, and this is the devotion which I teach; or in other words, a perfect renewal of the vows and promises of holy Baptism. This devotion consists, then, in giving ourselves entirely and altogether to our Blessed Mother, in order to belong entirely and altogether to Jesus Christ by her. We must give her (1) our body, with all its senses and its members; (2) our soul, with all its powers; (3) the exterior goods of fortune, whether present or to come; (4) our interior and spiritual goods, which are our merits and our virtues, and our good works, past, present, and future. In a word, we do this for the honor of belonging to Jesus Christ by Mary, even though our sweet Mother were not, as she always is, the most generous and the most grateful of Mothers.

Here we must remark, that there are two things in the good

works which we do, namely, satisfaction and merits. Now in this consecration of ourselves to our Blessed Mother, we give her all our merits, graces, and virtues, not to communicate them to others—for our merits, graces, and virtues are properly speaking, incommunicable, and it is only Jesus Christ, Who, in making Himself our surety with His Father, is able to communicate His merits—but we give them to her that she may keep them, augment them, and embellish them for us, as we shall explain by and by. But we give her our satisfactions (such as the indulgences we may gain etc.,) to communicate them to whom she likes, and for the greatest glory of God. A person who is thus voluntarily consecrated and sacrificed to Jesus Christ by Mary can no longer dispose of the value of any of his good actions. All he suffers, all he thinks, all the good he says or does, belongs to Mary, in order that she may dispose of it according to the will of her son, and His greatest glory, without, however, that dependence prejudicing in any way the obligations of the state we may be in at present, or may be placed in for the future; for example, without prejudicing the obligations of a priest, who, by his office ought to apply the satisfactory or impetratory value of the holy Mass to some private person; for we make the offering of this devotion *only according to the order of God and the duties of our state*. This devotion may justly be called a perfect renewal of the promises of holy Baptism, because, as in Baptism, we renounce, as it is expressed in the formula of consecration, the devil, the world, sin and self; and we give ourselves entirely to Jesus Christ by the hands of Mary. Moreover, in holy Baptism, we do not give ourselves to Jesus by the hands of Mary, at least not in an expressed manner; and we do not give Him the value of our good actions. We remain entirely free after Baptism, either to apply them to whom we please or to keep them for ourselves. But, by this devotion, we give ourselves to our Divine Lord expressly by the hands of Mary, and we consecrate to Him the value of all our actions. Therefore, no one can object to this devotion as either a new or an indifferent one. But some may object that this devotion, in making us give to our Divine Lord by our Blessed Mother's hands the value of all our good works, prayers, mortifications, and alms, puts us into an incapacity for helping the souls of our parents, friends, and benefactors. I answer them as follows: 1. That it is not credible that our parents, friends and benefactors should suffer any damage from the fact of our being devoted and consecrated without exception to the service of our Divine Lord and His Blessed Mother.

To think this would be to think unworthily of the goodness and power of Jesus and Mary, who know well how to assist our parents, friends, and benefactors, out of our own little spiritual revenue, or by other ways. 2. *This practice does not hinder us from praying for others, whether dead or living*, although the *application of our good works depends upon the will of our Blessed Mother*. On the contrary it is this very thing which will lead us to pray with more confidence! Some one may say, "If I give our Blessed Mother all the value of my actions, I may have to suffer, perhaps, a long time in purgatory." This objection, which comes from ignorance of the generosity of our Divine Lord and His Blessed Mother, and also from self love, demolishes itself. A fervent and generous soul, who prizes the interests of Almighty God more than his own, who gives Almighty God more than his own, who gives Almighty God all that he has, without reserve, so that he can do nothing more, who breathes only the glory and reign of Jesus Christ by His holy Mother, and who makes the entire sacrifice of himself, and of all that he has, to bring it about—will this generous and liberal soul, I say, be more punished in the other world because it has been more liberal and more disinterested than others? Far indeed, will that be from the truth. It is towards that soul, as we shall see in conclusion, that our Divine Lord and His Blessed Mother *are most liberal* in this world, and in the other world, in the orders of nature, of grace, and of glory.

(Conclusion next month.)

A HOLIDAY CHAT ABOUT A ROSARY.

By E. V. N.

ON the Feast St. Magdalen, some three decades ago, the pupils of the *Sacre Cœur* at the "*Hotel Biron*," Paris, were enjoying what they styled, "*Congé sans cloche!*" Delighted at their freedom, some American girls resolved to spend at least one half hour in speaking English and communicating family news from their dear United States. So they selected a rustic seat in the beautiful garden, shaded by lofty trees, and in which some of the little group deemed it a privilege to contemplate the windows of Mrs. Craven's residence, and others took delight at the idea of viewing the stained glass windows of the chapel in the "*Hotel des Invalides*," where re-

pose the remains of Napoleon I. In the height of their merriment, they noticed Mme. D— approaching; who having spent some fifteen years in America, liked to talk English, and if possible add to the pleasure of the “dear little foreigners” as she called them. That lady had just finished reciting her chaplet, and as the beads of which it was composed sparkled in the sunlight, one of the young ladies asked Mme. D— of what material they were made.

“I fancy, miss, you would never guess. In truth they glitter so remarkably, that I only use them when in my walks, lest observers might think they *are* jewels.”

“Then they are not diamonds as I imagined?” ventured another young person.

“O no; of course not; but if you like I will tell you of what they are made, and how I came by the treasure.”

“We should be both delighted and obliged,” said a third, and soon they were all seated, and entertained with the following narrative.

“A few years ago,” said Mme. D— “I was summoned from Lemberg in Galicia to Paris. It was winter, and the road to Cracow was almost impracticable in the public coaches; hence, I, and a novice who was to accompany me, were very much pleased when the Countess X.— (who was also going to that city) offered to take us with her in her own carriage. We rode by easy stages and the handsome, intelligent lady, who was not only Polish, but an ardent patriot, beguiled the time with anecdotes of Russians and Austrians, whose *good* qualities she failed to describe in the sad events that were deeply engraved on her memory.

It was Saturday afternoon when we reached the ancient capital of Poland, which by the partition-treaty of 1795 fell to the share of Austria, and in 1809 formed with Western Galicia the grand duchy of Warsaw. On the following Sunday we heard Mass in the magnificent cathedral, which contains twenty chapels, and the tombs of the most celebrated of the Polish kings. We also venerated the relics of St. Stanislaus (King,) which are preserved in a coffin of solid silver. There are many monuments erected to that holy patron in the various chapels. We intended to continue our journey on the following Monday, when the kind Countess declared that she ‘could not permit a French woman (my companion was Polish,) to leave her country without seeing some of its treasures.’ In vain I urged my religious habit—she averred that, ‘it was very useful to know what she proposed to show us—and moreover the Bishop had approved her plan.’

We visited the castle founded in A. D. 700, and the library of the University founded in 1364, with the lovely botanical garden attached to it. The library contains nearly 40,000 printed volumes, and 5,000 Mss. etc.

But you wanted to know about my brilliant beads! Well, our hostess insisted on conducting us to the "*Salt Mines of Wieliczka*." So now, you divine that the beads are formed of rock-salt!" and she passed them to us.

We indulged in exclamations of surprise—and then begged Mme. D— to continue her interesting account.

"These mines," said she, "the Countess told us as we rode over the nine miles to reach them, have been worked without interruption over six hundred years. The mass of salt is commonly estimated to extend five or six hundred miles in length, and to be over twelve hundred feet in depth. It is on the northwest side of a ridge of hills that are an offset from the Carpathian range.

At length we alighted and entered the mine. The salt is '*stoped*' out, (as miners express it,) into transverse galleries, and large vaulted chambers, which are supported by massive pillars. To reach the first story of the mine, we were obliged to descend three hundred and sixty steps! Our guide first showed the Chapel; a really beautiful edifice, carved from salt, in which those who dwell permanently in the mine can hear Mass. For there are streets and houses on the ground floor of the mine, and hundreds are born, live and die there.

Candlemas is the patronal feast of the miners; and on that festival High Mass is sung. The holy water vase was carved in the most exquisite style, and was of salt, as were all the columns, capitals and ornaments.

The high Altar, with the steps leading to it, the seats for the worshippers, and two statues representing choir boys in the attitude of recollection, in fine, the vases, candlebearers etc., were all carved from blocks of salt, and were sculptured in the height of perfection.

Then we wandered through vaults of crystal, through aisles whose walls seemed to glitter with myriads of gems, and apartments that realized our imagination of fairy-land. At length we entered the ball-room, a vast hall, with a lofty dome whence hung twelve chandeliers (of salt,) and which when lighted produced an illumination of unrivalled splendor! All round this hall were seats cut from the glittering mineral, and at the end the Coat of Arms of Austria, in an enormous, gorgeous transparency, had

been especially lighted for our benefit. The poor Countess looked so sad, that we were forced to suppress our real admiration of the brilliant display.

From the splendid ball-room, we passed to the shore of the Lake, as the miners call it, but though very lovely in its placid, serene reflections, it appeared to me, who have seen American Lakes, to be only an ordinary pond. No explosives are used in this mine.

About a thousand persons are continually engaged in working the salt, which is generally grayish, and looks like granite. Not a few are employed in carving objects to sell to visitors as souvenirs of their trip. The Countess was very liberal in this respect to each of us; for *my* share I received these glittering rosary beads, a mounted cannon and a variety of crosses, Latin, Greek, Maltese and of St. Andrew.

We passed, you perceive, a memorable week in that land at present so oppressed by unjust conquerors. On leaving our gracious hostess, she procured us our passports and gave us letters of introduction to a friend, for we were obliged to pass a night in the land of Stanislas and Kosciusko, before we could reach the frontier.

Very weary after a ride in the stage-coach, I sank into a double feather bed, with a thankful heart. But alas! I could not sleep; for a clock placed between the two beds announced each successive hour, and its pretty ringing stroke was followed each time by a most witching and harmonious piece of music. I wondered whether I could remove it; when I learned from Mme. G—that it was a Polish custom and meant the sincerest of welcomes! I was quite ready to leave my bed at early dawn, and proceed on the journey.

When we attained the frontier of Belgium an official of the customs said, 'what have you in that box?'

'Salt, sir,' I replied.

'Salt! madame, it is not usual to carry salt in such a box!'

'But sir, the salt is in its natural state, and carved.'

'That box must be opened—I think it is to be taxed.'

'Well, it can be opened, but in my presence.'

When the box was opened, the poor man was extremely puzzled—the beads glittered beautifully. 'I suspect these are of some expensive material—' and he summoned his chief.

'Madame, what declaration have you to make on these articles?' began the Collector of Customs.

'Sir, I have said three times that they are salt; but now I think of it, if you will touch this cannon with your tongue you can satisfy yourself of its material.'

'He did so, with a frightful grimace, and then politely excused himself, 'you must admit, madame,' he said, 'that we might have been deceived.'"

We thanked Mme. D— warmly for her interesting account, and asked leave to accompany her to the "*Grotto of St. Magdalen*," to which, rising, she said she was on the way to visit. This "*Grotto*" is an artificial cavern, composed of various shells, pebbles and glittering scraps of minerals, and containing a life-sized group of our Divine Lord, when after His resurrection He appeared to Magdalen, and the ardent penitent mistook Him for the gardener. The cave is covered with Roman Ivy and other creepers.

There, we responded to the "Glorious Mysteries," intoned by our kind friend, and then joined our French companions in their favorite game of "*Cache-cache!*" But our minds and hearts were often turning to the group of statuary, and the hallowed invocations there offered.

A DEVOUT EXPLANATION OF THE "OUR FATHER."

FROM ST. THOMAS AQUINAS.

THE THIRD PETITION: "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

The third gift of the Holy Ghost is called the gift of knowledge. The Holy Ghost not only bestows upon the worthy the gift of fear and the gift of filial piety by which a yearning for God is produced in the soul—as has been said, but He also gives true wisdom; and this was what David asked for in the 118th psalm when he said: "Teach me goodness and discipline and knowledge." This is the knowledge by which man lives well—which the Holy Ghost taught us. Among other things which conduce to the knowledge and wisdom of man the true wisdom is that which teaches him not to rely on self.

"Have confidence in the Lord with all thy heart and lean not upon thy own prudence."* For they who are so self-satisfied as to pay no heed to others are invariably found and deemed to be

* Prov. III, 5.

foolish. "Hast thou seen a man wise in his own conceit? There shall be more hope of a fool than of him."* That one does not confide in himself, however, proceeds from humility; hence, the place for humility is wisdom according to the saying of the Book of Proverbs C. XI. 2: "Where pride is there shall be reproach; where humility is there also is wisdom."

The foolish, on the contrary, are they who rely too much on self. Now, the Holy Ghost teaches this in the gift of knowledge enabling us to do not our own will but God's. And therefore with the aid of this gift we pray that God's will may be done on earth as it is in heaven. In this the effect of the gift of knowledge is readily seen. Hence when we say to God: "Thy will be done" it is the case of a sick man who wants relief from his physician, he desires this relief to be in full accordance with the physician's wishes; if he acts otherwise he will act foolishly. In like manner we ought not to ask anything of God except what is His will—in other words we ought to be anxious to have God's will accomplished in us.

Then only is the heart of man upright when it accords with the Divine will. Our Lord insisted on this in a very emphatic manner when He said, "I descended from Heaven not to do My will—but the will of Him who sent Me."† As God, indeed, Christ has the same will as that of the Father; but as man—He has a will distinct from the Father's; and in this last respect He said that He does not His own will but the Father's—and therefore, He teaches us to pray, saying; "Thy will be done."

(Continued.)

TRULY these are the two great wants of our age—faith and grace. Our age abounds in learning, well diffused, and science brought home to the people through a thousand channels. But learning and science are not faith, and the sin of our age lies in failing to see that no knowledge, however extended or profound can be incompatible with the simple obedient bowing down of the intelligence to divine truth and to the voice of its messenger. Faith is the queen of all science; in the loftiness of its object, which is God, in the certainty of its knowledge, which rests on the truth of God; in the manner of acquiring it, which is by gift and revelation of God.—*Father Burke, O. P.*

* Prov. XXVI, 12. † John VI.

THE FIFTEEN SATURDAYS.

THE "Devotion of the Fifteen Saturdays" consists in receiving communion on each of fifteen consecutive Saturdays and in adding to the reception of the Holy Eucharist some other good works in honor of the Blessed Virgin and the fifteen Mysteries of the Rosary, in order to obtain through her unique and incomparable intercession, some special favor or grace for one's self or for one's neighbor. Although the Mother of God is honored and invoked every day, every hour by the holy Church of Christ, and is entitled at all times to the worship of hyperdulia, yet Saturday has been specially selected for the performance of these pious exercises, because it is well known that she takes great pleasure in conferring favors on that day upon her devout servants.

The Devotion of the Fifteen Saturdays came into existence towards the close of the 17th century, and we may truly say that it was hardly established before it was embraced with so much fervor by the faithful that at Toulouse alone, on a single Saturday, the number of communicants at the altar of the Rosary reached fourteen hundred. The Blessed Virgin soon made known to the world, through the favors which she imparted to the practicers of the devotion, how pleasing to her were its exercises.

"According to authentic depositions, the blind saw, the deaf, paralytics and the dropsical were miraculously healed, sinners on the verge of despair were converted, and the afflicted of every description received the greatest consolations. In fine, many were the extraordinary vocations to the religious state, benedictions on sterile marriages, and great were the admiration and gratitude of the pious at the immense number of other brilliant graces that had been exuberantly poured out upon the people through the practice of appealing to Mary's intercession in the exercises of the Fifteen Saturdays."

Ever since the establishment of this devotion it has been the source of the most signal favors to many, and it has daily demonstrated its value and fruitfulness. Through it light has been obtained in doubts, victory in temptations, comfort, relief and cures in diseases and the sweetest consolations in afflictions. Furthermore, the slow and thoughtful manner of meditating on each of the mysteries in due succession is well calculated to make the practicers of this devotion better understand and appreciate

the real spirit of the Rosary. It has been on many occasions discovered, that it was only after the practice of these exercises that certain members of the Confraternity began to value fully the Rosary in its *ensemble* and in its most interior fruits. This devotion, too, when practiced for the general interests of the Church and society, produces the most apparent and brilliant results.

As soon as the Church of God became duly informed of the wonderful effects of the devotion of the fifteen communions in honor of the Blessed Mother and the Fifteen Mysteries of the Rosary, and realized the earnestness and fervor with which the people practiced it, she opened wide the door of her spiritual treasury, to the practicers of the exercises. In 1690 Pope Alexander granted a plenary indulgence to all the inhabitants of Toulouse who followed the exercises. This first largess of the Church has since then been considerably increased. By a rescript of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences, dated 12th of December, 1849, the members of the Confraternity of the Rosary, (consequently *a fortiori*, all members of the "Monthly Guard of Honor" of our Blessed Lady) may gain, after having confessed, communicated, visited the Altar of the Confraternity, and prayed there for the Pope's intentions, the following indulgences: On three Saturdays at option, a plenary indulgence, and on each of the other twelve seven years and seven quarantines. In fine, on the 29th of December, 1853, Pius IX. granted a plenary indulgence to the performance of the exercises of each Saturday; in other words all those who properly practice the devotion may gain on each of the Fifteen Saturdays a plenary indulgence, after having confessed, communicated, visited the Altar of the Confraternity and prayed there for the Pope's intentions.

We have just described and explained the conditions rigorously required for the gaining of the indulgences and the observance of the devotion, but we believe, following the instructions and advice of the most exact writers of the Dominican Order on this devotion, that we ought to advise all who practice it to endeavor as much as possible to sanctify the whole period of the Fifteen Saturdays, in other words the whole fifteen weeks and especially the Saturdays themselves, being communion days, with redoubled fervor and the performance of special good works. In this manner the whole efficacy of the devotion is experienced and all its fruits are placed within the reach of the true servants of the Mother of God. "And for this purpose," says the pious author already quoted, "it is necessary for us to watch during the whole

period of the devotion, in a particular manner, over all our actions, live in great recollection, avoid with care all the occasions of mortal sin, and every attachment to venial sin, be perfectly resigned in all things to the holy will of God. Furthermore, we ought to honor in a special manner each and every mystery of the Rosary, by meditating carefully on each, and by copying in ourselves the virtue there designated, and thus imitate our Lord and His Blessed Mother, not only on the day of communion, but on every day from one Saturday to the next."

There is no fixed time defined by law for the observance of this devotion, and therefore it may be practiced at any period of the year and even several times in the course of the year. But it is advisable for the following three grave reasons, to select for the observance of the devotion, the fifteen weeks which immediately precede the Feast of the Most Holy Rosary, so that the Fifteenth Saturday may be the very vigil of the first Sunday of October. 1. Because during that period, formal and solemn exercises are conducted in all Dominican churches. 2. Because the exercises practiced at that time dispose and prepare us to receive the great graces and indulgences of the great Rosary Feast—Rosary Sunday. 3. During that time we are in a special manner united with all the other members of the Confraternity, and we all know, or at least ought to know, that prayers offered in common, all other circumstances being equal, are more powerful and beneficial than those said privately or individually. "For," says our Lord, "where there are two or three gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them."*

In many Confraternity churches, but above all and specially in Dominican churches, this devotion is solemnly observed. On the morning of each Saturday the privileged Mass of the Rosary is either said or sung at the *Altar of the Confraternity*. After the mass or in the evening, an instruction is given on the Mystery of the day; each Saturday has its own special Mystery; the first Saturday of the devotion commemorates the first Mystery of the Rosary; the second Saturday, the second Mystery, and so on till the end. After the instruction the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament should, if possible, be given. Of course the Rosary is recited at the usual time and *at the Rosary Altar*. It is most earnestly urged by the Rosary writers of the Order that the same

* Matthew XVIII, 20.

formal and solemn exercises be carried out in all confraternity churches, that is in all churches in which the Most Rev. Master General of the Dominicans has, through his Delegate, established in a canonical manner, the great Confraternity of the Rosary. We have said that on each Saturday in Dominican churches, the Mass of the Rosary is either said or sung at the Rosary Altar; this means that apart from the merits of the Mass itself for both celebrant and attendants, many indulgences may be gained; it means that both the priest who celebrates the Mass and all the members of the Confraternity who piously assist at it, may gain, each time, all the indulgences attached to the recitation of a full Rosary. The following are the indulgences for the recitation of a Rosary, and therefore for the celebrating or the hearing of a Rosary Mass: 1.—120 days; 2.—120 days; 3.—300 days; 4.—300 days; 5.—3,150 days; 6.—11,250 days; 7.—16,500 days; 8.—1,500 years and 1,500 quarantines; 9.—30 years and 30 quarantines; 10,320,000 years and as many quarantines; 11.—50 years, once a day when said in a church; 12.—10 years and 10 quarantines, when said in common. 13.—A plenary indulgence as often as a full Rosary is recited. These are the indulgences of a full Rosary for all members of the Confraternity, and these, too, are the indulgences of a Rosary Mass for all members of the Confraternity who assist at it.

All members of the Confraternity who assist habitually at the privileged Rosary Mass, and also all priests who celebrate it whenever the Rubrics permit, may gain once a month all the indulgences attached to the procession of the first Sunday of each month, that is, at least three plenary and many partial indulgences.

Important admonitions for the fruitful practice of this devotion are: 1. On the Friday before each of the Saturdays all engaged in the devotion should go to confession with all humility and with the determined resolution to avoid forever, by the aid of the grace of God, all sins, even the smallest. 2. On each Saturday they should meditate with all their soul on the Mystery honored on that day, and endeavor to draw as near as possible to the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary. 3. On each Saturday they should receive with the profoundest adoration and fervor Holy Communion. O what a fecund source of grace and blessings in these fervent communions so frequently repeated. A single communion when accompanied with the constant practice of the virtues of Jesus and Mary, unites the soul to God so intimately that, according to St. Magdalen de Pazzi, it is sufficient of itself to

elevate the recipient to the most solid and exalted perfection. What may we not expect from the full possession of our Lord in the Sacrament of the Eucharist, when we reflect that in the days of His mortal career the simple touch of His garments by the afflicted was efficacious enough to expell from them the most obstinate diseases and all woes. 4. They should recite on each Saturday at some convenient time, at least five decades of the Rosary, but, when possible, the whole Rosary. If the Mass on Saturday is not sung, the Rosary should be said in common during the Mass. 5. In the course of the day they should perform, with the permission of their confessor, some penitential act, for example a fast or abstinence, and in private make many prostrations in thanksgiving to Jesus and Mary and in honor of the Sacred Hearts. 6. All who are able should give some alms, particularly to widows and orphans and to the aged poor, and visit the neglected sick. 7. All who can should assist at the public and solemn exercises of the devotion; those who cannot assist at them should spend some time at home or elsewhere in reading carefully an explanation or study on the meditation of the Mystery of the day. 8. All should endeavor to spend the whole week, that is from one Saturday to another, in striving to become more and more like unto Jesus and Mary and in copying into their own hearts the principal virtue proposed in the Mystery of the preceding Sunday. 9. During the exercises St. Joseph should be particularly honored and invoked, and the poor souls in Purgatory generously remembered.—*Rev. A. Rooney, O. P., in "Western Witness."*

"God often guides souls by ways that are opposed to all human views; He upsets all our judgments, disconcerts all our foresight, disappoints all our efforts. We have only one thing to do, which is not to think about ourselves at all, not to reason about what God is doing with us, but be content to walk in blind faith and implicit obedience."

"MARY is the mysterious book given to the world to read the Word (Eternal Word) of God."—*St. Epiphanius.*

The Children of the Rosary.

CONDUCTED BY AQUINAS.

THE FOURTH SORROWFUL MYSTERY.

CARRYING THE CROSS.

CHRIST bears His heavy cross—He falls	So let us bear each cross He sends;
Beneath its cruel weight, and still	And if we fall swift rise once more.
He rises and He journeys on	Christ gives Himself with every cross.
To do His Father's blessed will.	'Twas only He the bare wood bore.



THE Fourth Sorrowful mystery brings to the memory as we are reciting our ten Hail Marys, the Sorrowful journey of our Blessed Lord with the cross on His shoulders, from the council room through the streets of the city and up the hill of Calvary. Without a word of complaint, Jesus, weak from the scourging and the other indignities of the previous night, walks along. His sweetly sad face is streaming with blood that is flowing from the wounds made by the thorn-crown. His shoulders are lacerated and every jolt of the heavy cross causes Him great pain. The mob that swore His life away—the high court of justice that insisted it was necessary that one man should die rather than that the whole nation should—the strong guard of Roman soldiery—all these are accompanying our meek Saviour on His way to death, and they are heedlessly trampling on the Sacred Blood which makes the very stones of the streets blush for shame. Yes, they are shouting

and laughing with satanic joy. They see their uncomplaining Victim fall one, two—three times under the weight of His heavy burden. When, at length they fear that death will deliver Him from their torture, Simon of Cyrene is constrained to carry the Cross behind our Lord.

In all this mad throng, we ask ourselves as the beads pass through our fingers, has Jesus no friend—nay—less than that—has the human nature of this mocking, jeering, curious mob become so brutalized that the unmerited sufferings of this innocent One can be calmly and indifferently witnessed? Pardon the comparison, my dear sweet Jesus—but if even a poor beast of burden were goaded and maltreated as You were abused, a cry of righteous indignation would be wrung from the most indifferent onlooker! But now, dear children, we must not overlook the truth that our sins and the sins of the world bore down on our Saviour with far greater anguish than all the indignities offered him by the Jews. And oh! the sadness that ought to take hold of every one of us if by our personal sins we have ever offended our dear Lord; for then we have in, as far as we were able, forced Him to drag His heavy cross up the Hill of Calvary anew. Before we finish this decade we will secretly and solemnly promise Jesus that our loyalty for Him will grow stronger in our hearts every day. And on the other hand we must not forget to ask for the grace to embrace whatever crosses that will be laid on our shoulders. Crosses will come and we cannot shun them. Let us then bear our cross in patience following in the footsteps of Jesus. Then we will experience the truth of our Lord's saying: "My yoke is sweet and My burden light."

CHARLEY'S CHANCE.

MRS. C. A. GILLESPIE.

II.

THE silence in the school room grew oppressive. Nancy glanced around. Miss Dodge, was standing by the door, her eyes cast down, a look of irresolution and pain upon her countenance.

Contempt and aversion was the universal expression of the school. A strength not her own enabled the accused child to choke back her sobs, and, rising to say, "Miss Dodge I did not

take the pin, but some one in this room knows all about it. Will no one help to clear me?"

Charley half rose from his seat and then sat down. Miss Dodge noticed the movement and asked:

"Do you know anything about the pin, Charley?"

The little fellow's pale face flushed and he replied in a low tone, but one audible from the great silence, "You told us never to tell tales, that it was low and mean."

"Yes, Charley, better bear a wrong, unless your motive is an unselfish one, as it would be in the present instance, if you could clear Nancy from this charge which she so earnestly denies, and which, indeed, seems to me almost impossible, though appearances are so much against her. Tell us all you know."

"I would have done so before, ma'am, but I was afraid it would be mean, and I thought perhaps the one who took it would tell himself presently, but I can't bear that good, kind Nancy should be blamed any longer. I saw Jim Sykes pick it up from where you dropped it, but I don't know how it got in Nancy's desk."

"Oh I know, I know!" cried Nancy, almost hysterically. "He borrowed my grammar, and insisted on putting it in my desk himself. What did he want with my book, when there lies his own grammar on his desk? He hates me, Miss Dodge, because father drives him off our place."

"It's a lie!" shouted Jim, rising in a fury. "Your father dares not touch me!" But encountering the look of abhorrence upon his teacher's stern face, and the overwhelming condemnation of the school, his evil eyes sank and he sat down.

The tide in that fickle creature of circumstance, popular opinion, had now completely turned, and the utmost indignation was expressed for Jim's twofold crime of stealing and attempting to fix the guilt upon another. Remorse for having so readily condemned one of whom they had hitherto known nothing but good, now made the children eager in their condemnation of the greater culprit, and, bully and braggart as Jim was, he could but cower under the universal scorn and disgust which was meted out to him.

He sat sullen and dumb while his teacher explained to the class the difference between a mere tale-bearer and Charley's action where it was manifestly his duty to clear the innocent. She assured Nancy that she had felt confident of her innocence from the first, and paid such a tribute to her worth as made the girl's honest face glow with love and pride. Jim was asked to

remain after school; as Charley rose the latter hissed in his ear:

"Oh, I'll fix you, coward and spy that you are!"

Long and earnestly did Miss Dodge labor to instill some idea of honor, to awaken some sense of guilt in this poor depraved boy's nature. It was in vain, and with a sad heart she watched him slouch down the road, leaving her alone in the deserted school room. Was she alone? A look of peace gradually stole over the thin, pale face. The low-down sun broke through the clouds and shone on the rough walls, touching as with a halo the bowed head; a benediction seemed breathed upon the air, and an influence she could neither evade nor explain, made her conscious of compensation; made her feel that sometime, somewhere, she should see her labor was not in vain, though, looking back on the day all was confusion and dissatisfaction. She recalled that it was written: "Well done, good and *faithful*," and that nothing was said about success. She had tried. She would leave results with God.

The next day Jim did not appear, nor was he ever seen in the school again, but that he had made his threat good was manifest from Charley's bruised and swollen face.

Jim had waylaid him as he was returning from an errand the evening before, and beaten him in a most cruel and brutal way. The little fellow had crawled home in a pitiable condition and unable or unwilling to give any account of his assailant, but John and Sam determined at once that it was no other than Jim, and only his disappearance from the neighborhood enabled him to escape arrest, for Charley was as much liked as Jim was detested, and news of the outrage awakened deep sympathy and indignation in the community; while Charley's own reticence only exaggerated imaginary accounts of the affair. As for Nancy, she looked upon Charley as a martyr to her defence, and henceforth nothing that she or her mother could do for his comfort was neglected. No boy had jackets more neatly mended, or stockings better darned; and many were the dainties that found their way to his dinner basket, every mouthful of which was always shared with the two big brothers, who had been mother and sister too for more years than Charley could remember. But the sun lengthened its hours, and school days were correspondingly shortened and at last ended for John and Sam. And now came Charley's chance. He had long been thinking of it, and waiting for it, as a round in that ladder about which he had never forgotten.

While John had been busy with his copy book and Sam had put in all the time he could spare from mischief on his slate, Charley had diligently conned his reader, mastered all the big words, and been promoted to a higher grade. He was naturally a good reader, having a flexible sympathetic voice, but his great ambition was to study grammar and geography, and a proud boy he was the day these were placed in his hands. Now he might begin his mission; for, as Longfellow says: "The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts," and Charley in his wise little head had concluded that in order to be educated it was not enough to know merely how to write and cipher, and hence he would get John and Sam to study his books at night. He understood that he was to have such a chance as was denied them, but the unselfish boy was not content to enjoy this chance alone. His heart had been bound to these big, awkward brothers by many kind and pitiful acts, performed in an inconsequent way as a matter of course, but riveting chains of affection and gratitude that made it impossible for our hero to be willing to hold the slightest advantage over them. As he was to be an educated gentleman, so must they; but how?

He thought, first, of consulting Father Doyle, whose earnest words on the subject of "Jacob's Ladder" had been the good seed falling into the good ground of our little boy's heart. But the kind old priest lived a long way off having several churches to attend in this isolated region where he said mass but once a month and owing to his great age was able to make but few parochial calls. So in his perplexity Charley determined to take Miss Dodge into his confidence and this he did, lingering one afternoon until he was done with her, and he always ascribed his success to his having followed her directions. He began by adroitly asking their help at night in finding places on the map, or in hearing his lessons; now and then relating some interesting event which Miss Dodge had told him of as happening at this place or that; thus rousing their interest, and making them anxious to read such books as she loaned him bearing on the subject. Grammar seemed dry stuff, but when, in connection with each lesson, inaccuracies in conversation were corrected, there seemed some use in that, and before long they had laughed each other out of many mistakes. Then Sam's forte was arithmetic and here Charley was deficient, and his great admiration for his brother's proficiency aroused Sam's ambition to do still better. Indeed Miss Dodge had sown the seed of a thirst for knowledge in our boys in the winter that was past,

and Charley's efforts nourished it. Before the warm days came any night in that dingy cabin might have been seen by the light of a tallow candle three brown heads bending over a no-to-clean table, spread about with books and charts; or, later on, they gathered on the door stone, near which grew Sam's sweet peas and geraniums, and until the dew fell and the Angelus rang out, could be heard the hum of youthful voices from busy students climbing up the Hill of Knowledge. A sound that must have made glad the hearts of guardian angels bending over this most important of all life's battle fields.

All this happened long years ago, and many winter nights and warm summer evenings were thus passed. Many times and oft would John or Sam have grown discouraged, and given up in disgust, for school without a teacher is hard, hard work; but Charley's earnest entreaties always prevailed; while each winter term at the old log school filled them with more earnest zeal. Miss Dodge watched with delighted interest the steady upward growth of these saplings of her planting; saw John learn to shut his mouth and hold his head erect and grow earnest-eyed; saw Sam cease yawning, give up his mischievous pranks and develop into a capable, energetic young man; watched Charley daily becoming sweeter, purer, more spiritual. The quick appreciative glance of his bright intelligent eyes became the source of constant encouragement to her; and, Pygmalion like, her spirit bowed in reverence before the simple dignity of this young heart whose inspiration she, herself, had been.

Charley had made herculean efforts, studying early and late, having always the end in view of imparting what he knew to his hard working brothers at home. For the burden of life had fallen heavily upon their young shoulders. Their father, always weak and irresolute, had grown to depend more and more upon their exertions, and seldom left the chimney corner. Work in that poor region met with scanty pay, and it required the most heroic exertions and self denial to keep Charley at school and attend themselves for two months during the winter. But they had learned to love knowledge for her own sake, and on them she presently bestowed her great rewards. The "needful austerities" which quicken and sharpen every faculty were not wanting in their case, and proved indeed blessings in disguise. The hard fought for school hours were dearly prized. The books, to buy which an old jacket was rudely patched and made to do duty for another year, were looked upon as mines of information, and their contents

were thoroughly mastered. The toil far into the night strengthened their memory to such a degree that every year they accomplished double the work of the year before. While days and months of manly toil in the pure invigorating atmosphere of that mountain slope favored splendid physical development, so that in all that country round Freeman Clark's boys came to be regarded as youths of whom any man might be proud. John and Sam were tall broad-chested intelligent looking fellows that could be relied upon to do faithfully whatever they undertook.

Charley, though of more delicate build, was rapidly outgrowing all signs of weakness, and was, when first the author knew him, a fair faced, beautiful boy, learning rapidly at school, but learning even more rapidly in the unwall'd school of nature, into whose society he had been more or less thrust because of his motherless and comparatively homeless state; on her bosom he had early learned to repose, and generously did she repay his confidence. The woods and waters, fields and sky have treasures bestowed only upon those who are much with them, and long rambles out into the country should be encouraged by all parents living in cities. Habits of thought and observation are best thus developed, and muddy shoes, and even a torn jacket, are not to be considered beside the expansion of lung and muscle and the increased manliness and self-reliance gained in fields and groves. All the great writers and thinkers, the poets, philosophers and scientists, of every age, have drawn inspiration from rural scenes. Those old Greek teachers were wise in establishing their Walking Schools by which means mind and body were expanded in unison. If it seem marvelous to any that these mountain boys, who are all real characters, should have developed so rapidly from such unpromising beginners, we would assure them that it was because they were so much alone, so thrust upon themselves and nature, so little helped. What young people want is not so much opportunity as desire; not so much text books as necessity for knowledge and action; not so many rules and restrictions as liberty coupled with responsibility. All these elements of success were united in the case of the Clark boys.

Charley as he grew stronger was keenly alive to the necessity for exertion, and ere long had self-imposed a routine of daily tasks that were not only conducive to the welfare and comfort of the rest of the family, but, unknown to him, were the means of increased strength and health to himself. He thought it no shame that a boy should busy himself about keeping a house sweet and

clean, and, sometimes assisted by his indolent father, but oftener alone, he spent many holidays in making the old cabin more sightly.

Five years from the date our story opened it was astonishing what changes a little boy had wrought in that poor house. It was white-washed without and within; the floor, table and chairs scrubbed white and clean; some cheap muslin curtains fluttered in the breeze, while roses and clustering vines clambered up the walls and peeped in at doors and windows. The exigencies of life had made all the boys handy, but Charley's taste and ingenuity ever took the lead in all domestic improvements. In fact it is doubtful whether the others would ever have initiated any reform at all, though they were by no means unappreciative of each and every improvement, and willingly aided in every project which promised to enable them to live more "like other people."

One evening while engaged with their books around the open door, an eagle was seen sailing slowly overhead. Sam exclaimed:

"I bet she has a nest somewhere near the old dam! I've seen her flying in that direction three times, and old Mr. Wright told me he would give me a dollar for a live eaglet. I've a mind to try find the nest."

"Nonsense," said John, "you'd have torn clothes and scratches for your pains, and if you succeeded in capturing one, think of an eagle in a cage! I believe I should let it out the first time I went to have my shoes mended."

"I expect you'd have to have your head mended if you did," laughed Charley, "the old man sets great store by his birds and is so high tempered."

"Well," said Sam, "to-morrow will be Hallow Eve and as I have no extra job bespoken I intend to try my luck."

"Then I am going with you to see that you don't get your eyes pecked out."

"As if you could help me in such a case. You may think yourself lucky if the old bird doesn't catch up such a little chap and carry you to her eyrie as a nice dinner dish for her nestlings!"

Whereupon all the boys laughed, and John, seeing no great danger in the enterprise made no further objections. He and his father were to help a neighbor strip tobacco the next day, and would be from home. So as soon as Sam and Charley had tidied up the house in their boyish way, the next morning, off they started, wearing the roughest of their rough clothes, since a short cut to the dam led them through close undergrowth and brambly

fields. On they trudged, one several yards behind the other, stopping now and then to beat a chincapin bush and fill their pockets with the shining little nuts. The sun was near the zenith ere they came in sight of the old, ruined mill which had been abandoned twenty years before on account of insufficient water power. It was a wild and secluded spot, near the foot of Lone Mountain, which here rose in sheer and barren rocks of a whitish appearance. On some rotten beams, half submerged in the shallow stream, several terrapins lay sunning themselves in the October sunshine. The morning had been rainy, but towards noon the sun had come out and a strong western wind was driving great banks of clouds behind the mountain, where piled up in dark fantastic shapes, they formed an effective background to the striking scene. Some negroes had made a patch of corn in the old garden, and the gaunt stalks waved here and there a sere, yellow banner in the moaning wind. There seemed no living creature but themselves in all the desolate scene, as, without speaking, they wound round the ruin in order to climb the crag at its back, on the summit of which Sam thought it probable they would find their prey. It was a rough, toilsome ascent. Sturdy Sam strode manfully on, but little Charley had to stop now and then to rest, and it was during one of these pauses that his eye, not unlike an eagle's in its keenness, sighted an unusual number of sticks piled near the edge of an utterly inaccessible ledge a little to his right. He felt convinced that this was the eyrie, and shouted to Sam, who came hurrying down over the rough rocks and stones. Just as he reached Charley a treacherous piece of the white rock broke and precipitated him some ten or fifteen feet. He fell with his foot under him, and for a moment was stunned by the shock and pain, but by the time Charley reached him he was on his feet again, though looking quite pale. On examination the boys concluded that the ankle, which had begun to swell rapidly, had been badly sprained, and limping with difficulty to the old mill he seated himself upon a portion of the broken wheel, while Charley dipped up water in his hat and bathed the swollen and discolored limb for some time. Neither of the boys spoke of the thought which was now uppermost. Would they have to stay at the old mill all night? Shadows from the mountain were growing ominously long. The sun showed but half a disc above it, and chill airs were beginning to creep up from the banks of the sluggish stream. They were five miles from home, and Charley would never be able to find his way back ere darkness would overtake him. Sam, though a brave boy, shrank from

spending the night in this wild spot. Fragments of gossip kept recurring to him, and though he suspected that the ghosts were no other than embodied mountain varment, yet, in his helpless condition, he felt himself unable to cope even with a musk rat, should one present itself. Similar thoughts to Sam's were passing through Charley's active little brain, and he was the first to speak about their mutual fear. Mustering up an appearance of cheerfulness he said:

"Well, old fellow! I guess we are in for a night of it, ain't we?"

"I see no help for it," groaned Sam, "I hope that wild cat the boys said they saw will not find us out."

"I dont believe one word of that tale," said Charley stoutly. "But I must forage around for a place to sleep. Make yourself easy," and he sprang up the bank feeling his young heart grow equal to the emergency.

What had been the largest room was still partly floored, and more than half the shingles remained on the roof. Into the most sheltered corner Charley hastened to carry armful after armful of the crisp, dry autumn leaves that had been huddled here and there by the wind into heaps. High up on some gnarled and bare apple trees he found a few knotty russets, and these with their chin-capins must furnish them with supper, for, boy-like, though knowing that they would be gone all day they had left home without so much as a crust of bread. Charley next gathered up some of the best shingles and pieces of board lying around, and piling them near the doorway inside of which was their bed, he ran exultingly back and helped poor Sam to limp up and survey their resources. As soon as he saw the preparations for a fire he brightened, and thought they would make out capitally. They sat in the doorway roasting their apples and munching the chin-capins. They saw the eagles fly to their rocky home; heard the clamor of the young eaglets, soon hushed by the distribution of a fowl one of them carried in its talons, and which the boys conjectured might be one of Nancy's pet chickens which had begun to disappear. The sun had been out of sight some time, but high points of the irregular mountain still shone against the tinted sky. The air grew quite chilly, and Sam gave Charley some matches with which he soon started a fine fire. A little later and, "Twilight gray had in her sombre livery all things clad." Soon it was only by peering intently that the boys could make out objects beyond the circle of sight created by the fire while the "plomp! plomp!" of the big frogs in the marsh, and the shrill chirps of the tree

frogs were the only sounds that fell upon their ears. Feeling a little awed in spite of themselves, the boys concluded they would rather fall asleep while the fire was burning brightly, and so hastily blessing themselves they crept into their bed, literally burrowing like rabbits in order to get the leaves on both sides and above them.

Charley was asleep in five minutes, and Sam's limb gradually growing easier, he, too, fell into a profound slumber, tired out by the events of the day.

The fire burned low and red, and, undisturbed, they would doubtlessly have slept on until morning; but their adventure was not by any means over.

(*To be continued.*)

BUTTERCUPS.

BY ANGELIQUE DE LANDE.

DEAR LITTLE CHILDREN OF THE ROSARY:

I WONDER how many of you are away in the country these bright July days? I hope you all are, or at least, I hope you are where you can go out and gather wild flowers for our Lady's shrine. For of all gifts, she best loves the sweet wild flowers which little children bring to her. Now the fields are yellow with buttercups, let us pick some of them. How bright they are, like a baby's smile! And because Little Buttercup is so bright and smiling she shall be Queen of the meadow. See how her golden crown shines with the drops of dew, like diamonds! Let us look at her gown, see! it shines like satin, and it has pretty white stripes like embroidery. If you count them you will see that there are five pieces in her gown each shaped like a heart. We call them *petals*. Now look closer, see all these fine silky threads. This is our Buttercup's beautiful hair. How soft it is, how yellow, just like the lovely golden sunshine. When you are older you will study all about the flowers, and you will learn that each of these little threads is called a *stamen* which means a thread. We love the buttercup dearly, because she comes in May and stays all summer, and we can always twine a wreath of these

bright flowers for our sweet Lady. Here is a little poem about the Buttercup which I hope you will all like because it was written for you.

QUEEN BUTTERCUP.

I know a large green meadow
Not very far away,
Where in the sweet, warm sunshine
The happy children play.

There, 'mid the slender grasses
That claim her as their own,
Queen Buttercup is sitting
Upon an emerald throne.

She wears a golden circlet
Begemmed with diamonds rare;
At noon the dancing sunbeams
See their own image there.

Her gown, of shining satin,
The finest in the land,
Is daintily embroidered
By Nature's royal hand.

Her hair, so soft and silky,
Has caught the sun's own hue,
And rivals in its beauty
The violet's modest blue.

Dearly the children love her,
And leave their noisy play
Around her throne to gather
The livelong summer day.

She smiles to see them coming,
And scatters at their feet
A shower of golden blossoms,
Their flying steps to greet.

Oh! she's a winsome lady
The fairest ever seen!
Hail Buttercup the Golden!
Our gracious meadowQueen!

MARY'S NAME.

By MARIE VICTORINE PAGE.

A LITTLE boy and girl (twins) were made happy one day by the uncle sending them a paraquette from Brazil. You who have studied all about that country, will know what lovely birds of bright colors and feathers that God has placed there to help make this world more beautiful.

These little children lived in the country far away from the city, so they had not seen anything so pretty, and while looking in the cage talking about their pretty present, their mamma came in saying:

"Now children you must give it your best name!"

She was a good pious woman, and had often taken them to church, and, although only four years old they could say, besides "our Lady's prayer," the "Creed."

They both thought for awhile, and then the boy said:

"Mamma, I will call it the Blessed Mother's name!"

The good woman was shocked, and exclaimed:

"What do you mean?" He looked up at her with large blue eyes and said:

"I will call it Mary, as I think that is the best name I know, mamma!"

Dear boys and girls I hope you will think as did this little man that the name of the Mother of God is the best after the "Holy Name," and may it always be honored with the greatest love and respect.

The Visitation, July 2nd, is a day that should be very dear to our young Rosarians. It is the feast of the Second joyful mystery of the Rosary. The day when St. Elizabeth inspired by God completed the first part of the "Hail Mary," when repeating the angel's words "blessed art thou among women," she added, "and blessed is the fruit of thy womb." It is the day when our Blessed Mother chanted the "Magnificat" which succeeding ages have never ceased to re-echo.



DON'T YOU THINK 'T WAS NICE? JENNIE HAD THREE KITTENS.

WHITE FOOT BENNIE.

BY MARGARET E. JORDAN.

JENNIE is my pet,
She's so good and pretty;
She's a great big cat—
Once she was a kitty.

That was long before
I began to 'member;
I'll be four years old
Some day next September.

Don't you think 'twas nice?
Jennie had three kittens;
One wore nice black gloves,
One wore soft white mittens.

One had two white paws—
Thought I'd call him Bennie—
He don't wear gloves, 'cause—
Guess he hasn't any.

One day Mamma said,
'Spose some doctor told her,
Two of 'em would die
'Fore they got much older.

And she asked me which
Of 'em I thought Jennie
Would like best to keep,
'Course I told her Bennie.

Well, I went out one day,
With my papa haying,
And when I came in,
Tired of work and playing,

Mamma said, " they're dead,
Isn't it a pity?
There is only left
Just one little kitty."

" Oh dear me!" I cried,
" Did death take my Bennie?"
Mamma said, " Go see."
So I ran to Jennie.

Don't you think, she smiled
And looked, oh, so pretty!
As she sat and purred
To that white foot kitty.

Wonder if death knew
That we wanted Bennie?
Don't you think he did?
I do, so does Jennie.

Notes.

WE have passed through the beautiful month of May, the month of our Blessed Mother; and through the month of June, consecrated to the Sacred Heart; and now we enter the month of July, that is everywhere known as the month of the Precious Blood. Children dear, as a little child loves to hold the hand of its earthly mother and to go with her through the paths of a garden, plucking at sweet will here and there beautiful flowers, so should you all love to cling closely to dear Mother Church as she leads you on through the garden of holy devotion, in every pathway of which you may gather flowers of virtue. Sometimes it will be a lowly one, like the lily of the valley or the violet; again it may be one that is a queen among virtues, as the rose is the queen of flowers—and these exquisite flowers of virtue, are not plucked, children dear, without hearts being wounded by many a thorn, even as the hand is wounded that plucks the rose.

There is a little book called *THE SECRET OF SANCTITY REVEALED IN MARY*. Our young Rosarians, if they were to take it up, might

not understand its deep and holy teachings; and yet, there is not a lesson in its pages which they would not understand if it were given to them in simple language. Beautiful flowers that we have plucked droop and die, as you know. Beautiful virtues that we gather, may also lose their fragrance and their life, but there is one way in which we may preserve them. Anything that is once placed in Mary's blessed keeping is safe forever. When we have gathered, then, a flower of virtue, let us lift it up to her; let us give it to her to be her very own. Anything that belongs to Mary is safe for Jesus, and for us. Whenever, then, you have won a grace or gained a virtue, be so grateful to God for it that you will put it out of your power ever to lose it; do this by giving it unto our Blessed Mother in whose dear keeping God trusted Jesus during His whole life upon earth.

Take your beads often, dear little ones, during this month of July, and remember that in every mystery you can find the Precious Blood of our Lord, and that in every one you may find blooming many a flower of virtue for you to gather, to give into the hands of Mary. She will give the glory to God and will keep the merit safe for you.

We have come to the midsummer month that brings our great national holiday THE FOURTH OF JULY. Remember little folks, that you are Americans, that Holy Church teaches you love of country; that it is your duty to pray for her welfare, for her rulers and her people.

In many places boys and girls at First Holy Communion are enrolled in the five scapulars. We want to call your attention to the blue scapular that is one of the five. It should be particularly dear to American children. for its object is to secure purity of life and conversion of souls from heresy to the true faith. There are no special prayers required, but all who wear this blue scapular should lift their hearts to God and our Blessed Mother in prayer for their country.

THE ST. JOSEPH'S AID, that places young First Communicants under the protection of him who protected the Divine Child, has gladdened the heart of many a poor little one by the simple gift of their First Communion dress, wreath and veil and all other material things needed for "the happiest day of their lives."

We are pleased to receive from a pastor in the far West an application for faculties for erecting in his church the Confraternity of the Angelic Warfare.

Several young soldiers have sent in their names to us, and a convent in the South has another band ready for enrollment before the close of the school term. May St. Thomas Aquinas take them all under his powerful protection, and preserve them pure in God's sight. For conditions for membership in the Angelic Warfare see June number of THE ROSARY.

We extend our warmest thanks to all who have sent for Rosary Cards and are collecting for the good work of sending THE ROSARY to the very poor.

Address all communications intended for this department to
AQUINAS,
ROSARY Office, New York.

WITH OTHER YOUNG FOLKS.

A DAINTY journal is our *Little Men and Women*, we gladly give it greeting. The number for June is specially attractive.

The Mount, Wheeling, W. Va., one of our pretty Convent exchanges, has a poem, charming and witty, entitled "Et tu flos." A translation on Bossuet, and an original article on Maximilian and Carlotta are both good.

"Aunt Agnes," in the Chimney Corner of *Church News*, Washington, D. C., makes a tender suggestion to her young folks. It is that they form clubs during the summer, and meet once or twice a week to sew for poor children. To clothe them, she truly says is to clothe the Christ-child.

The Angelus, Detroit, Mich., is a twelve page paper, charming in makeup and contents. It has an editorial notice, to the point, on the subject of preparation of Children for first Holy Communion and Confirmation. "The kindergarten system of teaching religion" it advocates as the most effective one for the instruction of little folks. It has a timely word about the Columbus Centennial which closes with an echo of our hearts desire set forth in the

April ROSARY: "As Catholics we can join together in thanking God for a new world, the discovery of which was advanced by Catholic genius and enterprise, and Christianized by Catholic missionaries. This act of gratitude to God will make us all the better citizens of our Country and all the more devoted to its interests."

PUZZLES.

1. Drop-letter puzzle.

Supply every other letter and form something that should be dear to all our young folks.

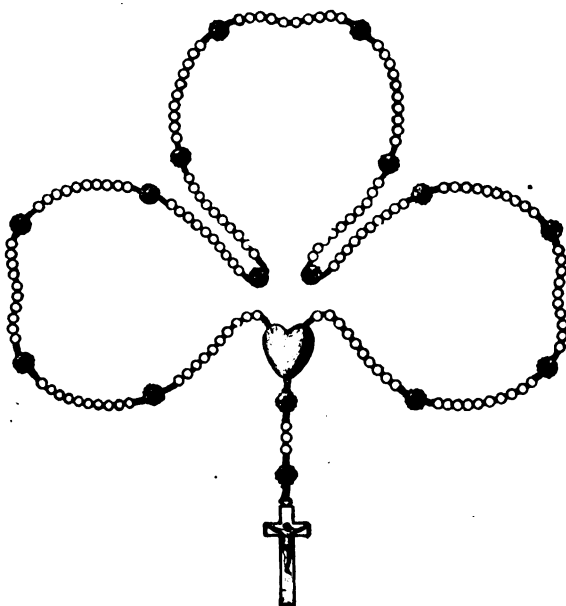
-h-d-v-t-o-o-t-e-o-y-o-a-y.

2. Hidden word Puzzle.

Take a word from each of the opening lines of hymns given below and form something that all our little Rosarians know.

Come, Holy Ghost, send down those beams.
 Oh, how the heart of Mary burns!
 On this day, O beautiful Mother.
 O thou great favorite of the Heavenly King.
 O God, how ought my grateful heart.
 Mother dear, oh, pray for me.
 Great God, we thank Thee for the grace.
 Have mercy on us, God most High.
 Refuge of Sinners, our safe harbor be.
 Ye angels now be glad, and thou exult, O Earth!
 O come and mourn with me awhile.
 At the Cross her station keeping.
 Let glory in the highest be given.
 There's an hour of sweet adoration.
 Full in the panting heart of Rome.
 This is the day our Lord hath chosen.
 O death, where is thy victory? O grave, where is thy sting?

The prize will be awarded for the earliest and best list of answers to puzzles in May, June and July ROSARY.



Please send **THE ROSARY** for one year
to

(Name of poor person or institution.)

Address.

Solicitor's name.

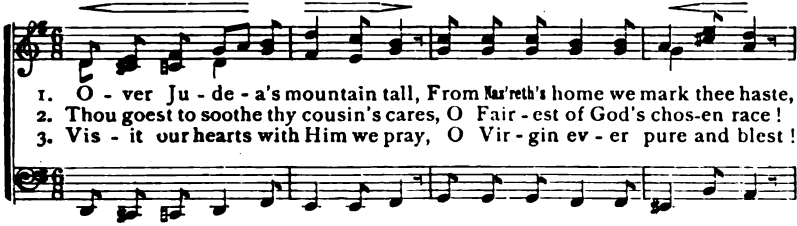
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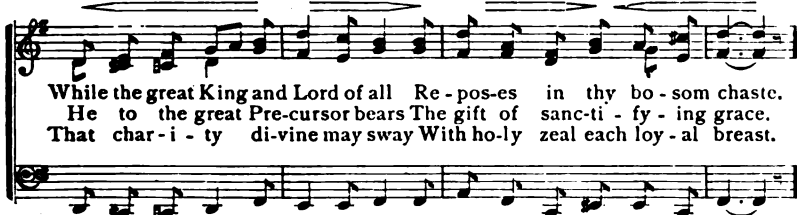
WE have this rosary printed on cards for all who desire to help
send the magazine to the poor. Send for one.

THE VISITATION.

Words by MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD.

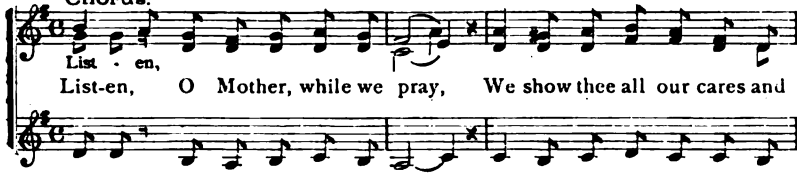
Music by LOUISA MORRISON.

- 
1. O - ver Ju - de - a's mountain tall, From Na-zareth's home we mark thee haste,
 2. Thou goest to soothe thy cousin's cares, O Fair - est of God's chos-en race !
 3. Vis - it our hearts with Him we pray, O Vir - gin ev - er pure and blest !

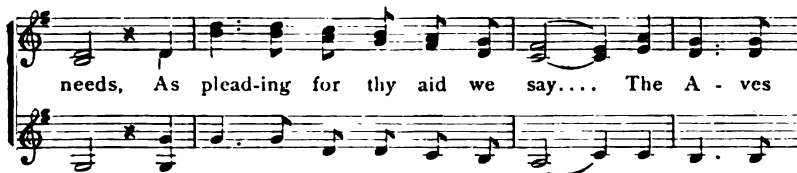


While the great King and Lord of all Re - pos-es in thy bo - som chaste.
He to the great Pre-cursor bears The gift of sanc-ti - fy - ing grace.
That char-i - ty di-vine may sway With ho-ly zeal each loy - al breast.

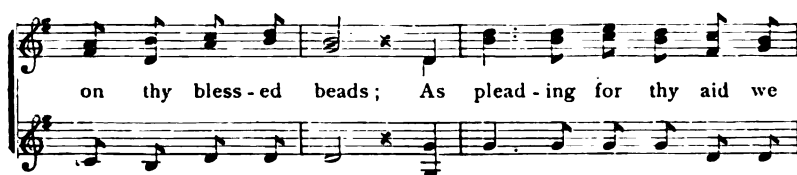
Chorus.




List - en,
List-en, O Mother, while we pray, We show thee all our cares and



needs, As plead-ing for thy aid we say.... The A - ves



on thy bless-ed beads; As plead-ing for thy aid we



rit.
say..... The A - ves on thy bless-ed beads.

Notes.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

A change having been made in the management of *THE ROSARY*, subscribers are hereby earnestly requested to please send all communications and remittances to Rev. Richard H. Goggin, O. P., 45 Warren St., New York.

READERS OF *THE ROSARY* will be sorry to hear that Father O'Neil has been assigned to another field of duty by his superiors. Connected with *THE ROSARY* from the beginning; laboring indefatigably for its advancement in season and out of season, accomplishing wonders with no resources except his own intellectual attainments and the cooperation of his readers—which at times was tardy enough—even sagacious and prudent men might be pardoned for predicting the speedy failure of his undertaking. Now, however, that *THE ROSARY* has lived through one year's uncertainties and courageously faced the second year's liabilities, its prospects, other things being equal, might be pronounced fair and encouraging. What the actual outcome will be, however, in the light of the change that has been made we dare not say. We trust, however, that the friends whom Father O'Neil made for *THE ROSARY* will continue to be its persevering friends and supporters. *THE ROSARY*'s mission is not at an end. Having accomplished in its one year's visitation much that will endure, it will, if our people so desire, continue to exert its influence for good in its chosen field of action. And, although Father O'Neil has severed his connections with the management of the magazine, he will still entertain a more than common interest in its welfare. His successor, therefore, while fully conscious of his inability to comply with the requirements of the office which his superiors have bade him take, having religiously acted in the spirit of obedience, trusts the announcement of his presence in the Editorial chair will not be misunderstood or judged presumptuous.

The new Editor would particularly request parties whose copies have not reached them—and he is reliably informed

that there are such—to write this office at once, giving correct address in legible hand. Lists of names and addresses have been sent here more puzzling than Egyptian hieroglyphics. Please write with pen and ink, lead pencil writing blurs too easily. We hereby tender a full apology for all the annoyance to which we know some of our subscribers have been subjected in the past. We dare not *urge* them to continue with us, but we do promise that we will not knowingly neglect a single one. Asking them for a little forbearance we think that justice can be done to each and to all.

Postmasters all over the country have sent notice to the office of *THE ROSARY* concerning copies of the magazine that have been left in the Post Office, or that could not be delivered, for the reason that the parties to whom the copies were sent had changed their address, or left town, or some such reason. We would therefore respectfully request that subscribers whose magazines have not reached them make inquiry of their carrier or at the Post office, and finally, in case they are still without their copy, to notify this office by postal card. We shall endeavor to comply with our obligations.

The month of July is the month which the pious devotion of the faithful consecrates to the Precious Blood. The blood is the life. The shedding of our Lord's Blood gives life to us. To the channels of this Blood we all may gain access—in the Sacraments—none are deterred. "I have come that men may have life and have it more abundantly." If we will not lift up our hands to receive this Precious Blood it is because we have tied them down ourselves and refuse to set them free. The blood is the life—"Unless you drink the Blood of the Son of man you shall not have life in you." Let us hearken to this Divine injunction, and render a loyal homage to the Precious Blood.

St. Mary Magdalen's Day comes during this month. She is the chosen Protectress of the Order of Preachers and the patroness of all Catholics—no matter whether they are walking along the fair and flowery road of innocence, or the more

thickly frequented way of penance. The generous character of the saint commends itself to all. And she whom Jesus deemed a fit companion for His Immaculate Mother will intercede for us. The thought of what she was and what she became under the influence of the sweet face of Jesus, gives us a keen insight to the great burning wish of the Sacred Heart: "Come to Me all you that labor and are heavily burdened and I will refresh you." How many there are, alas! in the world who would readily accept this invitation if it were only tendered them. Surely we can exercise an apostolate for Jesus by making Him known to all those with whom we come in contact, not in words, but by our conduct, by our considerations for the feelings of others, by the practice of those virtues which made the character of our Divine Lord attractive. May St. Mary Magdalen, who will be eternally grateful to her "Rabboni," help us.

Without doubt all Rosarians will be anxious to celebrate the feast of the founder of the Rosary as profitably, and therefore as fervently as their devotion will suggest. Somebody has said that the best way to reap benefits from the feasts that are provided for us is to prepare ourselves before hand. A novena is a very laudable and profitable method of preparing for any feast. The novena for St. Dominic's Day begins on the 26th of July

One of the four great anniversaries observed by the Dominican Order throughout the world occurs this month.

Praying for the dead is a practice that commends itself to all devout Christians. Praying for the dead is a practice that is so frequently enjoined upon the members of the Dominican Order that it often goes by the appellation of the Order that prays for the dead.

The programme rendered by the Holy Name Dramatic Union, of Kansas City, Mo., on the evening of May 19th, bespeaks other and greater successes yet to come.

A happy recognition of the labors rendered by the Dominican Fathers in Mossul (Ninevah) is the fact that the Sultan of Turkey has bestowed upon Very Rev. Mgr. Altmeyer, O. P., the Latin Archbishop of Bagdad, the highest mark of his esteem, the decoration of the great Order of Medjidisch.

In the forests of the northwest Territory lives the Cree nation of Indians.

These poor creatures, abandoned by all civilization, dwell in huts fit only for dogs. Their beds are made of the skins of wild animals. The winters are intensely cold, being 50 degrees below zero and the Indians suffer greatly from it as they have only rags for clothing. In winter they can not hunt as the animals keep in hiding, therefore, they endure hunger as well as cold. Eighteen years ago, the Rev. Pere Paquette, hearing of their misery and abandonment volunteered his services, and ever since he has labored among them. He has brought hundreds of these poor souls into the Church. He receives no salary for his ministrations. He loves his Indians and suffers with them. He travels hundreds of miles to visit them and to bring them the holy Sacraments. With all their destitution, these Indians love the Faith and will brave the perils of the forests to assist at Mass. Pere Paquette started twelve years ago to build a little log chapel where he could assemble his people. They come in numbers to hear Mass, and their reverence for it is truly touching. Once during services the joists and flooring gave way. Only by a miracle a calamity was avoided. The poor priest begs for assistance to help him finish his chapel. Any sum will be acceptable. He would like to receive intentions for Masses. He will answer all letters sent to him. His address is Rev. M. J. P. Paquette, O. M. I., Lake Maskeg, Carlton P. O., North West Territory, Canada.

Now that the sweltering heat of summer is here it is devoutly to be hoped that *Tolerari potest* will be tolerated by all those to whom it seemed intolerable. Our schools are safe—our scholars are enjoying a much needed rest. *Tolerari potest* ought to have a vacation also.

We call the attention of our readers to Father Rooney's article on the origin and advantages of keeping the Fifteen Saturdays in honor of our Lady of the most Holy Rosary.

CALENDAR FOR JULY.

July 2. Visitation of the B. V. M. (2 Joyful Mystery). Four Plenary Indulgences.

(a) C.C. Visit chapel.

(b) C.C. Assist at Procession.

(c) C.C. Visit Rosary Chapel. Prayers.

(d) For Rosary Mystery—C. C. Visit chapel.

July 3. First Sunday—Three Plenary Indulgences.

(a) C.C. In Rosary Church. Prayers

(b) C.C. In any church. Visit Rosary Chapel.

(c) C.C. In any church. Assist at Procession. Prayers.

July 9. Plenary Indulgence for all the faithful C.C. Visit Dominican Church. Prayers.

July 13. Anniversary of those buried in

Dominican Cemeteries. Plenary Indulgence. C.C. Assist at Office of the Dead. Prayers.

July 26. Novena for the Feast of St. Dominic begins to-day.

Living Rosary members may gain indulgences on the 2, 16, and 17th of this month.

BOOK NOTICES.

"TALES AND LEGENDS OF THE MIDDLE AGES," from the Spanish of F. De P. Cappella, edited by Henry Wilson, Benziger Brothers. A very entertaining little book, full of quaint lore. Fable and legend and story will always find listeners. The stories and legends here narrated are neither so thrilling as to altogether pre-occupy the attention, nor are they dull. They are not unlike the germs which Sir Walter Scott, with "wizard" influence developed into mighty creations.

"MEDITATIONS FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR," edited by Rev. Roger Baxter, S. J. Benziger Brothers, New York. As the title-page shows this reprint of Father Baxter's American Edition has quite a remarkable history. "It was first written in Latin in 1639, by M. B., (an English

religious) and handed around in manuscript for years, during the times of persecution in England, when it was used by many holy persons. It was translated into English in 1669, by Rev. E. Mico, and revised and modernized in 1822, by Rev. R. Baxter, S. J., of Georgetown College. Rev. P. Neale, S. J., of St. Inigo's, Md., is the editor of this present edition. For those who do not wish to be hampered with much reading in order to obtain the matter of their meditation this little book is eminently adapted. The meditations are short, pointed and pungent. It is just the book for private devotion.

"COLUMBUS, THE GREAT DISCOVERER OF AMERICA." A drama in five acts, by an Ursuline. Benziger Brothers.

OUR EXCHANGES.

Der Marien-Psalter for June has an edifying article on the latest of St. Dominic's spiritual children to be raised to the public veneration of the faithful: Blessed Diana and her companions, B.B. Amata and Caecilia.

The *Catholic Reading Circle Review* has a fine table of contents in its June issue. This magazine has a wide field in which to labor, and the pluck and perseverance needed to toil on in all kinds of weather, sowing deep and broadcast the seeds that in the near future will produce good fruit.

The *Rocky Mountain Celt* in a brief editorial: "Whither are we Drifting," gives some startling figures and strong facts in summing up the divorces granted in this country during the past twenty years.

The *Notre Dame Scholastic* of June 4th, pays a tender tribute to the memory of Professor Lyons, who, in Notre Dame "lived his Christian, noble life in the service of his fellows, without ever a thought of self."

We welcome to the ranks of Catholic Journals, the *Catholic News*, from Port-of-Spain, Trinidad. It is one of the many projects set on foot by Archbishop Flood, O. P., for the good of his flock.

The *Illustrated Catholic Missions*, for June has reached us. We learn that through the generosity and charity of a Belgian Countess, a floating chapel has been built for the Congo River. By this means the Fathers of the Foreign Missions are enabled to reach far scattered portions of their flocks. Of special interest in this number is a letter from the Dominican Nuns in their far off mission of Natal.

The *Pilot*, Boston, has been among the warmest friends of THE ROSARY since the first notice of the contemplated publication of a magazine devoted to Mary's Beads. Not only for this, but because of its ably written editorials, covering a wide range of subjects of vital import, do we give it a warm weekly greeting.

The *Catholic Citizen's* suggestion apropos of the Catholic Summer School is a timely one—call it "Academic," call it anything but Chataouque.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Subscriber: *Do I gain the indulgence by praying on a Rosary that has a large bead taken off?* Certainly.

May I apply the indulgences of the Rosary to my parents? Yes, as a work of satisfaction, but not as to the merit, for while we cannot, properly speaking, merit for others, we can satisfy for them, and if they are in the state of grace they will receive the fruit of the work, even though they be ignorant of your generous intention.

By whom and when was the Confraternity of the Rosary established, and

where? (1) By St. Dominic. (2) About 1213. Consult the "Life of St. Dominic," now being published in THE ROSARY, or Leike's "Rosa Aurea."

I would like to have the Confraternity of the Rosary established in my parish, to whom shall I apply? Apply to Rev. M. A. Sheehan, O. P., St. Vincent Ferrer's Convent, 869 Lexington Ave., New York City. The Very Rev. Provincial having entrusted the granting of these faculties to him.

INTENTIONS.

Prayers are asked for the following intentions: For a special grace for a certain young person, and in thanksgiving for favors received; for the restoration to health of an infirm priest, the peace of a troubled family, for the repose of the souls of Brother Francis Madden, O. S. D., who died at St. Rose's Convent, Springfield, Ky., May 14; Sister Mary Catharine Conniff, O. S. D., who died at the Convent of St. Catharine of Sienna, Springfield, Ky.,

June 2; and Sr. Gregory Sweetser, O. S. D., who died at the Convent of St. Mary's of the Springs, Columbus, Ohio, June 8th. Also Rev. W. F. Hayes, Newark, Ohio, who died at New Berne, N. C., June 6, in the 50th year of his age, and the 28th in the priesthood; and for Mrs. John Carey of Phila. A zealous promoter; and for Augustus Y. Maguire, who died in Brooklyn, May 30, 1892.

THE POSTAGE REDUCTION BILL.

So far as THE ROSARY has been able to learn no formal action has yet been taken on the Postage-Reduction Bill, either by the House of Representatives or the Senate. A careful examination of the legislative reports in the daily press for the past month has failed to reveal any mention whatever of the bill. It is not likely that the Washington correspondents have failed to note the progress of the Postage-Reduction Bill, if, indeed, there has been any progress, and, consequently, the absence of any notice of the measure for so long a time, leaves us in a position whose only alternative is to infer that the bill is still slumbering peacefully in one of the pigeon-holes of the Post-Office Committee of the House.

The bill is one whose provisions are heartily concurred in by publishers generally. In brief, it provides for a reduction of postage on all second-class matter, exclusive of dailies, from the rates now in force, one and two cents a piece, to a cent a pound. As the bill, S. 2824, H. of R. 387, limits this reduction to the cities within which the periodicals that would be affected by it are published, it will be readily admitted, we think, that the loss to the Post-Office Department would be inconsiderable. It is true that the fear of a serious loss to the postal revenue has been

one of the chief objections urged against the passage of the bill. Another objection, and one that has had more weight, probably, than any other, in delaying the passage of this most just measure, is the contention that the enactment of the Postage-Reduction Bill would necessitate an increase, at great expense, in the present carrier-delivery facilities. Those who hold this contention are probably not aware that the publications that would be affected by the enactment of the bill in question are at present delivered by postal carriers, which fact would seem to preclude the possibility of there being any necessity for an increase in this direction.

When it is considered that the weekly publications enjoying exemption from a special rate of postage number some 14,000, and, as compared with the monthlies semi-monthlies, quarterlies, etc., are as 4 to 1, the objections being urged against a relief for the publishers of these latter publications should not be allowed to stand in the way of the speedy passage and approval of the Postage-Reduction Bill. In a letter to the Editor of THE ROSARY, under date of April 23, the Hon. Amos J. Cummings, thus express his sentiments regarding the Postage-Reduction Bill:

"I am in favor of cheap postage in any and every direction. I shall support the bill to which you refer, if it is reported to the House and comes up."

HOW TO BECOME A ROSARIAN.

1. *Have your name enrolled by a priest authorised to receive you.*—If the Confraternity be not established where you reside, you may send your name to some church where it is established. Our readers may send their names to the Editor of THE ROSARY, and he will enroll them. Be sure to give the baptismal name and the family name.

2. *Have your Beads blessed with the Dominican blessing.*—To accommodate those who may not have an opportunity of receiving this blessing otherwise, the Editor of THE ROSARY will bless all Beads sent to him, and will return them. Postage for this must be enclosed.

3. *The fifteen decades must be said during the course of the week—from Sunday to Sunday.*—These decades may be divided in any way found convenient, provided that at least one decade at a time be said. It is a pious practice of Rosarians to say five decades each day.

HOW TO SAY THE ROSARY.

In the usual "make up" of the Beads we find one large bead and three smaller beads immediately following the crucifix or cross. It is a practice of some to recite on the cross or crucifix the *Apostles' Creed*; on the large bead, an *Our Father*; and on the small beads, three *Hail Marys*. In reality they do not belong to the Rosary. They are merely a custom, but not authorized by the Church. For simple-minded people who cannot meditate a devout recitation is all that is asked. The method of saying the Rosary practised by the Dominicans is as follows:

In the name of the Father, etc.

V. Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee.

R. Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb—Jesus.

V. Thou, O Lord, wilt open my lips,

R. And my tongue shall announce Thy praise.

V. Incline unto my aid, O God;

R. O Lord, make haste to help me.

Glory be to the Father, etc. Alleluia.

(From Septuagesima to Easter, instead of Alleluia, say Praise be to Thee, O Lord, King of eternal glory.)

Then announce either "the first part of the holy Rosary, the five joyful mysteries," or "the second part of the holy Rosary, the five sorrowful mysteries," or "the third part of the holy Rosary, the five glorious mysteries." Then the first mystery, "the Annunciation," etc., and "Our Father" once, "Hail Mary" ten times, "Glory be to the Father" once; in the mean time meditating on the mystery. After reciting five decades, the *Hail, holy Queen* is said, followed by

V. Queen of the most holy Rosary, pray for us.

R. That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.

Let us pray.

O God, whose only begotten Son, by His life, death, and resurrection, has purchased for us the rewards of eternal life, grant, we beseech Thee, that meditating on these mysteries of the most holy Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary, we may imitate what they contain and obtain what they promise. Through the same Christ our Lord. Amen.

1. The joyful mysteries are honored on Mondays and Thursdays throughout the year, and on all Sundays from the first of Advent to the first of Lent.

2. The sorrowful mysteries are honored on Tuesdays and Fridays throughout the year, and on the Sundays of Lent.

3. The glorious mysteries are honored on Wednesdays and Saturdays throughout the year, and on all Sundays from Easter to Advent.

1. In Calendar, C. C. means Confession and Communion.

2. Prayer: for intentions of the Holy Father, viz., the welfare of the Holy See; the spread of the Catholic faith; the extirpation of heresy; peace among nations. It is not necessary to mention these intentions in detail. Five Our Fathers and Hail Marys will suffice for the prayers.

3. On second Sunday of each month, Plenary indulgence for members of the Holy Name Society.

4. On any day chosen by members of the Angelic Warfare, a plenary indulgence each month for daily recital of the prayer "Chosen Lily." C., C., prayer, visit to their chapel.

5. On each of two days chosen at will, a plenary indulgence may be gained each month by Rosarians.

(a) By those who daily spend at least a quarter of an hour in meditation, C., C., prayer.

[The same conditions and the same indulgence for members of the Holy Name Society.]

(b) By those who are accustomed to celebrate or to hear the privileged Rosary Mass, "Salve Radix." C., C., prayer. A plenary also each time this Mass is said or heard.

6. On the last Sunday of each month a plenary indulgence may be gained by all the faithful who have been accustomed to say five decades of the Beads three times a week in common, C., C., visit to church, prayers.

7. Many partial indulgences may be gained every day, for the recitation of the Rosary and for carrying the Beads through devotion. It is not necessary to think of them in detail. A general intention suffices.

8. The usual conditions for gaining indulgences are Confession, Communion, and prayers for the Pope's intentions, with special work enjoined, such as a visit. One Confession and Communion suffice for all indulgences appointed for one day, even though Confession and Communion are named for each; and for those who are accustomed to weekly Confession and Communion this pious custom satisfies for all indulgences during the week.

9. All the indulgences of the Rosary are applicable to the souls of the faithful departed.



VOL. II.

AUGUST, 1892.

No. 4

ST. DOMINIC AND ST. FRANCIS.

BY AUBREY DE VERE.

FRANCIS, and Dominic, the marvels twain
Of those fair Ages Faith inspired and ruled,
When Christendom, alike by darkness schooled
And light, served God and spurned the Gentile chain,
Strong brother Saints of Italy and Spain,
The sects pride-blind, the sophists sense-befooled,
The nations, Christian once, whose love hath cooled,
Your child-like, God-like lowliness disdain!
But ye your task fulfilled! All love, the one,
Christ's Lover burning with seraphic fire;
All light, the other, from the cherub choir
Missioned, a clouded world's re-risen sun;
Warriors of God! For centuries three at bay
Ye kept those portents crowned that gore His Church to-day.

SALVE REGINA.

BY MADELINE VINTON DAHLGREN.

"GOOD-BYE dear Clare for a few days. Pray be very careful of yourself and the little one while I am away."

"Come first Alan, and take one more peep at baby before you go," pleaded the proud and happy mother, as she led the way to the cradle of an infant some six months old, stepping very softly on tiptoe into the next room, followed by her not unwilling husband.

What a sweet duckling it was, nestled amid downy pillows, sleeping as fast as it was growing, unconsciously sucking away at its own wee thumb, while one tiny doubled up fist still held an assertive grip on the snow white dimity coverlet.

The infantile throat was necklaced by a string of amber holding a gold miraculous medal, and thus under the protection of this ægis of our Blessed Mother, the babe serenely slept.

As the two bent over the cradle of their darling, their fond gaze quickly impressed itself on the mobile twain, for the faintest smile relaxed the puckered mouth.

"Only look Alan," whispered the young mother in an awed way, "the angels whisper to her and she smiles."

"Angels or no angels said he, in a low voice, "this innocence is a vision of Heaven for us any way; I do hope the poor little forehead will be all right by the time I come back."

There was an ugly bruise on the blue veined brow, where the child had fallen out of its cradle the day before, and a purplish, raised lump marked the hurt place. Yet it was scarcely a blemish, fringed around by the waving blond hair, that almost hid it from view, like a shimmering tracery of woven sunbeams.

"What a lucky fellow I am, to be blessed with such a wife and child," exclaimed Alan with sudden impulsiveness, as he gave both a good hug, first wife and then baby, quite forgetting, man-like, that little Clare was asleep.

At this moment the shrill whistle of the steamboat was heard as she rounded the bend in the river, and Alan hastily snatching his satchel, hurriedly left the room, not daring to trust himself to another look, or one more moment's delay.

Of course baby woke up at the infliction of the bearded lip, when its mother seizing it in her arms, ran out upon a near balcony to give a final adieu.

There they stood, the fair mother, smilingly holding the sweet dimpled babe, framed in high relief, a beautiful picture of maternal love.

So at least thought Alan, as he glanced upward, kissing the tips of his fingers and throwing the mute caresses as a farewell to them.

At first the infant had screwed its face into a twist like a hickory nut, precluding an outcry of displeasure at the rude awakening, but pleased to be held aloft by mamma, and seeing papa, whom it knew, so jaunty, it crowed and stretched out its arms, and thus they two got the last glimpse of the rapidly retreating figure.

"After all," remonstrated Alan with himself, "I am silly and anxious to make such a circumstance of a two days' absence."

And yet during the terrible agony of swift succeeding events, that last look ever rose before him with painful distinctness.

How often the soul stands in the shadow of near coming trouble, giving premonition that the dull senses fail to grasp.

There is a presentiment, but the meaning is perhaps in mercy veiled. Alan Campbell was a very promising young lawyer, who had two years before married the woman whom he had loved through all his college days, and that means what the world calls a romantic attachment.

His content was now supreme, inasmuch as he had so long looked forward to this fruition of hope.

The young couple lived on the outskirts of a small town on the Ohio river, and their comfortable home was all the more endeared to them for being an inherited one. It rarely happens in the West that two generations occupy the same homestead, but thus it was in this case, for under the same roof-tree where Alan now lived his forebears had led lives of honored usefulness, bequeathing the old place to their only child, who in turn occupied it with his happy family.

It was not exactly that ideal of domestic peace, a rural home, but it came very near to being so, for the rambling old mansion stood apart from others, surrounded by its own spacious pleasant grounds, and it was in summer quite embowered amidst the foliage of fine old trees and choice shrubbery, the growth of half a century of constant care.

But the chiefest charm of the spot, was in the site, commanding as it did, a splendid view of the broad and noble river, that flowed onward at the garden's base.

The gentle declivity was terraced in graceful slopes, and successive easy flights of stone steps led to the river's brink.

But perhaps the finest water view was obtained from a woodbine-clad arbor, surmounted by a rustic cross, from whence on the upper terrace Alan and Clare were wont to enjoy the picturesqueness of the beautiful river.

There can be no monotony, where there is a water landscape, for in its mirrored restlessness earth and sky commingle.

It forms too, a touching type of man's destiny here below, resting on earth, stretching out to Heaven.

The Ohio is beautified by various small islands that adorn its course, which however if convenient in a commercial sense for a navigable stream, certainly enhances the clearness of its scenery.

One of these lovely islets, gleamed like an emerald set in the flash of brilliants, perhaps a mile below this pleasant home.

It was a favorite amusement for Alan to push out into the stream with Clare, and drop down to this pretty, water-girt spot, where they would wander about for an hour or so, and then row back again.

There was a fragile shell of a canoe, just large enough to hold the two, used for these excursions, and kept moored at the water's edge, ready when wanted. This boat was held fast by a noose in a rope, which was run round a stake driven on the shore for that purpose.

It was the afternoon of the day that Alan left there, taking the steamboat for a town some twenty miles down the river, where he expected to argue a case in court on the morrow, and return home the next evening by the uptown packet.

Clare feeling lonely took the child from its nurse and sauntered with it in her arms, to the restful arbor.

It was just the spot to enjoy the near coming sunset glow, and to employ the lagging moments of Alan's absence, in a frolic with the child.

They were some distance from the house, and quite alone.

Round the base of the rustic cross that surmounted the arbor, was a low centre table and the mother sat down beside it placing her child on it, and grasping the infant firmly round the waist, amused to watch its vigorous kicks in the attempt for freedom.

When suddenly, she was startled at seeing a gentleman approach them, with a rapid but somewhat unsteady gait.

He was an entire stranger.

She had scarcely time, indeed, to form any conjecture about him, as to whom he was, or what he wanted, before he had almost reached one of the open arches of the arbor nearest to the house.

With an involuntary feeling of nervousness, she clasped the babe in her arms, and stood still for a moment, as if rooted to the spot, wondering much at the excessive agitation of the stranger's manner, and the increasing violence of his gestures.

"Do not be alarmed, Madam," he cried as he came forward, "I am Dr. Sana, physician and surgeon."

At this instant he seemed to scrutinize the child with a penetrating glance, when hastily, as if yielding unexpectedly to a certain uncontrollable professional instinct, he swiftly drew from his vest pocket a small case of surgical instruments, from which he at once selected a sharp scalpel, exclaiming as he did so:

"Pardon, Madam, but I am forced to make an immediate excision on this infant's head, in order to remove an unsightly protuberance—" pointing as he spoke, to the raised black and blue lump, which was still visible on the fair babe's shapely forehead.

The mother's aroused intuition told her the rest as with one loud outcry of "O Holy Mother of God," she sped forth from the arbor, adown the terraced garden walk.

As she fled, the inebriate surgeon, for such he was, pursued her calling incessantly:

"Pray stop, Madam, stop, a surgeon's skill is needed here. Give me the child."

The crazed mother was speechless as she fled, but from her wildly beating heart arose the one aspiration of "O Holy Mother of God—"

She was too terrified for utterance, for as she sought to speak, her voice seemed to lose itself in space and die away in silence, as in some hideous nightmare, where one sinks down, downward into an unfathomable abyss.

On she ran, clearing the terraced descent with incredible speed, the drunken doctor stumbling on after her as best he could, making a great noise, flourishing his scalpel in the air, but soon distanced by the frantic woman.

Had poor Clare but paused as does the hunted doe, when it doubles in its flight, and made for the sheltering home perhaps it .

might have saved the coming peril. But this she dared not do.

She was too terror-stricken to have but one thought, and that was to save her child.

As she neared the water's edge, with surprising strength, she slipped the noose of the rope from the post with one hand, and bounded into the freed canoe with her babe.

For a moment, the frail shell rocked to and fro, nearly upset by the sudden impetus, then righted itself, shot forth with a graceful movement towards the broad stream's current.

Meantime, just as her pursuer reached the bank, he was in turn horror stricken, to behold the poor little lady float away, into the mid-stream from his grasp.

The strong revulsion caused by this harrowing sight, acted at once on his nervous system with a violent counteracting effect that completely sobered him.

Wretched Doctor Sana! In that agonizing moment, he realized all the horror of the situation and beheld himself a vile criminal.

"Great God," he cried, "in mercy save the mother and the child, and I here and now vow to die sooner than ever thus debase myself again."

But ah, this repentance came too late, and vain was his remorse.

Alas, poor Doctor Sana! He was indeed to be pitied, for his punishment was sore and most grievous. He was one of the truly unfortunate class. Never an habitual tippler but every now and then, at long intervals of time, perhaps when really needing some tonic, a craving for strong drink would overcome his feeble resolution. Then he would fly from the town where he was respected and had a good practice, and seek some place where he was not known, where he could yield to the temptation.

Thus, he had landed from the same steamer that had taken Alan away, and had at once given way to the appetite that had led him astray. But oh, who could have foreseen this awful result?

As he beheld the bounding skiff with keenest anguish, he ran along the bank, seeking a boat in which he might row out into the river, and try to save the hapless victims of his insane folly.

The banks of the Ohio, at that place are somewhat precipitous, and overhang a narrow view of beach under the bluff, so that no casual looker-on observed him as he ran.

And now our pretty, petted wife and child, Clare and baby Clare, floated forth from out their safe haven of love and home,

caught in the circling eddies of the broad and shining river.

What a picture of those dangerous paths ever waiting an opportunity, that lead to quick destruction!

In the bottom of the skiff lay the two oars Alan used, and which with trembling care and repeated admonitions he had at times let Clare use.

She looked at them wistfully.

"O holy Mother of God," she prayed, "help me to reach the island a mile below, help me to keep baby very still and manage these oars, Holy Mary, help."

Comforted and hopeful, she thought—"once upon this island I can attract the attention of some passing steamer, perhaps the very one Alan is on."

"Holy Mother, please hold baby, while I stretch out for the oars, or the precious one may fall overboard," she again prayed. "How strange," thought Clare, "I know I am in deadly peril, but I feel the strength to dare and do."

By this time they were nearing the current, and Clare feared they might be borne past the island unless she could succeed in somewhat directing her course. At this perplexing moment, the whistle of a down coming steamer sounded. Here was a new and appalling danger! What if she were not seen and were run down?

Slipping the infant between her knees, she thus firmly held the quiet and dazed child, who was not in the least frightened, but, rather lulled by the monotonous splash of the yielding waters, slept.

"*Salve Regina*, she sleeps," cried Clare with fervor, "she sleeps while I work and pray."

Yet even then her startled ear caught the heaving movement of the on coming boat.

Now with the tension of every muscle strained, with a firm reliance upon our Blessed Lady that nerved her arm, she rested the handles within the hollows of the row-locks, and recalling the trick Alan had taught her of feathering the oars, she bravely darted into the resistless current.

"*Salve Regina*," she again prays—only this invocation—no time for words now. It is a race for life, for two lives! Even in case she can escape being run down, how can the slight skiff resist the tumultuous swirl of the vessel's wake after it shall have passed on?

On panted the huge danger, faster, faster flew the quivering

strokes of the rower. The fateful seconds are marked by bounding heart-beats.

She feels by the skiff's wild rocking that the steamer gains whose vast bulk must crush them down.

"*Salve Regina*," again bursts from her lips, "but merciful Mother, the babe stirs, what if she awakes?"

An aspiration of the soul, a supreme effort of will, an intuition of skill, and the fragile skiff is turned aside with well directed and bold strokes, just as the steamer thunders past, and the reeling white faced waters, 'mid fleck and foam throw them with a shock on the low soft sandy beach.

Then Clare springs ashore, capsizing as she does so, with the sudden movement, the tiny boat. It floats off as the transported mother kneels upon the sand with the beloved baby in her arms, and thanks our Blessed Lady, who has saved them from a watery grave.

She knows the island well, for Alan had often rowed her there, and they have spent pleasant hours amid its mimic groves, hunting turtle eggs in the sand or listlessly loitering hand in hand upon the higher reaches of the land.

The place is not over two acres in length, and a narrow strip of perhaps half an acre in breadth, and she knows where to find a swinging grape vine, well sheltered for needed rest.

Already, the long slanting shadows herald the close of this eventful day, and she cannot hope for a rescue until the morrow.

As she strives to calm herself, and collect her thoughts, her attention is attracted by the splashing of oars. Peeping timidly through the interlacing leafy covert, she is horrified to behold the very man to fly from whom she has dared death.

What if the babe should stir or cry? At the bare thought an icy numbness paralyzes her.

He has neared the shore.

He is about to land.

Can she outlive the horror of it all?

"Dear Blessed Mother, spare my child," is the one cry of her heart.

But now the man perceives the capsized skiff floating down the river, and with a wild gesture of despair and a great cry of, "Oh God they are lost, lost," he rapidly rows away and soon his receding form disappears in the distance and the advancing darkness.

Clare is almost insane with the terror of this mortal fright, and she now covets the approaching darkness to screen her fully from this dreaded creature.

The tired infant sleeps sweetly. Silence broods over the lonely spot. The mother's busy fingers now adjust pliant twigs over the low hanging vine, filling the spaces in with leaves, and make her baby an improvised cradle more restful than the couch of Fortune's pampered child.

The soft and soothing summer wind gently rocks the rustic hammock, the stars look down with brightest gaze into the flow of waters as the moaning waves sing a lullaby, while the worn out mother unconsciously encircles her treasure with protecting arm as they sleep.

And during the long obscurity of that night, the strong and flexible vine securely holds within its firm but yielding arms, the prayerful love of the Christian mother and the innocence of her child.

Clare awaked from her long, deep sleep, sore and chilly, as the mist of the early dawn hangs low over these river islets.

She is faint and hungry, but oh, how thankful to have escaped the fearful perils of yesterday.

She kneels beside the leafy couch and implores sustenance and rescue. Then she remembers where to find the turtle eggs, and the blackberries. Thus the solitary day wears on.

She had hoped to attract the attention of the steamers that daily pass and repass, but no one looks that way or notices her signals, and as the second night sets in dark and clouded, and the babe grows fretful, her heart sinks in dismay.

"Dear Blessed Mother," she prays, "let me not perish within one mile from home, thus hidden away past help."

A new sorrow presents itself to her imagination. Alan must have returned, and she pictures to herself his anguish.

No one can tell him of his beloved wife and child. And yet surely he must even now be seeking for them everywhere.

It has grown quite dark, but she is too agitated, too feverish, for repose, and added to bodily pain and mental torture, her hitherto steadfast soul begins to droop.

Oh surely our Blessed Lady will not desert her client!

The doubt is maddening as she paces restlessly up and down the sandy shore, holding dainty little Clare tenderly to her breast, for the child moans.

She knows that Alan has reached home—oh, what a desolated home to enter! She weeps bitterly to think of his great grief.

Yes, Alan is indeed searching for her, for now, afar off, she sees many and twinkling lights, while all along the shore flare out the blazing torches. Up and down the river's edge they flicker. On both shores she can discern the shadowy forms of an anxious throng of people. Now there are boats plying about upon the waters, and she can hear the rippling movement of many oars and the heavy dragging of nets. With this sound a new alarm presents itself—missing her and the skiff will they think of her as drowned? Ah, will they go away after all, baffled in this vain search when the unyielding waters fail to give up the fancied dead?

Ah Mother of Mercy," she prays, "leave me not to die upon strand." But her prayer seems like a mocking voice. Is it weakness of body or dimness of faith?

Must the living die while they seek the dead? At last the lights recede, and her prolonged torture of alternating hope and fear sinks into apathy, as the babe moans incessantly in fitful fevered sleep.

As the first rays of the risen sun fleck the horizon poor Clare, still clinging to her baby, faints away in a dead swoon.

Stretched out upon the shore, both mother and babe are at the gates of Eternity

Are they thus forever to be laid away from the yearning arms, from the loving succor of the true heart that seeks them?

Has the mother "most merciful" turned away? Thanks be to God, no; for, O joy, Alan has found them!

They are rescued out of the yawning grave, and still another valued life is saved, body and soul, from a hideous moral wreck, and up-raised to renewed manhood, honor and usefulness, for Dr. Sana *never drank again*.

Our Blessed Lady, as she always does, completed her perfect work, bringing great good out of seeming evil. *Salve Regina*.

MARY is not like the rest of creatures, who, if we attach ourselves to them, might rather draw us away from God than draw us near Him. The strongest inclination of Mary is to unite us to Jesus Christ her Son; and the strongest inclination of this Son is, that we should come to Him by His holy Mother.—*De Montfort*.

MOTHER.

IN all the world—go where you will—
You'll never find another
Who'll cling to you through good or ill,
And love you like—a mother.

In all the world—where e'er you roam—
With sister, wife or brother,
You'll never know so sweet a home
As that one made by—mother.

In all the world—tho' wealth commands
For you the work of others—
You'll never find a pair of hands
To toil for you like—mother's.

In all the world—though friends sincere,
Are more to you than brothers,
You'll never for a moment hear
A voice as kind as—mother's.

In all the world—although you break
The tender hearts of others,
There is no heart can ever ache
For you as much as—mother's.

In all the world—though you create
A pleasure for another,
You can give to none a joy so great
As you can give to—mother.

In all the world—where you in bliss
May soon forget another,
There is no one whom you will miss
When she is gone, like—mother.

Anon.

TRUE DEVOTION TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

BY A DOMINICAN TERTIARY.

(*Conclusion.*)

THE MOTIVE OF THIS PERFECT CONSECRATION.

1. THE devotion set forth in the preceding number of THE ROSARY makes us give to Jesus and Mary, without reserve, all our thoughts, words, actions, sufferings, at all the times of our life, in such sort that whether we wake or sleep, whether we eat or drink, whether we do great actions or very little ones, it is always true to say that whatever we do, even without thinking of it, is, by virtue of our consecration made in spirit and in truth, done for Jesus and Mary, to the greater glory of God, in time and in eternity. What a consolation is this!

2. This devotion is the perfect imitation of Jesus Christ, who gave more glory to God His Father during His life of submission and dependence upon His Blessed Mother, than he would have given Him if He had employed those thirty years in working miracles, in preaching to the whole world, and in converting all men seeing that His heavenly Father and Himself *had ruled it thus*: "I always do the things which please Him." Oh! how highly we glorify God, when, after the example of Jesus, we submit ourselves to Mary.

3. This devotion to the Immaculate Mother of God, who is a Mother of Sweetness and Mercy, and who never lets herself be vanquished in love and liberality, seeing that it makes us give ourselves entirely to her, to honor and to serve her, and for that end strip ourselves of all that is dearest to us in order to adorn her, moves her to meet us in the same spirit. She purifies our offering from all mixture of self-love, and she takes from us, spiritually, our own proper acts and possessions, thus giving us the power to leave all and follow Jesus, and to become truly poor in spirit; she then clothes us with the merits of her Divine Son and her own, in her soul and virtues; that is to say, she clothes us in her faith, her hope, and her charity, which are the divine roots of all her other virtues with which she clothes us, for the glory of Al-

mighty God. In a word she gives her whole self to us, and gives it in an unspeakable manner to Him, who gives all to her. It is only by experience, through our fidelity to this true devotion that we can understand this truth. She causes us to be engulfed in the abyss of her grace; she supports us with her power; she illuminates us with her light; she inflames us with her love; she makes herself our bail and her dear All for Jesus. A man no longer as before leans on his own dispositions, intentions, merits, and good works; because, having made an entire sacrifice of them to Jesus Christ by His Immaculate Mother, He has but one treasure now, where all His goods are laid up, and that is no longer in himself, for His treasure is the Immaculate Virgin Mary. When our Blessed Mother has purified our offerings of good works, she presents them to Jesus Christ; for she *keeps nothing of what is given for herself, as if she were our last end*. She refers it all faithfully to Jesus. As of old, when St. Elizabeth praised her, so now, when we praise and bless her, she herself sings, "My soul doth magnify the Lord." How comes it, then, some of the faithful children of Mary will say to me, that the loyal children of our Blessed Mother are contradicted, persecuted and caluminated? Again, they, sometimes, suffer great interior trials. I reply that it is quite true that the most faithful children of Mary, being also her greatest favorites, receive from her the greatest favors and graces, which are crosses. But, I maintain, and believe that a person who wishes to be devout, and to live piously in Jesus Christ, and consequently to suffer persecution, and carry his cross daily, will never carry great crosses, or carry them joyously or perseveringly, without a tender devotion to our Blessed Mother which true devotion sweetens all our trials and tribulations of soul and body. This devotion is a secure way to go to Jesus, and to acquire perfection by uniting us to Him. On this point, says Father Buckler, O. P., in "The Perfection of Man by Charity," "We look on our Blessed Lady as a divinely given model of perfect charity in a pure creature, remembering that, on account of her close proximity to God, as His Mother, she had a proportionate closeness in the unison of perfect love. In her we see nothing to dim the brightness of Divine Charity. She begins with perfection. What, then, must have been the progress and consummation of her charity? What the height of her contemplation? What the perfection of her operations? She is the Mother of fair love, and the Mother of all true lovers. *And the whole work of our perfection is to be placed in her hands, that through her Christ may be formed in us!*"

Spiritual persons, therefore, must not fall into the false belief that Mary can be a hindrance to them in attaining to divine union. Can it be possible that she who has been all full and superabounding with graces, so united and transformed into God that it has been a kind of necessity that He should be incarnate in her, should be a stumbling block in the way of the soul's perfect union with God? No! a thousand times, no! Pour, then, all your treasures, your graces and your virtues, into the Immaculate Heart of Mary! She is a marvelous vessel of devotion! O Secret of Sanctity! Make for me if you will, a new road to go to Jesus, and pave it with all the merits of the saints, adorn it with all their heroic virtues, illuminate and embellish it with all the light and beauties of the angels, and let all the angels and saints be there themselves to escort, defend and sustain those who are ready to walk there; and yet in truth, in simple truth, I say boldly, and I repeat that I say truly, I would prefer to this new perfect path the Immaculate way of Mary. Let us, then, arise and walk in the newness of life, in this Immaculate way. In the great life of faith, let us fathom the secret of sanctity in Mary! Let each loyal son of Mary merit, by his fidelity and devotion to her, to hear, interiorly, the sweet voice of his Immaculate Mother saying to his soul: "Thou art all mine and I am all thine!"

THE GIFTS OF MARY.

4. Mary sees clearly in God all goods and evils, all prosperous and adverse fortunes, the blessings and the cursings of God; and there she disposes all things from afar, that she may exempt her children from all sorts of evils, and heap upon them all sorts of goods. So that if there is a fortune to be made in God by the fidelity of a creature to any high employment, it is certain that Mary will procure that good fortune for some of her true children, and will give them the grace to go through it with fidelity. Mary will communicate to you a portion of her profound humility, which will destroy all your selfishness. She will give you a portion of her faith, the greatest of all faiths. Now that she is reigning in Heaven, she has no longer this faith, because she sees all things clearly in God by the light of glory. Nevertheless, with the consent of the Most High, in entering into glory she has not lost her faith. She has kept it, in order that she may keep it in the Church Militant for her faithful children. This divine faith will be your blazing torch, your divine life, your hidden treasure of divine wisdom, and your omnipotent arm, which you will use to enlighten those who are in darkness, to inflame those who are lukewarm, to

give life to those who are dead in sin and finally, to resist the devil and all the enemies of salvation. This Mother of fair love will fill your soul with divine hope, and take away from your heart all scruples and servile fear. She will enlarge your heart to run in the way of her Son's commandments with the holy liberty of the children of God. If unfortunately you offend Him, you will at once humble yourself before Him, you will ask His pardon, but at the same time you will stretch out your hand to Him with simplicity and you will raise yourself up lovingly, without trouble or disquietude, and you will go on your way to Him without discouragement. Our Blessed Mother will fill you with her love for Jesus, and with a great confidence in God and in herself: because as you have given her all your merits, graces and satisfactions, to dispose of at her will, she will communicate to you her virtues, and she will clothe you in her merits. The soul of our Blessed Mother will communicate itself to you, and communicate with you, by those "intellectual operations which are proper to the blessed." In the soul and virtues of Mary, you will rejoice in God your Saviour! Oh, my God! when will the happy time come, when the Immaculate Mary will be established in the hearts of men as their Queen, in order that she may subject them fully to the love of her Divine Son Jesus Christ? When will souls breathe Mary as the body breathes the air? When that time comes, then, indeed, will be the Age of the Immaculate Mary!

EXTERNAL PRACTICES OF THIS DEVOTION.

5. Those who wish to enter into this particular devotion, after having spent twelve days, at least, in emptying themselves of the spirit of the world, which is contrary to the spirit of Jesus Christ, should employ three weeks in filling themselves with Jesus through Mary. During these three weeks, let us make use of our Blessed Mother's Rosary. Let us say the first part in honor of the Eternal Father, the second, in honor of the Eternal Son, and the third part in honor of the Eternal Spirit of God. Thus saying the three parts of the holy Rosary, in honor of the Holy Trinity. Let us meditate seriously, on the mysteries of our Holy Religion, contained in the Rosary; and after our consecration to our Blessed Mother, let us continue this practice all the days of our life. During the first week, let us seek the knowledge of ourselves. Let us consider all that our Divine Lord has done and suffered for us. Let us consider how He has watched over us all the days of our life; how He has led us through temptations and dangers;

how our proud spirits had cast us into hell, many times by our sins, had it not been for His mercy. Let us read a little in a spiritual book; and after our consecration to our Blessed Mother, let us continue to do a little spiritual reading, every day, if possible. During the second week, let us seek the knowledge of our Blessed Mother, by prayers, spiritual reading, and by the consideration of what is written in this paper. During the third week, let us seek the knowledge of Jesus Christ through His Immaculate Mother, by prayer, the sacraments, spiritual reading, and an earnest consideration of His life, passion and death upon the cross for our salvation; let us visit Him in the Blessed Sacrament, in which He is a Victim of love and sacrifice for our salvation. Again, let us admonish ourselves to continue these practices, whenever possible, in accordance with the duties of our state in life, during our probation on earth. I pray you earnestly, by the love I bear you in Jesus and Mary, to say the entire Rosary, if you have time, every day. At the moment of your death, you will bless me, and the day and the hour in which you followed my advice.

All who adopt this devotion should have supreme contempt for the riches, honors and pleasures of this world.

PARTICULAR AND INTERIOR PRACTICES FOR THOSE WHO
DESIRE PERFECTION.

6. "Let the soul of Mary be in each of us to magnify the Lord; let the spirit of Mary be in each of us to rejoice in God.", Besides the external practices of the true devotion which we have been describing so far, and which we must not omit through negligence, so far as the state and condition of each one will allow him to observe them, there are some very sanctifying interior practices for those whom the Holy Ghost calls to high perfection. These may be expressed in four words: to do all our actions by Mary, with Mary, in Mary and for Mary; so that we may do them all perfectly by Jesus, with Jesus, in Jesus and for Jesus. In order to accomplish all things in Jesus Christ, through His Immaculate Mother, we must use the following ejaculations, which are an epitome of the Spirit of this true devotion to Jesus through Mary. We may use these ejaculations, either in a vocal or a mental way, according to the spiritual attraction of our devotion. We shall experience that the devout use of these ejaculations in Mary's honor is well calculated to bring us many graces—to lead us to God through her through whom God came to us.

THE EJACULATIONS.

I leave all to thee, my sweet Mother, in the Name of the Father.

I leave all to thee in the Name of the Son.

I leave all to thee in the Name of the Holy Ghost.

I leave all to thee in thine own sweet Name, O Mary Immaculate, as God left all to thee in Jesus, for His glory and our salvation.

O Mary, my sweet Mother, make me worthy of the graces that flow to me from Jesus through thee.

Everywhere, and always, we are to look at Jesus and Mary, dwelling spiritually within us. We may do this really by an interior look; or virtually, and even without our consciousness, through a habit of one, which we may acquire by our fidelity to this true devotion to Jesus and Mary. Everywhere, and always, during life as the consecrated sons, or daughters, of Mary, we are to begin, to continue, and to end our works, our sufferings, and our lives, in Jesus Christ, through His Immaculate Mother, for the glory of Almighty God, and the salvation of souls.

THE WAY TO PRACTICE THIS DEVOTION WHEN WE GO TO HOLY COMMUNION.

7. We must humble ourselves profoundly before Almighty God. We must renew our consecration by saying the ejaculations, "I leave all to thee, my sweet Mother," etc.

When we are kneeling before the altar, let us give ourselves to Mary by saying; "O my Virgin Mother, clothe me in thy soul and virtues for the glory of Jesus, and thy everlasting praise." When the priest gives the blessing, say:

"For thy sublime intention, O my Virgin Mother, clothed in thy soul and virtues, I will now receive my Jesus and my God."

When the priest holds up the Sacred Host, saying, in Latin, "Behold the Lamb of God," etc. then, bow down your head in profound adoration of the Eternal Word, the Victim of love and sacrifice, existing in the silence of the Blessed Sacrament.

AFTER HOLY COMMUNION.

After Holy Communion, while you are inwardly recollected, you will give Jesus to His Mother. "O my Jesus and my God, I give Thee to Mary Thy Mother, in her soul and virtues, on the altar of her Immaculate Heart, I burn in the adoring love of Mary Thy Mother for Thee. Amen."

With Jesus in Mary, let us close our eyes, and the door of our

mind, in order to shut out all thoughts and things; and let us enter into our heart in loving union with Jesus. The heart is the dwelling of Jesus. "My son, give Me your heart; look for Me in your heart, I love to be there; abandon the view of the things outside; look within always; fail not in this." Let us give our hearts to Jesus. "O Jesus Christ, my God, I give you all my heart!"*

I shall conclude the praises of the Immaculate Mary, in words taken from the "CHRISTIAN LIFE AND VIRTUES," by Bishop Gay:

"Mary is, to the eye of faith, wonderful in her generation, a divine psalter, an incomparable canticle, a living gospel, an apocalypse, dazzling to the sight; but to the eye of sense and reason, she is a book sealed with seven seals. The Lamb alone has, of Himself, the power of opening it; but as soon as faith places the Lamb in you, you share His power. Open, then, this book, read it, meditate on it, and since God said it first, of a book less beautiful, without doubt, and less holy than Mary is, I may well say it after Him 'eat it.' The number is great of the Saints in Paradise, who have owed, in a most particular manner, their sanctity to the greater intelligence which the ardor and vivacity of their faith have given them in the mystery of the Virgin Mother."

I have finished, in Jesus through Mary, my labor of love. I now leave it to the sweet Mother of Mercy, for the glory of Jesus and the salvation of souls. Amen.

IN the midst of all the tempests which the devil may stir up against us, let us hold fast to the spirit of faith, and let us increase in it through the very means which are used to destroy it. He whom we serve is the All-Powerful, the Only True, the Ever Faithful. Heaven and earth may pass away before He will suffer those to run any risk who have abandoned themselves to Him. He will try our love, for that is just; what is a love worth that has not been tried? And He will carry these trials to an extreme extent, because He is God, and there is no love too great for Him.—*Rev. Fr. Grouin* in "*Manual for Interior Souls*."

* For the special act of Consecration according to Blessed De Montfort see "THE SECRET OF SANCTITY REVEALED IN MARY," T. B. Noonan, publisher, Boston.

A MARRIAGE OF REASON.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN, LL. D.

XXVII.

"THE SKY IS LIKE THE WATER,
GRAY WITH THE HUE OF LEAD."

KATHARINE's desire to give Mrs. Carey a new interest in life, to make her feel that she had a right to claim her husband's affection, made many ripples in several lives. If Katharine had been less straightforward or more experienced, she would probably never have seriously considered the idea upon which she was about to act with all her might. She had been taught early in life to do the good nearest her hand, and, if anybody had tried to damp her ardor in the present instance by asking her whether she was a sister's keeper, she would have been unutterably pained. This thing seemed good to her, and there was nothing for her but to put her hand to the plough. She imagined that her uncle, of whom she thought very lovingly, would have approved of it. And, as she went home it gave her a certain pleasure to think that Walter Dillon would have a part in it, although that part might be only helping in the translation of "The Winter Roses."

If Mrs. Carey had voice enough and training enough to sing the second part of the duo, Katharine was resolved that her husband should hear her under the best auspices. She could be made to look almost beautiful in some of the finery which Mrs. Sherwood had sent to Katharine. In her heart Katharine could not help feeling a certain contempt for Ferdinand Carey. She said to herself that if she were a man, she would see deeper than most other men; she could never be caught or repelled by mere dress, or a conventional manner, or the sweetness of a voice. But, after all, she admitted, with a sigh, men were only men, and unlike women, had to be pampered with toys! And so she arranged in her mind a glittering array of toys with which Ferdinand Carey was to be caught. When she reached home she put Mrs. Carey through her musical poses, after tea, until that young woman became tired and hoarse.

In the meantime Walter Devine had been approached by Dillon on the subject of the song. Dillon found him at the Art Club, where he always dined. The moment was auspicious—just after dinner. And, as they sat at one of the front windows, cigars in hand, Devine passed his hand through his thick curling hair, and hummed the words in German.

"Pretty," he said, humming again, and pretending to follow the notes, although he could not read one of them. "I'll do it with pleasure, dear boy, only, if I like it when its done, you'll have to let me sell the words to a magazine."

"I don't know anything about that," said Dillon, much pleased. "Only do it—and if you can by to-morrow night."

"For a lady?" asked Devine, looking under his eyelids at Dillon.

"Yes," said Dillon, "oh yes—who else would want a soprano part in a song?" And then, returning Devine's quizzical glance, he added, by way of changing the subject: "I am looking for a small house; I shall take to domestic life soon, and you will not find me up at all hours, at the old place, willing to brew all sorts of concoctions for you."

"Indeed?" asked Devine, smiling and adjusting his white tie—for the poet had the reputation of living in his evening suit—"So soon? Dear, dear. Has Davey de Grandmont given you a fat contract for a new house? And who is the lady?"

"What do you mean?" asked Dillon. "I wish Davey de Grandmont would give me the order, Mrs. Worth has almost promised it. I merely said I wanted to rent a small house, not that I intended to build a place for Davey de Grandmont."

"And I merely asked who the lady is—of course, the lady of the song—I mean the woman of the song, since 'lady' has become so awfully common."

Dillon understood, and flushed. He did not answer at once. He was angry for an instant; then his heart beat a trifle more quickly. If it were possible—if Katharine O'Connor would ever think of him at all, how bright life would become. But, no—it was not possible. The color faded from his face, he bit the end from his cigar, to gain time for answering Devine with composure.

"You are wrong," he said. "I can not think of marriage. You do not know how poor I am. If I were like you, with several thousand a year and a reputation which carries you everywhere, I might think of it. As it is, I never do think of it," he added,

somewhat bitterly, "though Heaven knows I long for a home of my own."

"I have often wondered, Dillon, whether you have ever met anyone—here, don't flush up again," added Devine, with an odd glitter in his dark eyes, which often came there when he was vivisectioning his friends, to get material for a book. "There's a strange scrupulousness about you Catholic men—when you're good Catholics—on the subject of love which I don't understand. It's like Renan's idea of sin—you don't talk about it. I admire your fineness of fibre and your reticence; but you are one of the few men of my acquaintance who have never jested on the subject of women or love."

"It is too sacred, and too often profaned," said Dillon, with a great desire to change the subject. "Come, Devine—"

"Have you ever met anybody?" pursued the poet, maliciously.

"Yes. One. I spoke to her but little; yet, Devine, I said to myself that I should always think of her—" Dillon's face was turned away again, "as—as—you'll think me conceited—as Dante thought of Beatrice—as a star in Heaven."

Devine did not answer. He looked out into the twilight, and said, after a time, with a sigh:

"I envy you. The century has not spoiled you. Your Church has a knack of keeping some of you fellows very pure in heart. You're a good fellow, Dillon."

He made a great racket then, and called a servant up to scold him because the cigars were bad; but he ended by giving the man a dollar, in spite of the club rules, and saying that they were good. After that he sent for black coffee, went to a little table, and, having made his curly hair stand almost on end, he began to translate the poem. Dillon sat near him during the process. There was silence, broken only by the thundering of the huge omnibuses on Broad street or the sound of an occasional cab. Devine tore up at least six pages of note paper, and then sent out for two German dictionaries. While waiting for them, he refreshed himself by asking questions.

"What do you want a home for, Dillon?" he asked. "Let me see—water, daughter; *schön*—fair, *blume*—can't rhyme flower with fair! What do you want a home for Dillon?"

"My aunt, Mrs. Warland, has—poor old lady—come to town. My mother, you know, is living with relatives in England; and so Aunt Betty is alone. She has a house in the country, and she

loves the old place beyond everything. But something failed; her small income stopped; she couldn't even pay her taxes, and so she had to come to me. She hasn't another friend on this side of the ocean. I'm going to give her half of what I have, so we must get a little house."

"Can you afford it?" asked the prudent poet.

"I have not thought of that," said Dillon, laughing, "I'm young, I'm half Irish—and the Marquis *may* ask me to build his house."

Devine shook his head. "*Gluehen*—I'm not sure what that means; *dei rosen—that* comes in all right. Let the old lady go back to her house."

"She can't. I wish she could. It broke her heart to leave it, almost killed her. She held out till she almost starved and froze. Why, her husband and children lived and died in it. It is a great barrack of a place and out of repair—'Warlands,' you must of heard of it. It used to be the 'show' place in Montgomery County. It would take a lot of money to make it habitable. No; she must stay with me. There was an incident at the station when she came in, that put new life into her; you might make a poem of it. She was sitting there, hopeless, depressed, resting awhile, and crying, I'm afraid; when a girl—God bless her—gave her some fine roses——"

"*Die rosen—bluehen*—oh this is awful! The words will not come. Do stop your chatter, Dillon. Here come the dictionaries. They won't help. More coffee, waiter."

Dillon was discreetly silent, while the poet agonized. Suddenly Devine slapped on the book with effusion, and read:

"The sky is like the water,
Gray with the hue of lead,
The fisher's little daughter
Wears black upon her head;
The boughs that wave above her
Are gray with winter frost,
And all the hearts that love her
The bridge of death have crossed."

"Haven't I caught it?" asked Devine, triumphantly.

"It is very cheerless."

"Quite in the modern style," said the poet. "Listen:"

"I hear no children's voices,
Silent the fisher's maid—"

No gladsome soul rejoices
Where brave boys used to wade
In summer, in the sunlight,
When days were sweet with song,
And shining beach was smooth, white,
Not strewn with wrecks along."

"It gets worse and worse," said Dillon, "I wish you people would write cheerful poetry."

"Yes, yes," said the poet, absent-mindedly. "I don't like 'gladsome soul' much—but I can't help it—you're in such a hurry. Now the soprano takes the song up:"

"Ah, see the winter roses,
Hedged round with grayest moss;
Each curled leaf encloses
A fragrant balm for loss.
And, though there is no breaking
Of the grayness overhead,
They teach of an awakening—
Of life that is not dead.

"Don't you think the last line might—" began Dillon.

"No, the last line might *not*," said Devine, glaring at him, and twisting his immaculate tie under his ear. "I hate stupid people!"

Dillon whistled. The ways of the poets were strange, but he reflected that it would be wrong to knock one down, even when he deserved it, for it might be a long time before another would see the light.

"Listen—and don't give advice," snapped Devine.

"See how they burn and quiver,
See how they nod and bend,
While all the world's a-shiver,
Then sparks of ruby send;
Like firelight in the garden,
Heart-shaped and red as flame,
They speak of love's sweet pardon
From out the gray moss frame.

"And now," said Devine, "the two voices chime in—it's a queer kind of arrangement for a duet—"

"Ah, gray and winter weather,
Would that your days were done,
And my heart and the flowers together
Could open to the sun;

Ah, roses, winter roses,
I feel your lesson deep,

No dark day ever closes
But leaves us joy to keep."

"It seems all right," said Dillon, dubiously, as he folded the paper which Devine thrust towards him, "but I think that if I were a professional poet, I could improve that last line. What does it me—" He said no more; the ireful look in the poet's eye warned him to go. With a hasty, "Thank you," he went downstairs, leaving Devine loudly roaring at the waiters.

In three quarters of an hour he stood in Mrs. Carey's little parlor, waiting for Katharine. That young lady appeared, smiling, pleased, beautiful, he thought. He explained that his aunt was too tired to come.

"And you brought the translation!" she cried, taking Devine's paper and the sheet of music from his outstretched hands. "Oh, how good of you, Mr. Dillon!"

All of a sudden she remembered her qualms of the morning. Perhaps she had shown an unmaidenly eagerness in asking him to the house—perhaps he would think her bold. She did not ask him to sit down; she again said, but with a touch of frost in her voice:

"How kind of you, Mr. Dillon."

He felt the difference at once; he saw it in the movement with which she turned to the piano, tried the first bars of the accompaniment, and murmured as if to herself:

"Ah, roses, winter roses,
I feel your lesson deep,
No dark day ever closes—"

"Oh, Mr. Dillon—pardon me—will you not take a chair?"

"You are very kind," he answered, brushing the nap of his hat nervously. "I have an engagement—with my aunt."

"Give my love to your aunt, and tell her I hope to see her. *Must* you go? Good night."

"Good night."

When he reached the doorstep he felt unreasonably angry. He said to himself that he hated "society girls," and of all that type the most obnoxious of all was Katharine O'Connor.

Katharine sat down at the piano, but she did not play.

He heard her sing the first words of the song:

"The sky is like the water,
Gray with the hue of lead."

She stopped there; he did not know it, for he made his way down the street, with a feeling that his heart was lead. The words

ran through his mind so continually that at last he did not know whether he was angry at them or at Katharine.

She sat at the piano in a state of doubt and depression. It occurred to her that she ought not to have been so abrupt. He had come a long distance. Perhaps she had been rude. He might have stayed a few moments, and not have minded her manner. An engagement with his aunt! Nonsense! Of all unreasonable people he was the worst. Twice in one day, he had managed to put her in the wrong. She would probably never see him again. Well—what of that? Then the leaden grayness of the words she had been singing seemed to shadow her heart; she bowed her head and cried, wishing all the time that Mother Ursula had never let her leave the convent.

XXVIII.

FERDINAND CAREY'S WIFE.

THE French—who are the Greeks of the modern world, and are almost as wise as the old Greeks—have a proverb that the unexpected always happens. They might add that the impossible sometimes happens. Katharine's dream about the reunion of Ferdinand Carey and his wife would have seemed to most people versed in the ways of the world as an impossible thing. They would have said that, if Carey had been ashamed of her lack of those social qualities which his set most valued, and had preferred conventionality to loyalty, he deserved to lose her, and that she was better without him; the chances, too, were that, even if Katharine could make Mrs. Carey as attractive as she hoped, that Ferdinand would not be won by it; again, how childish seemed to be her plan about the song.

Herr Teufelsch grumbled at Devine's English words; they were by no means equal to the German, he said—by no means—they were, in fact, absurd. Nevertheless, he accepted them, and, after Mrs. Carey had been presented, put them in rehearsal. Mrs. Carey's voice proved fairly satisfactory; he said she had not tune enough, she was deficient in the *ego*, and he grunted in a dissatisfied way several times during the days of drill that followed the introduction.

Mrs. Carey lost her careworn look; here was work, not hard, grinding work that took her below the level of her husband, but work that raised her; and here was work that might mean money, to help in the household expenses.

The drill went on every day for a week, at Herr Teufelfisch's house. He was most exacting. It was settled that Katharine was to sing "Winter Roses" with Mrs. Carey in the first part of the programme, a serenade by Schubert and the Titania song in the second part. Katharine protested that he rehearsed her too often.

"It would ruin you to break down," he said. "Remember, *mein fräulein*, that your bread and butter must depend on your singing; you are no longer a young lady amateur, but a professional."

"Why should I break down?" asked Katharine, with a smile. "I am not afraid."

Herr Teufelfisch shook his head. "Try that bar again. So! So! So! So! Ach, that is better!"

At last, he announced that the concert was to be at Mrs. Percival's, one of a series of entertainments in honor of the engagement of Mr. Wirt Percival and the Lady Alicia St. John.

Katharine's heart sank at this.

"You must let me off," she said. "I really can not face them so soon. It will be too hard. My aunt will be there. Oh, it will be dreadful! Besides, the Percivals will not like it."

"They do like it," said Herr Teufelfisch, offering Katharine a pinch of snuff. "They think they will do you a service by putting money in your purse. Besides, your little friend will lose her twenty-five dollars if you refuse to sing my 'Winter Roses' with her. And, besides, Mr. Ferdinand Carey will be there. So?"

Katharine looked up in a startled way from the music she was studying. What could Herr Teufelfisch mean? Had he guessed? He chuckled.

"I am old, dear *fräulein*, I am old, but not therefore a fool. I have heard the story of Mr. Ferdinand Carey's marriage. What one thinks nobody knows, everybody knows. Your friend is Mrs. Carey. You are anxious about her. I put two and two together."

"And you think I am right?"

"Right! Of course--you are right because you are good. You sing well, but, if you sang as well as a nightingale, I would not take so much trouble with you, if you were not good."

"It is so soon! How can I face them all?"

"It will be your opportunity," said Herr Teufelfisch, watching the struggle plainly visible in her face.

"Suppose," she said, catching at a gleam of hope, "that they refuse to have me when you tell them—"

Herr Teufelfisch frowned, and she stopped speaking.

"I am the director, the master. Mrs. Percival will have anybody that I choose—or there will be no concert. But, see, *mein fräulein*—you will sing 'Winter Roses' well. Your friend—it is easy to teach her that song—will sing it well with you. What then? Mr. Carey will be pleased. He will say, 'Ah, the little peasant girl I married has become a singer; she is graceful; she has talent; and, if she is well dressed—'"

"Oh, she shall have a beautiful dress," Katharine said, "one my aunt gave me."

"Well—Mr. Carey will like her all the better for that, and you will make her happy. I do not approve of marriage, as a rule," Herr Teufelfisch said, reflectively, "it spoils singers; they like to stay at home; they worry about their children; but when people are married, they should stay married. In Vienna there are some who marry according to the Protestant rite, that they may obtain divorces; it is wrong," said the musician with conviction. "And since Mr. Carey has a wife, it is well that there should be no divorce."

"I will sing," said Katharine, with resolution, "but it is the hardest thing I ever did."

Herr Teufelfisch smiled; and the rehearsal went on. After she had gone, in rather a depressed mood, (for though Katharine had been trained to a keen sense of duty, she hated disagreeable things as heartily as any Sybarite,) the old music teacher sat down to play a crashing march of his own.

"She will be a great singer," he said, laughing. "When she has made her first plunge, she will not care—for it will be the hardest of all. As if I were interested in the little Carey—as if I cared for the stupid Carey who talked aloud in the *adagio* of my symphony the other night. But she is good, and that helps to arrange everything for her."

Katharine had the unpleasant task of telling Mrs. Carey of the ordeal before her. To her surprise, the information was received with joy. The gown intended for her was fitted and bedecked with feverish eagerness.

"I shall have my chance to win him back," she said, "my only chance perhaps. Oh, you must pray, pray!"

Jennie's deft fingers assisted materially in changing one of Katharine's beautiful gowns to suit the new singer. She was not at all nervous, and at the rehearsal after Katharine had told her

what she was to expect, she sang so brilliantly that Herr Teufelfisch began to take an interest in her.

At last the evening came, and on the afternoon preceding it, Katharine was moved by a little note which came to her accompanied by a huge box. The note was from Mrs. Percival; she told Katharine briefly that she would send the carriage for her at seven o'clock, and that Mr. Percival begged leave to present her with a bouquet of lilies of the valley. Mrs. Percival added that Mr. Sherwood was expected to arrive home in time for the concert.

Katharine's heart bounded; she would see her uncle; he, at least, would sympathize with her, if her aunt had not prejudiced him. She would sing her best, and please him, at any rate.

The carriage did not come until eight o'clock. Two hours before that time, Mrs. Carey had been waiting, attended by the excited Jennie; according to the idea of her sister, she was a vision of beauty. And certainly Katharine's soft, white dress, with its touches of silver lace, helped to bring out her good points. She held her head well, and Katharine laughed, as she showed her how to crook her elbows in the latest English fashion. Mrs. Carey took it all seriously.

"You are much more like the sort of woman my aunt admires than I am," Katharine said. "That's the very crook of the elbows the Lady Alicia has. Isn't it funny?"

But this interlude of nonsense passed; the awful moment of departure came. Katharine seized her music and the flowers, and the two *debutantes* drove away in the Percival carriage.

There had been a council of war at Mrs. Percival's previous to the concert. Mr. Percival had been for asking Katharine to the dinner that was to precede it; but Mrs. Sherwood, who declared that she would not meet a "professional singer" socially, had carried the day. The Lady Alicia was delighted at the prospect of seeing Katharine again: Mrs. Sherwood had one fear. This was that her husband would return in time for the concert. He did not come; the danger that he might make a reconciliation with Katharine was averted.

Mrs. Percival kissed Katharine warmly, and greeted her friend politely. As for Mr. Percival, he declared that he would give a concert every week, if he could only get Katharine to come.

"And I want to tell you, ma'am," he said, with a humorous twinkle in his eyes, "that I've made the acquaintance of one of the priest's at St. John's—and who knows what may come of it?"

Katharine found herself in a very comfortable glow, in spite of her fears. A little sympathy is very encouraging; it is a great steadier of the nerves. After all, why should it be harder to sing for pay than when one is not paid? she asked herself.

In the little dressing room, there was was a group of other singers. Herr Teufelsch presented them, but she could not remember their names. She could hear the flutter of the waiting auditors. A mingling of scents and the soft buzz of talk came in through the half-drawn portiere.

"*He* is there!" whispered her friend, "I heard his voice just then."

"Be calm, my dear," Katharine said, forgetting her nervousness. "Be calm—or you will spoil all!"

The overture was over. A well-bred trickling—it would be absurd to call it a burst—of applause greeted Katharine. She sang well; Herr Teufelsch nodded approvingly, and secretly said that she was a promising singer.

She forgot herself at the sight of Mrs. Carey when she returned to the dressing room. The supreme moment for another was more to her than her own success. She saw that excitement and suspense had transfigured Ferdinand Carey's wife; her eyes glowed, her cheeks were flushed. She stood alone near the long window of the little room, while somebody sang Proch's variations in a high soprano; Katharine went to her, and took her hand. Neither spoke. There was the sound of well-bred applause, and then came more vocal gymnastics. After this, like dew on a hot night, followed some Polish airs, national, intense, beautiful, of which the harp seemed part rather than the mere expression of them.

"Now!"

Mrs. Carey made the sign of the cross, and caught up her sheet of music. In a moment, she and Katharine were making the low, sweeping courtesy of the convent.

Katharine saw Ferdinand Carey before her, just in front of Mrs. Sherwood, who had her fan before her face. Carey did not move a muscle. Amazement showed itself in his eyes; then he became pale. She did not dare to abstract her mind any longer from the music. She had Herr Teufelsch to please now, not the auditors only. He finished the prelude to "Winter Roses." Katharine took up the note.

"It is well," the musician said. "I am afraid of the other one."

The other one disappointed him; soft, deep, true her voice took up the second part; and, after that, "the *ensemble*," as Herr Teufelfisch said, "was *wunderschön*."

He reflected, with some satisfaction, that the success of his song meant a great deal of money in his pocket; for many people would buy it.

"Miss O'Connor will have fame," he said to Mrs. Percival, "she will be heard everywhere—and so will my songs. So?"

After this song, Ferdinand Carey made his way to the little room, from which the other singers had gone to supper. Katharine and his wife were there, expectant, fearful. He bowed to Katharine, and took his wife's hands in his.

"Can you forgive?" he said.

"I have forgiven long ago," she answered. "I am happy now, is not that enough?"

He offered her his arm. And, without a word the two left, to join the party in the supper-room. The dimness in Katharine's eyes disappeared in a laugh. They had forgotten her. She dropped her bouquet and looked after them. How quickly joy blots out sorrow, she thought! And how strange that a man whom his wife loved so intensely, could have forsaken her so heartlessly, to be brought back to her by a new dress, a few clear notes of music, and other people's admiration. If a man's love was like that, surely it was a poor thing. She knew what Wirt Percival's was—a mixture of vanity and calculation. Lord Marchmont's seemed to be all calculation, and Ferdinand Carey's was equally heartless and more childish. As she looked through the gauze portiere, she saw the gay groups crossing the hall—the men attentive, the women talking rapidly. How pretty it looked! And yet how hollow it all was, if the men were like the men she knew.

The excitement of her work was over. Her climax had come too soon. She had brought these two together, made them happy, and they had forgotten her! She thought it all over, and recalled the love in "A Sister's Story." That was worth living for—but there was none of it in the world. Mrs. Craven had invented it, to make her story interesting.

She was aroused by a step near her.

"Mrs. Percival has sent me for you," said a voice she knew.

"Oh, Mr. Dillon—is it you?"

"Yes," Dillon answered, thrusting aside the curtain, "Mrs. Percival remembered me at the last moment."

He looked to be the embodiment of cheerfulness, and his white tie and expanse of shirt front made his cheeks seem redder and his eyes bluer.

His appearance jarred on Katharine's æsthetic sense; she would have preferred somebody more in the Hamlet style at that moment.

"I congratulate you. Mr. Devine's words went well. Didn't you 'flat' a little in the fourth bar?"

"No," said Katharine, sharply, "you might know better. Herr Teufelisch would have stopped the accompaniment, if we had 'flatted' the least bit."

"Oh, I didn't know," said Dillon, airily. "I know you hate compliments, so I just tried the other thing, that's all. Come to supper with me, and all will be forgiven."

Katharine took his arm: the supper-room was radiant with lights and flowers and all the Percival gold plate. In the centre of the horse-shoe, stood Ferdinand Carey, with his wife; he was presenting her to the people about him, and Katharine saw Bidly kiss her on both cheeks. She felt an impulse of jealousy. Ferdinand Carey's wife, whom she had done so much for, was about to be carried away from her by the very people who an hour ago would have passed her by unnoticed.

But Bidly came flying towards her.

"Oh, Kit," she said, "what a romance; and how glad I am it wasn't Wirt, after all. What a pretty little thing she is! And so you brought it all about, you dear! How happy you must be! Mr. Dillon? Thank you; I will take an ice. In two weeks, my dear, we are to be married; and you *must* be a bridesmaid. I see by your eyes that you intend to say no! Nonsense! You may sing for a living or even keep a shop, but that will not make you any the less Katharine O'Conor—my own Kit!"

Katharine was pleased, in spite of herself; and young Dillon was attentive. After a time, Mrs. Percival came up to her.

"So you have arranged matters," she said.

"I helped," Katharine said, "they seemed to have arranged matters themselves."

"I suppose it is for the best," Mrs. Percival said, "It would have simplified matters, if she had died. But she's presentable; I did not expect that."

Katharine made an impatient movement.

"How can you talk that way, Mrs. Percival? Are souls and hearts nothing? Don't you see that your conventionalities are the

absurdest pretenses? Who really cares whether your brother married a cook or the daughter of a wholesale grocer or—anybody you please? You are trying to build a basis of aristocracy on thinnest air—and it does harm. Mrs. Carey is as worthy to be of your society as any woman here.”

“And this to a hostess from a guest!” said Mrs. Percival, sarcastically.

“She is right!” said Mr. Percival. “That’s the way we talk in Duluth. If Mr. Dillon will look after my wife, I’ll take you over to that alcove for a glass of *frappe*. It’s cooling—and you need it, my dear young woman. By the way, I have made the acquaintance of one of your priests at St. John’s. I like him and what he tells me.”

“I am so glad,” said Katharine. “I am afraid I was cross with Mrs. Percival.”

“she can stand it; she’s sometimes cross with me, but my father left me such an angelic temper I can never answer back; you did it for me.”

Mrs. Percival hastily joined them.

“Your aunt wants you, Miss O’Conor. A message has come for her and you. Mr. Sherwood was hurt in a railway—wreck—slightly, I hope. He has asked for you.”

Mrs. Carey came to her, too.

“I must go with you—I will not leave you with your aunt. Do let me be with you in your sorrow.”

The three went to Kenwood almost in silence. Mrs. Carey had her happy thoughts, the others had nothing to say to each other.

(*To be continued.*)

“HE who asks,” says Peter Lombard, “why did God wish to make the world asks the cause of the will of God. But every efficient cause is greater than that which is effected; and nothing is greater than the will of God, therefore its cause must not be sought for.” St. Augustine says: “If His will had a cause there would be something antecedent to His will, which it would be impious to assert. If God foresaw the number that would be lost, then is God not good? Well—perhaps not. What have you then to do but to tremble at His *power*? What are you miserable creature, surrounded by the evidence of His existence, to criticise His actions? The fear of God is then the beginning of wisdom. God could make them have a good will. Why does He not? Because He does not will to do so! Why? God alone knows!—*Mores Catholici.*”

WESTWARD HO!

FLORENCE MARY KILKELLY.

THE twelve days transit has been accomplished, the three thousand miles of watery way separating the Old World from the New have been traversed. Land is not merely ahoy! but has become an appreciable fact, as we round the promontory, where on its rocky ledge running into the sea stands the lighthouse. As we steam onwards glimpses of human habitations, waving cornfields and trees, greet our view, while here and there the tall slender form of the cocoa-nut palm rears aloft its head, crowned with long plume-like foliage, like some gigantic Indian chief. Now we are passing a flat beach bordered with a thicket of the broad-leaved shore grape; again, the shore rises, and becomes more rugged. We pass the garrison, and, again the wooded shore slopes downwards and the land curves gently inward, before running into another promontory and "the league long rolls thundering on the beach" breaks into foam on the white shining sands; the bay, with the clustering houses of the little town, and the verdant country in the back-ground lie before us. Nature has here no awful mysteries, no grand forms inspiring terror as well as admiration, here are no frowning precipices, no intricate forests, all is serene even to monotony. Above the houses and spires of the town rises a range of rounded hills, clad with verdure, whose gently undulating outline engirdles the whole landscape. Everywhere the eye is refreshed with the characteristic greenness of the tropics seen at its most favored hour, before the heat and glare of noon-day have taken away our relish for enjoyment, and while the fresh, dewey loveliness of morning still lingers. And now we are actually in the harbor with the proud consciousness of being the observed of all observers. The Harbor-Master's boat shoots out to meet us, and that functionary boards the steamer, to inform himself of our sanitary condition before we can be admitted to "pratique." There is, however, little delay on this score—we can produce a clean bill of health, no sickness or death has cast a gloom over our voyage; the mail-bags are delivered, and we prepare to disembark. Meanwhile the boatmen who have been restlessly plying their oars backward and forward, impatiently waiting the announcement of our admission to the

port, swoop down like vultures on their prey. "Want a boat Miss?" "Put you on shore in a minute, Miss," resounds on every side, mingled with the importunities of the women, who have brought their fruit and native preserves, such as guava jelly, and pineapple jam for sale alongside.

Bewildered by the babel of tongues, we are about to resign ourselves to the mercies of a most persistent sable Charon, when a handkerchief is seen waving hastily, deliverance is at hand in the person of a friend, who, knowing of our arrival has hastened to press on us the hospitality of her roof.

Descending the companion ladder, and ensconcing ourselves in the boat of our rescuer, human nature cannot refrain from casting at Charon a glance of triumph. With a grin he watches these proceedings, then turns in search of another victim.

A spreading tree, beneath whose shadow is assembled a number of cabs in various stages of shabbiness, drawn by horses in various stages of decrepitude, the figure of the hero of Trafalgar, are the first objects which strike our eye, as we enter the carriage drawn up at the landing place, yclept Wellington Stairs, with a judicious intention, perhaps, of linking the army and navy in defence of the town. Before entering the carriage our attention is attracted by a spire which has been one of the landmarks before we were actually in the Bay. It is now seen to rise from a building surrounded by iron rails, at the gate of which, shouldering his musket, stands a policeman. Having just left the City of Churches, we naturally inquire:

"Is that your cathedral?" though wondering to see it thus guarded.

"Oh no! There you see our public buildings. We will go over them later."

Now we are driving through a suburban district, with rows of villa-like residences. A flamboyant from time to time throws its glowing branches across the road, and the sunshine is flecked with the wavering shadows of the delicate, sensitive foliage of the tamarind. The houses are approached by a walk shaded with mahogany trees.

Groups of cottages are interspersed, some built of stone, with open porches; their humbler neighbors of wood, enclosed with what is here called a palisade, that is, a wooden paling of painted laths a couple of inches broad, their spire-shaped heads tipped with white. Within the houses there is an air of neatness; muslin curtains festoon the windows, a canary hops about on his perch;

from all sides issue the strains of pianos, which seem to be contending in mortal strife, some houses sending forth a melodious strain, but the majority racking the ear of the passer-by with the feeble strumming of an awkward hand on the discordant ghost of an instrument.

But the carriage turns into an avenue, and a lady who has been gardening comes forward with warm greeting. Then together we enter the house, which is built in the usual style of Barbadian architecture, a short flight of stone steps leading to an open verandah, a drawing and dining room running the length of the house, while above are the sleeping apartments. During breakfast I broach the object of my visit, as a representative of the *ROSARY MAGAZINE*. I undertook the voyage in order to solicit information concerning the forty Dominican fathers brutally martyred in the sugar cane fields of this beautiful island forming one of the group "which stand like a string of emeralds round the neck of the Carribean Sea."

My friends are not "of the faith," but courteously volunteer to drive me to a neighboring plantation, where an old man of eighty years, the walking encyclopedia of the Island, was calmly waiting his final summons.

Our return drive is through a busier scene. Groups of little urchins are trooping to school, while others, with bare feet made white by the dust of the roadside, are showing their freedom from school trammels by running along the road, flying paper kites, shouting, sauntering on errands, to beguile which arduous undertaking they indulge in a game of pitch and toss; buggies are whisking business men to their offices; numbers of young ladies are filing into a desmesne around which hovers the unmistakable air of select academy, and thither pater familias drives to deposit his bevy of girls before proceeding to his daily avocations in the city.

Women are wending their way to market, bearing on their heads large trays stocked with native provisions and fruits, filling the air as they go along with cries of "Yams! Yams!" "Sweet pittaties! S-w-e-e-t pit-ta-ties," their voices rising gradually in a shrill, plaintive note.

We pass the Protestant Cathedral, a large shapeless building. It was considerably shaken some time ago by the sub-marine blasting in the inner harbor, and is now like the Church "as by Law established" in Her gracious Majesty's dominions, tottering. An open landau and pair are drawn up before this structure from

which emerges two young ladies their faces shielded from the afternoon sun by coquettishly held parasols; they are by no means of that whitey brown or saffron complexion which I had been led to expect would be the universal tint in the West Indies. Now a figure approaches so closely veiled that my curiosity is wrought up to the highest pitch to catch a glimpse of the complexion as yet unfaded by tropical heat which must lie beneath that jealous guard. As we draw near the lady lifts her veil, and for the lilies and roses I have been picturing reveals a hue sable as the night. The incongruity is too much for my gravity and my friends are startled by my sudden burst of merriment, in which they join heartily when made aware of the cause. Personal observation has since confirmed the fact, that while the female portion of the white population are careless as to the use of veils, their sable sisters seldom dispense with them.

We had no sooner got out of the dust of the city when the shrill metallic note of the tree-frog, mingled with the hum of the mosquitoes resounds on every side while the wind bears to us the shouts of children and the clamor of women's voices from the cluster of negro houses which are situated on the plantation where I expect to derive my much desired information. A very picturesque scene presents itself to our view as we are driven within the gate; the old man sitting under a flamboyant which the slant rays of the Western sun threw into a blaze, at the same time smiting the trunks of the surrounding mahogany trees with a ruddy gleam. Venerable as a patriarch and with the courtesy of an old cavalier, he arose from amidst this framework of green and crimson, which reminded me forcibly of the blood of the martyrs. When I saw the insignia of our Blessed Lady clasped around his fingers, that feeling of homesickness which had commenced to creep over me at once disappeared, here was one at least who honored the Queen of the Most Holy Rosary, and who, I felt convinced would willingly assist me in my investigation concerning the sad fate of those of her loyal sons, who in this remote Western isle had faced slavery and death, with the calm joy of the early martyrs, "knowing that they had not here a lasting dwelling, but, as children of saints, looking forward to another inheritance." Nor was I mistaken, no sooner was he informed of the object of my visit than in a voice choking with emotion, he said, "Ah! my child the blood of the martyrs has not as yet proved the seed of Christians, for you will find more bigotry in this island than any of the others, yet God's arm is not shortened,

and once again, as of old, from the blood of martyrs there may spring a church here as devoted and as faithful as they were. In half an hour's time I can accompany you to the very field where the frightful tragedy was enacted; the property belongs now to my sons. We are the only Catholics in the vicinity."

My friends preferring to remain on the plantation and be hospitably entertained by his daughter-in-law, I eagerly accept the offer of my guide, and we walk leisurely along, not now in the deepening gloom, but with the glorious tropical moon sailing overhead, and shedding such a flood of brilliancy on all around as to be only a degree less vivid than the full blaze of sunlight; I glean the following valuable information on the way.

"The different West Indian Islands were colonized by different nations, some earlier, some later. Many of them owned English authority, and belonged to British subjects. Barbadoes, for instance, which was discovered early in the 16th century by the Portuguese. This island and the adjacent ones were originally called *Los Barbadas*, which signifies in the Portuguese language the bearded Islands. The name was given because of the resemblance to a beard of the foliage of a kind of fig-tree which grew abundantly on the islands. Hence the name, Barbadoes.

It was first colonized about 1624, and flourished rapidly, having in 1650 a population of 200,000 white inhabitants. It was then the great centre of slavery in the West Indies. Froude graphically describes the condition of these slaves when he writes:

"On the least symptom of insubordination they were killed without mercy; sometimes they were burnt alive, or hung up in iron cages to die."

The Barbadian planters were renowned for their brutality as slave owners; for the most trivial offence the whip was laid on unmercifully. A large number of Irish emigrated to this island, hoping to find peace and comfort on its fertile soil. Wherever the Irish go their priests follow in their footsteps and Barbadoes proved no exception to this rule. Many succumbed to the dreadful cholera which was at this time devastating the island; a far preferable fate, notwithstanding the burning thirst and prospect of interment before the soul has left the agonized body, than the one awaiting the zealous sons of St. Dominic, who were flogged to death under the scorching rays of a tropical sun by those proverbially known to be the most demoralized and brutal class of men, the West Indian overseers.

We had now reached the scene of the tragedy, a large, isolated

sugar cane field. The old man knelt, reverently kissed the ground, and standing with head uncovered, told me how as a child he had stood and watched the overseers beating the slaves to death on the very spot, with terrible barbarity. Forty Dominican priests had succumbed to a similar fate. Shipped as slaves to Barbadoes, together with a cargo of proprietors deprived of their lands in Ireland, and then exiled for not transplanting, a letter by the same ship from the Commisioner for Ireland to the governor of Barbadoes contained the pernicious command that "*the priests are to be so employed that they may not return again to do mischief in Ireland,*" and to the letter was the barbarous injunction carried into effect!*

Cholera had made sad havoc amongst the negroes condemned to plant the sugar cane in Barbadoes; their places must be supplied, the poor white slaves had arrived most opportunely; from the deck of the ship their names were called out. A sorry sight they must have presented as they stood before their future owners. The voyage had been long, the food insufficient and the ship too small to accommodate them; they were huddled and crowded together below the deck. Immediately on landing they were marshalled to the scene of the frightful fate that awaited them. In their emaciated hands were placed dull hoes with which to upturn the sun-baked soil, hard as granite in places where the cochineal had accumulated.

Poor fathers! Side by side with the negroes they toiled, and when, forced from sheer exhaustion, they paused for an instant to take breath, the lash of the brutal overseer was applied with incredible barbarity. I have seen one of these instruments of torture, vulgarly but expressively called cat'o'nine tails, consisting of a mahogany handle, resembling a policeman's baton, to which are attached nine leather thongs, each terminating with a sharp steel point. The wretch who inflicted the blows was invariably in a state of intoxication, (a negro standing at his side warding off the scorching rays of the sun by holding a large parasol over his head,) and found it necessary to cool his parched throat, or inflame it further, by indulging in frequent potations of Jamaica rum,

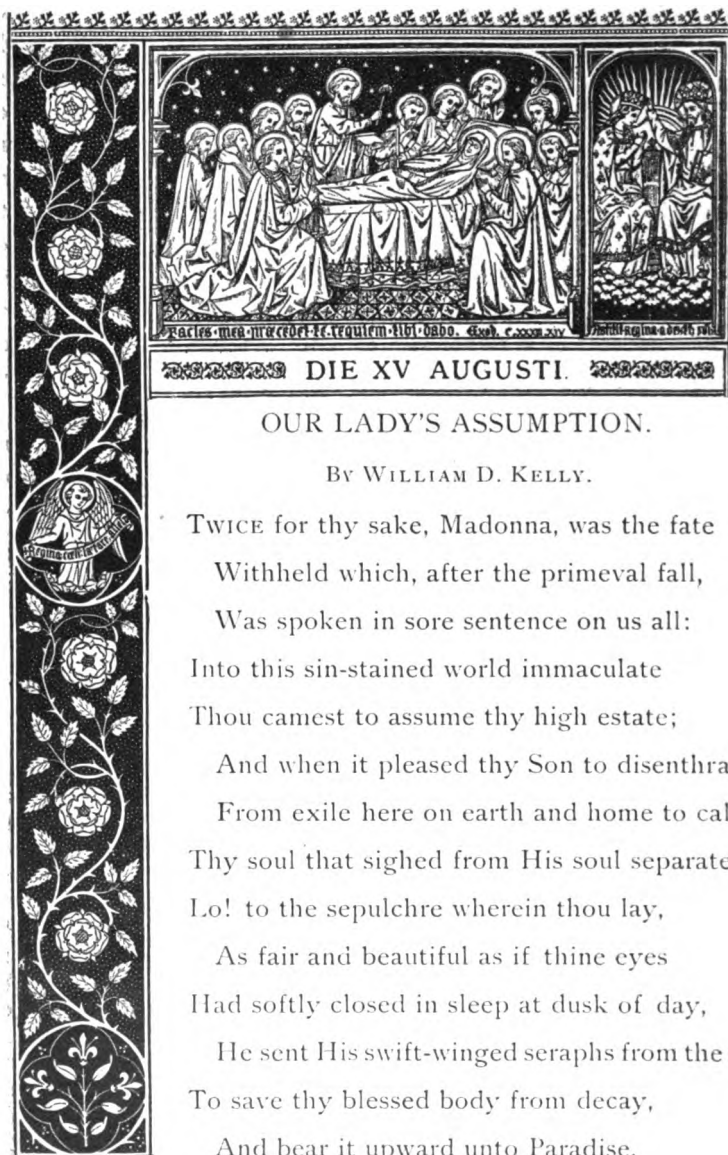
* March 14, 1656, the fathers left Ireland for the scene of their martyrdom, consoled and inspired during the long dreary voyage, by the fervor and resignation of Rev. Patrick O'Brien, nephew of Terence Albert O'Brien, lineal descendant of the ancient kings of Ireland, and, at the time of his nephew's martyrdom, Provincial of the Order of St. Dominic in Ireland.

which recouped his spent forces, to be again expended on his poor victims, who, laboring all day, bare-headed, under an intolerable sun, with eyes well-nigh blinded, head aching, every limb tortured and a terrible thirst consuming them, were not allowed to partake of even one of the luscious oranges or lemons growing profusely around. No wonder they did not endure the ordeal long, reduced by the miseries of the voyage, and exhausted by the hard labor to which they were immediately put, the poor fathers fell, one by one, their white habits dyed with their crimson blood. When one succumbed and another attempted to rush towards him, his death blow was also inflicted. Surely the thought of the scourging at the pillar must have sustained them during their excruciating agony, for, like the Divine Victim, they too prayed for their executioners. Uncoffined their poor mangled bodies were consigned to earth, whilst their victorious souls swiftly ascended to receive the martyr's crown from the hand of God.

Next month we will describe our visit to the island of Dominica, with its Caribs, descendants of the race found by Columbus when he discovered the island—on a Sunday, hence the name—*dies Dominica*, the Lord's day, nor must we forget that but for the kindly interest of the illustrious Dominican, Don Diego di Deza, who so eloquently pleaded the cause of the poor navigator, and enlisted the sympathy and substantial aid of his royal penitents in his behalf, this thriving island might never have been discovered.

BEHOLD the tranquil grandeur of a Gothic Cathedral, a vast symphony, as it were, of stone, to use the language of Victor Hugo, "colossal work of man, and of a people; one and yet complex like the Iliads of which it is the sister, a kind of human creation, powerful and fruitful, seemed to have attained the double character of divine creation—variety and eternity. * * *

"Behold how these walls harmonize with that Gothic altar, splendidly loaded with reliquaries and shrines for which a cold simplicity or an unmeaning parade of allegory has been substituted. Gothic architecture has suffered three kinds of degradation; first, that caused by time; then that caused by political or religious revolutions, during which men have fallen on its different parts with savage fury; and lastly that arising from modern taste which has caused more ruin than even revolutions, cutting up and disorganizing the edifice and killing it in form as in symbol, in its logic as in its beauty and then restoring it with those contemptible and stupid decorations which are supposed to indicate a simple and pure taste."



WHAT A DOMINICAN DID FOR ST. TERESA.

REV. CHARLES WARREN CURRIER.

HAVING been asked to contribute to *THE ROSARY* an article on St. Teresa, the Reformer of Carmel, and reflecting that the magazine which bears the name of this most popular devotion to the Mother of God, is characteristically Dominican, I concluded that the subject indicated by the title as given above would be most appropriate.

It pleased Divine Providence to bring the Saint of Avila into the most intimate relations with members of various religious orders. In her girlhood's days she spent a year and a half in a convent of Augustinian nuns, and when she herself had become a religious in the Carmelite Monastery of the Incarnation, at Avila, the Fathers of the Society of Jesus were her directors, and she received spiritual aid, among others, from St. Francis de Borja and Father Balthassar Alvarez. The latter, who was in every sense of the word, a man of God, exercised an immense influence over her future life by marking out for her the path on which she was to walk. She also enjoyed the spiritual direction of that prodigy of mortification, St. Peter of Alcantara. But it was in a more special manner that the Saint of Avila was brought into relations with the Order of St. Dominic, to members of which she and her Reform were greatly indebted; for what they did for St. Teresa may truly be said to have been done for the Order of Discalced Carmelites. Her own brother, Antonio de Ahumada, probably became a Dominican at the same time she entered into the Order of Carmel. In her life, written by herself, she says that she had persuaded him to become a friar, by speaking to him of the vanity of the world, and that they both agreed to set out very early in the morning for the Monastery of the Incarnation. She does not mention the name of the order into which her brother entered, but it is believed that it was that of the Dominicans, although some, and notably Ribera, the biographer of the Saint, have asserted that he entered the order of the Theronymites but died in the novitiate. Those who claim him for the Dominicans, say that he became a member of the community of the Monastery of St. Thomas at Avila.

In the early part of her religious career we find St. Teresa

consulting on spiritual matters Don Francisco de Salcedo, who, although a layman and married, seems to have been well-versed in the things of God. He was accustomed to frequent the theological lectures, which were given in the Monastery of the Dominicans. It was by the advice of this man, as well as of the Priest Gaspar Daza, that she applied for direction to the Jesuits who had lately settled at Avila.

It does not appear that St. Teresa consulted the Dominicans during that period of her life which might be called the period of transition, during which her soul struggled constantly with Divine Grace before the final victory had been gained. Their assistance was reserved for that most trying period of her career when she was about to lay the foundation of her order and a storm of opposition burst forth upon her.

Although the Monastery of the Incarnation at Avila contained a community of good and pious religious, these were far removed from the perfection of their holy state and from the early spirit of Carmel. The Order had fallen into a stage of decadence and its rule had been mitigated by the Sovereign Pontiff, although attempts at a reformation had not been wanting. In the Monastery where she spent the early part of her religious life the enclosure was not observed, as she tells us herself in the fourth chapter of her life. During her illness she was even allowed to leave the Monastery and go elsewhere for the benefit of her health. Speaking of monasteries in which relaxation prevailed, St. Teresa says it would be better for young girls to remain in the world and be married, than to enter into such places. For many years her own soul made but little progress in perfection, although she was at one time possessed of an extraordinary gift of prayer. Speaking of the confessors whom she consulted during this period, she tells us that she was always fond of learned men, and that confessors indifferently learned did her soul much harm by giving her instructions unfit for her state. For seventeen years she continued to be thus misled, until a most learned Dominican, Father Vincente Barron, as Bouix says, undeceived her in part and the Fathers of the Society of Jesus completed the work. It was under the direction of the latter that her entire conversion to a life of absolute perfection was effected. Be it here said that St. Teresa always cherished the highest esteem for the sons of Loyola who exercised the greatest influence over her soul.

But the time had arrived to begin her life-work. She gives us an idea of what prompted her to it when she writes: " Though

in that house in which I then lived there were many servants of God, and God was served therein, yet, because it was very poor, the nuns left it very often, and went to other places where, however, we could serve God in all honor and observances of religion. The rule also was kept, not in its original exactness, but according to the custom of the whole Order, authorized by the Bull of Mitigation. There were other inconveniences also. We had too many comforts as it seemed to me; for the house was large and pleasant. But this inconvenience of going out, though it was I that took most advantage of it, was a very grievous one for me; for many persons, to whom my superiors could not say no, were glad to have me with them." This mode of life evidently did not satisfy her soul, she yearned for something more perfect. When she first conceived the plan of founding a community of Reformed Carmelites, her confessor would not decide in the matter, but bade her lay it before the Provincial. The latter who, at that time, was Father Angel de Salazar, approved of it, as did also St. Peter of Alcantara. The storm of opposition, however, which arose against it was so great that the Provincial, finding it hard to set himself in the face of the general opinion, revoked his permission. Sentiment ran so high that a friend of the Saint who shared her projects, could not obtain absolution unless she abandoned them, for they were considered a cause of scandal.

At this juncture a Dominican Father came to the rescue. His services were of the highest order and ought never to be forgotten by the daughters of St. Teresa, among whom the name of Father Pedro Ibañez deserves to be held in veneration as long as the Order of Carmel exists. Had it not been for his assistance, at least humanly speaking, St. Teresa might have failed in her undertaking. The Saint herself held this Father in such esteem that, in one of her letters, she calls him a founder of her Order. She also told her nuns of Sevilla that they need not be veiled in his presence, though she required them to be so in the presence of every one else, especially the friars of the Reform. In the history of her life she calls him a very great servant of God, the most learned man in Avila, and one of the most learned in his Order.

Even before the Provincial of the Carmelites had withdrawn his consent for the new foundation, the friend of Teresa to whom absolution had been refused on account of her connection with the affair, addressed herself to Father Ibañez, and gave him an account of the whole matter. St. Teresa also applied to him. She said nothing of her revelations, but spoke only of the reasons which

influenced her. The man of God asked of St. Teresa a week to deliberate.* She promised to abide by his decision, although she says that she never lost a certain confidence that the Monastery would be founded. Nevertheless, she adds, that if the man of God had told her she could not go on without offending God she believed she would have given it up.

The outcry against the proposed work of St. Teresa had reached the ears of Father Ibañez, and he, like every one else, considered it folly, so that he determined to insist that she should abandon it. However, reflection changed his mind, and his decision became favorable. He encouraged the saint, and bade her hasten the execution of her plans, and directed her as to the best means to be used. If any persons brought forward objections, they were to be referred to him, and he would reply to them. He ordered St. Teresa to give him in writing the story of her spiritual life. She obeyed, began it in the Monastery of the Incarnation at Avila, and finished it in the house of Doña Luisa de la Cerda, in Toledo in June, 1562. This account written for Father Ibañez has been lost, and is supposed to have reached no further than the end of the 31st chapter of her extant autobiography. What follows was written by command of another Dominican, Fray Garcia of Toledo. The decision of Father Ibañez was a great comfort to St. Teresa and her companion; especially as others who had been opposed to her designs now began to favor them. It was after this decision of the Dominican, that the Provincial of the Carmelites withdrew his consent, and her confessor bade her think no more of the matter. Father Ibañez, however, felt confident of success, but as St. Teresa, in obedience to her confessor, would no longer speak of it, he communicated with her companion, and they both wrote to Rome on the subject.

The saintly Dominican encouraged Saint Teresa very much and expressed a favorable opinion concerning her revelations. She also tells us that he himself derived much profit from her communications, for from that time he gave himself more to prayer and even retired to a solitary monastery of his order to devote himself to this holy exercise, and remained there for two

* We read in the life of St. Alphonsus de Liguori that when he was deliberating about founding his Congregation, he consulted Father Louis Fiorillo, a Dominican, who replied: "In a similar conjunction St. Louis Bertrand asked six months from St. Teresa to reflect before giving an answer: I ask the same of you." We may here add that St. Louis Bertrand, also a Dominican, was one of those who approved of the Saint's works.

years. The saint was much distressed at his departure, but consoled herself at the thought of the spiritual profit he would derive. After his return from solitude she assures us that he had gained great experience of spiritual things, which enabled him more than his learning had done, to be of service to her.

The saint and the Dominican did not, however, always agree. Desiring to found her Monastery in the strictest poverty, and without any endowment, she wrote to ask his advice. He sent her in reply two sheets of paper full of theological objections against her plan, adding that he had reflected much on the subject. She answered that, in order to escape from her vocation, the vow of poverty she had made and the perfect observance of the counsels of Christ she did not want any theology to help her, and in this case she would not thank him for his learning. St. Peter of Alcantara, on the contrary, advised her to persevere in her intention. Father Ibañez himself afterward changed his mind and went over to the opinion of St. Teresa.

In 1562 she obtained from Rome the Brief authorizing the foundation of her Monastery. After its establishment opposition again increased. Two learned religious of all the Orders in the city were assembled to deliberate on the matter, and concluded that the work ought not to be continued. One only, and he a Dominican, Father Domingo Bañez, stood up in her defense, although he objected to the Monastery being founded without revenues. Father Ibañez also continued his interest. He had been absent from Avila, but, on his return did all he could to aid the new foundation, and remained in the city as long as his presence was required. Before leaving, he prevailed on the Provincial of the Carmelites to allow St. Teresa to take up her abode in the new Monastery, and even to be accompanied by several nuns of the Incarnation for the recitation of the Divine Office and the training of the new members she had received.

God deigned to manifest to the Saint the reward he conferred upon the good Dominican for the services he had rendered her. She relates the revelation thus: "I saw our Lady putting a cope of exceeding whiteness on that Licentiate of the same Order (of St. Dominic) of whom I have made mention more than once. She told me that she gave him that cope in consideration of the service he had rendered her by helping to found this house, that it was a sign that she would preserve his soul pure for the future, and that he should not fall into mortal sin. I hold it certain that so it came to pass, for he died within a few years; his death and

the rest of his life were so penitential, his whole life and death so holy, that so far as anything can be known, there cannot be a doubt on the subject. One of the friars present at his death told me that before he breathed his last, he said to him that St. Thomas was with him. He died in great joy, longing to depart out of this land of exile." She adds: "Since then he has appeared to me more than once in exceedingly great glory, and told me certain things. He was so given to prayer, that when he was dying and would have interrupted it if he could because of his great weakness, he was not able to do so; for he was often in a trance. He wrote to me not long before he died, and asked me what he was to do; for as soon as he had said Mass he fell into a trance, which lasted a long time, and which he could not hinder. At last God gave him the reward of the many services of his whole life."

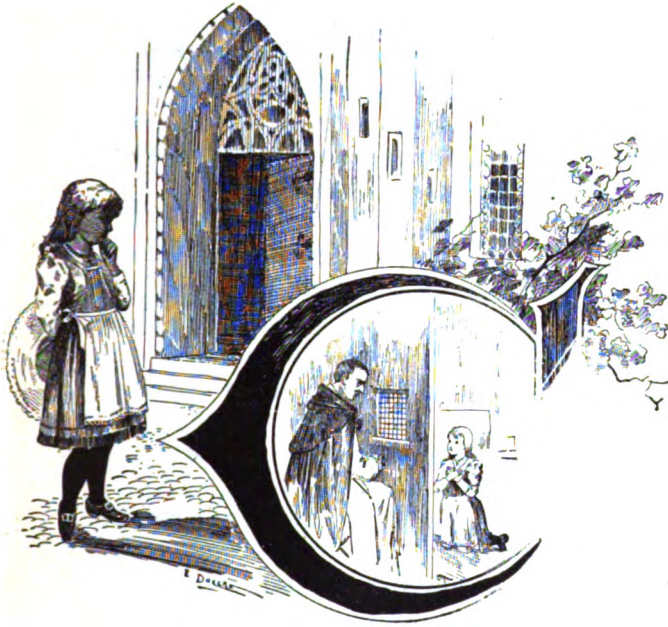
In the 38th chapter of her life, St. Teresa says that in all the visions she had had, she had seen but three souls escape purgatory and they were those of St. Peter de Alcantara, of a Carmelite friar and of Father Peter Ibañez.

More than three centuries have passed since the soul of this good friar went to its everlasting home, and the Saint who was his friend on earth has long since joined him in the eternal tabernacles where she now thanks him for the services he rendered to her here. The order of Carmel which he helped to reform has prospered, and from the Monastery of Avila it has spread over the world. The daughters of St. Teresa still cherish the highest esteem for the Order of St. Dominic and fresh in their grateful memory is still enshrined the name of Father Pedro Ibañez.

"God never leaves Himself at any time without witnesses on the earth, and it is our fault, not His, if we do not see them. There are always bright spots in humanity, even in its darkest aspects; and those who cannot discern them, should blame their own dull vision, not their fellow-men. The saints have always been quick enough to see them. As poets, who have the mystic eye, see beauties of line and color in the mouldering ruin where common men see only destruction and decay, so do the saints and the saint-like, with the keen vision of faith and hope and love, penetrate the external darkness and decay of humanity, and discover in the midst of gloom and evil much that is promising and fair. They see elemental wines boiling up in the cauldron of travail and suffering, and they know that their bitterness is salutary, and their fire regenerating unto life."—*Kathleen O'Meara, in "A Daughter of St. Dominic."*

HER STORY.

DENIS B. COLLINS.



A CUTE little stranger came one day
 Where good little maidens do,
 And crossed herself, kneeling just in a place
 Where I was a stranger too.
 "Bless me, good father," she gently said,
 Then waited and spoke no more,
 While I found it awfully strange to do
 What I never had done before.

She said "it's the first time that I have been
 In this terrible awkward place;"
 Then turned upon me the beautiful eyes
 Of her innocent holy face.
 "What of it?" I muttered, "go tell your sins,
 For I am a stranger too,

And if you have nothing at all to tell
Then I shall have nothing to do."

"Good father," she answered, "when I was young,"
(And now she was only nine)

"To quiet the baby I tied his tongue
With a terrible piece of twine.

Now that is the only sin I've done,
I have nothing more to tell,"

And the tears of penitence down her cheeks
Like heaven's dew-drops fell.

Ah, how happy were I could I borrow those tears
From that child whose heart was true;
From that angel soul who never trod
The path where the briers grew!
But the sultry days of the sinful years
Have one by one gone by
And the sunset of my useless life
Still finds my eyelids dry.

Those two little hands so gently clasped,
Those two little lips in prayer,
Those two little dimples on brown little cheeks
Are still before me there.
And often when my heart is sad,
My sigh and prayer in vain,
I would I could look in those blue little eyes
And bury my grief again.

Her golden locks were streaming down
Like sunbeams thro' the rain,
And o'er her face the sun and shade
Of mingled hope and pain.
She sobbed, and then her bosom heaved
A long deep sigh of grief,
As upward in mine eyes she sought
For sympathy's relief.

"One tear may cleanse a thousand souls,
Good child, for ever know,
One sigh of sorrow links the Heart

Of God to ours below.
There may be far in the future years
Some need of a moistened eye,
Then treasure thy tears for the desert sands
Where the springs may all be dry.

The way of the heart is a fitful way,
As fickle as the skies;
You never can teach Fancy sense
Nor Passion to be wise.
There are billows afar on the sea of life
You cannot see from the shore,
And the bark you launch on the beach to-day
May reach it never more.

The flower that lifts its petals up
To drink the dew of grace,
And woos the sweetest beam of hope
In the sun's bright morning face,
Knows not how soon the rain or cloud
May chase that beam away,
Nor when its tender leaves be scorched
And withered by its ray.

Go, then, my child, nor trust awhile
The sweets that life may give,
While tears shall irrigate the flower
Of innocence will live.
Say one *Hail Mary* every day,
(Let this your penance be)
And in our Holy Mother hope;
God bless you; pray for me."

That little angel figure rose,
The curtain moved away,
And faded from my vision there
Into the world for aye.
Back in the sea that wavelet went
And others filled the strand;
Who knows where may that wavelet end
Or who can understand!

For years I stood upon the shore
Still looking out to sea,
But years did not bring back that face
Save in sweet memory.
The leaflets of the ocean turned
Quick as the breezes fled,
I watched to see that soul-wave come
Whose page I first had read.

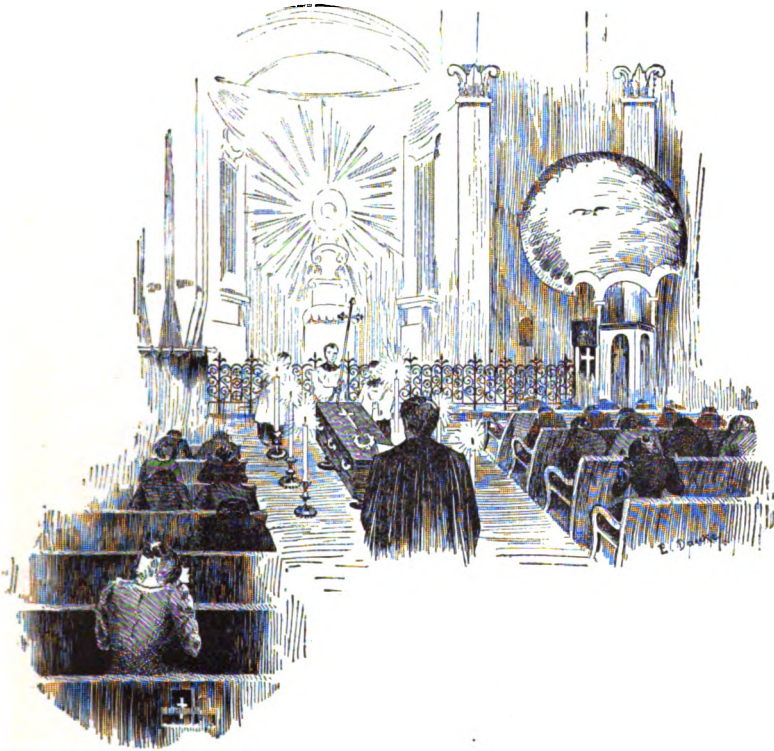


And souls are truly like the waves:
Some sob and murmur low,
We never know just whence they come,
Nor whither they may go.
And some are bold and brave and strong,
Some others dark and drear,
And some go laughing to the grave
And others with a sneer.

And the soul of the priest is like the shore
Where the countless billows meet
To lay their foamy burdens down,

Like pilgrims, at its feet.
 And he often weeps for the weakly wave
 That breaks on the waters blue,
 For his head and life may both be wrong
 But his heart is always true.

* * * * *



From the belfry tolled the knell one day
 As a funeral cortege came,
 And brought some dead and lonely one
 Unknown to wealth or fame.
 Some weary feet were they, perchance,
 That oft' the church-way trod,
 Some heart that sought, its labor done,
 The blessing of its God.

In solemn tones the organ pealed
 For mercy to the Lord;
 The mourning candles ranged around

Like sentinels on guard;
The *Benedictus* o'er the dead
Its notes of sadness flung,
And every head was bowed to hear
The *Absolution* sung.

Adown the aisle the funeral filed
And bore the dead away,
But one sad soul in yonder pew
Would linger yet to pray:
Perhaps some mother who had lost
Her comfort and her pride,
Some faithful heart to friendship true,
Or weeping, widowed bride.

I tarried, too and prayed awhile
In union with her soul,
And many thoughts came over me
Which my will could not control.
It may be some foretold as
We often find in dream,
For, down my cheeks unmeaningly
The wilful tears would stream.

Approaching as I heard her weep
In sobs suppressed and low,
I asked her if she may not tell
The secret of her woe.
"Good father, do not pity me,"
The haggard wreck replied
As upward to my view she raised
The face of one who died.

"But if you would hear a sinner's tale
And know my source of grief,
I will tell you in a word or two
To give my soul relief.
It is now full many a year ago
Since first I went astray,
And God, by merest accident,
Hath sent me here to-day.

I knew not of this person dead,
Nor stopped upon my way—
I came to tempt a man I loved
Where others came to pray;
And as I knelt before this shrine
I thought of long ago,
Till from my heart on evil bent
The tears began to flow.

When I my first confession made,
Ah! I remember well,
For that one thought has haunted me
E'en on the shores of hell,
And those kind words the good priest gave
To fit me for the strife;
And that *Hail Mary* I have said
Thro' all my sinful life.

How fast the burdened years have gone
None but the wicked know;
For woman's heart sin only gives
The recompense of woe.
And when the sultry noon is past,
Ah, God, how dark the night,
How drear the eventide of life
Devoid of virtue's light!

My bark hath roamed o'er Pleasure's sea
While Passion filled the sail,
But weary winds at last would rest,
And sin-clad timbers quail.
The God Who flung the outcast here
To die on Sorrow's shore
May yet receive the penitent,
Her innocence restore."

We parted stranger's as we met;
I doubted not her grief,
But fancied that a penitence
So sudden must be brief.
How little know we as we watch
The good ship seaward roam

What land her trusting prow may reach,
What star may lead her home!

From yonder hospital the news
(One bleak November day)
Was brought that in the pauper's ward
A dying woman lay.
I hurried thither, and as I saw
The wreck of wasted years
Beside the sad consumptive's bed
I sat alone in tears.



"Bless me, good father," she gently said,
I waited and asked no more;
It seemed that somewhere, in that same voice,
I had heard these words before.
And the day and the hour came back, like a dream.
Thro' many and many a year
When they, in the first confession I heard,
Were whispered once in my ear.

I looked for the dimples and brown little cheeks,
I looked--but they were not there;
And vainly I sought for the rose-like lips,
And the ringlets of golden hair.
The sparkle and all that I knew were gone,

Yet I saw it was the self-same wave
That came back to the priest on the shore again
With the "One Hail Mary" he gave.

That weary, sinless spirit rose,
The curtain moved away
And that sweet *Hail Mary* fled
To other lands that day.
The gentle perfume of its breath,
Like Hope, to memory clings;
I wonder if in Heaven she
That parting anthem sings!

I wonder shall we know her as
The innocent who cried,
Or meet the tearless visage of
The wasted wreck who died!
For me, I leave yourself to say
What custom may be there,
I only wish to tell you, friend,
The virtue of her prayer.

THE LIFE OF ST. DOMINIC.

BY REV. MOTHER AUGUSTA THEODOSIA DRANE. O. S. D.

CHAPTER XVI.

ST. SIXTUS.

1218.

DOMINIC was received at Rome with renewed evidences of affection and favor from Pope Honorius, who showed every disposition to forward the design with which he had returned thither, namely, the foundation at Rome of a convent of his Order. The church granted to him by the Pontiff for this purpose was chosen by himself; it was one already full of ancient and traditionary interest, which its connection with the rise of the Dominican Order has certainly not lessened. There is a long road that stretches

out of Rome, following the course of the ancient Via Appia, which, deserted as it now is by human habitation, you may trace by its abandoned churches and its ruined tombs. In the old days of Rome, it was the patrician quarter of the city; the palace of the Cæsars looks down upon it, and by its side stands the vast ruins of Caracalla's baths, with the green meadows covering the site of the Circus Maximus. This circumstance of its being formerly the place of popular and favorite resort, accounts for the abundance of Christian remains which mingle with the relics of a pagan age, and share their interest and their decay. For here were formerly the houses of many of noble and some of royal birth; and when their owners confessed the faith, and died martyrs for Christ, the veneration of the early Church consecrated those dwellings as churches, to be perpetual monuments of names which had else been forgotten. But in time the population of Rome gathered more and more to the northern side of the Cælian Hill, and the Via Appia has long been left to a solitude which harmonizes well enough with its original destination, for it was the Roman street of tombs. There, mixed with the ruined towers and melancholy pagan memorials of death, where the wild plants festoon themselves in such rich luxuriance, and the green lizards enjoy an unmolested home, stand those deserted Christian churches, never open now, save on the one or two days when the Stations are kept there, and crowds flock thither to pray at shrines and altars which at other times are left in the uninterrupted silence of neglect. Among these is one dedicated to St. Sixtus, Pope and Martyr, and the tomb of five others, Popes and Martyrs. Attached to this church were certain buildings erected by Innocent III., with the intention of gathering together within their walls a number of religious women then living in Rome under no regular discipline. It had been part of his plan to confide the care of these religious to the English Canons of Sempringham, known as Gilbertines, whose Rule was drawn up with a view to their undertaking the direction of communities of nuns. Difficulties, however, had stood in the way of realizing the plan, and the Gilbertines had not shown much promptitude in answering the Holy Father's appeal. Neither had their care of the church of St. Sixtus been at all satisfactory, so that Honorius III., early in the year 1218, addressed them a letter requiring them at once to send a sufficient number of brethren to undertake the proposed work, and serve the church in a becoming manner, or in case of their failing to do so, to be prepared to resign it into the hands of other religious. As the

canons still delayed, the affair ended by the Pope relieving them altogether of the care of the church, which he made over to St. Dominic, with the design of entrusting to him and to his brethren the work originally intended for the Gilbertines.*

His first care was to reduce the house to a conventual form, and to enlarge it so as to be capable of receiving a considerable number of brethren. To do this he was obliged to solicit the alms of the faithful, which were indeed abundantly supplied; the Pope himself liberally contributing to a work in which he felt no common interest. Meanwhile, Dominic labored at his usual office of preaching. We have the authority of Pope Clement VIII.† for asserting that the first Confraternity of the Rosary ever erected in Rome was that established by St. Dominic himself, in the church of St. Sixtus, where for many years was preserved the pulpit from which he preached the devotion, and thereby, according to Flaminius and Malvenda, obtained a number of striking conversions. We are assured that many of the Cardinals were enrolled in the Confraternity, and that the reputation of the saint spread far and wide, attracting many to become his disciples. Various influences paved the way for the success and rapid development of the Orders founded by St. Dominic and St. Francis. They, indeed, and the work which they set on foot were wanted by their age: the world was restlessly heaving with the excitement of new feelings, which stirred men with emotions they neither understood nor knew how to use. We need not therefore wonder at the enthusiasm with which they flung themselves into the ranks of the two leaders whom God had sent them. For, after all, great men are not merely the exponents of their own views or sentiments. Be they saints, or heroes, or poets, their greatness consists in this, that they have incarnated some principle which lies hidden in the hearts of their fellow-men. All have felt it; they alone have expressed and given it life; and so when the word is spoken which brings it forth to the world, all men recognize it as their own; they need no further teaching and training in this thought, for unconsciously to themselves they have been growing into it all their lives; and the devotion with which they follow the call of him who

* From the date of the letters of Honorius, it is evident that the church of St. Sixtus was not formally withdrawn from the Gilbertines till the end of the year 1219—so up to that time, it can only have been held *conditionally* by St. Dominic and his brethren (See Reg. Hon. III. ann. ii. and iv.)

† In a Bull given by Rechac, p. 344, and by Nanni, p. 207.

guides them is, perhaps, the strongest sentiment of which human nature is susceptible; made up not merely of admiration, or loyalty, or enthusiasm, but in addition to all these, of that gratitude which a soul feels towards that greater and stronger soul whose sympathy has set its own prisoned thoughts at liberty, and given them the power and the freedom to act. Then, like some pent-up and angry waters, that have long vexed and chafed themselves into foam, and beaten aimlessly against the wall that kept them in, when the free passage is made, how impetuously they rush forth! at first agitated and confused, but gathering majesty as they flow, till the torrent becomes a river, and the river swells into a broad sea, the dash of whose long united waves no barrier can resist. This is what we call a popular movement. Europe has seen such things often enough, as well for good as for evil; but she never saw one more universal or more extraordinary than the first burst into existence of the mendicant Orders. That of St. Francis was earliest in point of time, and the first Chapter of his Order saw him in the midst of five thousand of his brethren. But the fields were white with the harvest, and the Friars Minor were not to be the only gatherers of it. In three months Dominic had assembled round him at Rome more than a hundred religious with whom to begin his new foundation. His convent of St. Sixtus had to be even yet more enlarged; and here he began to carry out the entire observance of that rule of life which was first established at St. Romain.

Faithful, however, to the principle he had laid down at Prouille, that the "grain must be scattered and not hoarded up," Dominic, as he witnessed the rapid increase of the brethren, rejoiced at the thought of yet further extending their labors. Nor was he long in choosing the site of his next foundation. After the Universities of Paris and Oxford, that of Bologna was most highly in esteem, and the eagle eye of the great patriarch had from the first discerned the importance of planting convents of the brethren in all these seats of learning. The wisdom which guided him in this decision was fully justified by the result, for in a very few years after the death of St. Dominic, the Friars Preachers had become a great teaching power in all the universities of Europe, whose most illustrious members daily recruited the ranks of the new Order.

Bologna, therefore, was selected as the site of the next foundation, the city which boasted to be at once the home of liberty and learning. "The two grand features of the Bolognese

character," says Eustace, "are the love of liberty and the love of knowledge, and they are expressed on their standard, in the centre of which blazes in golden letters the word, 'Libertas,' while 'Bononia docet' waves in embroidery down the sides."

As usual, when the work to be accomplished was one of unusual importance, Dominic called to his aid his faithful companion, Bertrand of Garrigua, who, by reason of the very confidence that was placed in him, found himself constantly called on to change his place of residence and face the difficulties of some new undertaking. He was accordingly summoned from Paris, and after a brief stay at Prouille, reached Rome, in company with John of Navarre and Lawrence of England, in the month of January, 1218. Retaining Lawrence at St. Sixtus, the saint despatched the two brethren, Bertrand and John, to Bologna, where they were soon after joined by Michael of Uzero and Dominic of Segovia, who had returned from Spain, where their efforts to establish themselves had proved unsuccessful. These were shortly followed by two others, Richard and Christian, together with a lay-brother named Peter, all of whom had recently entered the Order, Richard being appointed prior of the new community. The preaching of the friars soon attracted attention: they are said to have been the first religious who had ever been heard to preach publicly in Bologna, and the admiration inspired by their eloquence was increased when it was understood that they were disciples of that Brother Dominic whose fame had by this time spread through every city in Italy. Two houses were soon given to them, together with a neighboring church called Santa Maria della Mascarella. Their first care was to arrange their dwelling in a conventual form, for in the early foundation of the Order this was regarded as an indispensable condition for carrying out their Rule, even when the community numbered no more than four or five persons. As well as they could therefore, considering the confined space which was at their disposal, they made a dormitory and refectory, with other necessary offices; their cells were so small that that they were not more than seven feet long, and four feet two inches wide, so that they could scarce contain a hard and narrow bed and a few other pieces of necessary furniture; but they were more content with this poor habitation than if they had possessed the largest and most magnificent palace. Here they led "a life of angels;" and "so wonderful was their regular observance, and their continual and fervent prayer; so extraordinary their poverty in eating, in

their bed and clothes, and all such things, that never had the like been seen before in that city."*

The example of such a life attracted some to join them, among whom was Tancred, afterwards prior of St. Sixtus, who was called to the Order in a singular manner. He was a German, and a courtier of the Emperor Frederick II. Being at Bologna when the first brethren arrived there, he was one day made sensible of a singular and powerful impression on his soul, urging him to reflect on the question of eternity in a manner wholly new to him. Disturbed and agitated, he prayed to the Blessed Virgin for direction; and in the night she appeared to him, saying these words: "Go to my household." He awoke in doubt as to their meaning, but in a second dream there appeared to him two men dressed in the habit of the Order, the elder of whom addressed him, saying, "Thou hast asked of Mary to be directed in the way of salvation; come with us, and thou shalt find it." In the morning he begged his host to direct him to the nearest church, that he might hear Mass. As he entered, the first figure he met was that of the old man he had seen in his vision; the church was, in fact, Santa Maria, in Mascarella, and the friar was none other than the prior Richard. Tancred's mind was soon made up as to his future course; and, abruptly severing his engagements with the Court, he proceeded to Rome, where he took the habit.†

But in spite of the adhesion of a few disciples and the favorable reception at first given to them by the citizens, the brethren did not make much progress, and suffered many affronts and discouragements till the end of the year, when, as we shall see, a fresh impulse was given to their enterprize by the arrival among them of Reginald of Orleans.

In Spain, Brother Peter, of Medina, had succeeded in founding a convent at Madrid, concerning which no particulars have been preserved. Two of his companions, as we have seen, rejoined Dominic at Rome, but the third, Suero Gomez, went on to his native country of Portugal, where he became known to the Infanta Donna Sancha, who gave him a little oratory on Monte Sagro,

* *Prog.* p. 75.

† Tancred of Germany is not to be confused with Tancred Tancredi, of Sienna, who received the habit in 1220 from the hands of St. Dominic. Marchese, in his *Diario Domenicano*, and some other writers, suppose that there was but one religious of the name, and attempt to blend together in one biography the incidents related of two distinct persons.

about six miles from Alanquez, dedicated to Santa Maria *ad Nives*. Here he built a miserably poor convent, or rather hermitage, formed of stone and straw cemented together with mud, "according to the manner of those first days of fervor in the Order." He lived in this singular dwelling alone for some time, but very soon numbers of all ranks flocked to him to receive the habit from his hands; and "though they were so many, and of such character and nobility as might have done honor to any Order in the Church, yet did he not abate one iota in the rigors which he had learnt from his holy master, and which were established as laws in the Constitutions." Every day he preached in the city, which soon became renowned for its sanctity of manners. He was a true son of Dominic, "thinking only how to sow the Divine Word, and caring nothing for his own body;" and so, little by little, the mud hermitage was frequented as a place of pilgrimage, and the crowds who thronged there to see and hear one whom they reckoned to be rather an angel or apostle than a common man, compelled him to enlarge his dwelling in order to receive them, so that in the following year, when Dominic himself visited the spot, he found a spacious and well-ordered convent, the mother-house of the Order in Portugal. Suero was in every way a remarkable man; his adherence to the Rule, even in the minutest particular, was almost a proverb. In 1220, when he went to Bologna to attend the first General Chapter, he performed the whole journey on foot, carrying only a stick and his breviary, and so begged his way the entire distance. He became afterwards the first Provincial of Spain.

(To be continued.)

THE ROSARY IN CHINA.

EXTRAORDINARY LOVE OF THE CHINESE CHRISTIANS FOR THE ROSARY.

BEFORE presenting in its English garb the following truly interesting extract from a work written by a learned Dominican Bishop, Mgr. Gentili, who has labored for many years on the Chinese Mission, we desire to say a few words in relation to the origin of Christianity in that vast Empire.

According to a constant tradition it was the Apostles SS. Thomas and Bartholomew who first announced the Gospel in the

Celestial Empire. Some authors date the introduction of Christianity into China from the seventh century. Then again the children of St. Dominic and St. Francis came with their glorious missions of the 13th and 14th centuries to claim their rights, and to prove their presence among the Tartars and Mongols, who at that time held sway over all Asia, including the Empire of China. Admitting these different evangelizations of China, which took place centuries apart from each other, it would appear that the Gospel teachings did not take deep root in the hearts of these barbarians, and did not receive a generous welcome at their hands.

There was scarcely a vestige of Christianity to be found in China in the 16th century. It was at that period that the venerable Father Gaspard de la Croix, a Dominican religious, entered the Celestial Empire as a missionary. Justly, then, does the Order of St. Dominic lay claim to to the honor of commencing the work of the evangelization of China. For although St. Francis Xavier, the great Apostle of the Indies and Japan, had made all preparations to enter the Chinese Empire for the work of the Gospel, everybody is well aware that he did not succeed in his generous and heroic undertaking. He was prevented from so doing by death at the very door, we may say, of the country which his apostolic zeal urged him to win over to Jesus Christ. Gaspard de la Croix carried out what St. Francis Xavier, for the best of reasons, could not accomplish. The venerable Dominican entered into the Empire in 1556, and made many conversions among the idolators. At last, moved by circumstances over which he had no control, he was compelled to abandon the Missions to which his heroic zeal gave birth. But his work lived and thrived, for he gave an impetus to the great work undertaken by him which could brook no opposition or resistance. Other heroic Dominicans at once hastened to carry on the work commenced by their brother, and soon founded there those fervent communities of Christians, which became so illustrious for their ardent piety, perseverance in faith, and the heroic courage with which many among them met death in its most horrid shapes.

We shall now let Mgr. Gentili speak; he will, in his own graceful manner, inform us of the extraordinary love of the Chinese Christians for the Most Holy Rosary.

"Our Chinese Mission being the child of predilection of the Province of the Holy Rosary of the Philippine Islands, it was quite natural that the first Apostles of the Gospel among the Chinese should have taught them to honor our Common Mother with the

recitation of the Rosary. Did not Mary herself give the Rosary to St. Dominic as a means the most efficacious to dissipate the darkness of error, to kindle up and keep alive in all hearts Catholic faith? The first Dominican Apostles taught then the people of China that after the sacrifice of the Mass there was no prayer in the Church of God more powerful to obtain favors from Heaven than the Rosary. Thus, too, did they lead, under the auspices of Mary, their neophytes to faith.

The first of these Apostles wrote: 'I hope to be able to build ten or twelve churches, to dedicate them to our Lady of the Rosary, and to erect in each of them her Confraternity.' In the second year of the foundation of the Mission he wrote again: 'The devotion of the Rosary has been established and has taken deep root in the hearts of the people, thanks to the protection of Mary.' If the beginning was so favorable, it is not to be wondered at that with time this devotion has been everywhere in our districts solidly propagated, and that it is the favorite devotion of our Chinese converts. This beautiful devotion has been preserved all along in our missions in all its vigor, principally through the great care taken by parents to teach their little ones how to recite the prayer, to have them pray in common, and even to excite in them as a matter of honor, the desire of presiding over the recitation of the Rosary when said in common.

Very many mothers have presented their children of seven or eight years of age to me and said: 'Father, this little one knows how to direct the recitation of the Rosary.' I congratulated the child (not indeed, in a caressing manner, for such a manner of action would be regarded here as a mark of levity, and therefore to be entirely refrained from by the missionaries,) and dismissed him full of joy and thankfulness to me, by giving him a medal or a rosary.

In order to be able to conduct the *Kaing-tan*, that is, to preside over the recitation of the Rosary when recited in common, it is necessary to know by heart the fifteen mysteries, the Litany of the Blessed Virgin and certain prayers that are said only by one. It is really wonderful to see the little children who preside at the recitation of the Rosary, going through their parts, to notice the gravity with which they on their knees intone with silvery voices their parts of the devotion. When they perform their office well they receive the congratulations of their mothers and other relatives. Chinese children have such precociousness of intelligence that, at an age when children in other countries think only of

games and sports, they are already capable of serious occupation.

Whilst the men and young folks are all off at work, the children, in order to become perfectly acquainted with the Rosary, perform the *Kain-tan* during the day, as well as in the evening and on feast days. In families where there are several capable children they take their turn in presiding at the Rosary. On festival days and Sundays the Litany of the Saints is substituted for that of the Blessed Virgin, and on those occasions only the child who knows by heart the Litany of the Saints, is allowed to preside. Most of the women, and a great number of the men, recite the full Rosary (the fifteen decades) every day; it is rare to find persons who recite only five decades. In fact, the name given in our Missions to a slothful and lukewarm person is *Keing-mo-neur*, that is, he is one who does not recite the Rosary (the fifteen decades.) At night when my ministry brought me out among the Christians, I enjoyed the greatest pleasure in listening at a distance to the music of the Rosary chanted in the different houses, and it was quite easy for me to distinguish a Christian home from among a hundred pagan ones that surrounded it. For when the Chinese recite the Rosary in common, they do it in a loud voice, in a chanting manner, and with great gravity.

Although our converts reside among pagans, they take the greatest delight in carrying the Rosary of Mary on their necks, and it is thus easy to distinguish them from the idolators. The women carry the beads on their breast, suspended from a button. All our Christian women regard the Rosary on the breast as the most beautiful ornament they can wear; they wear another rosary around their neck under their garments, which they call the *Ciem-kon* or the Rosary to sleep with. Not satisfied with saying the Rosary in church and in the family circle, they recite their chaplets privately whenever they have time, as if they believed that the Psalter of Mary should never be interrupted. This is true, not only in regard to the women, but also in regard to the men; for the latter make it a point of duty to recite their Rosary as they are returning home from their daily labor.

The reverence of our Chinese converts is great, not only for the devotion itself, but also for its instrument or chain. Often they accuse themselves in confession of having touched their beads without having first washed their hands, or of having allowed them to fall on the ground.

From their manner of reciting the Rosary we may see whether they are less pious than we are in the practice of this devotion.

Kneeling, and prostrating themselves with their faces on the ground, they say in a low voice the *Confiteor* and the *Miscreatur*; then, on their knees, they make the double Sign of the Cross, and invoke the Holy Ghost by chanting, in the Chinese language, the *Veni Sancte Spiritus* and the prayer. If it is time to recite the Angelus it is then said, but if not, the Litany of the Blessed Virgin or that of the Saints is recited. Either before or after the preliminary prayers the intentions of the faithful are publicly announced, viz.: the exaltation of our Holy Mother the Church, the preservation of the *Kau-huo-huna-Leone*, of the Supreme Pastor Leo, the conversion of China, etc. Then follow the Mysteries in their proper order, distinctly announced, and the vocal prayers of the devotion. The Salve Regina and the prayer, and the Acts of Faith, Hope, Charity and Contrition, and the *Requiescant in pace* for the dead, terminate the pious office. It is usual to give in the divine tribunal as a penance a certain number of Rosaries to be said by penitents. It often happened to me that I dissatisfied my penitents. 'How does it happen, Father,' penitents have said to me, 'that you give only three Rosaries to say, when it is already a year since I was at Confession before?' What could I say in the case, when I could hardly find matter for absolution? I replied to them, well then, if you have plenty of time to pray, I will add as many Rosaries as you like; I added eight more Rosaries, and the question then put to me was: 'Father, is that number sufficient?'

Without binding their consciences, I replied: '*Ciainici*—say as you please.' Others have said to me, 'How, Father, for so many sins committed only fifteen Rosaries? That is too small a penance; I can say fifteen more Rosaries.' I replied, 'I have given you a fixed number of Rosaries to say, viz., fifteen, and you can satisfy your obligation in the matter by the Rosaries you recite with others, either in the church or at home; you may add after that as many more Rosaries as you please.' But our converts cannot be brought to consider that any prayers recited by them in common may be regarded as satisfying for their penances; and regularly they all say special Rosaries in private for the fulfilment of their Sacramental obligations. Furthermore, no matter how many Rosaries they may be in the habit of reciting from devotion, they never think of counting or connecting them in any way with the Rosaries given as a penance. I have met with penitents who, to my certain knowledge, every day recited from devotion the full Rosary, and yet, blamed themselves in this manner when confessing:

'Father, I accuse myself of having omitted a part of my penance.' I immediately asked if it was through inadvertence or neglect, and it was answered to me, 'O, no, Father; I have always faithfully attended to my Rosaries of devotion, but on examining my conscience to-day, it appeared to me that of the three Rosaries you gave me to say, there still remains a chaplet to be said by me, but I will take care to attend to that portion after my confession.' Naturally, I replied, 'Never mind that; I will include all in the new penance I am about to give you, etc.'

It is impossible not to admire the fervor and exactness of our Chinese in their recitation of the Rosary. With them the Feast of the Most Holy Rosary is one of the most solemn of the year; they celebrate it with all possible pomp from the Vigil to the close of the Octave. They name the feast *Mui-Koni Cimlè*—that is, the feast of the Mystical Rose, and also *Sep ngouturen-Cimlè*, the Feast of the Fifteen Mysteries.

If, then, the devotion of our Chinese converts for the Rosary is so great and admirable, we need not be astonished that God deigns to reward, on many occasions, with miracles their confidence in Mary. Indeed, it often happens that our Chinese perform prodigies by the simple touch of their Rosaries. We mention here a few cases of the many that occurred in the life of a fervent Dominican Tertiary, called Ann Tein, who died in the odor of sanctity, in 1862. From her very childhood she was remarkable for her ardent piety and tender devotion to the Queen of the Most Holy Rosary. Not content with reciting herself the favorite prayer of Mary, she did everything in her power to have it recited by others. Her prayers were so acceptable to God that she almost always obtained from Him what she petitioned Him for through the Rosary. Among all the favors that she received there is one that deserves special mention. Having become dangerously sick, and being deprived of all human aid, looking around in vain for some one to console her, she felt that she was on the point of dying. In this sad situation she swallowed, with great confidence in Mary, a slip of paper, on which was written the title of the Immaculate Conception, and immediately she was restored to perfect health! She cured several persons by making the Sign of the Cross over them or by applying her rosary to the parts of their bodies afflicted with ailments.

By the aid of devotion of the Most Holy Rosary she worked several other miracles. One day it happened that, whilst she was engaged in teaching catechism in a large village, a beast of bur-

den became seized with an epidemic disorder and began at once to show signs of approaching death; Ann was moved to the heart with compassion for the poor owner of the beast, and commenced to recite with great fervor the Rosary for the spiritual and temporal interests of the owner of the dying animal, and at once the sick beast became perfectly well. We might multiply facts, but enough has been said to show the ardor of the devotion of our Chinese converts for this sublime prayer, and that God is so highly pleased with their attachment to it, that He often works the most brilliant miracles in behalf of Mary's children. So long then as the Chinese converts remain faithful to their favorite devotion, hell can accomplish nothing against them, and they shall triumphantly pass through all the trials to which a relentless persecution exposes them."—*Rev. Fr. Rooney, O. P.*,

A DEVOUT EXPLANATION OF THE "OUR FATHER."

FROM ST. THOMAS AQUINAS.

THIRD PETITION CONTINUED.

BUT here a difficulty presents itself. Does not the psalmist say: (Ps. 113.) "*He hath done all things whatsoever He would?*" If then He *does* whatsoever He *wishes* in heaven and on earth, why does our Lord teach us to say: Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven? The answer is that God wishes three things of us, and we pray that they may be accomplished.

The *first* is that God wishes us to have eternal life. Whoever does anything for a definite end wishes all *that* for the thing on account of which he made it. In other words God made man; but not for nothing; "*Hast thou made all the children of men in vain?*" asks the Psalmist. (Ps. 88. V. 48.) He who ordains a thing for a definite end ordains also the means necessary to the attainment of that end—Therefore God made man for a definite end, but that end is not pleasure of which even the brute animals are not deprived—but *eternal life*. The Lord therefore made man to enjoy eternal life.

Now when a thing attains that for which it was made it is said to be saved and when it falls short it is said to be lost. Man, therefore, having been made for eternal life, when he attains it is saved—and this God wishes. "*This is the will of the father who*

sent me: that everyone who seeth the Son, and believeth in Him may have life everlasting!" (John VI. 40.)

This will has already been fulfilled in the case of the angels and saints who are now in their true home (patria,) because they see God—they know and enjoy Him. But we earnestly desire that as the will of God has been accomplished in the blessed who are in heaven, so may it be accomplished in us who are on earth. And this is what we ask when we pray—Thy will be done in us who are on earth as it is done in the blessed who are in heaven.

The *second* thing that God wishes of us is that we keep His commandments. When a person desires something—he wants to have not only that which he desires but likewise all the means to attain it—the physician who is called upon to restore your health will be sure to look after your diet and the medicine he gives you. Now, God wishes us to have eternal life. Therefore he also wishes us to keep the commandments. "*If thou wilt enter into life keep the commandments.*" (Math. 19. 17.) *Your reasonable service * * * that you may know what is the good and the acceptable and the perfect will of God.*" (Rom. 12. 1-2.) The will of God is here called *good* because it is profitable according to the saying of Isais (48. 17.) I, the Lord, teach thee profitable things. It is *acceptable* to the lover although to others it be displeasing. "*Light is risen to the just, and joy to the right of heart.*" (Ps. 96. 11.) It is called *perfect* because it is honest—Be ye perfect, as your heavenly Father is perfect—(Math. 5.)

Thus, therefore, when we say *thy will be done*, we pray that we may keep the commandments of God—The will of God is accomplished in the just, but not in sinners. The *just* are designated by the word *heaven*, *sinners* by the word *earth*. We ask therefore that God's will be done on earth—that is in sinners as it is in heaven, that is, in the *just*. It is to be observed that we may obtain the meaning and the importance of this doctrine from the wording of the petition.

It is not said: "*Do this O will of God!*" or "*Let us do God's will*"—but, *Thy will be done!* And here is the reason:

There are two things necessary for the obtaining of eternal life, the grace of God and the will of man. Now, although God created man without consulting him, He will never justify him without his consent. "*He who created man without his concurrence,*" says St. Augustine, "*will not save him without his co-operation.*" "Turn ye to me and I will turn to you." (Zach. 1. 3.) and the

Apostle declares: "*By the grace I am what I am and His grace in me hath not been void.*" (1. Cor. 15. 10.)

You are not therefore to presume on your own strength—but to have confidence in the grace of God—Nor are you to neglect, but to use your own endeavors. Hence, we are not taught to say: "*Let us do,*" lest it might seem as if the *grace* of God were not required; nor, "*Do this, O will of God,*" for fear that it might appear as if our will were altogether inactive—and no effort were demanded of us. *Fiat voluntas tua—Fiat*—Let it be done by the grace of God added to our own earnest endeavors.

The Children of the Rosary.

CONDUCTED BY AQUINAS.

THE FIFTH SORROWFUL MYSTERY.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

CHRIST hangs in cruel suffering

Upon the cross; O children, see!

Never was anguish like to His;

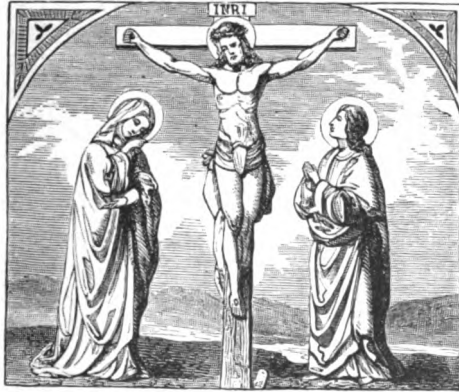
'Twas all endured for you, for me,

For every human soul. He dies

Upon the cross! Oh, who could give

A truer pledge of love to us?

He dies that we may love and live!



CRUCIFIXION, dear rosarians you must know, is a harsh and stern word. We cannot pronounce it recollectedly, without shuddering.

Now, if the mere sound of the word excites our fear, what must the reality be? What must it be, to be crucified?

To be crucified means to be affixed to a cross until death puts an end to the torture. This fastening was done either with ropes, or by means of nails driven through the hands and feet. The cross was then lifted up with its living human burden and made secure in the ground.

The place of crucifixion was always some prominent and conspicuous place, well known and much frequented by the people, along which they passed and unfeelingly mocked at the poor, unfortunate, conscious sufferer.

As a rule, the crucified person, and only the lowest vilest criminals were subjected to this infamous death, lived quite a long time in his agony. Death came slowly. Our Lord's death after three hours agony was a matter of surprise to the Jews. Not unfrequently birds of prey harassed the helpless victim. To hasten death another inhuman expedient was resorted to—the breaking of the joints. The prophet of the Passion had declared that not a bone of the Crucified would be broken—death had made this additional sacrilege unnecessary. A kind of mercy was extended to the sufferer by having him drink myrrh which deadened the senses—but in our dear Lord's case we know that this mercy was barbariously withheld. They gave Him vinegar and gall to drink. It was thus they slaked His thirst and allowed Him to feel to His very latest breath the acute pains of crucifixion.

But no word of complaint escapes His lips. He went like a lamb to the slaughter. When his heartless executioners came to the place of crucifixion and took the rough cross from His lacerated shoulder, and drove the big iron nails through His hands and feet and lifted Him up on high, He uttered no word of complaint. He endured the outpourings of wrath without a murmur. Ah! ye blinded minions of a jealous power! You think that you are wreaking vengeance on One Who has supplanted you in the affections of the people, but you must always remember that He Who is meeting an ignominious death at your hands is doing so of His own deliberate will, He is suffering for others, for you and all the world—because God so loved the world as to give His Only Begotten up to death, in order that the world might have life. Therefore, lift Him up from the earth. Henceforth He will claim the gibbet to which you have fastened Him as His vantage-ground to secure the attention, the lasting loyalty of the nations. Lift Him up, for He has declared: "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth will draw all things to myself!" (J. 12. 32)

God grant that no act of ours will ever prevent Jesus from

drawing us to Himself. He will draw us unless we refuse to be drawn. Will we refuse? The story of our lives will answer this question. What say we now of our fidelity to our generous Lord, while the beads are passing through our fingers and the Hail Marys are woven into Calvary's memorable scene? The Crucifixion is foolishness to the world, but to us are displayed in it the goodness, the love, the wisdom, the power, the justice, the mercy and the patience of God. These attributes are not mentioned at random. Look at the Crucifixion, take these attributes one by one, and see how they stand forth from the outstretched arms of the Son of God on the Cross. Make of your crucifix your book. Read it when you are perplexed and in trouble. Read it when you are happy and fortune smiles the brightest on you. Read it daily, read it always! St. Paul declared that he desired to know nothing but Jesus and Him Crucified. This is all Knowledge. Any knowledge without it is worse than nothing.

Who that thinks of the Cross and its story will prove recreant to his God? Ah! it is when we forget Calvary that we wander away into the by-paths far from the light and strength that God gives. Another of the experiences of the follower of Christ, which through cowardice and weakness is often times shirked, is this, we must be crucified with Christ all our lives we must be crucified to be loved, and the world, the cold, sinful Christless world must be crucified to us! We must condemn the world's maxims, as it refuses to accept ours!

Our life may be one filled with the gloom of Good Friday, but wait till the Easter morning—the day which the Lord hath made!

CHARLEY'S CHANCE.

MRS. C. A. GILLESPIE.

III.

THE boys had been asleep several hours, when a twinge of pain in his ankle caused Sam to awake, and immediately he was conscious that they were no longer the only human beings on the scene. A muttered, unintelligible sound was heard without the door. Raising himself upon his elbow he cautiously peered out, and a chill of fear ran through his frame at the strange and in-

congruous scene. The fire had been freshened up, and was crackling furiously, sending up showers of sparks, and casting an intense light and heat all round. Between the door and the blaze sat, or rather crouched, a little, old man, whom you might suppose to be almost any age, he was so wrinkled and shrivelled up; the yellow skin stretched tightly over the immense hooked nose, and high cheek bones. His hair was quite white and plaited in a long queue hanging down his back on which was a coat if not like Joseph's of many colors, at least it was of many pieces tacked roughly on, and here and there hanging in rags. Old boot legs cut open and tied on his bare feet with thongs did duty for shoes, while his trowsers, the cast off of some large man, hung loosely around his attenuated legs. At this moment he was holding up a long strip of cloth between him and the fire, making it into bows and knots, apostrophising it and chuckling and grinning over it as if it were some rare show. As Sam watched his antics the terror gradually subsided, and he was soon able to locate this strange visitant.

He remembered that on an old mountain road now disused, but leading once from the main road to this mill, was what was known as "crazy King Cole's hut." A poor, mad, though generally harmless fellow, had wandered to this section of the country from no one knew where some fifteen years before, and taken up his abode in this deserted cabin. The poor but generous mountaineers had been good to the demented wanderer, giving him a meal here and there, and in bitter weather even carrying him fuel and provisions. Sam, when younger, had been familiar with the sight of the old man, straying aimlessly about with a wallet on his back and his long hair, which he would never allow cut, straggling over his face. For several years, however, he had not been seen, and it was reported that he had died in a distant part of the state. The boy now recalled enough of his former appearance to be sure that this was he, come back, raggeder, dirtier and madder than ever. As he leaned forward to get a better view the rustling leaves attracted the lunatic's attention, and, turning, he caught sight of Sam's pale face. He exhibited no surprise whatever; probably his poor distraught mind was so thronged with fantastic images, that the most strange and startling events in the real world, would only have seemed a fitting part of the vision of his brain. Nothing could have shown this more clearly than his first remark to the frightened boy.

"If you think you can do that, just let me see you try."

"Do what?" asked Sam, gathering courage from his weak and mild voice.

"Throw this lasso over the moon as I did just now. Here look!" and again he made a loop with the string and held it up above his head towards the quarter moon which now illumined the tall bare cliffs opposite.

"Ha! Ha! See me do it!" and again he chuckled, showing his horrid toothless mouth.

"But say! are ye going to give me anything to eat?" he cried at length.

"'Pon my word I've not got a morsel," said Sam.

"Oh, come now! that's too bad," whined he coming near the door.

By this time Charley had been awakened by the sound of talking and forgetful for a moment of the events of the past day, stared frightened and bewildered around. At sight of him the old man said:

"Ah, that's your double is it? Now why can't you give me a meal off him? I'm starving, you know, and you can't need two bodies. I drowned my double, long ago, down deep, deep, in a green pool; the snakes and the frogs crawl over him, ha! ha! I wasn't hungry then, and he worried me with his white face always stalking at my side, wearing his hair like mine. No, I wasn't hungry then, but now, ugh! I think I could eat both of you," and he stretched his long, claw-like hands greedily towards the shivering boys.

A happy thought here struck Sam. "Why, then, don't you take your lasso and go catch those young eagles up there. I was going to do so but have hurt my leg."

"What? where?" cried King Cole.

"Just up that cliff. Wind round the road made by the Signal corps to the top of the mountain, and throw your lasso down. Ah, then, you'll have a meal."

The mad-man looked dubiously at Sam, for a moment, but seeming favorably impressed, went back to the fire which he had rebuilt, and putting the lasso in an old bag lying on the ground, said:

"Yes, yes, I guess you're right. Lasso them! Why not? didn't I just lasso the moon? Ha! ha! May be I'll come back and cook them by your fire; my house is dark, dark and cold."

He started feebly off, and in a few moments his "ha! ha!" was borne back to them from some little distance up the road. To

reach the top of the mountain by the devious path on which Sam had started him, would require several hours, so our young adventurers had no need to fear further molestation that night, but they concluded to try no more sleep, lest worst should befall them.

They drew near the glowing fire, and sitting down anxiously awaited the dawn. It was a dreary time to the drowsy boys. Every sound filled them with apprehension. The first gray streaks in the East were hailed with delight. Charley would have started for home at once, as that was the nearest point whence he could expect help, but Sam was certain John would be there as soon as possible, and feared he might not be able to attract his attention in his lame condition; so, in weariness and hunger they awaited John's coming.

Charley climbed up on some rafters, and scanned the horizon and ere the sun was an hour high he discerned John's tall figure mounted on one of Mr. Dickinson's mules, winding around the road. He had started at day break, but being obliged to follow the highway, and stopping every now and then to explore, he had been a tedious time reaching the objects of his anxiety. Great was his relief at sight of Charley, perched like a chimney sweep, and almost as dirty, on the rafters of the old mill, which stood out against the dazzling sky, an incongruous element amid the beauty and glory of the morning.

The little fellow clambered down in haste and ran to meet his brother, brimful of the events of the past twenty-four hours. John was a man of few words and made no comment, though on his way thither he had made many a prayer to our Lady. He got Sam as soon as possible on old "raw bones," he and Charley walking on either side, the latter excitedly telling of their midnight visitor; then John told them that their fears of violence were not entirely groundless, since the sheriff and another man had been at their house the day before searching for him. He had escaped from an asylum in a neighboring county, where he had been incarcerated for some time, on account of his frightening the children of that community, and John himself thought it possible that he would become violent if thwarted or teased.

So Sam never got his eaglets, but he got what perhaps was better for a boy so impetuous, several weeks of tedious inactivity, and sometimes of acute pain, during all of which his little brother was his constant attendant and nurse, giving up his beloved school, but snatching every moment he could for his books, and getting Sam interested and helpful. Twice kind Miss Dodge was

over, bringing the placid sunshine of her face like a benediction into this poor home, and leaving tangible proofs of her visit in the shape of delicacies to please the sick boy, and charming books to beguile the weary hours. The one extravagance, if such it could be called, of this old time school mistress, was a yearly increasing library of standard works, and these she was accustomed to loan to studious pupils as a sort of reward. They were always appreciated and carefully handled. It was rarely indeed that a volume was torn or lost, and she felt that such losses were more than compensated for, by the increased intelligence and docility of her scholars.

Thus year followed year, and season faded into season in a very monotonous and discouraging way for our young heroes, pent in, as it were, by their not unlovely mountains and their hard laborious life. Many times the question would arise, "Why struggle to attain that which may never materially benefit us? On these hills our fathers were born and lived and died, and a like fate awaits us!" Nothing but Charley's entreaties and the constant stimulation and encouragement of their teacher kept them to their self-imposed tasks. She loaned them her best books; had them visit her whenever possible, and wrote long letters to one or the other of them when away during vacation. And the "Divinity which shapes our ends," He Who was daily watching and guarding these poor boys; Who away back in His own eternity had formed His plans for them and their future; Who had inspired that thirst for knowledge, by means of which only those plans could be accomplished, was bringing their unconscious feet nearer and nearer to the crisis of their lives; to the event which should so surely influence and determine all other future events. Yet on that raw March day every thing seemed stamped with dreariness and monotony; so little do events, to most of us, really "cast their shadows before."

The heavy rains had caused a mill dam to give way and there had been quite a freshet in the usually shallow stream which has been described as lying near Charley's home. The swollen muddy waters gurgled and roared in their narrow channel. The ford to the right of the foot bridge looked dark and menacing, and some low rocks and bushes about midway were almost entirely submerged.

On account of the late Spring John and Sam had continued at school longer than usual this year, and late in the day all three brothers were on the old bridge, when Charley's quick eye caught

the flutter of drapery in the middle of the stream. In an instant they were all scanning the unexpected sight, and no! yes, surely the form of a child was there, entangled in the bushes. They were expert swimmers but the current was very rapid and might well cause the most venturesome to hesitate. But even while they were evolving in their minds what they had better do, they had crossed the bridge and rushed around to the ford. Sam would have plunged in at once, but John held him back, saying:

"It is madness! you'd be swept down in a moment."

And in truth between them and the drowning or drowned child rolled a hundred feet of angry turbulent waves, which threatened instant destruction to anyone who would dare invade them.

"Wait! I have an idea!" cried Charley, "You know, John, there is a rock, just below those bushes, that we always fish on. It can't be much under water. If you would go up to the bend you could get in the middle of the stream, behind the bushes, where the current isn't so strong, and when you reach the girl couldn't you stand on the rock and hold her up to us, if we lie across the bridge and reach down to you?"

Before Charley had finished John was on his way up to a sharp bend, fifty yards away, where the bank was high and he could leap over the dangerous current into the comparatively calm water beyond. In a few moments he had the wet inanimate form in his arms. With extreme difficulty he reached the rock and clambered on it, the water being above his waist. Now he had reason to thank God for his six feet and broad shoulders, rendered so strong by patient toil. Had he been two inches shorter, or one whit weaker, he never could have raised his heavy, helpless burden up to the down reaching hands; and it required a tremendous effort in the two on the bridge to clutch and get the child safely up.

"I think she is dead," said Sam, hoarsely, shuddering as her icy hands touched him.

"Carry her up to Nancy's and get a rope and Mr. Dickerson and come back quickly for me," shouted John, "The water is rising every moment!"

And, helped by Charley, Sam almost flew up the steep hill. John's danger even superseding their anxiety about their apparently lifeless burden that seemed to be growing colder and heavier. Was she dead? Who was she? Would they get back in time to save John?

Not a moment was lost in transferring their charge to Nancy and her mother, who tried at once to resuscitate, if possible, the

drowned girl, while the father accompanied the boys back to the bridge, below which John stood in imminent peril, holding on by the tops of the wet and slippery bushes, which swayed and bent as if mocking at his efforts to save himself from a watery grave. Mr. Dickerson formed a noose in one end of the rope which John contrived to get over his head and shoulders. The other end was wrapped again and again around the bridge, and, aided by the hands of his helpers, John drew himself up to the landing. The immense strain on the old and sodden planks caused them to crack ominously, and hardly were they all safely over, when the old bridge parted, dipped down, and in an instant was submerged. The boys were awestruck at this second escape, but they hastened after Mr. Dickerson, anxious to know whether the cause of all their dangers was alive or dead.

At the first glance Nancy had exclaimed that it was the Captain's Rownie they had rescued.

Rownie was a little motherless girl who for several years had resided with her grandparents, and they were members of a Welsh colony living at the slate quarries on the other side of the mountain. Her father, the owner of several fine ships, had sent her there on the death of his wife, he and his son being constantly away. The old people by reason of their son's liberality lived in great abundance, and had always been quite looked up to by their countrymen to whom they were much attached, choosing rather to live in this wild and secluded spot with them, than to enjoy greater comforts in a more pretentious place.

The coming of the little Rowena, the captain's fat, saucy, bright-eyed baby, had been quite an event, and as she grew older Rowena's pony and piano and finery brought from foreign ports were the talk and admiration of the simple folks around.

But how she got in the water, and whether the Dickerson's had been able to restore her to consciousness was the subject that engrossed our boys as they neared the farm house.

(To be continued.)



ST. THOMAS AND THE TEMPEST.

MARGARET E. JORDAN.

ONCE, when great and good St. Thomas
Was in age an infant child,
O'er his grand ancestral castle
Raged a storm both dark and wild.
In the darkness flashed sharp lightning;
Through the castle wall it tore,
Where two little ones were sleeping,
And one woke to earth no more.

But the baby Thomas slumbered,
Smiling in his happy sleep,
While around his little sister
Fond ones gathered fast, to weep.
And the tale so oft repeated
To one practice birth hath given:
Pleading hearts to him are lifted
When flash lightning bolts of Heaven.

And the calm of infant slumber,
Undisturbed by storm or death,
But prefigured his soul's calmness
Till his latest mortal breath.

Once again there raged a tempest,
Swaying strongest convent walls.
While in crypts the monks sought safety,
Thomas sped through cloistered halls,
To the chapel, and there twining
Arms 'round tabernacle bless'd,
With his head on it reclining,
Fearless, found untroubled rest.

Plead for us, dear St. Aquinas!
While we dwell on earth below,
That amid life's fiercest tempests
We thy tranquil trust may know.
Deepest caverns may not shelter;
Storms may crush the strongest wall;
But the peace of Heaven's unbroken
When the soul to God trusts all!

THE BASEBALL RIVALS.

EDWIN ANGELOE.

FRANK OAKLEY was fifteen, and the smartest member of his class in the Tanbury school.

Often had he won medals for his excellency in difficult studies and taken prizes for the best map-drawings and specimens of penmanship. Frank was a great favorite with the village boys. Only one enemy did he have, and that was Oscar Wells, a malicious fellow of Frank's own age.

Oscar Wells was the son of rich parents. For this reason he looked upon himself as a person of no little importance, and took good care that those who were less fortunate than himself should do the same.

He found favor with a certain set, such as he spent money freely on when in their company; but there were others who despised himself and his money, because of his mean ways.

Frank Oakley was poor. His father was dead and his mother was a seamstress.

Frank worked for the village grocer after school hours, thereby adding to the rather small income from his mother's needle.

Oscar Wells' bitterness dated from the time the latter defeated him in an elocution contest at school where both were in the same class.

Though Frank had every reason to feel proud of his victory at the time, he nevertheless bore his honor modestly.

He approached Wells after the contest and spoke to him in a pleasant, unassuming tone. Wells treated his advances with utter disdain and haughtiness.

"You need not address me," said he, loftily. "Don't forget that you are nothing but a grocer's clerk. You need not be so familiar with your superiors."

Frank flushed crimson with humiliation at this taunt. He was tempted to retaliate bitterly, but he smothered his feelings and turned away.

It happened that both boys were captains of rival baseball teams. Frank's nine was known as The Young Americans. That of Oscar Wells was called The Red Stars.

Frank Oakley had the reputation of being one of the cleverest players in the village. Oscar Wells was a good player, but not at

all equal to Frank. However, Wells considered himself to be far better than his rival, and took especial delight in boasting to that effect throughout Tanbury.

"The Red Stars can outplay The Young Americans any day in the week," Wells would often say. "We fairly make things hum when we're on the diamond."

One bright day The Young Americans challenged The Red Stars. About every boy in the village was there to witness the game, which promised to be the most exciting of the season.

An old gentleman who was a lover of baseball himself, had donated as a trophy a gold cup, which was to be awarded to the winning side.

Mr. Morrison was the donor's name. He was present, of course, to watch the game's progress, and many friends were with him.

After the coin was tossed, the game opened with The Red Stars at the bat.

They did creditably, making a number of good hits and doing some clever running. Oscar Wells' "men" were better than himself, notwithstanding his many self-praises.

The Young Americans did not do so well in the first inning; but later on they acquitted themselves admirably.

In the seventh inning The Red Stars led.

"This game will be ours!" they chuckled, gleefully. "We'll show them what it means when they play against us!"

In the eighth The Young Americans tied them.

When Frank Oakley took the bat in the ninth, the spectators awaited the result with intense interest.

"If I only manage to make a home run now," said Frank to himself, "our side will win."

Oscar Wells' position was on third base. As he stood there, a terribly jealous fear took possession of him that his rival would triumph over him.

"Heshall not win!" Wells muttered, desperately. "I'll prevent him, no matter what the result is. He has outshone me enough in the past. He'll not succeed again, if I know it."

Suddenly Frank hit the ball a fierce rap that sent it high over the head of the centre fielder. Frank flew round the bases like lightning.

The Red Stars' fielders seemed mad in their efforts to capture the ball.

On Frank ran, while the wildly excited spectators gave vent

to cries and cheers that were deafening to hear. Every one was thrilled to a high state of enthusiasm.

"Go it, Frank!" yelled all his friends. "Go it, and you'll win!"

Oscar Wells was fairly furious with envy. He stood his base firmly, with a wicked gleam in his eyes, and awaited Frank's coming.

"I'll fix him! We'll see if he wins this game."

As Frank was about to touch third base, Oscar Wells slyly put out his foot and tripped him. But it was done in such a way that Frank, who saw the movement, was quick enough to grasp hold of his enemy for safety, this action causing Wells to lose his equilibrium. The result was that both fell heavily to the ground, Frank on top. He quickly touched base with his hand and was up again like magic and off for home. He reached there in the very nick of time, for the next second the ball landed in the catcher's hands.

Deafening cheers again went up from the spectators, and echoing applause sounded loudly on the air.

"Hurrah for The Young Americans!" shouted the boys. "The cup is theirs! Hurrah for the Tanbury champions!"

Frank was the hero of the day. Never before had he been the recipient of so much praise and glory. But withal he was still modest, as on all other occasions.

Suddenly a boy named Harry Hall came running toward him. His face was pale and wore an expression of alarm.

"What's the matter, Harry?"

"That time you both fell, Oscar Wells' head struck the stone base. He is lying there senseless, with his eyes wide open."

Frank was startled to hear this. He never dreamed that his rival had been hurt by the fall. Frank had been so excited during his run that he did not quite remember all that did happen.

Frank understood full well, though, that Oscar Wells had brought upon himself his own misery.

No one else had seen Wells' sly trick but Frank, and all believed the boy's injury was due to an accident, with no one to blame. Frank hastened to where his rival lay, and found Oscar Wells staring in an unconscious gaze toward the sky, while blood trickled slowly from a deep wound in his head, dyeing the green grass crimson.

Some water was procured and Frank bathed the wound and bound it with a handkerchief, the crowd flocking about the players all the while.

In a few minutes Oscar Wells began to revive. It was not long before he realized everything about him.

Frank, in a friendly way, assisted him to his feet, and inquired how he felt. Wells made some indefinite reply in a cold tone, which showed he was not in any way grateful for Frank's attendance on him. Furthermore, when no one else was in hearing, he boldly accused Frank of having caused his injury.

Frank was amazed at his effrontery.

"If you recollect," said Frank, looking him full in the face, "you purposely put your foot out to trip me. I was lucky enough to catch a glimpse of your doing it. You alone are to blame for your misfortune. I might expose you if I chose to, but I have no such intention."

"I say you are to blame," asserted Wells, untruthfully. "You knocked me down out of spite. I ought to expose you."

"If you tell any such false story, I shall be compelled to state my side of the case. My word would be taken as well as yours."

Oscar Wells did think it over, and wisely concluded to hold his silence.

He was all the more bitter toward Frank after the latter's baseball victory.

To show his animosity he started a social club, and excluded Frank in a manner that humiliated him more keenly than ever before. One day Frank, after reciting the Rosary, which was a daily practice of his, went for a row on the lake, in a boat loaned him by Mr. Kline, the grocer. Oscar Wells was in bathing at the time. He swam out beyond his depth and was suddenly seized with cramps. Had it not been for Frank, he would have been drowned. Frank, by a severe effort, succeeded in dragging him up into the boat, and then rowed him ashore.

From that moment Oscar Wells reformed. He could never forget the valuable service Frank had rendered him, and always treated his rescuer royally.

They are both firm friends now. And though they often play against each other at ball, ill feeling never finds its way between them.

WITH OTHER YOUNG FOLKS.

THE Children's Corner of the *Catholic Mirror* in the issue at hand is specially entertaining and helpful. It contains an article on the human hand by "Scrapbag," and a pretty story of Queen Christina's girlhood, taken from the *Ave Maria*. Among the let-

ters from the "flowers," (each child contributing takes the name of some flower for our Lady's garden,) the most charming is that from "Bleeding Heart."

The July number of the *Working Boy*, the organ of the Sacred Heart Union, that supports the Working Boys' Home, Boston, is a charming number. We find in it the opening chapters of a story, "Two Children of our Lady," by M. C. H., one of our most promising writers of fiction for the young. Edited by Rev. John F. Ford, Director of the HOME, finely printed by Cashman, Keating & Co., this illustrated monthly, published at the low price of 25 cents a year, deserves a warm greeting from every Catholic household.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

MAY (1). When was America discovered?

(2). In what ship did Columbus sail?

(3). Who was Isabella?

JUNE (1). Nantasket, (ant-task-ask.)

(2). Little children, one and all,
Ever faithful children be;
On our blessed Mother call
• Daily in her Rosary.
And your love for her will grow
Warmer, deeper, day by day,
While you live on earth below,
And will glow in Heaven for aye.

July. (1). The devotion of the Holy Rosary.

(2). Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners
now and at the hour of our death.

We go to press too early to give a complete examination to the July answers. Our little ones must have patience, therefore, till we have examined all and can make a just decision as to the boy and girl who have done the most perfect work, and have won the prize.

NOTES.

Following the order of the Rosary Mysteries we give our little folks the Fifth Sorrowful Mystery in the instruction, and the Third Joyful Mystery in the Rosary hymn. But the mystery that claims its festival during this month is the Fourth Glorious, our Lady's beautiful Assumption, the feast of which is celebrated August 15th. Remember the day children, and upon it clasp your beads very fondly, and pray with earnest hearts.

The feast of "the First Flowret of the desert wild," beautiful Saint Rose of Lima, "America's sainted child," falls upon August 30th.

How are the little folks getting on with their rosaries for the poor? Are the cards getting filled? Many have been already returned to us, marked for some orphanage or prison or hospital, while others simply bear the message: "Please send the magazine to the poorest person you know." One little girl has chosen the leper hospital in Trinidad; and so the good work goes on.

THE NATIVITY.

Words by MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD.

Music by LOUISA MORRISON.

1. O Ma-ry ! Beth'hem's hearts are cold ; No roof is found to shelter thee ;
2. And while a-far with loud ac-claim The an-gels sing the Saviour's birth,
3. Comfort in pov-er - ty was thine, Homeless, and yet of ALL possess'd:

A sta-ble must thy In-fant hold, Sole ref-uge in thy pov-er - ty.
His low-ly home and crib proclaim " Detachment from the things of earth."
True God and Man, the Babe Di-vine Was pil-low'd on thy vir-gin breast.

Chorus.
List - en,
List-en, O Mother, while we pray, We show thee all our cares and

needs, As plead-ing for thy aid we say.... The A - ves

on thy bless - ed beads ; As plead - ing for thy aid we

rit.
say..... The A - ves on thy bless-ed beads.

Notes.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

SUBSCRIBERS OF THE ROSARY are directed to send all their communications and remittances to Rev. Richard H. Goggin, O. P., or simply to THE ROSARY, 45 Warren St. Any other address will cause delay.

We notice that quite a number of names are on the books for 1892 who have not yet paid up the subscription, the amount of which, for the current year is \$2.00, payable in postal note, bank check, P. O. order or registered letter. We are preparing to send out bills to all subscribers who are still in arrears. In the meantime much expense may be saved us by prompt attention to this matter.

No doubt it was with much misgiving, although with a stinted and a half-hearted praise, that the Christian Endeavor Society, at its annual meeting in Madison Square Garden, this city, sang these words to the air of "The Star Spangled Banner:"

..... "Our Captain and Lord
That standard of hope first entrusted to
woman;
And Mary, dear saint, in obeying His
word,
Flung out its wide folds over all that is
human."

Time was when "Mary, dear saint," might not be so much as mentioned. Ah well! If the merest *christian* endeavor be made, Mary's prerogatives will yet be recognized by the very ones who once regarded her with the greatest disfavor.

And now there are ugly rumors afloat about a revival of "Know-nothingism." Catholics are to be "downed" at every turn. Well, we will not let it be a "bogelman" to frighten us although that is about all that will come of it. Disgruntled pope-haters are using the played out stage thunder of Know-nothingism, but it will turn out to be a boomerang. They had better clear themselves. In the meanwhile we Catholics must not neglect our duties—our Christian duties. We have outlived the effects of other bogus "instructions"—we will survive the latest fake that was attempted to be palmed off on us.

The Passion Play, as religiously rendered by the pious peasants of Oberammergau, is, we are told, to be produced at the World's Fair in Chicago. We do not hesitate to say, however, that we are fully convinced that the American people's sense of Christian piety and reverence will not allow this sacrilege to be perpetrated in their midst.

On Sunday, July 3, Very Rev. Vincent Vinyes, O. P., Superior of the Order of St. Dominic on the Pacific Coast, died at the Monastery at Benicia, Cal. He was born February 7, 1833, at Palais Vich, in Spain, where, also, he was educated. The funeral took place from the Monastery at Benicia. His Grace, Archbishop Riordan, and many of the clergy were present. R. I. P.

The Catholic Columbian is doing yeoman's service in unearthing the despicable tricks of the un-Christian "freaks" in the West. Is the game worth the candle?

THE members of the New York Maronite Congregation are in the majority very poor and as a rule unable to speak the English language; the latter fact certainly is a great drawback on the improvement of their temporal affairs. Good Father Korkemas has a hard task before him, and if it was not for some good friends amongst the clergy and laity, he would have been compelled long before this to give up the mission.

The Sunday collections are not even sufficient to pay the monthly rent for his humble residence in 1 Carlisle street, and the Chapel in Washington street. It ought to be remembered by all those who can give alms that the poorer and worthier the persons whom we assist, the higher God will value the work of charity done by us.

It is all very well and good to improve the interior and exterior of our church buildings and to furnish them in a style becoming to the glory and greatness of God Almighty Who dwells in them, but it seems to us an even more important duty to help those who are unable to maintain a priest by their own means.

Donations for the New York Maronite mission will be received by Rev. O. Korkemas, by Rev. J. J. McGeane, rector of St. Peter's Church, 15 Barclay St., and by Jos. Shaefer, 14 Barclay St.

These last few years our readers have heard a great deal about the lepers of Molokai—and thanked God for the Christian heroism exhibited in the character of the devoted Fr. Damien.

The following very interesting letter was received by Father Valley, O. P., of St. Vincent Ferrer's Convent, this city, from Fr. Conrardy, the intrepid successor of Fr. Damien.

It will be remembered that Fr. Damien died in the arms of Fr. Conrardy, leaving to him the care of the lepers, and the grim certainty of a similar, but at the same time as noble, a fate.

Fr. Conrardy's letter ought to arouse our dull thoughts to a keen sense of the stern realities about us. Here are the thoughts of a man voluntarily exiled and face to face with putrid, but living human beings, for whose welfare he forsakes home and friends, and runs the very probable risks of being infected with this "living death." And we complain about the heat and the cold and the little ills to which we are mercifully subjected—but, here is the letter.

KALAWAO, MOLOKAI, HONOLULU.

June 16, 1892.

My very dear friend:

Your kind letter would have been answered sooner, but after Easter I was taken sick with La Grippe and asthma. I am better, but my lungs are weaker than formerly. Kalawao is a bad place for lung trouble—very low and damp. A number of the unfortunate lepers suffer with asthma. In regard to leprosy—I won't say I have it or have it not. Sometimes I think I have it, but of this I cannot be sure. When it breaks out then one knows. I don't wish to get it. If it comes I will have to receive it; but, if with leprosy asthma develops itself I shall be pretty badly off. I would rather be a leper than to suffer much with asthma. Leprosy is often painless and does not incapacitate you for work, but asthma does, and makes you suffer. Yesterday was the 25th anniversary of my ordination. Here nobody knew it. In some places I know friends of mine prayed for me, and their prayers will certainly do me and the lepers good. We need much prayers. We are not more holy, because we are here, than people of any other place. Some people think that those living freely among the lepers are half saints. For my part I believe that one is just as good as we are. The routine of my life is quite monotonous—attend the sick, instruct the ignorant, console and cheer the afflicted. At mass, which is said now at sunrise, 5.30 o'clock, I have quite a number of people. At cer-

tain seasons I give daily 15 to 20 minutes' instructions after mass. During mass the people recite all the prayers of the Missal, so that, I may say, we say the mass together, word for word. The people here work but little. The children have nothing to do but play, and of that they seem never to get tired. But they have not many games. In regard to the death rate and the new arrivals, of which you enquire, there is nothing regular. As to the deaths—some months many—others but few. On an average of 250 per year. So that if there were but few arrivals in a few years there would not be many here; but the number of arrivals keeps pretty well up with the deaths. They are shipped here from the receiving hospital at Honolulu when there are 20 or 25 to send.

Is leprosy contagious? Yes and no. There are in this settlement about 200 men and women who are not lepers—wives who take care of husbands, and vice versa.

Repeatedly marriages have taken place in which one of the party was a leper, and years after the other was apparently unaffected with leprosy. Others get it in a short time. There are leper children here, girls and boys, of different families, and they are the only ones of those families afflicted—father, mother, and other children not lepers, only that boy or that girl. We have not only natives but also whites and Portuguese of the Azores. As a matter of course everything is saturated with leprosy. The chickens eat the decayed bits of skin and flesh that the lepers pick from their fingers and hands, and when you break a fresh egg at table the odor of leprosy comes from it. Visiting the poor lepers you cannot be standing up all the time, you sit down on bed, chair, box or floor; you open a door or window, the lepers have touched these things a thousand times, so you take more or less of leper matter, and if you have a scratch on finger or hand, or before washing your hands you thoughtlessly rub your eye, or sore mouth, you inoculate yourself. You notice it when too late. The simple touch of sores is nothing of itself.

Nothing new here. The new Bishop is not yet appointed. About myself I think the present *modus vivendi* will continue. Mr. J. Dutton is well. Let us make a little agreement of a special memento for each other at our daily mass, and the one who dies first to be remembered thus daily by the other. I will commence to-morrow. I recommend myself and my poor afflicted people to the prayers of the Fathers and the faithful. We need prayers very much.

Yours affectionate brother in Christ,
L. L. CONRARDY

By a decree of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, dated Sept. 19, 1891, the Order of St. Dominic is permitted to celebrate on the 9th of June, every year, the Feast of Blessed Diana d'Andalo and her two companions, Blessed Cæcilia and Blessed Amata.

These three holy souls lived at the time of our Holy Father, St. Dominic, from whom they received the habit of the Third Order, and the science of the saints, which privileges them to be raised upon the altars of the living God. After the death of St. Dominic, they enjoyed the happiness of being instructed by another great servant of God, Blessed Jordan, the second Master General of the Order.

Blessed Diana belonged to one of the wealthiest high-born families of Bologna. But the grace of God seems to have singled her out from her very infancy. Everybody noticed how thoughtful and pious the little child was, but few were aware that her silken gowns and fine laces concealed a rough, coarse, penitential garb. Her voluntary austerities were indeed severe. All this, too, in the midst of palatial grandeur. It was only after encountering and breaking down the persistent, and at times cruel, opposition of relatives that she was permitted to be invested with the white habit, a ceremony that took place on the feast of Sts. Peter and Paul, 1223, at the hands of Blessed Jordan. Years before she had, by the advice of St. Dominic, secretly bound herself to the vows of religion whilst living in the world. To make amends for their former cruel treatment Diana's father and brothers helped her to establish, and erect the magnificent Convent of St. Agnes at Bologna, in which Blessed Diana spent the remainder of her days in the holy peace and the happiness that always mark the abode of the true religious.

To acquire a thorough knowledge of the pious practices and observances of the Second Order, Pope Honorius III., at Diana's request, sent Srs. Cæcilia Cæsarini and Amata, two other noted and saintly daughters of St. Dominic. And thus these pious, earnest religious worked out their

salvation in the quiet and solitude of the cloister.

Our lives may be rendered holy and pleasing in the sight of God although it be not our lot to be sheltered within convent walls. No matter where we are we may and must sanctify our station by our persevering earnestness.

Earnestness is the great secret of success in every walk of life, and it is never more urgently required than in the spiritual combat in which we are engaged. The saints realized this. They were terribly in earnest. May God prosper our lives through the intercession of Blessed Diana, Cæcilia and Amata, so that our death may be holy and our eternal destination happy.

CALENDAR FOR AUGUST.

August 4, our Holy Father St. Dominic, Plenary Indulgence for all the faithful. C. C. visit Dominican Church; prayers.

August 5, our Lady of the Snows, Plenary Indulgence for the Living Rosary.

August 7, first Sunday of the month, three Plenary Indulgences:

(a) C.C. in Confraternity Church.

(b) C.C. in any church, visit Rosary Chapel.

(c) C.C. in any church, assist at procession, prayers.

August 15, the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary, six Plenary Indulgences.

(a) C. or at least purpose of C., visit Rosary Chapel.

(b) C. or at least purpose of C., assist at Procession.

(c) C.C. visit chapel, prayers.

(d) C.C. visit Rosary Chapel, Rosary mystery.

(e) C.C. visit any chapel, prayers.

(f) visit Rosary Chapel, prayers, Plenary also for Living Rosary.

August 16, St. Hyacinth, O. P., same indulgences as on St. Dominic's Day.

August 21, third Sunday, Plenary Indulgence for Living Rosary.

August 30, St. Rose of Lima, O. P., same as on St. Dominic's Day.

BOOK NOTICES.

"A SCHOOL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES," abridged and compiled from the most reliable sources, with maps and many illustrations. Benziger Bros., New York, Cincinnati and Chicago.

The enterprising publishers of this manual of United States History have placed a very creditable book before our young student, from which they may acquire the facts of American history with-

out the bias and color of perversion; it is, therefore, a book that may be profitably entrusted to our school children. It is concise and compact, but by no means dry. It begins with the great work of Christopher Columbus, and in six parts, spread over 250 pages, under the heads of: Discoveries—The Colonies—War for Independence—The United States—The Civil War—Reconstruction—lays before the

young students the story of his beloved country. The illustrations, not the least serviceable feature of the work, are numerous, and the maps of which there is a sufficient supply, are well made, and completely answer the purpose for which they were inserted.

The price, an item to be by no means overlooked, is, we are disposed to think, a trifle too high. The price list of school books is one of the most disagreeable experiences of devoted priests in charge of

parochial schools. It is an item that ought to be under the supervision of the Catholic school board in every diocese. We are not aware that this is the universal practice. God knows our people's burdens are sufficiently irksome without having to be held good for the margin of profit that accrues from booksales. Perhaps, the School History as at present turned out, is cheap, but we are in favor of seeing still cheaper editions in circulation.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Tyro—In saying the entire Rosary, should the Hail Holy Queen, etc., be recited at the end of the first and second parts; or is it only necessary to recite them after the fifteenth mystery has been completed?

Whether you recite the *entire* Rosary, or only a *third* part of it, it is not necessary to the obtaining of the indulgences that you should recite the Hail Holy Queen or any other prayer, but it is a very laudable practice to close the recitation of the Rosary with the Hail Holy Queen. If you stop at the fifth mystery say the Hail Queen there. If you recite the fifteen mysteries do not say the Hail Holy Queen until you have ceased to meditate on the Coronation of our Blessed Lady in Heaven.

I would like to know by what authority it is stated in the article on the Devotion of the Fifteen Saturdays, (July, '92,) that the faithful may observe any other consecutive Saturdays besides the fifteen immediately preceding the Feast of the Rosary,

(1st Sunday of October)?

Having submitted your question to the author of this very instructive article, we were directed by him to consult a late work (the latest of its kind,) entitled *Acta Sancta Sedis etc.*, an exhaustive compilation on the Rosary and its indulgences; see volume I of this work, page 62, note 147. Likewise see page 95, note 1, 3 and 4. Pope Pius IX granted the privileges annexed to the observance of the 15 Saturdays immediately preceding the Feast of the Rosary, and Leo XIII., by a decree of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences, 21st Sept., 1886, extended the privilege as set forth in the article in the July number.

When a person says the three parts of the Rosary on one day, should he meditate each time on the mysteries for that day or should he meditate on all the mysteries?

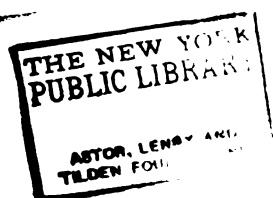
When a person recites the *entire* Rosary, one day, he begins with the five joyful, then takes up the five sorrowful and concludes with the five glorious mysteries.

INTENTIONS.

Prayers are asked for the following intentions.

Conversion of a young man who has fallen away from the Faith. Restoration of health for three persons; reconciliation of two persons at variance; conversion of five persons; imploring grace to know the will of God in regard to a vocation; thanksgiving for favors received; for means to pay certain debts; purity of mind and heart; cure of a man addicted to drink; strength to do God's will in a certain trial; the reconciliation of a family; success in a lawsuit; the perseverance of

three families; prayers for a dead mother; a special favor; conversion of a cousin who has neglected the Sacraments for a long time; restoration of a brother's health; for an absent brother; that a Seminarian may recover his health; a temporal favor; for the following persons, deceased: Ann Campbell; Michael Harvey; Kate Kelly; Mrs. Mary McIlvain, West Phila.; John Timmins, who died in Garrysross, Co. Cavan, Ireland, on June 12; David McLean; Mrs. Hannah Allen.





OUR LADY OF THE FISH.
(*Raphael.*)



THE SIGHT OF FAITH.

THOUGHTS AWAKENED BY RAPHAEL'S MADONNA OF THE FISH.

MARGARET E. JORDAN.

A MADONNA, with face blending the charm of girlhood and the maturer grace of early womanhood; a face delicately portraying purity four-fold—conception immaculate, espousals inviolately virginal, maternity divine, a life without guile. Held in her arms, is Omniscient Infancy with omnipotent hand out-stretched to the kneeling pleader, holding within it the balm of healing, invisible but effective at one motion of the divine will.

An angel face, upturned, expressive of pleading too deep for words to give it utterance, a pleading that needs not utterance, for Omniscience reads the unwritten language of every spirit created. Angel hands presenting to Mother and Child the chosen youth whom God has given him through one of life's journeys to guide.

The face of a youth, guileless, unworldly; a face upturned to the Mother and Child, not in pleading but in trust—trust in the power that pleads and the power that listens; a form with knee-bent at the footstool of her who is the Seat of Wisdom, and in whose arms Wisdom Itself, enshrouded in infancy is held.

And upon the arm of the youth, hanging suspended, a fish.

Such is the exquisite group in the foreground of Raphael's magnificent creation, the Madonna of the Fish.

Slightly in the back-ground, with majestic head bent upon the open book in his hand, with keen eye scanning the scripture page, his eagle soul-sight drawing from the fore-shadowings of the Old Law, the realities of the New, stands St. Jerome.

Turn to the book of Tobias and read the tender story touchingly told of the Angel Raphael's guidance of the young Tobias, and of the aged father's restoration to sight, effected by the touch of the fish, and behold therein the theme from which the Christian painter drew his inspiration when his brush was chosen to lead the eye of the afflicted to seek healing from power divine, when human skill was of no avail to stay the ravages of disease.

It was in 1515 that Raphael painted this picture. A terrible malady afflicting the eyes was raging in Naples. A chapel in the Dominican church of St. Dominic Major was dedicated to our Blessed Lady and there her power was invoked to stay the plague. Wonderful faith that in those days was no wonder, so freely was it exercised by man and so lovingly rewarded by God! History records as fact many such answers to prayer that a skeptic world would fain enter in annals of pious fancy. It was for this chapel that Raphael produced this masterpiece.

Virgin of the Fish! The epidemic that clouded the physical sight of men and drew forth this masterpiece which we contemplate, passed away centuries ago, but alas! blindness of mind and heart and soul envelopes us to-day! Would that angel guide might lead all men to thy shrine, would that while our eyes are uplifted to thine in unwavering trust the Angelic face might be uplifted in heaven-touching pleading. Ah me, what sight the world needs to-day! Legislators need it to distinguish between liberty and license, teachers, to sift the true from the false; preachers, to discern divine revelation from human judgment. The rich need sight to see that there is no personal ownership of earthly goods, that possession of wealth means stewardship of divine gifts; the poor, to see that there is a higher source of temporal help than the purse of the rich and organized relief committees, that there is a source of which these are but the outlets. The "classes" need to see that the "masses" are composed of so many individual souls each one endowed with God-given responsibilities; the "masses," to learn that "equality and brotherhood of men" is to be effected, not by the breaking down of social distinctions and the levelling of positions in life but by the recognition of God's right to mete to men goods and positions here as He wills, and eternal place and gifts in Heaven as free-will in man

has co-operated with God's will for the meriting and bestowal of such. And both have to learn that Christ, in Whom equality and brotherhood exist, is the model of all; that, only possessor as He is of all earth's goods, He was likewise the bearer of all its sorrows, its burdens, its sufferings, its poverty.

Toilers in lowly fields need sight to see that purity of intention jewels the humblest deeds; designers of great works to see that it is the work which has had eternal existence in God's plan that grows to a maturity knowing no decadence in fruition or duration.

And individual souls, ah me! What sight they need to read the mighty truth that duty is the will of God expressed in a word; to see that the ways of God's choosing for a soul lead ever on from earth to Heaven, wending it may be now close to rocky ledges or abysses, again in flowery ways, anon through dark places where only the remembrance of what a lightning flash has revealed guides us on.

What are ways of our choosing but by-paths, leading to Heaven, maybe, but not to the Heavenly heights to which God's path would have led!

Ah me, the sight we need upon the Heaven-bound way! Sight to see in our every dealing with God and self and others of mankind that God's view of the issue is the right view, and that we see it only when we take His side of the question! And what is the sight we need in this age of ours to see all this and infinitely more?

The shadows deepen, and in the darkness brighter glows the lamp of the oratory and its beams illumine the faces of Raphael, and Tobias, of Jerome and the Mother and Child, and in soul-depths there is breathed an answer to the question: "What is the sight we need?" It is an answer written from cover to cover of the Sacred Scriptures of the Old Law and the New, the Law of foreshadowings and the Law of mighty realizations, and the answer is Faith—abiding, unwavering, practical Faith amidst a world of materialism, atheism and doubt, faith in Him who is Wisdom itself and in her who is the Seat of Wisdom. Not only the faith that accepts the revelation of dogmatic and traditional Truth, but that faith which believes that God lives for every individual soul, and guides it upon the Heaven-bound way; the faith that beholds Him in every vicissitude of life as plainly as the aged Tobias beheld Him, in blindness and in sight; and as the youth Tobias beheld His leading in the Angel Raphael, his Heaven-sent guide.

THE EDUCATION OF YOUTH—A STUDY.

REV. J. T. POWER.

AN EDUCATION, which does not bear its reflex for good in succeeding years, is time and money badly spent. A child who graduates from one of our Parochial schools with a love of books and of study, has a more real, genuine education than a graduate of a College who has not acquired this same love of learning. "Reading makes a full man," says Bacon. Love of advancing, of making further research should be the point inculcated by word and example on the minds of our pupils. They should be reminded time and time again, that their education is not finished when commencement day arrives, and they go out into the world to fight the battle of life. Their education has just begun, "commenced," as it were. Hitherto they have been under tutors, they have been treated as children, they have been led step by step over their tasks, over their lessons. Now they must put away the things of a child, they must no longer wait for their lesson to be pointed out to them. They must think, they must observe for themselves. We would lay the groundwork of their education broad and deep, if we could impress upon their minds in indelible characters, this love of thinking, of observing for themselves. They sometimes do think for themselves, but the line of their thoughts is rather baneful and pernicious than good and elevating. They observe for themselves but their observation is largely confined to the bad rather than the good morals of their elders. "Precepts move, but examples draw" is an axiom old and true. To correct these evil tendencies and excite discussion on certain topics, is the object of the present study.

Patriotism, piety, honor, honesty, truthfulness and temperance are admirable traits in any man. Some educators, in order to inculcate the spirit of patriotism in their boys, float the star-spangled banner in the breeze on all school-days and have it furled and laid away on all holidays. Being so paradoxical as to hoist the flag of the free on the anniversaries of national defeats such as the Battle of Brandywine, Sept. 11th, 1777, Fort Sumter, April 14th, 1861, Big Bethel, June 20th, 1861, Winchester, May 25th, 1862, Chickamauga

Creek, Sept. 19–20th, 1863, and Petersburg, June 15th to 24th, 1864, should they be school days, and to take it down on the 22nd of February, 30th of May, 4th of July and Nov. 25th, because the boys are not at school on these days. Shades of General Dix and Barbara Freitchie watch over us! This is all!

The school is the embodiment of restraint for the exuberance of youth. The thought of school fills boys' minds with visions of discipline and enforced order. Tasks are to be done or punishments are inflicted. Many a poor lad's heart is heavy and sad as he approaches the school-yard gate. He is late perhaps, and will have to remain in. He has not studied his lessons at home and knows from sad experience that he will have to memorize them after school. He knows how lonesome it is to sit on the deserted forms and study whilst the merry shouts of his companions, just released from school, are ringing in his ears. Why should the emblem of liberty be hanging over that building, which is a prison to him? Why should it betoken freedom where there is so much restraint? Why should thousands of children be forced to face every day the flag of freedom and feel deep down in their little hearts that the sight of that building and its flag in ruins would be the most pleasing spectacle that could greet their eyes? There is no use denying this. They are too young to appreciate the benefits of education, but they are not too young to know that school is for them a place of silence and discipline and work, and exemption from school is for them an occasion of relaxation and play. The sight of the glorious Stripes and Stars waving in the breeze, is not therefore a very pleasing one to obtrude upon their eyes. It does not excite joyous feelings in their hearts. It does not of itself make them rejoice, when they see it. The occasion does not demand it. Consequently the mere fluttering of a flag is not of itself an incentive to patriotism. There are no historical associations nor pleasurable sensations connected with it. But this can be done. The trouble is that we look at children through our mature eyes, instead of looking at them through their own eyes. We know the glorious history of the "Stars and Stripes" in the past. We rejoice to see the dear old flag floating in the breeze, and we are particularly proud when we see the children getting their education under the shelter of its folds. We never stop to think that it is not an emblem of liberty for them. We should make it one. Let the flag wave gloriously on the eve of every holiday. Let it betoken liberty to the children. When they see its beauteous folds flung to the breeze, they will know that to-mor-

row will be: "Washington's Birthday," "Decoration Day," Fourth of July," "Evacuation Day." That will make them exult and fling their caps high in the air because the flag of the free is still an emblem of freedom. They will rejoice to see it, and will eagerly keep count of the number of days, when it is to wave. The eves of all National holidays will of a very fact be true vigils to them. They will watch for them as eagerly as, Longfellow says, Paul Revere in '75, watched for the lights on the Old North Church,

"Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm."

The very spontaneity of the children's jubilation will make them love their country's flag and from being true lovers of it, they will be matriculated into zealous patriots. These recurring National holidays should be made doubly interesting. The principal, after the classes are seated in the assembly room should explain the nature of the holiday, its history and why it is celebrated on that day. He could make a neat little speech and try to kindle in their susceptible minds the spark of patriotism. After a few National airs, like; "The Flag of the Free," "Columbia the Gem of the Ocean," "The Star-spangled Banner," or "Warren's Address" were sung this spark would have become a goodly sized blaze, which a selection from the writings of Patrick Henry, Daniel Webster, John C. Calhoun, or Edward Everett, delivered with spirit by one of the pupils, would have developed into a conflagration burning in the hearts of all the little patriots in that school. And then the announcement that "to-morrow will be a holiday," would be a fitting climax to such patriotic exercises. It would be hard, I must confess, to keep the pent up rejoicings of that school from bursting forth into loud Hurrahs, amid such surroundings. But the end to be gained would be accomplished—the children would be patriotic.

Another point: We wish to teach religion in our schools. Are we careful not to surfeit the children with it? Do we instill into their minds a love of prayer or do we rather engender in them a nausea for things sacred and holy? Are children required to say prayers before mass and after mass; before class, during class and after class, without due attention and devotion? There is no one who is more anxious to make the children devout than the pastor, who has the care of souls. He knows the quicksands of life which have engulfed so many. He wishes to have Catholic Youth shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace, (Eph. V.-15.)

that in after life they may withstand the wiles of the devil. The remote preparation for this wrestling should be made during school-life.

St. Charles Borromeo, Cardinal-archbishop of Milan, wrote rules for the government of Seminaries. St. Augustine, St. Benedict, St. Francis, St. Dominic and St. Ignatius laid down rules for the regulation of their religious families. But whoever thought of enacting and enforcing any particular set of rules for the regulation of the daily lives of those nurseries of education—the parochial schools?

Every teacher appears to be unto himself a rule. When the teacher is a religious, he tries to accommodate the rule of his life to the children and adapt it to suit them. When the teacher happens to be a lay-man, living without a rule, he has no guide by which he may regulate the religious training of his charges. If a norma is necessary for men—children of a larger growth—a norma certainly is necessary for the firstlings of men. To illustrate this point let us take two hypothetical cases. Here are two teachers both equally good and pious. Both wish to teach piety to the children entrusted to them. But the methods of each are different. At nine o'clock the bell is rung for class work to begin. One, as soon as the signal for silence is given, becomes so recollected that the interior man is seen more than the exterior. His face, his manner, his voice, his actions teach piety. The sign of the cross, which he makes is so careful and devout that it becomes of itself an outward expression of the inward man. The prayers he says are few, the morning offering and the "Angelus," perhaps a "*Pater, Ave* and *Credo*," or the acts of Faith, Hope and Charity, and nothing more. But the recollection of the man, the unction of his voice, the attention and devotion which he evinces while praying, of themselves teach piety: as Goldsmith says;

"And those who came to scoff, remained to pray,"

The other follows another method. He believes in prayers. He is a strict adherent to the literal interpretation of our Blessed Lord's words, "that we should always pray." Prayers are good and children can't pray too much. He surfeits them with prayers. And prayers are said more with regard to the number, and the time thus employed, than to the fervor and unction which should be their concomitant. Consequently the children are required to pray before Mass and after Mass, before class, during class and

after class. And this is done without attention and devotion. Parents are told by the children that prayers are not necessary at home because morning prayers are said at school. Sometimes the recurrence of a Holy day becomes an occasion for increasing the number of prayers. The teacher has an idea that the children must say fifteen decades of the beads every week. Three decades are recited every day during school hours, thus on the five school days he is sure that the required number will be said, giving the children no credit for what they may say at home and teaching by his method, that he does not expect them to say the beads outside of school-hours. The former teacher instils into his pupils' minds a love for prayer and the latter would engender in the same childrens' minds a nausea for things sacred and holy. His is only a form of prayer, there is no spirit, no fervor, no unction in the recitation. The sign of the cross is made as if flies were being brushed from the face, the words are mispronounced, slurred over, made unintelligible, while whole sentences are sometimes omitted in the unseemly haste to get through. Frequently a boy precentor is appointed to lead the rest. He is not supposed to have any higher idea of the attention and devotion required in prayer than his companions, and so the interminable jingle of words goes on. The teacher himself finds the task too laborious to lead in the praying, or he is occupied cuffing the ears of the inattentive, hoping thus no doubt to excite devotion and piety among the rest. The intentions of such teachers are well meant but misdirected. They imagine, because they love to say long prayers, that children likewise have the same wish for them. We must creep before we can walk. Children cannot bear the same burdens which their elders carry with ease. Neither can they say the same amount of prayers as those educated to the Religious Life are accustomed to recite.

Another abuse is to degrade reverential postures. No one will deny, that it is necessary sometimes to punish an unruly child. But the punishment should not degenerate into an attempt to degrade religion or any of its practices. When we pray to our Father Who is in Heaven, we always feel that the most reverent position that we can assume is to kneel humbly before Him and beg His blessing. Many and many a teacher punishes a child by forcing him to assume this kneeling position, thus causing him, to hate be it ever so little, one of the most edifying postures that the devout can assume. Would a teacher punish a child by forcing him to make the sign of the cross a certain number of times a day?

Certainly not. Neither should a devout instructor of youth force a child to do anything that would make him dislike by one iota any of the pious and time approved practices of our Faith. To force him to stand in the waste paper basket would serve for the purpose of punishment just as well and be far more efficacious because more humiliating.

Some teachers begrudge the time given to God. They do not want the time that the children spend in church to be taken from the school-day. Every one understands that the children cannot learn much if all their time is spent in church. But there are times when this niggardly policy of refusing permission for the children to attend church should be abolished. No teacher should be allowed to take away from children the time allowed for their recreation, in order that they may attend to their religious duties. If the religious training is a part of the school system, it should be done during school hours. Campbell says:

“A day to Childhood seems a year
And years like thousand ages.”

Children dislike to have their recreation curtailed, and feel punishment of this kind more keenly than any teacher could feel the time taken from studies. If the children go to confession and communion once a month, should they be required to confess on Friday afternoon after school and go to communion on Saturday morning? Such a proceeding would be manifestly unjust, first, to God, and secondly, to the children. By this method the school hours are regarded as too precious, too important to be trifled with. It seems to say these hours must not be interrupted when such a trivial thing as the state of a soul before its Maker is called into question. Hence the time that must not be taken from the schoolday is taken from the children's recreation. They are required to go in a body to confession after three p. m. They now examine their conscience when childlike they had rather be at play. They await their turn to enter the Sacred Tribunal, and perhaps at five or six o'clock in the evening arrive home. Confession for most people is not the most agreeable thing in the world. Children have not the same antipathy for it that their elders have. But they do love a holiday when visions of sports loom up before their minds. Sometimes a holiday is promised to them as a reward of merit and an incentive to study and we know how eagerly the best of them welcomes its advent. Wherefore

confession time and communion time should be taken from school hours. Children will then more readily welcome the announcement that they are to go to confession and communion, and if an especially hard and disagreeable task could be avoided by thus confessing their sins and receiving Holy Communion, so much the better. It will be another incentive for them to practice what too often becomes a disagreeable duty. Nor can it be said that these are unworthy motives. We must remember that we are not now teaching theology, we must remember that these motives are not to be put into the children's heads. We are merely stripping confession and communion of features that are disagreeable to children, so that as children they may love all the more to confess their sins and receive Holy Communion. There is a strong temptation, especially for boys, to absent themselves from schools on days on which they know from experience that the school-hours will be prolonged. On these days they worry and fret and are distracted, if at school. It is almost impossible to induce them to do anything after the regular hours for dismissal. The day is fine, and the protestant boys are enjoying themselves. The grass is green and a baseball game has been called for that afternoon, or if it is winter there is skating and coasting for those who don't attend a Catholic school. Here we are kept in church to go to confession because we are Catholics. This is boylike. And the aim of our education ought to be to counteract such thoughts and the evil tendencies which they or the devil might suggest to youthful minds. Occasionally we hear graduates from our schools of learning excuse themselves from attending mass or going to confession by saying:

"Oh, we had enough of that when at school to last a lifetime."

Would it not be better education to force them unconsciously to say: "Confession-day was the best day of the month. Every Thursday we had such and such a lesson. It was very hard, we all hated it and the teacher was so cross about it, that we were glad to get away. On the eve of the First Friday we were anxious to go to confession in honor of the Sacred Heart, on those days we loved to attend to our religious duties."

A study or a task for which a child has an especial aversion while at school seldom if ever becomes agreeable to him in after life. There is always connected with it something that is so disagreeable and distasteful that the wear and tear of years cannot efface it.

HONOR.—There is in every one of us a natural love for an honorable boy. We love to think of him, to speak about him to others, to set him up as an example for others to imitate. And yet instruction sometimes tends to bring out the mean traits in a boy's character. Boys themselves hate a tale-bearer. They despise him and endeavor to bring him into ridicule and contempt. They act from instinct and for the good of humanity. For there are some mean, contemptible characters that endeavor to build up for themselves, by bearing down the good opinion which the teacher may have of another boy. They are covering up the tracks of their own misdeeds by revealing some of the petty faults of others. This should never be allowed, much less encouraged. A teacher, who cannot command discipline, without the aid of a tale-bearer, is unfit for the position of an educator of youth. And a child who voluntarily dares to come and tell on another, instead of finding momentary favoritism at the teacher's hand, should be publicly reprimanded and the evil blotted out. The face, the voice, the manner of the teacher should betoken nothing but loathing and disgust for one who is an embryo Benedict Arnold. But it is necessary sometimes to appoint a monitor in a class. His authority should be upheld. And both he and the class should be instructed in their duties. He is to keep order, and they are to obey him. He is to report, without fear or favoritism, the names of those who have been disorderly during the teacher's absence. He does not occupy the position of a spy but of a sentinel. He does nothing dishonorable in reporting the names of the unruly children. He is fulfilling the duties of his office. Some by threats of what they will do after school, may try to intimidate him. But an honorable boy, fearless in the discharge of his duty, will not on that account fail to make a conscientious report, and the very intimidators themselves always acknowledge his honor, especially if he says nothing about the threats that were made.

HONESTY.—Honesty is the best policy, but "he who acts on that principle," says Whately, "is not an honest man." He who is honest because he imagines it pays better than to be dishonest, is at heart dishonest, and would not shrink from theft whenever his policy would see that it would pay better. A great many children indulge in little thefts. They steal pennies from their parents, apples from the grocer's, candy from the confectioner's. They covet these things and have not as yet attained the moral balance to withstand the temptation. Frequent lessons about the sinfulness of thieving should be given to the child, reminding them as

St. Paul says (1 Cor. VI. 8.) that the unjust shall not possess the kingdom of Heaven, that ill-gotten goods must be restored or if that be impossible, the equivelant; that when the person injured be a parent or guardian his pardon must be begged and a promise given that the offence shall never be repeated. The fable from Æsop about the thief and his mother should be read frequently as a sort of an argument from reason. Anything that savors of dishonesty should not be tolerated for an instant in the school. Pencils, penknives etc., are frequently stolen. This is the time for immediate and prompt action on the part of the teacher. Restoration must be made at once, a few words said about the sinfulness of stealing and the ultimate result for those who persist in doing it, and a punishment proportionate to the amount of the guilt, inflicted.

TRUTH.—An honest and a truthful child will grow up to be an honorable man. We have the glorious example of George Washington. It is somewhat threadbare to us, but we must not imagine that it is so to the children. Precepts are excellent in their way, but when joined to an illustrious example, they become much more efficacious. Children do not like to deal with the abstract, they want something in the concrete. Washington and the cherry-tree episode have made many a truthful man. Where would our brethren be, who have not the sacraments to sustain them, without these colonial examples of patriotism, honesty and truthfulness? The children of this generation are wiser than the children of light. Which think you instructs the child best, the teacher who reads examples of truthfulness and honesty for children, or the one who is always singing, "you must tell this, you must tell that, in confession"? Just as if the simple telling of a sin in confession, was sufficient for obtaining absolution.

Temperance. Many pastors have introduced the excellent custom of solemnly administering the pledge to children on the day of their first communion. If this pledge were supplemented with instructions taken from *materia medica* concerning the deleterious effects of alcohol on the human system, it is almost certain that American youth would be preserved from the devastating effects of this moral scourge. We read that the Spartans gave an object lesson on temperance to their children. A slave was made to drink intoxicating liquors until he became helplessly drunk and in this condition was exposed to the loathing and detestation of his youthful audience. That no doubt was an excellent lesson to them but it was doing an injustice to the poor slave.

We have more intelligent methods to follow and more cogent reasons to advance when warning youth of the debasing consequences of indulging the appetite for strong drink. Almost any school Physiology, and certainly Professor Steele's, discusses this question ably and fully. Alcohol and its hurtful effects are explained by showing its affinity for water whereby it tends to absorb all the moisture of the body; it disturbs the circulation by stimulating the blood discs to fly at a brisker rate through the meshes of the arteries; it acts on the heart and lungs by quickening the throbs of the former and accelerating the respiration of the latter. The reason of all this is that the nerves leading to the minute capillaries and regulating the passage of the blood through the extreme parts of the body are paralyzed by this active narcotic. The tiny blood vessels at once expand. This enlargement removes the resistance which the heart had to overcome and the latter when once the resistance is removed flies like the main-spring of a clock when the wheels are taken out. When the reaction sets in, the heart flags, the brain and muscles are exhausted and rest and sleep are imperatively demanded. Let them know and read for themselves the bad effects of alcohol upon the digestive organs. It is not a food but a narcotic. And nature treats it as a poison, the juices of the body flow from every pore to weaken and dilute it, all the scavengers of the body, the lungs, the kidneys, the perspiration glands, all at once set to work to throw off the common enemy. So far as is known the alcohol thus rejected remains unchanged and courses everywhere with all its properties unaltered. It cannot be converted into brain, nerve, muscle or blood. It precipitates the pepsin of the gastric juice and hinders its work. It coagulates the albumen of the food and still further obstructs digestion. It changes the bile of the liver from yellow to green and even to black. Its effects upon the nervous system are more marked. It forces the blood through the capillaries with tremendous violence. It makes a weak organ do brisk work for a short time, it excites it. The cerebrum is affected, the emotional faculties are quickened but the will is weakened, and judgement loses its hold upon acts. The coward shows himself more craven, the braggart more boastful, the bold more daring, the cruel more brutal. Prostration ensues and the wild mad revel of the drunkard ends with utter senselessness. The brain and spinal cord are both benumbed. But breathing and the circulation still go on, though the other organs are stopped, were it not for this every person thoroughly intoxicated would die. In the brain the con-

gestion reaches its height. The delicate structure of its tiny vessels becomes clogged with blood. The mind slowly rallies from its stupor and a lingering sense of dullness and depression shows with what difficulty the fatigued brain recovers its usual condition. These are arguments and facts derived from the study of physiology which would engender in boys' minds a horror for alcohol and any of its compounds. Seeing the widespread misery which is caused by the abuse of alcohol, the educators of youth cannot do too much to make the youth of the land dread the first insidious advances of the dreaded monster.

CONVERTED BY A DREAM.

EDMUND OF THE HEART OF MARY, C. P.

SUCH conversions to the Faith must be rare, very rare. But I have met with two; and one of them is connected with the Rosary.

The first happened as follows, in the City of New York. A good working-girl, who had been brought up a Protestant, came to the Paulist Fathers, when I was one of them, and asked to be instructed in the Catholic religion. It was not to myself she came, but to another priest, who told me about it. On being asked her reason for wishing to become a Catholic, she said that she had seen a vision in a dream; the vision of a beautiful lady, who had come to her with a wreath of flowers in one hand and a crown of thorns in the other, holding out both hands towards her. That she had, very naturally, reached out for the flowers; whereupon the lady had turned her face away; but that when she had taken the thorns instead, the lady had smiled sweetly and disappeared.

This was the dream—nothing more. But, on awaking in the morning, she could not help feeling, she said, that she had seen that Blessed Virgin whom the Catholics made so much of, and had received an invitation or an admonition to become a Catholic herself. Accordingly, she came for instruction and was happily received into the Church.

The second instance is more remarkable still.

An Englishwoman, residing at the time in Buenos Ayres, dreamt that she was walking along a road and came to a place where it branched off. At this spot she beheld several carriages of a dismal color; and into them were crowding a number of peo-

ple, who were driven off down the branch-road into what seemed a dark and gloomy valley. But, suddenly, there stood before her a tall and beautiful lady with a very pale face. This lady was draped in black velvet, like the *Madre Dolorosa* in the churches here; and, taking Anita's hand, she placed in it two rosaries, and said: "Keep these, you will need them." Then, turning her face to the other side of the road, "Look yonder!" she added; and Anita saw in the distance a marvelous city, bathed in light, like the New Jerusalem which St. John beheld "descending out of Heaven from God."

This was all. The lady disappeared, and the vision with her, as the sleeper awoke. But not in vain had Anita dreamed. She made up her mind without delay to seek admission into the Catholic Church. And I was the favored individual to whom she applied for reception. The story of her dream greatly interested me; for I saw very plainly the hand of our Lady there. And Anita makes one of the most fervent and thorough-going Catholics I have met. Indeed, any one, who did not know her to be a convert, would suppose she had been a model Catholic all her life.

It is not necessary to add that she has a special devotion to the Rosary. It would be strange if she had not. But not only does she recite the Dominican Rosary faithfully, she is also fond of the Seven Dolor beads. And when our Lady put into her hand a black rosary along with a white one, the black one must surely have been that of the Seven Dolors. Our Lady was habited, too, as the "Mother of Sorrows."

Neither of these dreams needs any interpretation. Each was sent to a chosen soul sufficiently simple and earnest to understand it rightly. God certainly does use such methods, now and then, of calling persons to the Faith. But the ordinary means of enlightenment, with the graces which accompany them, are quite enough. And the chief reason why conversion from Protestantism are so few, to what they ought to be, lies in the fact that so few Protestants are in earnest about *the truth*—about learning what our Lord wishes them to believe, instead of following their own choice.

Buenos Ayres, Feast of St. Rose of Lima, 1891.

THE golden chain of the Rosary hangs on these two visions of Heavenly brightness—the vision of Mary to St. Dominic, and to Bernadette at Lourdes.—*Rev. Fr. Wilfrid Lescher, O. P.*

SEAT OF WISDOM.

EUGENE DAVIS.

THE sage of Academos sought the truth,
Groping his way through paths of classic lore,
Yet found it not. It seemed for evermore
Lost unto all from patriarch to youth—
A shadow's shark evading human ken—
A brilliant myth that shone but to deceive,
Till she, our Queen, the daughter of an Eve,
Showed it in God unto the gaze of men.

She is the Seat of Wisdom. Truly wise,
She guides the soul unerringly to where
It finds its promised prize and guerdon sweet:
All knowledge gleams in glory from her eyes,
The Light of Heaven makes her wondrous fair,
And science lay its laurels at her feet!

DOMINICA.

FLORENCE MARY KILKELLY.

VIEWED from the sea the island of Dominica* presents a singularly bold and magnificent appearance. A dark irregular mass of lofty mountains rises abruptly from the ocean as if suddenly upheaved from the deep by some mighty convulsion of Nature. The rugged grandeur of the island is softened on a nearer approach by the mantel of green that everywhere covers its surface from the sea-margin to the tops of the highest mountains. Not only are the precipices fringed with trees and shrubs, but along the face of the cliffs are seen growing many different kinds of plants, and,

* This island belonged to the Spaniards until 1625, then to the French who surrendered it to the English in 1763. France regained possession of it in 1773, but restored it to the English by the treaty of peace in 1783, and the latter nation has since retained possession of it. Although an English colony French is the universally spoken language.

even trees are observed shooting, as it were, from the bare rock and sending out their roots in all directions in search of rents and crevices for the purpose of finding nourishment. Wherever, indeed, the smallest portion of soil can collect there some form of vegetable life is met with.

As we entered the harbor just as the sun was rising, we uttered simultaneous exclamations of delight on beholding the luxuriance of vegetation that everywhere meets the eye, smiling valleys, deep ravines with overhanging cliffs and lofty trees forming a succession of views of exceeding beauty and grandeur.

Having heard when at Barbadoes that a relative, whom I had not seen since my childhood, occupied a prominent position in Dominica, I made so sure of my welcome that when informed by the genial Captain of the "*Trinidad*," that the steamer would only wait long enough in Dominica to deliver and receive the mail-bags, and that consequently he would only allow me half an hour on shore, I immediately responded:

"Well I will wait until your return trip to go to New York, I am sure that my friends will be pleased to entertain me during that time."

The accomodating Captain rowed me on shore in his own boat. On reaching *terra-firma* we were accosted by one of the legion of scantily-attired black urchins congregated on the wharf.

"Want a pony, Massa?"

"I got a fine mule, Missus."

On expressing our desire for a carriage, as the rays of the sun were almost blinding, we were informed by the spokesman of the group that the streets of Dominica were too narrow to allow of wheeled vehicles, all travelling being accomplished either on foot or horseback.

As neither of us were skilled in the art of equestrianism, we were deliberating how to reach our destination when a young man of the same complexion as ourselves approached. When informed of our dilemma he courteously volunteered to accompany us to the house we were in search of, assuring us that it was within walking distance; but he added:

"You will be sorry to hear that your friend is seriously ill, his wife, however, will, I am sure, be pleased to see you."

The Captain, with the dread of yellow fever characteristic of his nationality, nervously inquired as to the nature of the disease. When the young man hesitated before replying, he was confirmed in his erroneous impression and commenced to prevail on me to

return on board the steamer. It was amusing to see this burly captain, brave as a lion during the violent storms we encountered in the Gulf stream, trembling like a fidgety girl at the mere thought of contagion. I resisted his persuasive arguments, wished him *bon voyage*, and, escorted by the obliging clerk, walked up the narrow street which forms the emporium of Roseau, the capital of Dominica. On this street are situated the Colonial Bank, Club and Ice-house, the numerous drapery establishments, interspersed with booksellers', druggists' and grocers' stores, photographers' studios and an *olla podrida* of other occupations. From the upper story of most of the houses projects a gallery of wood or iron painted green, making a covered walk of the pavement which runs beneath, this is of such moderate dimensions as not to admit of two persons walking abreast, besides you are constantly in danger of striking your head against the tray of some vendor of cakes, fruit, nuts, etc., who seems to regard herself as "Monarch of all I survey," the train of her bright colored print gown, sweeping the side-walk, a trap for the unwary pedestrian.

I was very tired by the time we arrived at the residence which is surrounded by, or rather erected in the midst of a superb garden. The mulatto butler who admitted us corroborated the statement of my companion, his "master was suffering from an attack of colonial fever," which is not infectious here.

Hastily scribbling my name on a slip of paper I requested him to take it upstairs; he soon returned, saying that he was commissioned to "usher me up."

I found my relative seated in a comfortable arm-chair by the open window; his reception was very chilling, his manner calculated to repulse. This I attributed to the disease from which he was suffering; I was soon to be undeceived however; a letter from a mutual friend in Barbadoes had informed him both of my arrival in the Tropics, and of my conversion from heresy to the "One True Faith, and this latter piece of intelligence seemed to affect him so much that in the enfeebled state of his health his wife feared serious results. No proffered hospitality—no word of welcome. I was commencing to regret my determination to remain on the island when from the window which commands a splendid view of the harbor. I caught a final glimpse of the stately *Trinidad* on her homeward bound voyage. I was aroused from my revery by the icy tones of his voice, remarking:

"You may not be aware that only the negroes and Caribs attend the Catholic Church here; and I would not for a moment

think of allowing you to frequent the same place of worship as my servants, be a sensible girl and, during your visit here accompany us to the Church of your Baptism; when you return to America you can follow your own inclinations."

Dejected and tired, I was too much grieved to reply, so uttered a fervent prayer to Him who came to His own and they received Him not, who has said; "He that shall deny Me before men, him shall I deny before My father Who is in Heaven;" and immediately I remembered having heard when at Barbadoes that Dominica was the seat of a Catholic Bishopric, I at once expressed my determination of calling on his Lordship, as well as my surprise at finding such bigotry in this little island discovered by Catholic Columbus, and now, thanks be to God and to "*Sancta Maria*," reckoning amongst its inhabitants the majority of its devout discoverer's co-religionists; then turning to the butler who had just entered with his master's luncheon, I asked him in French how far it was to the Bishop's House.

Placing the tray on the table, he beckoned me to the window, situated at the furthest end of the room, then pointed in the direction of the river-bank, where, towering above the gorgeous oleanders, (which are not shrubs here but majestic trees) I beheld the emblem of our redemption. Stepping hastily from the open window, on to the verandah, then down a flight of wooden steps, ever following the shining beacon, I wended my way towards the church. I had gone but a few steps when I noticed a tall priest with crucifix suspended from his neck coming from a cottage by the road-side. I hastened my steps, overtook, and asked him if he could kindly inform me if his Lordship was at home. In choice French he replied in the affirmative. The joy of being once more in the presence of God's anointed completely overcome me, and I poured forth my sorrowful tale into his sympathising ears.

With words of cheer and welcome he consoled me, and as we walked along I noticed his military gait. Nor was I mistaken. This worthy missionary of the Fathers of the Holy Ghost was formerly one of the valiant soldiers of the small but courageous army of Pontifical Zouaves. To divert my attention from the harrowing experience I had just undergone, he entertained me with a graphic account of Rome, and of the noble defenders of Pius IX. When I told him that a Canadian priest had received me into the Church he mentioned several Canadians of these modern crusaders, who had not hesitated one instant to sacrifice their life, to leave parents, friends, and country, to go and fight under the standard

of the yellow and white flag. I became so much interested while listening to these fervent congratulations from the mouth of an old companion in arms of our brave Canadian Zouaves that I was not aware that we had entered a long avenue until we commenced the ascent of a flight of stone steps. Seated on the verandah, reading his breviary, was the good bishop. Never shall I forget the cordiality of his reception! and I indeed felt as if I had reached the "Haven where I would be," when his Lordship accompanied me to the convent, and I had the pleasure of meeting for the first time the Nuns of the Faithful Virgins, whose white habits reminded me of the daughters of St. Dominic. These ladies, whose mother-house is in Kensington, England, were prevailed on by zealous Bishop Naughten to cross the seas, and devote their lives to the instruction of the negro and Carib children.

In Dominica they supervise a large orphanage and day school. When entering the latter building I was impressed with the contrast between these white-robed virgins, with the blue eyes and pink and white complexions, which denote their English birth, and their swarthy pupils. With the exception of the superioress and mistress of novices (who are converts) two creoles, and one mulatto, the remaining ten of the nuns are descendants of the small number of English families who kept the faith, in spite of the gross outrages and persecutions of Henry VIII., Elizabeth, and Cromwell. I noticed amongst the scholars, several of copper colored complexion, with long straight black hair, and regular features.

"Are these mulattoes?" I asked the good Sister.

"Oh, no," she replied, "these are our Caribs, descendants of the race of cannibals found by Columbus when he discovered the island* You may question them on the history of their ancestors."

I eagerly availed myself of this opportunity, and was surprised at their intelligent answers.

When Columbus landed in Dominica this savage race inhabited the Windward Islands from St. Thomas down to the coast inclusively. The Spaniards, under Ponce de Leon, undertook in 1514 an unsuccessful attempt against them. The English were more successful, and drove them from all the islands, except Dominica, St. Vincent, Regina and a few small islands. The English and French settled in the Carib Islands at the end of the 15th and the beginning of the 16th centuries. In 1632 Cardinal

* November 3rd, 1493.

de Richlieu, that just estimator of zeal, applied to the General of the Dominican Order for a few of his self-sacrificing French Missionaries willing to undertake the conversion of these savages. Six immediately volunteered their services, amongst them Father Peter Pelican, O. P., Professor at the Sarbonne, renowned for his virtues and scholarly attainments; but the natural ferocity and boorish demeanor of these savages proved an obstacle to their conversion, and the good fathers labored amongst them with less fruit than danger and merit. The salvation of some five hundred children, on whom they conferred the grace of baptism a short time before their death, was the only fruit of their mission. The number of the Caribs is gradually diminishing. A good number was sent by the English Government to British Honduras.

Under the gentle tuition of the devout nuns of the Faithful Virgin, the Carib children have become docile and sweet-mannered; when their kind Superioress invited me to remain at the convent until the return of the steamer, at the same time giving me permission to choose one of the scholars as my waiting-maid (an indispensable accessory in the tropics) I at once selected a demure looking and picturesquely dressed Carib, nor did I have an occasion to regret my choice. His Lordship takes a very great interest in this portion of his flock, notwithstanding his arduous duties. He is at the head of a very large diocese, composed exclusively of the English Islands Dominica, Montserat, Antigna, St. Kitts, Barbadoes, Nevis and the Virgin Islands, besides the Danish islands St. Thomas, St. Johns and Santa Cruce. His diocese comprises a Bishop, 21 priests, one college and three academies, with a population of 60,000 Catholics. With very limited means his Lordship has to contribute to numerous works of charity, and to supervise a very difficult diocese. He has to undergo many expenses and risk many dangers. He is obliged to make frequent visits to the islands scattered in the midst of the ocean. When forced, by important business, to go from one island to the other, before the arrival of the steamer, his Lordship is obliged to risk his life in frail boats which the slightest squall might capsize. One may easily conjecture the dangers and privations of such a voyage. In these islands of intense heat this zealous bishop, in fulfilling the duties of his holy ministry, has to travel all day long under a scorching sun. Seated on a mule he is forced to traverse paths overhanging frightful precipices. The fatigue that he has to endure baffles description. During the day he has to bear the rays of the sun in mountain gorges where one can scarcely breathe, and

during the night he suffers the relentless torture of mosquito bites; the mosquitoes in the tropics are a veritable plague. The Egyptian plague could not possibly have been more terrible. The life of the missionary is very trying and praise-worthy in these islands, the grace of special vocation is necessary. If the climate is salubrious and the temperature agreeable for those who visit the islands on pleasure excursions, the same cannot be said for those who are doomed to spend their lives here. The most robust man finally becomes a complete wreck, the result of the continuous perspiration occasioned by the tropical heat, which incessantly prevails. He may possibly struggle on for eight or ten years, but finally he will be attacked by a languor which kills its victim without causing much suffering.

The Protestant ministers of the different sects scattered throughout the islands, from the government of which they receive large salaries, leave the island for four months each year for the purpose of recuperating in cold climates, but the Catholic missionary can not leave his flock. *He* is not a hireling, *he* is laboring for the salvation of souls, so, following the example of the Good Shepherd, he willingly gives his life for his sheep.

A few days after my arrival on the island I had occasion to call on his Lordship with a message from one of the nuns; noticing that he seemed down-hearted, something quite unusual with him, I was about to return to the convent when he said:

"Do not go so soon, my child, pardon my dejection, I will tell you the cause of it, it may comfort you to know that I too, have to suffer from the bigotry of our separated brethren."

This is the heartrending story:

His Lordship had just returned from his weekly visit to the hospital situated on one of the mountains behind the island. This institution, which is under government control, is equipped with a staff of black and mulatto nurses. It is only for the use of those patients afflicted with a species of leprosy, here called *yaws*. It is a sort of eruption which attacks the face, neck, hands and feet, eating away the parts, and then extending over the whole body. Only the blacks, mulattoes and Caribs are affected with it. Even children from three to fifteen years old are amongst the sufferers. Out of the forty-three patients thirty are Catholics. The good bishop and his priests always endeavor to pay a weekly visit to this suffering portion of their flock. The Methodist minister makes his appearance once a month, and I must digress here to mention an incident related to me by a Protestant fellow-traveller

from Dominica to Trinidad. This gentleman is an American and owns a large lime grove next to the hospital. He told me that before the minister enters this *charnel-house* he takes every precaution against contagion; even his gloves are saturated with a powerful and efficacious, but expensive, disinfectant prepared by the Caribs; after his fifteen minutes' visit every vestige of his clothing is burnt, and himself thoroughly fumigated, in a building adjoining the hospital. Then he spends two weeks in a sort of bungalow in the neighborhood of several sulphur springs, where there is every opportunity for fishing and shooting, in which healthy recreations he indulges to his heart's content before returning to the bosom of his family in the town. The government allows him an extra stipend for these hurried fruitless visits. This information I derived from a candid, old-fashioned Connecticut Yankee seated on the deck of the *Trinidad* two weeks after listening to his Lordship's sad recital. The information was unsolicited. A sudden and violent storm encountered in the Carribean sea had kept all the passengers confined to their berths. We took advantage of the calm which had succeeded the squall and were seated on deck, when Mr. Carter approached me and said:

'I suppose you were reading your bible all the time during the storm.'

"No," I replied, holding up my rosary. "I was invoking the intercession of the 'Star of the Sea.'"

Then he began a series of questions. He was tall and *very very* lean, and as he stood before me, rolling a large lime under his right foot, reminded me forcibly of an interrogation point. He told me that he had been reared a Methodist, but that the ministers he had met in Dominica had turned him against religion, then graphically related the fact I have stated above, and ended with the trite remark:

"These dudes are getting to be as lazy as the negroes, they have a soft snap in these islands. I think I will turn gospel grinder myself."

Thinking that there was more truth than poetry in his assertion, I retired to my berth and said my Rosary in Thanksgiving for having been providentially rescued from the spiritual direction of those whom I had just heard denounced by one of their own members.

Apologizing for my unavoidable digression, I will resume the account of this sinister occurrence.

All the patients in the hospital occupy a large ward. Over the

beds of the Catholics the good bishop, with his own hands, had placed pictures of our Blessed Lady. A crucifix on a small table was by the bed-side of a poor dying man, who had received the Sacrament of Extreme Unction the day before; he was a pitiable object, a portion of the face and the entire right hand had been literally eaten away by the insidious disease. A fellow sufferer, who occupied a neighboring bed, seeing his agony approaching, had lifted the crucifix from the table and placed it in the hand of the dying man, who with eyes riveted on it, was murmuring a prayer for mercy to Him, Who for our sakes did not disdain to become "even as a leper," on the day of the great expiation on Mount Calvary, when suddenly the crucifix was wrenched from the poor bleeding hand, dashed on the floor, stamped on and "you leprous idolator!" thundered into the ears so soon to be closed to all earthly sounds. The worthy representative of John Calvin then commenced to take down the picture of our Sweet Lady and tore them into shreds. Half an hour afterwards his Lordship Bishop Naughten entered the hospital ward and picked up the fragments of the crucifix, disfigured beyond recognition.

"What would you have done, my Lord, if you had caught that inhuman creature in the act of perpetrating these sacriligious outrages?" I asked in righteous indignation.

In a voice of pathetic gentleness, which caused me to understand why this good Bishop has so often been compared to St. Francis de Sales, he replied:

"I do not know what I would have done then, my child, but I know what I will do now, and you must follow my example, we will both pray for that poor deluded creature, even as He, Whose sacred image he trampled on, prayed for His murderers—'Father, forgive him, for he knoweth not what he does.'"

The next day, Sunday, I had the happiness of assisting at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass at the Cathedral, a spacious building, containing four artistic altars. Just in front of St. Joseph's altar a flight of stone steps descend into the vault where lie the remains of the deceased Bishops and priests; lighted tapers in crimson lamps, shining brightly through the gloom, like the red fire of sacrifice remind us to pray for the repose of the souls of those devoted followers of Christ, who in this secluded island led lives of privation and isolation, and finally fell victims to the yellow fever contracted whilst pursuing the calling of their Sacred Ministry. Appropriate texts certifying to the efficacy of prayers for the dead are beautifully worked on banners and scrolls. The

celebrant of the Mass and myself were the only two white people in the church, acolytes, sexton, members of the choir, all were black;* and as I knelt at the altar rail to receive the Bread of Life, surrounded by this sea of dark faces I thanked God for the universality of His Church; here I was 12,000 miles away from America, kneeling amongst those of a different color, different manners, customs and government but agreeing in all things necessary for salvation. This is the first church I have ever visited in which during the Consecration, the Church bells ring joyously.

On reluctantly leaving the sacred edifice with the refrain of the sublime Magnificat still reverberating on the calm tropical air, the sound of voices in another direction attracted my attention, and I discovered that they proceeded from the Anglican place of worship. I returned to the Cathedral, and kneeling before the high altar, over which is a *chef d'œuvre* of our Blessed Lady presenting the Rosary to St. Dominic, I prayed earnestly:

“ That the poor slaves who pine
In the bleak dungeon I have left, may see
His truth divine.”

Then gazing on the beautiful picture of our Blessed Lady and St. Dominic, I continued to invoke the intercession of the latter, and of his renowned spiritual son, San Diego de Deza, who first inspired Columbus with hope, that holy Mother Church might one day confer on the explorer the honor of Canonization, in order that the faithful might invoke him through the medium of novenas, and incessant prayers to obtain one favor from our dear Lord, viz: the extermination of heresy from the islands which it cost him so much to discover.

Notwithstanding the excessive kindness of His Lordship, Bishop Naughten, the courtesy of his priests, and the peaceful, happy days I spent at the convent, the sad experience I had under gone before I met these kind friends, threw a gloom over my visit; and I joyfully prepared for my voyage to the island of Trinidad, where our exiled Dominican nuns have charge of the Lazaretto which I will describe in my next sketch.

* With the exception of one white family, the Catholic population of Dominica is comprised entirely of blacks, mulattoes, Caribs and the so-called black-Caribs, the descendants of the Caribs and negro runaway slaves who had settled among them.

A REBUKE.

FLORENCE A. WALKER.

FAIR Muse you've quite deserted me,
For when I fain would rhyme,
And look to you to help me out
You "don't come up to time."

Whene'er I'd soar in poesy
And call upon you, dear,
And pay you my devoted court
It's then you don't appear.

You torment and discourage me,
And wring my heart full sore;
Come let me woo you when I will
And play your pranks no more.

A MARRIAGE OF REASON.

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN, LL. D.

XXIX.

KATHERINE'S CONFIDANT.

MARCUS SHERWOOD had been in the rear car of an accommodation train he had taken, to get across the country, to reach a station from which he could travel home comfortably. He was anxious to reach home—anxious to heal the breach between his wife and Katharine, and anxious to see the girl who had become as a daughter to him and who had begun to make his home "homely."

A rail was broken—no one knows how—the train went down an embankment, and Mr. Sherwood was brought home two hours later than he expected to reach there. The doctors said there was no hope for him. His wife shrank back, as she entered the room; there was the beginning of a great change in his face. His eyes brightened.

"It has come," he said, "it has come at last. Thank Heaven, you will not want. And you, Katharine—kneel here and pray. I should like to see a priest—"

"Foolishness!" exclaimed his wife. "You *will* live; you *must* live—I shall have the proper kind of clergyman at once. A priest! What would people say?"

"I am dying," he answered, earnestly.

She did not answer; she could not doubt it.

The butler had heard Mr. Sherwood's words; he started at once for the church.

"I remember the priest who risked his life to give *something* to the boy who was drowning. I remember; it comes back now—I have been too busy—but I always remembered that. Katharine, say a prayer!"

Katharine, kneeling beside him, began the *Credo* in a low voice; he followed her. She added the Act of Contrition; his voice faltered, and was still.

When the priest came, he was dead; and Mrs. Sherwood locked herself in her room; she would not see Katharine; there was now no consolation for her in this world, and she did not care for the world beyond.

* * * * *

Katharine, after her uncle's funeral, went back to her work. Ferdinand Carey took a house in the suburbs and sent Jennie Mavrick and her brother off to school. Katharine found a boarding-house near the old music master's; her work must be her world now. Fortunately, she was near a church; she divided herself between religion and art.

"Ach, it is lovely!" the old musician said to his pupil; "she will be an old maid; she cares not for the idiot-fools of men; she will sing my songs, and perhaps an opera."

Mrs. Sherwood refused to see Katharine. She was furious against her. Biddy was too much engaged with the preparations for her wedding, which was to take place in the Worth drawing-rooms, with the British minister to represent Lord Bolingbroke, who could not come. Her uncle's recent death would, of course prevent Katharine from being present. And Mrs. Percival really could not ask her coachman to drive so far beyond the lines of her social bailiwick. She left cards twice; and that ended her attentions to Katharine. Mother Ursula wrote frequent letters, full of affection, warning and advice. Katharine was lonely; but

she loved the bustle of the world; she enjoyed with an intense delight the overcoming of the difficulties in her art. Sometimes she longed for the convent, but it was with the longing of a tired child, not the love that fills the heart of the woman who has the vocation to the highest state of life. Katharine knew this; she had been too well instructed in the meaning of the word vocation not to know it.

Dillon had called several times. She had sung for him, and they had quarrelled; she began to suspect that he did not care for music. Besides, she could not receive him many times alone in the parlor of her boarding house. The fact that she was independent made her all the more careful of the proprieties. And Mother Ursula's strict notions on the question of the chaperon— notions which, as she had seen, coincided with those of Mrs. Sherwood and Mrs. Percival—had become a part of her social code.

A short break in her prayers and work was made by a visit to the Careys. Their house was very simple, but very perfect in its way. She found Ferdinand engaged in copying an old French air, to be set to some words of his own, for his wife. Mrs. Carey sat in a low basket chair, waiting until he should give her the notes, with a mandolin in her hand. She jumped up and kissed Katharine, uttering a little cry of pleasure. Ferdinand rose, too, a little awkwardly. He seemed to have changed. His dress and manner had lost the air of being a bad imitation of the English; he was more natural; and the look of unrest had gone from his face. His wife hastened to make tea on the little brass tripod near the grate fire; she did it so gracefully and so deftly, that Katharine thought Ferdinand had ample reason for his glance of admiration. When she was asked to sing, she gave "Lead, Kindly Light."

"I feel that—I feel that," said Carey, when she had finished it. "There has at last come to me a desire to grasp something more real than earth. We are happy now, but it seems so unreal; and then how can I expect to be so blessed," he added, humbly, "after my selfishness. Great Heavens! Miss O'Connor, how I despise myself for giving way to artificial and corrupt conventionality. I think it was the spectacle of your sincerity among all that 'society' nonsense, that made me think. Do you remember the talk we had about Cardinal Newman—about the song you have just sung?"

"Very well," said Katharine, smiling. "But I don't think you saw much of me."

"Sufficient," he answered, "to show me that my old life needed to be cast away as—as—as a snake changes its skin."

Katharine laughed.

"And after that does the snake become an eagle and face the sun?"

"Not usually. My simile was bad," he answered, smiling.

"There might be a miracle," said Katharine. "Believe me, Mr. Carey, you will find yourself at rest, and feel a new life in you, if you will look into the sources that have given your wife patience all these years."

"The *vita nuova* of Dante," he added, half in earnest. "Well,—I have thought of it. It would make my wife the happiest woman in the world, and perhaps penitence would drive out remorse."

Katharine was silent. She had a horror of speech in serious moments. After a time, Mrs. Carey came—perhaps she had purposely left them together—and the two sang again "Winter Roses."

Ferdinand Carey followed the Light; shortly after Wirt Percival's marriage he was received into the Church. Katharine did not meet him and his wife again until after this event had taken place. If they had been permitted, they would have made a statue of her, and burned a lamp before it. There was consolation for Katharine in the result of her plan. She had done her best, honestly, according to her light; but the very happiness of these people seemed to accentuate her loneliness. Herr Teufelsch had become a ruthless master; and sometimes Katharine was tired even of music. His rage for technique took all the poetry out of it; and music without sentiment was nothing to her. She sang at musicals, and sang well. She earned as much money as she needed, but she hated the work. The money made her independent, and gave her the means of helping people who required her help. And yet she looked forward to a long life—in youth life seems long—with a dreary feeling of dislike. Always to be facing a crowd of unknown people, always to be taking care of one's voice, always to be practising new music—it was hateful. She envied the young women she saw around her in their quiet, frugal homes, out of the reach of that public, whose slave she was.

She spent the eve of the Lady Alicia's wedding day at the Percivals, and went to early Mass with the prospective bride. It seemed very sad to Katharine that Bidley should kneel with her at the altar rail in the early morning light, without Wirt. The

Lady Alicia was subdued, nervous, depressed. As they went home from the church she suddenly said:

"Kit, I envy you. Why wasn't I born an American? You are free. If Bolingbroke wasn't here, I believe I'd back out!"

Katharine kissed her friend impulsively. What was the use of talking—Biddy wanted sympathy, not advice.

The function in the Worth drawing-rooms was as imposing as flowers, upholsterers and the rest could make. Mrs. Sherwood, being in mourning, could not assist. She revenged herself by sending the Lady Alicia a magnificent pearl necklace, which, as she repeatedly announced, had been intended for Katharine. But Katharine did not feel this blow. The wedding seemed to her to be a sad travesty on what a marriage should be. Wirt was indifferent, except so far as his vanity was satisfied, and Biddy cared only for the ease and luxury that her marriage would bring. Katharine went home before the "maimed rites" of the marriage began. There seemed to be a cloud over everything. Was wealth and social consideration, fine dresses and luxurious carriages, and unlimited roses and visits to Paris, worth such a sacrifice? For a moment she doubted; for example is a great persuader, and Katharine had much respect for Biddy, and more affection for her. She thought it all over, and answered—No. Better a lonely life than such slavery—better work, and hard work than a marriage at whose ceremonies no ring could be blessed. She felt restless after she had gone home; she could not practice; she could not read. It occurred to her that it would be well to show respect for her aunt by calling on her at Kenwood; and she went.

Mrs. Sherwood's eyes sparkled, as she read the name on the card. She determined to add a last pang to the heart of the girl who had dared to defeat her plans, and so she wrote on her own large card:

"You need not come here expecting anything from *me*. No will has been found; I suppose that's what you want to know."

Katharine blushed. What sort of a woman could her aunt be to send such a message open to the eye of a servant? Her first impulse was to go upstairs and to pour a torrent of words into her aunt's ears—to defend herself, to denounce a worldliness that amounted to rapacity, to cover her aunt with confusion; but she restrained herself, with a short prayer. She tried to smile at the old servant, who opened the door respectfully for her, but failed miserably. She indemnified herself for her Christian reticence

by a brief dialogue, in which she mentally overcame her aunt and brought her to a sense of the hollowness of her beliefs in an eloquently sarcastic series of speeches.

Once in her little room, she determined to get rid of the intolerable sting of her aunt's insult in some way or other. She blessed her capacity for work, and determined to do something very hard. Herr Teufelsch had given her a wonderful Mss. composition of the great tone master, Leschetizky. Mother Ursula had often smiled at her impatience of instrumental exercises and her patience with vocal work. She determined to conquer the difficulties made by the great master of Paderewski. She soon forgot everything but the almost preternatural obstacles in her way. But she could not manage it, and, after a hard struggle, she gave it up—she would never be able to amaze Mother Ursula and Herr Teufelsch with her complete mastery of this tone-poem. She sat by her window, and looked down at the passing street-cars, at this hour in the early evening laden with crowds of people going home from work. Each of that crowd had his history, his struggles, his triumphs, his defeats—and God watched over them all! Somehow the thought gave her comfort. She raised the window; Spring was coming. There was a vague warmth in the air. The voices of little children, pent during the long, cold winter nights, when darkness fell without twilight, came to her ears.

She realized for the first time that she was dependent on the work of her own hands now that her uncle was dead. No doubt whatever had been left her by her father had been used up in giving her an education, she said to herself. Well, she had *that*; she could sew, she could bake, she could do a dozen womanly things as well as any woman could do them, or perhaps better; and, above all, she had been taught that the household work done by the Queen of Heaven, for the God of Heaven and Earth, was neither degrading nor irksome, provided it were done for His honor and glory; and even if her voice should fail—and, like many other singers, she had as great a horror of this as of sudden death—she would not be entirely dependent. She had admitted that the words of her aunt had a double sting, because, unworldly as she was, she cherished a hope that her uncle might have remembered that, after all, she was an orphan without a home. He had not done so; she banished all disappointment from her, and knelt to say a prayer for his soul. She arose, looked down again at the twilight street, and determined to take a walk, at least to the end of the street.

The cool, evening air—the Spring softness was gone now—revived her spirits. She went over in her thoughts the difficulties of the Leschetizky tones; this was one of her ways of improving her mind. Suddenly somebody brushed against her.

"I beg pardon!" the somebody said; it was Dillon, hurrying along with his hand full of orange and lemon-colored daffodils in whose cups an American robin might almost have bathed.

"Oh, Miss O'Connor!" he exclaimed. She was glad to see him; but, according to her ethics, that was a good reason for being as cool as possible. She nodded rather stiffly; he turned to walk by her side.

"These are for you," he said, giving her the flowers. "I intended to leave them—"

"And to run away!" she said, sarcastically.

"Well, not exactly; to leave a card," he answered, somewhat abashed by her tone. "I felt that perhaps you would not care to see me, as my aunt was not with me."

"How prudent!" she said. "I did not know that you men needed chaperons. Is it a new custom?"

Dillon was not usually knocked off his conversational feet, but this had the effect of silencing him. They walked to the corner, and turned.

"I am fond of daffodils but these are rather large," she said.

"I shall have a consultation with Mother Nature about some smaller ones. I will mention that Miss O'Connor is dissatisfied with the ordinary daffodils. Shall I say good evening?" He raised his hat.

"If you like," she said. "Probably your aunt is waiting dinner for you; and, as you have no chaperon, I can't ask you to dine with me. But don't go yet; I am very unhappy, Mr. Dillon."

Dillon forgot everything but her voice; the sarcasm had gone out of it; he was her servant at once. Katharine had been restless because she had no confidant; she had found an excellent listener.

"And so you are not rich?" he asked, with a tremor in his voice.

"I am very poor," she said, "but I really don't mind it—the Sisters did not bring me up to be a fine lady. I think I shall make a capital poor girl."

His tone had changed; he was gay, sympathetic, and serious by turns until eight o'clock struck, and he bade her goodbye at her door after a long walk.

"She is not rich!" he said, "she is alone in the world, and I—"

he was murmuring to himself, as he went home, "and I must be rich in order to give her *all*." He sighed a little, and then hummed "Winter Roses."

Katharine went to her room, strangely elated. Mr. Dillon was interesting; she would go to see his aunt on Saturday.

XXX.

THE GLOVE.

JUNE came. There were no more concerts in town. Herr Teufelsch was about to take his annual trip to Vienna, to confer with the "supreme Leschetizky," and he persuaded Katharine that it would be a wise thing to spend these months in one of the German or Italian cities, where, according to his view, the only great singing masters lived. He did not recommend Vienna, but Munich, where he had a sister, or Naples, where his brother taught, might do. In either of these cities, he could secure friends for Katharine. She was almost persuaded to go; she had a little money, for she had been saving of late, and Herr Teufelsch assured her that this was the best investment she could make. The journey had no charms for her; she did not care specially for Dresden or Naples; she would have preferred to spend the summer in one of the many beautiful and quiet green nooks near the city. But, since her voice must be the one gift which was to gain her way in the world, she determined to cultivate it to the utmost. She made her preparations with some reluctance. The city was at its best in June, and she had learned to love it. The scent of the honeysuckle filled the street in which she lived, and the air was balm. Biddy wrote just at this time, only a few lines urging her to come to London; little was said, except this. Katharine thought it ominous. This was not the way in which young and happy brides generally write.

Katharine had met Mr. Percival one day as she was coming out of St. John's church. He held out his hand, with a look of genuine pleasure.

"Well, my dear," he said, "where have you been?"

"At home—hard at work," she answered.

He shook his head, and looked at her with his keen eyes.

"You are worried, I can see that. Now, let us be gay. We shall have a great spree, and a good talk. Shall it be soda-water at Wanamakers, or an ice at Blanks?"

Katharine laughed; it was pleasant to see Mr. Percival again.

"The ice, please," she said, "And I shall enjoy a talk. How is Mrs. Percival?" she asked, as they turned into Chestnut street.

"Well. Busy. Great charity strawberry festival for abandoned dogs at Germantown. I don't know whether the abandoned dogs or the festival is at Germantown—that's the way the cards read. Why don't you come to see Mrs. Percival?"

"She never comes to see me."

"Oh, she can't—too busy. Why, even I am abandoned for the dogs! Society is the modern Moloch. There is not a better woman in the world than my wife, when she lets her heart direct her. But this society business has so enervated her, that I don't think anything but a stunning blow will ever break the crust. She is fond of you; but—oh, don't let us talk of the shams and the artifices. Come and see us, when you can. I have read all the books the priest recommended to me. But do you know, Miss O'Connor, your religion frightens me. One should have to be *awfully* good to be a Catholic. Think of what the Mass means; I have just been reading Percy Fitzgerald's *Jewels of the Mass*, a lovely book—and; but here we are at Blank's."

Katharine and Mr. Percival seated themselves at one of the tables, and were served with one of their unequaled ices in which Mr. Percival, like all good Philadelphians, took a proper pride, and in which the pensive Katharine was not without interest.

"This *is* nice," she said.

"Don't you regret the luxurious life at Kenwood?"

"Oh, no," she said, "I should be content in my work, if I were near some friend. Mrs. Carey has gone away; she is happy; she no longer needs me. Biddy is married—"

Mr. Percival's face changed.

"The Worth's had a cable from her to-day. Wirt is coming back. There has been a nasty row. Your Biddy has a temper, I fancy. They didn't get along well in London; Wirt is coming back alone. He has dropped all the St. John crowd; they stick to the Lady Alicia, of course." Katharine dropped her spoon.

"Oh, Mr. Percival! Is this true? Poor Biddy! Oh, how sad, how sad!"

"I don't think a girl who marries for money, and merely likes the appendage to it called a husband will suffer much."

"Oh, yes, Biddy will—her pride will be touched at such a desertion."

Mr. Percival shrugged his shoulders.

"Such marriages are mockeries. My wife has prayed long for my conversion; but it humiliates me to think that she should have married me and concealed all her life her ideas about the Mass. It made a terrible gulf; and the Lady Alicia ought never to have married Wirt. A marriage where there is such a terrible divergence in essentials is a mistake—unless the wife is an angel of good example and the husband a model of sincerity. Do you ever see your aunt?"

"Never."

"Is not that rather ungrateful? I see by the papers—I saw, rather, for it was about a month ago—that she had given you a lot of money."

"Oh, no," said Katharine, "there was no will."

"No will!" cried Mr. Percival, staring at her.

"No; my uncle forgot it; and my aunt was, I think, a little unkind."

"Unkind!" Mr. Percival cried. "Do you mean to say—well, well—and praises from the newspapers and from all sorts of folks on her generosity. I always longed to have a good chance to *talk* to that woman, and I'll do it this very day. There *was* a will, for your uncle wrote to me from Boston the week before he died, naming me as an executor. How do you live?"

"I sing," said Katharine, "I am a working girl, and I like it, or I should like it, if I only had some friends."

Mr. Percival looked at her, and brought his fist down hard on the table.

"And to think of my wife's expecting me to enter the Catholic Church while she is going on in this heartless way and neglecting the only good Catholic I ever have known! I have a good mind just to stay outside of the church, to spite her. It will serve her right not to find me in Heaven, if she ever gets there!"

Katharine was obliged to smile at the absurdity of this; Mr. Percival laughed, too.

"Come," he said, "finish your ice, and ask no questions; I shall see your aunt at once, and be at your house to-night with a message."

Katharine bade him good-bye. On the way home, she thought, strange to tell, not of Biddy or the will, but of young Dillon. She had called on his aunt, but she had not seen him. Herr Teufelsch, who occasionally saw Mr. Devine, told her that he had been ill; she knew nothing more. She wondered whether he were better or not; possibly his aunt might call, to tell her.

The truth was, that Dillon had been ill for some weeks, of typhoid fever. And, as he grew better, he heard from Devine that Katharine was rich again. There was no hope for him now; the bright vision must pass away from him. He could not ask her to be his wife now. He looked facts in the face. He was a struggling architect; he knew, or thought he knew, what young women demanded, especially young women of fashion. If Katharine were rich, he could never dare to ask her—he would never see her again. People declared that she was rich; and she would forget him, but he would never forget her. Opposite his couch during all his sickness, there lay, on the little table, a glove she had worn—a little brown thing, somewhat worn, which Katharine had not missed. His aunt had asked during the latter days, when his health had begun to mend, if she might send for Katharine. Like most of her sex, she was a matchmaker at heart; and the incident of the glove had not escaped her. Her nephew had protested against her sending to Katharine so earnestly that she began to believe that there had been a quarrel. This made her hopeful. Her experience had taught her that quarrels are not, in love affairs, killing frosts.

On this June afternoon, she had watched Dillon as he sat under the grape vine arbor in the little yard at the back of the house. Color was again in his cheek and brightness in his eye; but he did not speak much. He was lying back in a steamer chair, looking at the sky and humming "Winter Roses," when his aunt made up her mind. She saw that he was not happy; at his age, and in her experienced mind, there could only be one cause. She looked at him, thin, wasted, pensive, in the gray suit much too big for him now; and she called a little boy who was coming from school. That little boy took a note to Katharine.

After that, the aunt took up her sewing, and waited. She loved her nephew and she loved Katharine, and perhaps they—well, she would soon know.

When Katharine reached home after her talk with Mr. Percival, she found the note. It contained a request that she would call without delay on Dillon's aunt. She took a great deal of trouble with her toilet, and pinned a June rose on her black dress. In a short time, she was ringing the bell of the little house. The servant admitted her; she saw with a sense of disappointment that only her friend, the aunt, was in the parlor. But the disappointment did not last long. Dillon came in slowly, at the aunt's summons. And then the sweet-looking, old lady suddenly disappeared.

"You have been ill!" Katharine exclaimed, in horror, "Oh, why did you not let me know?"

"Why?" he asked, with some bitterness. "I know the time of your society too well, to commit such a breach of propriety. What right had I? Heaven knows, I was very lonely—but you were the last person I should have thought of asking to come here. Outside of Devine and the priest, nobody came."

"I have come."

"You are very kind."

"But when your aunt sent for me, she did not tell me that you were ill—I must be honest about it," she added, hardened by his tone of reproach.

"My aunt sent for you!" he looked at her, and his tone softened. "And you came. But I wish you had not—I can't tell you why—but I wish you had not—your face had almost ceased to haunt me; I was gaining peace; but now—"

"Now?"

The door bell tinkled.

Dillon was still weak; and the appearance of Katharine had shaken his nerves. In his ordinary health, he would have been suave, cool, sarcastic; at least, he would have known how to hide his feelings. That tinkle of the bell reminded him that at any moment this interview, so delightful, so sad, so irritating, might end.

"May I show you to the garden?" he asked. "You are fond of flowers, and that ringing preludes the coming of some one probably to see my aunt."

He led the way through the passage to the long, narrow, old-fashioned garden, bordered with box, and sweetened and colored by clumps of carnation and roses. The sunlight coming red from the West cast the flickering arabesques of vine leaves and tendrils on the brick pavement beneath the arbor. Katharine noticed how thin his hands were, and how loosely his clothes set upon him. A thrill of pity ran through her heart. Dillon the strong, the witty, the self-reliant, was a different man from Dillon the nervous, dependent, sad man before her. It seemed wonderful that one man could show these two phases. She felt a new interest in him, and, as if in a flash, she wondered for the first time whether he were really interested in her. She took note of the little table, with a half emptied teacup, a bottle of medicine, and the book, Tennyson's *Idyls*, upon it; and there was a glove, too—a woman's glove, such as she herself might have worn. His manner was odd;

she glanced at the glove, and smiled slightly; she understood it. Walter Dillon had made her the centre of his thoughts, and this address came from that fact. Her sight of the glove gave her confidence. She recognized by intuition what girls who have read many novels are always on the look out for—what they find out by means of set rules of sentiment—that this fragile glove was more powerful than any steel gauntlet of past ages in the hands of a warrior. Dillon offered her the basket chair, and she sat upon the cushions, as gracefully as she could, for she was not used to steamer chairs. The sunlight tinged her hair with gold, and touched her long eyelashes with luminous reflections. Dillon stood near her, leaning against the arbor.

"Forgive me," he said, "I had no right to find fault with what you can not help. You are rich, and you are back among the flatterers, the painted butterflies of life, and you must live your life among them."

Katharine found his irritation inexplicable no longer. It was pathetic, and, like all pathos, not altogether unpleasant.

"Why are you so angry against the rich?" she asked, demurely. "I fancy they are seldom as proud or as sensitive as the poor."

"It is not the rich that I hate but the riches which have come between me and hope. I know it was foolish, Miss O'Connor, and I have given it up. My aunt did not know—"

"Your aunt?" asked Katharine; it was not beneath her to enjoy his embarrassment when she felt that she could set it all right in a moment?

"I fancy from some things I *must* have said—since she has repeated them to me—that she imagined we were engaged, and had quarrelled." He colored. "Consequently, she sent for you, and left us in the parlor in that unusual way. If she has told you things I said, it has been out of the mistaken goodness of her heart. I have realized fully the barrier between us, and I can only say that my hallucination was temporary."

Katharine was amused; she could easily understand his morbid, imaginative state of mind—and what harm was there in making him somewhat uncomfortable, since she could make him happy at any moment.

"And what *did* you say?" she asked, looking innocently at him. "Did you scold about me?"

"Ah, then I feel that I keep my self-respect," he said relieved. "I *am* a fool, I am sure—"

"No, only a man," said Katharine, coolly, "some people think

the terms are synonymous. *I don't,*" she added, thoughtfully, "at least, not in all cases. But why did you call me names while you were ill? What had I done?"

"I did not call you names," he stopped short; he did not understand whether she was in fun or earnest.

"Well," she said, after a pause, "you might, at least, give me back my glove. I can forgive your bad language, but theft is a different thing; and I am poor enough to need all the gloves I can keep."

He hesitated; he took the little brown glove from the table, and gave it to her; his heart was like lead. She drew off her own black glove, while he watched her, fitted the brown one on her hand, and slowly buttoned it. Then she took it off again, and held her hand out to him; he took it in both his.

"Now," she said, looking frankly up into his face, "does it really make much difference, Walter, whether I am rich or poor?"

He stood, bending a little and holding her hand. His face became radiant.

"I don't care," she went on. "And I don't know, for Mr. Percival says my uncle left a will. Surely, you will not reject me if I should happen to be rich?"

There was a mischievous look in her eyes; still, he could not speak; it seemed a dream; he found his voice.

"Thank God!" he said. "Thank God. No--nothing makes any difference now." He regained suddenly some of his old spirit. "I don't understand what you say about a will. If you are rich," he added, boldly, almost fancying that the beautiful dream would vanish as he spoke, "I shall make a marriage of reason, which you detest, I have heard."

The roses grew deeper in her cheeks.

"Reason, with Faith and Love, is the best basis for life, is it not? But reason, without these things, is worse than nothing."

The aunt entered the garden with the tea-things; and shortly afterwards, Katharine went home, in the twilight which seemed enchanted, odorous with sweet perfumes, full of happy whispers.

* * * * *

Mrs. Sherwood produced the will, which she had not probated; and, after a stormy scene with Mr. Percival, gave it into his keeping. When Katharine reached her room, she found that Mr. Per-

cival had been there, and had left a note for her. She learned with no special elation—for she could not have been happier—that she had inherited one third of Marcus Sherwood's great fortune.

In August, Walter Dillon and Katharine were married, much to the disgust of Herr Teufelfisch, who, before he sailed for Europe, had sent a touching appeal to Mother Ursula, in the name of Art to forbid the banns. Mother Ursula favored him with her opinion of his selfishness, and sent Walter and Katharine a pearl rosary as their best consolation. Devine was the groomsman, of course, and little Maria Rodrigues bore roses before the bride. Mrs. Sherwood had gone to Paris, so the bride was married from the house of the Careys'. None of the fashionable people, except the Percivals, was invited to the nuptial Mass or to the break fast afterwards. Herr Teufelfisch so far forgot his anger as to send from Vienna an original wedding march, annotated by the great Leschetzky. Mr. Percival went through the forms perfectly, and was loud in praises of the beauty of the ceremony; but he still remains on the threshold of the Church.

Little Maria Rodrigues was very happy.

"Now," she said, "dear Senorita, you will take me to see Broadway, and I shall be your little girl for a time, as I have missed you much."

Mrs. Percival looks on Katharine as on one who had failed in life; but when Wirt came home and entered on a career of the wildest dissipation, and the Lady Alicia described her marriage as "detestable slavery," she was forced to conclude that Katharine O'Connor had been wise to follow a true principle in spite of all opposition.

THE END.

"LET us accustom ourselves to behold in every object God, who presents Himself to us in every creature; and let us offer Him acts of thanksgiving and of love, remembering that from eternity He has thought of creating so many beautiful creatures that we might love Him."—*St. Alphonsus Liguori*.

THE LIFE OF ST. DOMINIC.

REV. MOTHER AUGUSTA THEODOSIA DRANE, O. S. D.

CHAPTER XVI.

(Continued.)

ST. SIXTUS.

1218.

DURING the early struggles of these distant foundations, and whilst the walls of the convent of St. Sixtus were rising above the ground, St. Dominic was busy at Rome, forming a spiritual edifice out of the hearts of those whom he won by the power of his eloquence. And as though to make him and his exalted mission better known to men, God was pleased at this time to confirm his teaching and authority by many and notable miracles. The first of these was on the occasion of an accident which happened during the erection of the convent. A mason whilst excavating under part of the building was buried under a mass of falling earth. The brethren ran to the spot, too late to save him, but Dominic commanded them to dig him out, whilst he betook himself to prayer. When the earth was removed the man arose alive and unhurt. This miracle, however much it confirmed the faith of his own followers, was little known or talked of beyond the walls of his convent; but it was followed by another of more public notoriety. Dominic was accustomed at this time to preach in the church of St. Mark, where he was listened to with enthusiasm by crowds of all ranks who flocked to hear him. Among them one of his most constant auditors was a certain Roman widow, Gutedona, or Tuta di Buvalischi; and one day, rather than miss the preaching, she came to St. Mark's, having left her only son at home dangerously ill. She returned to her house to find him dead. When the first anguish of her grief was over, she felt an extraordinary hope rise within her that by the mercy of God, and the prayers of His servant Dominic, her child might yet be restored to her. She therefore determined to go at once to St. Sixtus; and firm in her faith she set out on foot, whilst her women servants carried the cold and lifeless body of the boy behind her. St. Six-

tus was not yet enclosed, on account of the unfinished state of the convent, and she therefore entered the gates without difficulty, and found Dominic at the door of the chapter-house, a small building standing separate from the church and convent. Kneeling at his feet, she silently laid the dead body before him, whilst her tears and sobs of anguish told the rest. Dominic, touched with compassion, turned aside for a few moments, and prayed; then, coming back, he made the sign of the Cross over the child, and taking him by the hand, raised him, and gave him back to his mother, alive and well.

This miracle was witnessed by the brethren, Tancred, Sisto, Gregory, Otho, Albert, and Henry, who afterwards gave their evidence in the process of canonization. Dominic strictly charged the mother to keep the fact a secret, but she disobeyed him, as the women of Judea had before disobeyed One greater than *he*. Her joy was too abundant, and out of its abundance her heart and lips were busy, and so the whole story was quickly spread through Rome, and reached the ears of Honorius, who ordered it to be publicly announced in the pulpits of the city. Dominic's sensitive humility was deeply hurt; he hastened to the Pontiff, and implored him to countermand his order. "Otherwise, Holy Father," he said, "I shall be compelled to fly from hence, and cross the sea to preach to the Saracens; for I cannot stay longer here." The Pope, however, forbade him to depart; he was obliged to remain and receive what is ever the most painful portion of the saints, the public honor and veneration of the populace.

Great and little, old and young, nobles and beggars, "they followed him about" (to use the words of contemporaneous authors) "wherever he went, as though he were an angel, reputed those happy who could come near enough to touch him, and cutting off pieces of his habit to keep as relics." This cutting of his habit went on at such a pace as to give the good Father the appearance of a beggar, for the jagged and ragged skirt scarcely reached below his knee. His brethren on one occasion endeavored somewhat harshly to check some of those who crowded round him, but Dominic's kind heart was hurt when he saw the sorrowful and disappointed looks of the poor people. "Let them alone," he said; "we have no right to hinder their devotion." A memorial of these circumstances may still be seen in that same church of St. Mark spoken of above. Once a year, on the festival of its patron saint, there is an exhibition in that church of saintly treasures, which few sanctuaries can rival and none surpass. There,

amid the relics of apostles and martyrs, in jewelled and crystal shrines and elaborate carvings, you may see, enclosed in a golden reliquary, a little piece of torn and faded serge. Priests are there holding up these precious objects one by one for the veneration of the kneeling crowd, and they hold this also for you to look at and to kiss, whilst they proclaim aloud: "This is part of the habit of the glorious patriarch St. Dominic, who, in the first year of his coming to Rome, was wont to preach in this church." And fancy is quick to suggest that this precious morsel may be one of those so unceremoniously torn from him by the crowds who flocked about him on that very spot.

Other miracles are related as having occurred about the same time, though the precise date of each is not recorded.

Among the "Murate," mentioned in a former page, and whom he still continued to visit and direct, there were some who lived a life of extraordinary mortification, and were entirely enclosed in little cells built in the walls, so that none could enter or communicate with their inhabitants; food and other necessities being given to them through a window. One of these recluses was a woman named Buona, who lived in a tower near the gate of St. John Lateran; another, Lucy, in a little cell behind the church of St. Anastasia. Both of them suffered from incurable and most terrible diseases, brought on by the severity of their mode of life. One day, after Dominic had administered the Sacrament of Penance and the Holy Eucharist to Buona through her little window, and exhorted her to patience under her dreadful sufferings, he blessed her with the sign of the Cross, and went away; but at the same instant she found herself perfectly cured. Lucy was likewise restored in a similar manner, as Brother Bertrand, who was present on the occasion, attested.

But among all these miraculous events none are more interesting than the two visits of the angels to the refectory of St. Sixtus, the latter of which is still daily commemorated in every Dominican convent. The first of these events is related by Vincent of Beauvais, who tells us that one day the brethren sent out into the city to beg having returned empty-handed, Giacomo del Miele, who filled the office of procurator, came to the Holy Father to represent the case, saying that there was absolutely nothing to set before the brethren, then forty in number, save a few dry crusts. Dominic, full of joy and holy confidence, commanded him to assemble the religious in the refectory and distribute to them what he had. In those days the most sumptuous fare ever

partaken of by the brethren consisted of a little bread, with some vegetables, and occasionally a few fishes; but on this occasion even these scanty provisions were wanting. Nevertheless the brethren sat down to table, and were preparing to content themselves with their crusts, when two beautiful youths entered the refectory, carrying in the folds of their garments fresh loaves, which they distributed in silence, beginning at the upper table, where St. Dominic was seated. The brethren at first imagined that they must have been the servants of some rich noble of the city who had sent them this timely alms, but the two youths suddenly disappearing, they concluded that they were angels in a human form, sent by their Heavenly Father to provide for them in their need.*

The second occurrence of a like nature shall be related in the words of an eye-witness: "When the friars were still living near the church of St. Sixtus, and were about one hundred in number, on a certain day the blessed Dominic commanded Brother John of Calabria and Brother Albert of Rome to go into the city to beg alms. They did so without success from the morning even till the third hour of the day. Therefore they returned to the convent, and they were already hard by the church of St. Anastasia, when they were met by a certain woman who had a great devotion to the Order; and seeing that they had nothing with them, she gave them a loaf, 'For I would not,' she said, 'that you should go back quite empty-handed.' As they went on a little further they met a man who asked them very importunately for charity. They excused themselves, saying they had nothing themselves; but the man only begged the more earnestly. Then they said one to another, 'What can we do with only one loaf? Let us give it to him for the love of God.' So they gave him the loaf, and immediately they lost sight of him. Now, when they were come to the convent, the blessed Father, to whom the Holy Spirit had meanwhile revealed all that had passed, came out to meet them, saying to them with a joyful air: 'Children, have you nothing?' They replied, 'No, Father;' and they told him all that had happened, and how they had given the loaf to the poor man. Then said he, 'It was an angel of the Lord: the Lord will know how to provide for His own; let us go and pray.' Thereupon he entered the church, and, having come out again after a little space, he

* Vincent of Beauvais, *Spec. Hist.* lib. 30. cap. 72.

bade the brethren call the community to the refectory. They replied to him, saying: 'But, Holy Father, how is it you would have us call them, seeing that there is nothing to give them to eat?' And they purposely delayed obeying the order which they had received. Therefore the blessed Father caused Brother Roger, the cellarer, to be summoned, and commanded him to assemble the brethren to dinner, for the Lord would provide for their wants. Then they prepared the tables, and placed the cups, and at a given signal all the community entered the refectory. The blessed Father gave the benediction, and every one being seated, Brother Henry, the Roman, began to read. Meanwhile the blessed Dominic was praying, his hands being joined together on the table; and lo! suddenly, even as he had promised them by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, two beautiful young men, ministers of the Divine Providence, appeared in the midst of the refectory, carrying loaves in two white cloths; which hung from their shoulders before and behind. They began to distribute the bread, beginning at the lower rows, one at the right hand, and the other at the left, placing before each Brother one whole loaf of admirable beauty. Then, when they were come to the blessed Dominic, and had in like manner placed an entire loaf before him, they bowed their heads, and disappeared, without any one knowing, even to this day, whence they came or whither they went.

And the blessed Dominic said to his brethren: 'My brethren, eat the bread which the Lord has sent you.' Then he told the servers to pour out some wine. But they replied, 'Holy Father, there is none.' Then the blessed Dominic, full of the spirit of prophecy, said to them: 'Go to the vessel, and pour out to the brethren the wine which the Lord has sent them.' They went there, and found, indeed, that the vessel was filled up to the brim with an excellent wine, which they hastened to bring. And Dominic said, 'Drink, my brethren, of the wine which the Lord has sent you.' They ate, therefore, and drank as much as they desired, both that day, and the next, and the day after that. But after the meal of the third day, he caused them to give what remained of the bread and wine to the poor, and would not allow that any more of it should be kept in the house. During these three days no one went to seek alms, because God had sent them bread and wine in abundance. Then the blessed Father made a beautiful discourse to his brethren, warning them never to distrust the Divine goodness, even in time of greatest want. Brother Tancred, the prior of the convent, Brother Odo of Rome, and Brother

Henry, of the same place, Brother Lawrence of England, Brother John of Rome, and many others, were present at this miracle, which they related to Sister Cecelia, and to the other Sisters, who were then still living at the monastery of Santa Maria on the other side of the Tiber; and they even brought to them some of the bread and wine, which they preserved for a long time as relics."*

The name of Brother Albert, who is mentioned in the above narrative as one of those sent out to beg, occurs in another story belonging to this time, together with that of a certain Brother Gregory, "a man of great beauty and of perfect grace."

One day, Dominic being full of the Holy Spirit, was holding Chapter, and was observed by all present to be very sad. According to Gerard de Frachet, he had spent the previous night watching in prayer in the Catacombs, where he seems to have received a revelation of coming events. "Children," he said, "know that within three days, two of you now present will lose the life of your bodies, and two others that of their souls." Within the time described, the two brothers, Albert and Gregory, died. Gregory was the first to return to our Lord, having devoutly received all the sacraments. On the third day after, Brother Albert, having also received the sacraments, departed from this darksome prison to the palace of Heaven. And at the same time, two others, whose names are not given, returned to the world.

Of the other brethren named above as present when the angels appeared, Tancred and Lawrence are already known to the reader. Brother Henry was a Roman by birth, and had entered the Order against the earnest remonstrances of his family. As they expressed their determination to carry him back by force if he would not return of his own will, Dominic sent him out of Rome with some companions by the Via Nomentana. His relations followed the party as far as the banks of the Anio. Seeing there was no way of escape, Henry raised his heart to God and invoked His help through the merits of His servant Dominic, and the waters of the stream suddenly swelled into a torrent so deep and rapid that the horses of the pursuers were unable to pass. After this he was suffered to return undisturbed to St. Sixtus.

We said that the circumstances of the angels' visit to the refectory of St. Sixtus, is still daily commemorated in the houses of the Order. And it is so; for from this time the custom was adopted of beginning to serve the lowest tables first, and so going

* Narrative of Sister Cecelia.

up to the table of the prior; a custom which was afterwards made a law of the Order, being introduced into the Constitutions.

It will be observed that in the narrative as given above, Brother Roger is named as discharging the office of procurator. This is explained by the fact that Giacomo del Miele, who usually filled that office, was at this time attacked by a sickness, which increased so rapidly that he received Extreme Unction and was warned by the physician to prepare for death. The brethren were greatly afflicted, for he was a man of singular ability for his office, and much beloved. Dominic was overcome by the tears of his children; desiring them all to leave the cell, he shut the door, and like Elias when he raised the Sunamite's son, extended himself on the almost lifeless body of the dying man, and earnestly invoked the Divine mercy and assistance. Then, taking him by the hand, Giacomo arose entirely recovered, and Dominic, opening the door of the cell, delivered him to his companions who awaited the result outside, and who knew not how to contain and express their joy. Giacomo was able at once to resume the duties of his office, and himself narrated the circumstances of his cure to Vincent of Beauvais, by whom it is recorded.

St. Antoninus mentions a third occasion where the brethren, having little or nothing to eat, St. Dominic, as he sat at table, commanded the small portion of bread that was in the house to be brought to him, and having given his blessing, it multiplied so as to satisfy them all, leaving sufficient also for another day. Nor do these appear to be by any means the only instance in which the saint miraculously supplied the wants of his children, to all of which allusions are made in the words of the Office:

Panis oblatus cœlitus
Fratrum supplet inopiam.

The great opinion which Pope Honorius had conceived both of the sanctity and wisdom of St. Dominic, increased as it was by the fame of these events, led him to place in his hands a matter as important in character as it was difficult in execution.

Some mention has already been made of the design entertained by Pope Innocent III. of appropriating the church of St. Sixtus to a number of religious women then living in Rome without enclosure, some even in the private houses of their relations. The plan of collecting them together under regular discipline had been found fraught with difficulty, and had failed; even the Papal authority, aided by the power and genius of such a man as Inno-

cent, had been unable to overcome the wilfulness and prejudice which opposed so wise a project. Honorius, who no less than his predecessors ardently desired to see it carried out, resolved to commit the management of the whole affair to Dominic. He could not refuse to accept the charge, but aware of the complicated obstacles which lay in the way, he made it a condition that three other persons of high authority might be united with him in a business which, he probably felt, was far harder than the foundation of many convents, namely, the reform of relaxation, and the union under one head and into one body of a number of individuals who owned no common interest or authority.

These religious had for a considerable time been badly governed; perhaps, we should rather say, they had not been governed at all. They claimed exemption from the ordinary rules, were members of powerful families, and their relatives, among whom many of them lived, urged them on to resist every encroachment on their liberty as an act of tyranny. And indeed, in the then existing state of things, they could not be said to be absolutely compelled to obedience; the matter was one rather demanding address than authority. But if ever man possessed the art of persuasion it was the blessed Dominic, of whom it is said: "None could ever resist him," or rather persuasion with him was not an art, but nature. It was the effect of that admirable union of patience, prudence, and firmness, tempered with the charm of a sweet and tranquil gaiety, which gave so wonderful a magic to his intercourse; and his powers were never more severely tested than on this occasion. The coadjutors given him by the Pope were the Cardinals Ugolino, Bishop Ostia, the venerable friend of St Francis; Stephen of Fossa Nuova; and Nicholas, Bishop of Tusculum. The very first steps which the cautious commissioners took raised a storm of obloquy. The Cardinals had enough to do to quiet the nuns, and bring them to listen to the Pope's proposals. But those who held out had a strong party in their favor. The gossip of Rome was on their side; and there was a tempest of busy angry tongues all declaiming against tyranny and aggression, and talking great things about innovation on an ancient custom. "And truly," says Castiglio, with a touch of Spanish humor, "the custom was so very ancient, that it could scarce keep its legs. Moreover," he adds, "we know well, that for relaxation and liberty there will always be ten thousand persons ready to do great things, but for virtue not one willing to stir a step." However, as we have said, the nuns had the popular clamor on their

side, and they used their advantage with considerable address. They had but to receive visitors all day long, and keep up the excitement of their friends by perpetual talking, and the Pope and Cardinals would be held at bay.

The most refractory of these religious were some who were living at that time in the monastery of Santa Maria in Trastevere, in which was kept a celebrated picture of our Blessed Lady, said to have been painted by St. Luke. This picture was a particular favorite with the Roman people. According to the current tradition it had been brought to Rome, many centuries before, from Constantinople, and was the same that had been borne processionally by St. Gregory in the time of the plague, on that Easter Day when the words of the *Regina Cæli* were first heard, sung in the air by the voices of the angelic choirs. This picture had for several centuries been kept in the church of Santa Maria in Trastevere, then belonging to a community of Benedictine nuns, whence an attempt had been made by Pope Sergius III. to transfer it to the palace of the Lateran. He himself is said to have carried it thither, placing it near the celebrated picture of our Divine Lord now preserved in the *Sancta Sanctorum*, but which was at that time kept in the Lateran. This removal of the venerable picture from Santa Maria was not made without strong protest on the part of the nuns. "But," says the ancient legend, "the following night by a stupendous and incomprehensible prodigy, the picture was by Divine power carried back to the spot whence it had been taken the evening before." The Pope, hearing what had happened, came himself to the convent to inquire into the fact, and satisfying himself by ocular demonstration that the holy image had indeed been restored to its original resting place, he did not venture again to remove it.*

This wonderful event added much to the fame of the picture and the veneration with which it was regarded, and its possession contributed not a little to increase the power and popularity of the nuns of Santa Maria. Without it they determined never to stir, and there seemed great difficulties in the way of removing it. Dominic's plan was simply to carry out that previously conceived by Pope Innocent, and collect all the nuns of the different convents that had no regular discipline, as well as the others living out of

* *La Vierge Acheropita, dei SS. Domenico e Sisto a Roma.* Fr G. Berthier*
PP. 53, 54.

enclosure, into one community, to whom he proposed giving up his own convent of St. Sixtus, which had been originally intended for the purpose. Pope Honorius, to whom he submitted the proposal, not only approved of it, but to render it more easy of execution, offered to assign to him and his brethren one half of his own family palace adjoining the church of Santa Sabina on the Aventine Hill. This offer was gratefully accepted, and by order of the Pope the ancient church was itself divided by a wall into two parts, one of which he reserved for the Papal functions, whilst the other was given up to the use of the religious.*

The necessary alterations were at once set on foot, and the saint was careful to give the buildings assigned to the use of his community the same arrangements which had been adopted at St. Sixtus and St. Romain. These being completed, the brethren removed thither with their scanty possessions, including the books necessary for their studies, and St. Sixtus was left vacant for the occupation of the nuns. But much had yet to be done before Dominic could obtain their consent to remove thither. His first proposal resulted in failure; the very mention of inclosure and community life was received by a very intelligible declaration that they would be controlled neither by him, the Cardinals, nor the Pope. But Dominic was not so easily daunted. He used all the skill and address of manner with which God had endowed him, and on his second visit found means to win over the Abbess Eugenia del Gora, and after her all the community, with one solitary exception. There were, however, conditions proposed and accepted. These were that they must be suffered to carry their picture with them to St. Sixtus, and should it come back to the Trastevere of itself, as in the days of Pope Sergius, that they should be held free to come back after it. Dominic consented; but, saving this clause, he induced them to profess obedience in all else to himself; and they having done so, he gave them as their first trial a prohibition to leave their convent in order to visit any of their friends or relatives, assuring them that in a very short time St. Sixtus should be ready to receive them.

After this it seemed as though the affair were pretty well settled; "but," to use the words of Polidori, "the instability of human nature, and especially of the female sex, easy to be moved by

* This division continued until the time of Sixtus V., who took down the intermediate wall, and gave the whole church to the friars.

whatsoever wind may blow, very soon made the contrary to appear." The wise regulation which Dominic had made was evaded, and the vituperating tongues of friends and relations were busier than ever. There were no terms too strong to use in denouncing the proposed migration to St. Sixtus. It would be the destruction of an ancient and honorable monastery; they were about blindly to put themselves under an intolerable yoke of obedience, and to whom?—to a *new man*, a "*frate*," whose Order nobody had ever heard of before—a scoundrel (*ribaldo*,) as some were pleased to term him; they must certainly have been bewitched.

The nuns began to think so too, and many repented of their too hasty promise. Whilst this new disturbance was going on, Dominic was relating the success of his mission to the Cardinals. But the fresh disorders which had arisen were revealed to him by the Holy Spirit even at the moment that they occurred. He resolved to let the excitement exhaust itself a little before taking any new measure; and a day or two afterwards proceeded to the convent, where, having said Mass, he assembled all the religious in Chapter, and addressed them at considerable length. He concluded with these words: "I well know, my daughters, that you have repented of the promise you gave me, and now desire to withdraw your feet from the ways of God. Therefore, let those among you who are truly and spontaneously willing to go to St. Sixtus make their profession over again in my hands." The eloquence of his address, heightened by that strange and wonderful charm of manner to which all who knew him bear witness, whilst none can describe it, was victorious. The Abbess, Eugenia del Gora, instantly renewed her profession (with the same condition respecting the picture,) and her example was followed by the whole community. Dominic was well satisfied with their sincerity; nevertheless he thought it well to add one precaution against further relapse. It was a simple one, and consisted of taking the keys of the gate into his own custody and appointing some of his own lay-brothers to be porters, with orders to provide the nuns with all necessities, but to prevent their seeing or speaking with relatives or any other person whatsoever.

On Ash Wednesday, which fell that year on the 28th of February, the Cardinals assembled at St. Sixtus, whither the abbess and her nuns also proceeded in solemn procession. They met in the little chapter house before mentioned, where Dominic raised to life the widow's child. The abbess solemnly surrendered all office

and authority into the hands of Dominic and his brethren; whilst they, on their part, with the Cardinals, proceeded to treat concerning the rights, government, and revenues of the new convent. Whilst thus engaged, the business of the assembly was suddenly interrupted by an incident which is best told in the language of Sister Cecilia, an eye-witness: "Whilst the blessed Dominic was seated with the Cardinals, the abbess and her nuns being present, behold! a man entered, tearing his hair and uttering loud cries. Being asked the cause, he replied, 'The nephew of my lord Stephen has just fallen from his horse, and is killed!' Now the young man was named Napoleon.* His uncle, hearing him named, sank fainting on the breast of the blessed Dominic. They supported him; the blessed Dominic rose, and threw holy water on him; then, leaving him in the arms of the others, he ran to the spot where the body of the young man was lying, bruised and horribly mangled. He ordered them immediately to remove it to another room, and keep it there. Then he desired Brother Tancred and the other brethren to prepare everything for Mass. The blessed Dominic, the Cardinals, friars, the abbess and all the nuns, then went to the place where the altar was, and the blessed Dominic celebrated the Holy Sacrifice with an abundance of tears.

"But when he came to the Elevation of our Lord's Body, and held It on high between his hands, as is the custom, he himself was raised a palm above the ground, all beholding the same, and being filled with great wonder at the sight. Mass being finished, he returned to the body of the dead man; he and the Cardinals, the abbess, the nuns, and all the people who were present; and when he was come, he arranged the limbs one after another with his holy hand, then prostrated himself on the ground, praying and weeping. Thrice he touched the face and limbs of the deceased, to put them in their place, and thrice he prostrated himself. When he was risen for the third time, standing on the side where the head was, he made the sign of the Cross; then, with his hands extended towards Heaven, and his body raised more than a palm above the ground, he cried with a loud voice, saying, 'O young man, Napoleon, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, I say unto thee, Arise.' Immediately, in the sight of all those who had been

* Napoleon Orsini. Since this time, says Abbe Cure, in his annotated translation of Theodoric of Apoldia, it has been the custom for the princes of the house of Orsini to name their eldest sons; *Dominic Napoleon*.

drawn together by so marvelous a spectacle, the young man arose alive and unhurt, and said to the blessed Dominic, 'Father, give me to eat;' and the blessed Dominic gave him to eat and to drink, and committed him, joyful and without sign of hurt, to the Cardinal, his uncle."* There is a wonderful grandeur in this simple narrative. We realize at once the alarm and emotion of the bystanders, and the supernatural calm and tranquility of the saint, who was acting under the Spirit of God. Never, perhaps, was any miracle better attested, or more accurately described; and, as we shall hereafter see, it bore abundant fruits.

The Cardinal testified his gratitude by making over to the convent of St. Sixtus the revenues of a certain benefice which he enjoyed in England, to which Malvenda, quoting from a MS. in the Vatican library, gives the name of Baraburgh, and says the donation was worth the annual sum of three hundred gold florins.†

Needless to say, any hesitation which may have remained in the minds of the nuns, disappeared after witnessing with their own eyes so marvelous a proof of the power and sanctity of him to whom they had given their obedience.

Four days later, on the first Sunday in Lent, they took possession of their convent. They were forty-four in all, including a few seculars, and some religious of other convents. The first who spontaneously threw herself at Dominic's feet, and begged the habit of his Order, was the same Sister Cecilia whose narrative has just been quoted. She was then but seventeen, of the house of Cesarini, and distinguished for the great qualities of her soul, even more than for the nobility of her birth. Meagre as is the account left us concerning her, her character is sufficiently evidenced in the little which is preserved. She had a soul large enough to appreciate that of Dominic. Child as she was, she had been quick to realize, and value at their true worth, the qualities of that mind which had brought into order the tempestuous and disorganized elements of the community of the Trastevere. Then she became an eye-witness of that great miracle which we have just related in

* Narrative of Sister Cecilia.

† The chapter house which was the scene of this celebrated event stands as in the days of St. Dominic, and a few years since was adorned by paintings representing the chief incidents in the life of the saint, by Pere Hyacinth Besson, then prior of Santa Sabina. The three largest of the paintings depict the raising to life of the mason, the widow's son, and the young Napoleon, which all took place within, or closely adjacent to, its walls.

her own beautiful language, and the admiration which she had already felt for him was raised to a devotion as fervent as it was lasting. Dominic communicated to her the most hidden secrets of his heart; and the narrative which she has left, so noble and touching in its biblical simplicity, shows that she was not unworthy of such a confidence. Her example was followed by the other nuns; all received the habit of the new Order, and took the vow of enclosure.

Dominic waited until nightfall before he ventured to remove the picture so often named; he feared lest some excitement and disturbance might be caused by this being done in broad day, for the people of the city felt a jealous unwillingness to suffer it to depart. However, at midnight, accompanied by the two Cardinals, Nicholas and Stephen, and many other persons, all barefoot and carrying torches, he conducted it in solemn procession to St. Sixtus, where the nuns awaited its approach with similar marks of respect. It did not return; and its quiet domestication in the new house completed the settlement of the nuns.

The success with which the saint had brought to a close this difficult and important business did not fail to excite the rage of the great enemy of souls. On the Sunday following that which had witnessed the profession of the nuns, Dominic was preaching in their church to a crowded audience, when a possessed woman who was present began to create a disturbance with her cries. "Ah, wretch!" exclaimed the evil spirit, speaking by her tongue, "I had four of these women in my power, and thou hast wrested them all from me!" Dominic imposed silence on the evil one, threatening if he did not obey to cast him out of the unfortunate woman whom he possessed. "That thou shalt not and canst not do," was the reply, "for we are seven who have taken up our abode here, and we will never come forth." But the saint, making the sign of the Cross, commanded them in the name of Jesus Christ to leave their victim, and never more to molest her. Immediately she was seen to bring up a quantity of blood, which flowed from her mouth and nose; whilst at the same time she cast forth what seemed like burning coals; after which the demons left her lying half dead. But Dominic desired that she should be carried to a neighboring house, where she presently revived; and as soon as his preaching was ended the saint visited her, and gave her salutary instructions, bidding her return thanks to God for her merciful deliverance. Full of gratitude, she implored to be ad-

mitted into the community, of St. Sixtus, and Dominic granting her request, gave her the habit of the Order four days later, and bestowed on her the name of Amata or Amy. The community was soon afterwards joined by twenty-one nuns from various other houses, including Sister Blanche and seven companions whom Dominic summoned from Prouille, to assist in training the new religious in regular discipline. Four of these afterwards returned to Prouille; but Sister Blanche and two others remained at Rome; and thus was formed the second house of religious women living under the Rule of St. Dominic.*

(To be continued.)

SNOWBERRIES.

LAURA GREY.

I.

THE faintest breeze was whispering through the leafless poplars and sending the ripples lapping through the bulrushes and tall sedges, when Gerald O'Brien pushed off his boat from the landing stage at Listerling House, and made ready for a row down the river Blackwater, (Ireland.)

When the orchards are a world of rosy snow, and the Munster air is burdened with May fragrance, there is no fairer spot to see and wander through than the valley of the Blackwater. Even in winter this region of "the Irish Rhine" possesses a thousand charms. Beetling cliffs crowned with evergreen pines slant down to the water's edge, and crumbling ruins tower above the tourist's boat which heaves on the swollen tide in order that its occupant may snatch a glimpse of their weird beauty.

* In process of time the neighborhood of St. Sixtus becoming infected with malaria, the nuns were forced to abandon the *conveni*, and St. Pius V. granted them a site within the walls, on the hill called Magnanopoli, where they built a sumptuous church and convent, now known by the title of SS. Domenico e Sisto. It is still occupied by a community descended from that of St. Sixtus, and within its walls is preserved with the utmost veneration the miraculous picture of our Lady.

Gerald O'Brien was not to set forth on his boating excursion alone. Two companions stood close at hand—a young girl, and a boy with a basket of provisions. The weather was cheery and mild, resembling early spring rather than a day far advanced in December.

The girl sat in the stern of the boat, with her wraps thrown loosely round her, her hat shading her eyes. Her hands were clasped and her eyes constantly sought those of Gerald's. And he loved his young companion, not with a fleeting boyish fancy, but with a love which years afterwards caused the form of Mary Fitzgerald to rise from the misty past, mirrored with all those graces which charm the lover's heart.

Gerald did not look back or onward; he lived in the present, and the present was for him the maiden by his side. Gliding along they paused under the gray ramparts of Strancally Castle, and Gerald whispered to Mary to tell him of the wizard Earl of Desmond who built the stronghold, and decoyed his victims through an outlet in the river. He never tired of listening to the legend, nor she of telling it; but this time she told it in verse—verses of her own composition, strung together for her lover's approval.

Gerald O'Brien was no mean poet, and he pulled in his oars and listened attentively to the tale of hapless Eileen O'Moore whom the Earl had captured and thrown into a reeking dungeon, hoping to wring a heavy ransom from her clansman. Failing in his design he suffocated her and sent her body adrift on the waters. Mary's muse related how the last rites of religion were charitably rendered by the pious inmates of the Abbey of Rhincrew, hard by.

"See down the vista towards yon river bend
Slow moves a white draped barge! Thereon she lies
The sweet dead flower; while o'er her sadly chant
The cowed monks to time of muffled oars.
They look upon her face—no trace it wears
Of pain, but all is calm as if the maid
Had sunk in sleep's embrace."

"And you really composed these lines," asked Gerald O'Brien, bending to catch the averted eyes of Mary Fitzgerald, as she bent over the boat, blushing at her first feat in the poetic strain.

"Yes," she said shyly. "Do you admire blank verse?"

"That I do," he answered warmly. "I must ask you some day to compose verses for me. You know that in a few weeks my final

examination comes off, and if I succeed, old Oxford must ring to the sounds of your lyre—in plain English, you must write a poem in my honor."

"Agreed," she said laughingly. "But tell me what are your aspirations once you find yourself launched on the world, a fully fledged wrangler?"

The young man hesitated.

"Oh, if the gods be propitious," he said, "then I shall proceed to London, and give myself a holiday, dancing, gaming, flirting and the rest."

The tone of his voice jarred on his companion's ears, and her face grew serious.

"Oh come, don't look so woe-begone," he added playfully. "Are you getting jealous?" and he tilted back her hat to have a look into her eyes. But Mary Fitzgerald kept them steadily averted.

"No; I'll dabble first in the frolics of the gay metropolis," he went on "and then I'll come to rest my tired spirit in the purer atmosphere of Listerling House. You surely wouldn't grudge a fellow his hard earned holiday," and he laid his hand caressingly on the girl's shoulder.

"Gerald," she said calmly, "I grudge you nothing that tends to your good or recreation, but it pains me to hear you talk in this thoughtless manner. Life is too short to have it squandered as you describe."

"Oh you little nun!" he exclaimed half pettishly. "But here we are at the island of Molana, and we haven't tasted a morsel all day. Here, give us the prog," and he moored the boat to a stout stone pier.

Having partaken of luncheon Mary Fitzgerald and her lover rambled over the island, and through the old ruin, leaving the boy in charge of the boat.

An Abbey was founded here by St. Molanside for Augustinian Hermits in the year 501.

The building must have been a rude rectangular edifice without a cloister. There was no need of a cloister, because the whole island comprised one if the same shady walks, canopied by interlacing branches, existed then as now.

After the lapse of centuries a holy stillness still breathes around and clings like ivy to the mossy, mouldering walls.

As yet there had been no formal betrothal between Mary Fitzgerald and Gerald O'Brien, but there existed a tacit understanding

that as soon as he had passed his examination at Oxford, he should embrace an engineer's profession and marry. They had been playmates together. When our story opens Mary Fitzgerald was aged twenty one, her lover twenty-three.

She had passed her youth at a French convent, and for many years he had been an inmate of Magdalen College, Oxford. He was the possessor of undoubted talent and the coming examination was to prove to the world that the Celt is born to excel in whatever line of life he adopts. Gerald O'Brien's spirits rose at the golden prospects before him; when an invitation to pass the Christmas at Listerling House came in Mary's handwriting, his cup of pleasure overflowed. At once he accepted and throwing his valise into the night mail from London to Holyhead, was in a few hours crossing "the silver streak," which separates England and Ireland.

Mary Fitzgerald welcomed her old playmate with a degree of coy bashfulness.

Women are better diplomatists, than men and she was able to conceal her admiration; but when it came to Gerald's turn he cast all formality aside, and, holding her out at arms length, exclaimed:

"By Jove, Mary, you have grown up a beauty."

(*To be continued-*)

A DEVOUT EXPLANATION OF THE "OUR FATHER."

FROM ST. THOMAS AQUINAS.

THIRD PETITION CONTINUED.—God wishes thirdly, to have us restored to the condition and to the dignity in which the first man was created. There was then no conflict between soul and body—between the superior and inferior inclinations. Because, as long as the soul was subject to God, the flesh was subject to the spirit; it experienced no corruption of death or infirmity or any of the other passions. But the moment that the spirit—which mediates between God and the flesh—rebelled against God by sinning, that moment the flesh rebelled against the spirit; and then it began to experience infirmity and death and a continual warfare of the senses against reason. "*I see another law in my members fighting against the law of my reason.*" (Rom. 7.) "*The flesh lusteth*

against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh." (Gal. 5.) Thus there is a continual war between the flesh and the spirit; and man continually deteriorates by sin. It is therefore the will of God to have man restored to his first condition; the flesh must in no way act counter to the spirit. "*This is the will of God, your sanctification.*" (7. Thess. 4) This will of God, however, cannot be fully accomplished in this life, but only after the resurrection-day when the glorified bodies shall arise and be incorruptible and noble. "*It is sown in ignominy, it will arise in glory.*" (1. Cor. 15.) The will of God is accomplished in the just as far as the *spirit* is concerned. Their justice, their knowledge and lives prove it. Hence, when we say: Thy will be done, we pray that the *flesh* also may be brought under subjection. The word Heaven here stands for the spirit—earth for flesh, and then we read: *Thy will be done on earth*, that is in our bodies, *as it is in Heaven*, that is, in our souls.

The Children of the Rosary.

CONDUCTED BY AQUINAS.

THE FIRST GLORIOUS MYSTERY.

THE RESURRECTION.

CHILDREN, rejoice in holy glee!
On the third day, from death's dark prison
Jesus our Lord, once crucified,
By His own power hath arisen.

His blessed wounds are glorified
Upon this happy Easter day.
Oh, may we rise from death of sin
To live the life of grace away!



WE have thought of the Joyful Mysteries, we have grieved for the sufferings of our Lord, as they were presented to us in the Sorrowful Mysteries. Now we come to the fulfilment of the earthly

joys and sorrows of our dear Lord and his ever blessed Mother. We will think about them briefly in the Glorious Mysteries.

And first—the Resurrection of Jesus from the grave—It is the greatest, the most important event in our Lord's life. He died on Good Friday; and although He had often foretold the manner of His death and His rising again from the grave, still He was not believed. His enemies feigned to consider Him an impostor pretending and promising to do what could not be accomplished. And His friends, His disciples, whom he had instructed for three years, who had witnessed His miracles, even their faith was shaken. "We thought that it would be He who was to restore Israel," said the disheartened disciples on their way to Emmaus. Let us congratulate our risen Lord and ask Him to make us rise gloriously with Him on the last day.

CHARLEY'S CHANCE.

MRS. C. A. GILLESPIE.

IV.

NANCY met them at the door saying that the child had opened her eyes, but exclaiming: "Gwyn! The water!" had relapsed into unconsciousness and all their efforts to rouse her were unavailing.

Sam was put on a horse and started after her grand-father; Charley remained to help the women, and John going home to get on some dry clothes.

The road to the Quarries led around the foot of the mountain, and, always rough and lonely, seemed doubly so in the dark, especially as it had been badly washed by the long continued rains. In several places it was crossed by mountain streams, swollen almost to torrents, and it was a great relief to Sam when the twinkling lights in many little houses perched on the side of the hill announced the end of his journey.

He had no difficulty in finding old Mr. Morgan's residence, since it was much more pretentious looking than the others and had often been pointed out to him, though he had never had occasion to enter it. It was built after the style peculiar to Wales, in the side of a hill, the second floor projecting some ten feet beyond

the first, and forming on three sides a sheltered porch, paved with slate tiles; the rafters, or beams, hung with a motley collection of saddles, strings of beans, rakes and other articles of husbandry and housekeeping. He knocked at the square, foreign-looking door, and in an instant it was opened by a tall, angular old man, with keen blue eyes and bristling gray whiskers; a little old woman in a tall white cap and short skirts, stood right behind him, holding a candle and peering out into the murky night. She was slightly deaf and seeing from her husband's startled look that some bad news had been brought, broke out in a strong Welsh dialect to know what was the matter.

"Matter enech!" cried the old man, "eh what for do ye speir questions, when baith bairns may be droont! get me some claes, mither! Dinna stan' there like a gowk, ye suld ken I must awa," and he began excitedly to pick up and put down one thing after another in a terribly nervous way.

His wife then turned to Sam, seeing that her husband was evidently too bewildered to explain; Sam told her of the finding of the little girl, and soon learnt from her lamentations that there was more trouble than he was aware of.

The child had been taken by her brother that morning across the mountain by a bridle path which led to a railroad station. He had come up from the city to see his grandparents, and Rowena was to accompany him back in order to spend a fortnight with her father, who was detained by business. The rains had made it impossible to go in a conveyance, and so he had taken his little sister before him on a horse, which he was to send back by a messenger after he had reached the station.

Sam's first words had convinced Mr. Morgan that the young man must have perished, swept down by the river torrent, as more than one had been since his residence at the Quarries. After the first wild burst of grief and despair was over, the native energy and decision, which he had brought from his distant, sea-girt home, reasserted themselves and he set to work to provide himself with such things as he deemed needful, while Sam looked around in surprise at the interior of the cottage.

He thought he had never seen such provision of meat and other eatables in his life. The white-washed joists were hung with flitches of bacon, and a great joint of beef and heap of vegetables lay upon the table, which stood outspread in the middle of the room. A great many magazines and papers lay scattered around, and there was abundance of rude comfort intermingled with evi-

dences of intellectual pursuits, in an incongruous and astonishing way. Cleanliness and confusion; animal life and mental culture, seemed to create inextricable discord. This Welsh home introduced him at once into foreign life. But in a few moments the old man was ready; his great coat buttoned up to the chin as if it were mid-winter; he had a lantern and a box of homœopathic remedies.

A black boy, whom Sam had noticed nodding by the fire on his first entrance, had disappeared, and now brought his master's horse to the door, and a minute later they had mounted and disappeared in the darkness, leaving the old mother still holding the candle and peering out with dim and tear-bleared eyes.

It was well on to midnight when Sam conducted Mr. Morgan into Nancy's neat little room, where Rowena lay. She had roused again, but only to grow delirious, muttering and shrieking and looking very pitiful, her blue eyes glaring around with almost a maniac's stare. Her grandfather administered an opiate from his box, and gradually her mutterings grew less and finally she slept, just as the great, strong, glorious sun came pushing away the mists and darkness, and almost seeming to mock misery and death with his splendor.

Our boys, with their father, Mr. Dickerson and such of the neighbors as could be gathered in that sparsely settled country, now started out to search for Rowena's brother. It was mid-day ere they returned, a sad, tired, solemn looking crowd, in their rough, mud-bespattered boots and clothes, bearing that in the midst of them which twenty-four hours ago had been full of beauty and manly vigor; now so pale and bruised, with fallen jaws and sunken eyes, and dissheveled hair.

Ended all life's ambition. In vain a father's hope and pride.

They had found him some miles down the river, his foot still in the stirrup; horse and rider alike dead.

The next day Captain Morgan came up and carried his precious dead to a distant town to lay him beside his mother. From thence he returned to watch over Rowena's slow and uncertain recovery. He was a tall, splendid looking man, with fine features, his father's keen eye and well hung jaw; with a loud quick way of speaking and drawing deep rapid breaths like one accustomed to the limitless atmosphere of the sea. He looked and felt miserably out of place in a sick-room; one could conceive him almost as consuming the vitality of an invalid into his own physique. He would come, stand in the narrow door way, and look down on the poor,

little sufferer, for a few moments, and then wander forth into the fields.

Gradually the strong constitution his child had inherited from him conquered, and little by little she came back to life and conscious thought. Do not be harsh in judging this father because it seemed hard to him that it was she that was spared, and not the boy who had grown up to be his constant companion and friend. His son who was so thoughtful and wise; so free from the follies of youth, yet so full of zeal in his service; who looked at him with the eyes and spoke with the voice of his dear wife, whose death had been caused by giving Rowena life.

Rowena, who was his counter-part, though he did not know it, had always been a trial to him; she was so passionate and wilful, he had hardly been able to bear with her during her short visits when he was in port; and but for her his boy had been alive! It was a trial to him to look at the little white face, and attend to her imperious demands; he wrested with the feeling but was always relieved when Nancy or Charlie, who had constituted himself her assistant, could be in the sick room. Rowena grew to be very fond of this one of her rescuers; indeed, since she saw so little of the others, she soon came to regard him as hero of the adventure, and became quite impatient if his visits were delayed. Each day before and after school, he might be seen coming from home with some little offering for the sick child. They were but trifles which he brought, a few woods violets, fragrant with a damp sweetness, a bit of moss speckled o'er with a tiny fungus growth, an empty nest, over which they held long discussions as to the structure, the birds, etc. These things were the events of the day to the poor little girl, shut out from the active life she delighted in. Daily she grew to depend more and more for companionship on the bright, beautiful boy, who was so exactly her opposite in every respect; mild when she was passionate; self-governed, thoughtful, resolute, where she was impetuous, wilful, whimsical. She felt without realizing the beauty and strength of his character, and was influenced by him as she never had been before by any one. Nancy, who was half afraid of her troublesome patient, would get Charley to administer medicines and restrain imprudence in eating and drinking. It was wonderful with what unquestioning obedience the spoilt child did as Charley wished.

"He saved me you know," she said to Nancy once in a burst of confidence, "oh, when I think of that dreadful water and that but for Charley I should never have seen the sun and the

flowers again, I almost wish he was God that I could say my prayers to him."

In three weeks Rownie had so far convalesced as to be able to be removed to her grandparents, but there she fretted and cried so after her little playmate, and was so wilful and disobedient, that her father in despair came over and asked Mr. Clark to lend him his bright little son at least until she was stronger. In his aimless rambles over the hills around Nancy's home, the Captain had been thrown much with the Clark boys, as they were called, though John was now twenty-five and Sam twenty. He had been greatly impressed by their intelligence and quiet self-reliance. He heard their praise sung by every neighbor. He saw for himself that they were far above the average in mind and character, and his heart, bereaved of its idol, turned, as was natural, to whatever offered strength for him to lean upon, or wisdom for him to consult. He had made an idol of his boy, and idol worship, unlike the worship of God, weakens the strongest characters, making them more and more dependent upon creature comforts, and hence this brave and intrepid man, who had sailed over many seas, and faced manifold dangers without shrinking, felt such a sinking of the heart before the awful loneliness of life that spread out before him, that his affections were ready to twine themselves around the first objects that seemed to offer strength, or seemed to possess it themselves. And so it came to pass that a few days before he was to leave for his ship, he came to see John, whom he instinctively recognized as the head of the family, and laid two propositions before him. The first was that he should induce his father to let Charley accompany Rowena on a sea voyage, which was strongly recommended by her physician. His own time would be very much taken up, and he felt that Charley, who was twice her age, and to whom she was devoted, would have far more control over her than he could hope to have. His second proposal was that John himself should go with him to the city, and, after the necessary instruction, take charge of his affairs there in his absence. Telling him at the same time that he knew it would be but a short time ere he would be able to get Sam into a lucrative position, when they could have their father join them and all be a united family again.

In unfolding his plans to John the Captain's manner was that of one soliciting a favor. Of all the boys it was John, sturdy, honest John, who had most strongly attracted the bereaved father. Though reared under such different circumstances, and far inferior

to his lost boy in appearance and culture, yet there was an innate nobleness and self-reliance about John, born of his lonely life, the care of a family, his patient wrestle with the incongruities and drawbacks surrounding him, and combatting every upward step, that made him in nowise inferior in character to Gwin Morgan; and his struggle after knowledge had imparted to his homely face a look of intelligence, transfiguring it as character and thought are bound to transfigure any face. The Captain realized that for all the emergencies of life, this self-made man was his superior, and that any pecuniary advantages he might be able to throw in his way, would be far over balanced by the unbiased judgment and sagacity John would bring to bear upon his affairs.

John's bronzed face took on a deeper tinge as Captain Morgan talked. The long vista of great advantages and responsibilities which the proposal seemed to open before him, its unexpectedness, his own sense of unworthiness struck him dumb. He asked a night to consider the matter, which was readily granted. After his friend left him John took a long walk, trying to adjust his thoughts to this great change, this upheaval, as it were, of the habits and plans of his life. Everything seemed strangely unreal. The solemn mountain overhanging his path; the rocky road; the uprooted trees; the weird half light of the closing day, all these things his eye rested upon without his realizing that he saw them, while the new and untried, unthought of, life seemed a present, overpowering reality, from which he shrank back in perplexity and anxiety. Was he equal to such a trust? But yesterday so poor and friendless, struggling almost hopelessly on, beset by pecuniary embarrassment, with thread-bare clothes and meagre food! A simple turn in Fortune's wheel and he to be the confidential clerk and friend, and almost the son, of a rich and prosperous man! The remembrance of his frequent discouragement and repinings humbled him to the dust. But a counter-current of thought suggested:

"This thing has come unasked, undreamed of, and God has sent it for good, good to me and to others. He who could overlook my petulance and restiveness under the hardships of the past, can supply the needed wisdom and ability for the future."

And that night, sitting in the old doorway, he told his father and brothers of the good fortune that had come to them all. He felt that it was a thing intrusted to him, not so much for his own benefit, as for these objects of his care.

Charley's face grew radiant, and kind hearted Sam, stifled back

any feeling of injustice in thus being left to the miserable cabin and barren fields and hill sides, and congratulated John in genuine hearty boy fashion.

The father querulously asked, "how was he to get along?"

"Why, Pap," said John, "how long do you think it will be ere I have my right hand man, Sam, at my side, and then do you think your boys could get along without you to lecture them, and make the chimney corner seem homelike? Not many months sure as you live!"

And in truth Sam had hardly time to harvest his scanty crop of corn and potatoes, ere all this came to pass, but we anticipate.

Captain Morgan rode over bright and early the next morning to learn John's decision. The latter told him frankly that he felt himself wholly unfitted for the duties for which he had selected him, but he considered it right to try improve such a rare opportunity for bettering his position, and that he hoped his kind friend would not be disappointed in him. The Captain seemed much gratified with his manly straightforward manner, and assured him that he had the greatest confidence in his ultimate success. He informed John that urgent business called him away at once, and that he should expect both brothers by the end of the week.

Almost any of my readers can imagine what sort of a night Charley passed before the dawn of that beautiful May morning which was to be the beginning of such a very different life from any he had ever thought of in connection with himself. All he had ever read, in books loaned him by Miss Dodge, of the wonderful providences of life, seemed about to be realized. After his last day at school his kind teacher had walked half way home with him through the calm and sunshine of the soft balmy air.

They had sat down on the abutment of the new and much stronger bridge which the county was having built. Charley felt the solemn sweetness of her gentle tones fall on his young heart like sacred balm as she talked to him of her hopes for his future; of what she thought would be his mission; of life's many doors of opportunity now opening before him. He felt his heart beat high in holy resolution as she held before him the high ideal of a noble Christian gentleman. When she took his hand in parting there were tears in the beautiful eyes he raised to her as he said:

"Oh, Miss Dodge, I am so sorry I have not been more help to you, and have not always acted as you wished me to."

"Charley," replied his teacher, "I can say to you what Alfred

Cookman's mother said to him once, 'you have never given me a moment's uneasiness in your life.'"

And then she bade the gentle boy farewell, and they turned to tread life's diverging pathways. She, thoughtful, pale, middle-aged; a woman to whom life had brought many cares and few joys. She felt sad at losing her favorite pupil, but with a patient sigh took up the burden of life anew. For her there were no glowing visions, no unexpected turns of fortune. She seemed to have passed all her life in a school room, either as pupil or teacher, nor did she dislike her task. She deemed it a high and holy calling, and felt that she was daily and hourly touching chords which would vibrate to all eternity; but as the scent of a flower, or a strain of long forgotten melody, will sometimes bring vividly back scenes and recollections of the past, so this setting forth of the Clark boys recalled thoughts and feelings of her own youth, and the pale cheek flushed, and the mild gray eyes kindled as she faced the setting sun, singing softly, with a sob in the tremulous tones: "*Stabat Mater, dolorosa.*"

Somehow this losing of her boy seemed to bring her into communion with that lonely, sorrowing Mother, whose Son was the Crucified Christ. She, out of Her world-wide compassion, could feel for this lesser loss of hers.

Charley strode nimbly up the mountain path, stopping to liberate a wounded frog he had found and penned up and fed for several days. It was almost well now and hopped thanklessly away. Then he peeped for the last time into a dogwood bush to see if Mrs. Wrennie had hatched her brood, but she only turned a modest, inquiring eye sidewise as he said:

"Good bye, Madam, I am going to see as great sights soon as ever you saw in your wildest flight."

He had only gone a few steps further when he saw a tramp sitting by the wayside, with dirty bloated face, and miserably clad; who should it be but Jim Sykes. Charley was innately a gentleman, as well as by grace a Christian, and both influences combined to make him speak pleasantly to his old enemy. A surly scowl was the only notice taken of him. Charley's happy face was to Jim as the sight of Mardochai to Aman, and with a moody countenance he watched his form grow less against the glowing sky. But Charley quickly subdued any feeling of resentment by murmuring the talismanic words: "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us," and, feeling himself heard, sprang over the low fence and hastened to the old cabin, his mind

so full of thoughts of the future that he did not even conjecture where Jim had come from or whither he was going, for his father had left the neighborhood two years before.

That night the two boys packed their few poor belongings in one small box; such a scanty wardrobe! A few roughly made cotton shirts, some socks and collars, the books won as prizes at school, Miss Dodge's letters soiled from many readings, Charley's prayer book, in which his mother had written his name, the trembling hand so soon to be stilled in death. The job was a short one and at an earlier hour than usual John and Charley climbed the rough ladder for the last time.

No reader expects that I should say that either of the two boys slept much that night as they lay on their lowly cot. The one, small, hinged window was fastened back and let in the faint sweet smell of the mountain firs, that stood like tall sentinels against the star lit sky, while from the river bottom floated up on the still air the sound of the water lapping and gurgling on its way. They had reached the first of life's mile stones, standing out boldly on the highway; the paths once trodden could know no more returning.

(To be continued.)

Notes.

A WORD this month to our young graduates. Boyhood and girlhood are past. You are entering the field of life. The work of men and women lies before you. You are mentally strong now for your life work. Take care lest over eagerness or immoderately prolonged pleasure dissipate, or lest mental or physical sloth dwarf the strength with which years of study have endowed you. Go forth earnestly but not eagerly. If you have a choice of work, and it is in your reach, grasp it. If you have a choice and it lies beyond your hand, make your way perseveringly towards it, bravely doing day by day the work that lies between. An attraction to a work is what often makes known God's design for us. If you have no choice then believe that the best which lies in reach is God's choice for you. And if—sad thought—brave young hearts and ready young hands can find nothing to do, there is no better word we can say to you than this—turn to the words of the Great Master Who teaches in the school of life, and read and take to heart in loving faith His blessed lessons of abiding trust. Trust God through bright days and dark days. And another word!

Do not, young graduates, be deaf and blind to all that goes on in the Catholic world around you. Read about the Summer School, the Reading Circles now soon to enter upon another year of work. Join one of them if in reach, or form one in your own home if God has given you younger brothers and sisters; invite other young people around you to unite with you. Surely a helping word or a letter of advice will be often and gladly given you by the teachers who have prepared you for life's work. Begin to form a home Library; above all, be the light of home, as *Golden Sands* says, the Angel of kindly deeds in the Home Circle.

WITH OTHER YOUNG FOLKS.

"GLEANINGS for Children," is the pretty and novel title of the Young Folks' Department of the *Catholic School and Home Magazine*, Worcester, Mass., and "Cousin Ruth," who does the gleanings, knows how to make the best showing of the good things gleaned from the little ones' letters. Her prize condensations of books draw attention to four of the very good stories by Catholic Authors. "Coaina" and "Palms," by Mrs. Anna Hanson Dorsey, 'Constance Sherwood,' by Lady Fullerton and "Tom Play-fair," by Francis J. Finn, S. J. It is a good exercise in composition, that of condensing Catholic stories, and, we would add, that of drawing out the lessons taught by the various characters.

"COUSIN ADORINE" makes a charming department for the children in the *Bouquet*, issued weekly in the interest of the Angel Guardian House for boys, Boston. The little ones have just ceased sending designs for a badge for the young "Cousins." In the issue at hand Marie Ponce de Leon contributes a pretty mouse story, illustrative of the evils of disobedience.

The September issues of *Our Little Men and Women*, and *Babyland* have just reached us. Nothing could be more charming than the juvenile publications of D. Lothrop & Co., Boston. Among the contributors to *Our Little Men and Women* we find Miss Mary C. Crowley, whom we gratefully remember for having generously helped on THE ROSARY Fresh Air excursions for poor children.

OUR PRIZE WINNERS.

In the month of May we offered a prize to the boy and girl who would send the best set of answers to the puzzles of the May, June, and July numbers. During the first month all the young folks worked hard, and many answers were received. The puzzles in June were more difficult for the little folks, and while

many children solved the "pied" poem, very few answered the geographical question.

The July puzzles brought several answers. Then the work of examination began.

160 children sent answers to the puzzles in the May number; 19 children answered correctly some of the puzzles in every number; 10 answered correctly all the May puzzles, but only one each of June and July. Not more than five sent the correct answer to No. 1 of June. One boy and three girls sent correct, well-written answers to all the puzzles in every number. One of the answers sent by girls came so much ahead of the others that we have no difficulty in deciding the winners of the prizes. They are John Arts, of Troy, N. Y., and Katie Dorian, of Memphis, Tenn.

Worthy of special mention in THE ROSARY are the following: Annie E. McGuire, Brookline, Mass., and Amelia Gavin, Sea Isle City, N. J., for the third and forth set of correct answers; "a Pupil of Notre Dame," San Jose, Cal.; Maggie Paul, Phila., Pa.; Amelia Gavin, Sea Isle City, N. J., and Florence Loretto Wray, for fine penmanship; Katie Dolan and Alfred Flattery, New York City, for earliest replies to any of the puzzles; Willie E. Lehey, Northampton, Mass., for the most original answer, the little lad having sketched anew the pictures in May; for the best historical essay in reply to the questions of May, Florence Loretto Wray.

The prizes offered were a bat and ball, a foot-ball, an autograph album, or a workbox. Will the winners, John Arts and Katie Dorian, please state which prize they prefer? Address, AQUINAS, Office of THE ROSARY, NEW YORK CITY.

WE notice that among the many papers to be read at the Catholic Young Men's National Convention, held this year in Albany, there is one entitled "What Can we do For Our Boys? Boys' Guilds," by John J. Cantwell, of the Catholic Union, Boston. There is an untilled field for work among our boys everywhere. So few of the workers ever get deep down into boys' hearts to read their longings, their attractions for better things. And, after all, while boys are "boys" they are not so badly off—they are happy in school and Sunday School, with an occasional jolly day of "playing truant." It is when they reach the age when they may more correctly be called youths than either boys or young men that they are too much left to their own devices in the seeking of companions and amusements. We do hope Mr. Cantwell is a man who remembers his own days stretching between boyhood and manhood, and that he will give us something practical for our future men.

AGGIE'S TEMPTATION

MARGARET E. JORDAN.



"THE woods are just lovely—I wish I could go out into them, so I do."

"Don't, don't, mamma said you musn't."

"Well, I guess I'll open the door and look out into the woods."

"Don't, don't; if you do it will be harder to stay away from them."

"Oh I guess not; I won't do anything mamma doesn't want me to do." But Aggie opened the door, and the sweet scent of the woods was more tempting than the sight of them had been.

"How lovely that little bird is singing! I'll just step outside the door so that I can hear him better."

"Don't, don't, you are going into temptation."

It was a big word—temptation, but it came in the "Our Father" of Aggie's morning and evening prayers and her mother had often explained its meaning to her.

Aggie crossed the threshold.

"Oh, see that lovely wild rose just on the edge of the woods. I won't go any further but just there to smell that lovely rose."

"Don't, don't, if you do you'll go a little further." But Aggie went to the wild rose bush.

"Oh, see those lovely great berries! I wish I could go into the woods—I'd pick them all for papa's supper. I'll just go now and pick a few—mamma doesn't know the berries are ripe—she'll be so glad!"

"Don't, don't, if you do you'll be disobeying mamma's orders—but Aggie was on her knees robbing the blue-berry bush.

"Don't, don't!" how funny it is that a voice always says, "don't, don't," when little boys and girls are tempted to do wrong, but the voice grows fainter and fainter every time it is disobeyed and by and by it no longer says "don't, don't."

Poor Aggie. The great luscious berries were temptingly thick on the low bushes and there seemed to be no end to the bushes at all. Aggie forgot her mother's command and ate and ate the sweet fruit and went deeper and deeper into the wood.

The owner of the voice did something awful strange; it stopped saying "don't, don't," but it seemed to put a great weight like lead into Aggie's heart, and it took all the good taste out of the berries, and it made the mosquitoes bite her bare shoulders, (grandma was washing out a great grass stain from the sleeve of her pretty white guimpe) and it made the thorns on the juniper bushes prick her hands, and oh dear! it made the little girl think of home and mamma and made her wish she hadn't come to the horrid woods at all.

By and by, when the great weight grew too heavy for the child's heart to carry, she said with her lip's a-tremble:

"I guess I'll go home, so I will."

In an instant the voice was back again, but this time it didn't say "don't, don't," but "do, do." "Go home again, do, do."

And Aggie didn't wait one moment, but thoughtfully walked through the beautiful cool woods towards home. And she said:

"I must tell mamma how naughty I've been." "Do, do," said the voice.

"And I must tell her how sorry I am that I've been so naughty."

"Do, do!" repeated the voice.

"And I'll ask God to help me never to be so wicked again." continued Aggie.

"Do, do," again said the voice.

Aggie was nearly home when she met her mother looking for her. She had not worried on finding her gone. She knew her love for the woods—but never allowed her to go there alone on account of a pool of water there which though shallow might be a place of danger. The open doorway told her that the child had gone there.

Aggie threw herself into her mother's arms and telling her sad story was forgiven, for all good mothers forgive repentant children.

That evening Aggie told her mother about the queer little voice that first said "don't, don't," and then said "do, do;" and about the heavy weight the owner of the voice put into her heart, and she said:

"The voice doesn't say either 'do or don't,' now, mamma, why? And the weight is all gone."

And by and by, throwing her arms coaxingly around her mamma and pressing her cheek to hers, she pleaded:

"Will you come with me to-morrow to the woods and pick the lovely berries?"

And her mother replied:

"Yes, daughter, to-morrow and every day till the berries are gone. They are God's gifts and we must not let them go to waste. But mamma cannot trust her little girl to go to the woods alone, remember that." And Aggie remembered.

How many of our little readers know what the voice was that said "don't, don't," and "do, do," to Aggie?

THE PRESENTATION.

Words by MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD.

Music by LOUISA MORRISON..

Andante.

1. A gift of worth be-yond compare The Vir-gin Moth-er hastes to bring.
2. O - be-dient to the laws' be-hest She comes, the Spir-it's stainless bride.
3. O Queen of Heav'n! O sinless One! Pray for us, pray that we may be

And of - fer in the tem-ple fair—The temple's Lord, His people's King;
Whose spotless soul sin ne'er possess'd, And the most pure is pu - ri - fied;
Wash'd in the blood of thy dear Son, And dow'r'd with thy sweet pu - ri - ty;

ritardando.

And of - fer in the tem-ple fair—The temple's Lord, His people's King.
Whose spotless soul sin ne'er possess'd, And the most pure is pu - ri - fied.
Wash'd in the blood of thy dear Son, And dow'r'd with thy sweet pu - ri - ty.

Chorus.

List - en,

List-en, O Mother, while we pray, We show thee all our cares and

needs, As pleading for thy aid we say The A - ves on thy blessed beads;

As pleading for thy aid we say..... The A - ves on thy blessed beads.

Notes.

SEPTEMBER, the first month of the Autumn season! The last month of the fourth century that has passed since Columbus sailed the unknown seas, and gave to civilization a world! Four hundred years! What a length of time when measured by the span of a human life. Facing the past made up of known and unknown joys and sorrows of Church and Country and Humanity, the four centuries seem to rise up like four impregnable walls, enclosing unmeasured, unnumbered, and, alas! too often, unappreciated blessings. Let us make these blessings our very own. Let us take up the glorious *Te Deum* of thanksgiving intoned by Columbus, and though now and then the words die on our lips, let their echoes still ring in our hearts. The generation that beholds this great quater-centennial celebration of our Country's discovery can bestow upon future generations no more priceless heritage than that of gratitude to God. The grateful soul will never be an infidel or a traitor.

The feast of the Exaltation of the Cross, September 14, bears to Good Friday the relation which Corpus Christi bears to Maunday Thursday. In Holy Week, Mother Church must needs give vent to the sorrow that is hers for the suffering and sorrow of her Divine Spouse. The shadow of impending parting, veils the joy of constant union on earth, made possible by the awful gift of the Holy Eucharist. The darkness of parting realized, obscures the glory of Redemption and the joy of eternal union effected by the uplifting of the Cross on Calvary's height. But the Church is grateful, and the gratitude of her heart must needs find expression in lights and flowers, and canticles of joy and thanksgiving and hence, not content with the commemoration of agony of the Cross, she has instituted a feast that commemorates its glory and Exaltation.

September, for its frequently recurring feasts of our Lady should be one of special devotion to our Rosarians, a preparation as it were, for the long feast of the month of the Rosary. On the 8th we commemorate the joy of joys in the life of St. Anne who is so widely known, loved and honored, and St. Joachim, whose name we so seldom hear—the Nativity of Mary, the

child of their holy old age. On the 11th we have the feast of Mary's Holy Name, on the 18th that of her Seven Sorrows, on the 24th we invoke her under the title of Our Lady of Mercy. We would draw attention also to the feast that falls upon the 29th, that of St. Michael, who fought the first battle for the glory of God.

We are glad to learn that St. Clara's Convent, Sinsinawa Mound, Wis., is sounding the roll-call of the Columbian Celebration to all other Dominican convents of the Country. Since 1822 the Daughters of St. Dominic have been toiling unremittingly in the educational field here in the United States. The World's Fair is, as it were, an opening of the past revealing its garnered stores, and surely to these workers much can be accredited. The different Congregations of Dominican Sisterhoods, having no visible bond of connection, yet all children of the one Father and following the same paternal rule, furnish a beautiful example of variety in unity. Some of these congregations go on doing their noble work shunning the plaudits of the world. Others, notably St. Clara's, (Congregation of the Holy Rosary) following their leading for accomplishing the greater glory of God, appear to strive to merit its richest meed of praise. There are souls to be won through both ways. The Annual Scholastic Report of St. Clara's Academy gives evidence of the high standard aimed at and reached by the Sisters at Sinsinawa Mound as educators of youth. THE ROSARY bids them God-speed in their work for the educational exhibit of the World's Fair, and will do its own humble share, as a voice of the Order of St. Dominic in this Country. *The Young Eagle*, of Sinsinawa, the *Salve Regina*, New Orleans, and the *St. Mary's Echo*, of Bloomington, Ill., the latter a bright little publication issued by a Dominican parochial school, will likewise speak to the renown of the Order. Let every Dominican Convent now add noble endeavor to the generous response already given. The path of sanctity for the greater number of Dominican saints led, not through lowly hidden valleys, but along the open highways of life, where the eye of the world was upon them. "Let your light shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father who is in Heaven."

THE CATHOLIC SUMMER SCHOOL.

WHEN our September number reaches our readers the Catholic Summer School will be but a happy, helpful memory of this year and a pleasing anticipation of years to come. But as we pen this notice it is in full progress, dealing not only with the literature and the history of the world, but with the philosophical and social problems that occupy the greatest thinkers of the day. The press has ably reported the various sessions. The success that has crowned the efforts of Mr. Warren C. Mosher shows what earnestness of purpose and well-defined plans systematically developed can do in any good cause. We congratulate him on what he has done; we wish him continued success. The *Catholic Reading Circle Review*, the organ of his work, should find a place in the

hands of everyone who has at heart the restoring to Catholics their birthright—leadership in good and great works, charitable, intellectual, spiritual and apostolic.

We Catholics are two timorous in grappling with the evils of the day. We act as though shifting sands were beneath our feet, when in truth we stand upon the rock against which evil powers shall never prevail. We act as though we were weaponless when, in fact, the teachings of our Faith are stones as telling as were any in David's sling. The sling is ready, the Goliath of intellectual evil is threatening us, and assemblies like that at New London will do much, with God's help, to strengthen the Catholic arm and direct its defensive blows. Long life to the Catholic Summer School! And a long subscription list to the *Catholic Reading Circle Review*, of Youngstown, Ohio.

OUR EXCHANGES.

In "Chats with good Listeners," the *Ave Maria*, of August 6, Professor Egan talks in a semi-sarcastic vein to parents on "The Question of Marriage." Every word he says is worthy the *imprimatur* of every thinking person. But are parents entirely to blame that young people so often overlook the fact that "marriage is the outcome of vocation"—a matter of grave duty, self-sacrifice and responsibility?"

How do priests and nuns prepare for each coming year during which their duties, sacrifices and responsibilities will in "nine cases out of ten," be those with which the practice of the past has made them familiar. How does a young man prepare himself for the taking up of these "duties, sacrifices and responsibilities" of the priesthood? A young woman for the reception of the habit or the profession of the vows of the religious life? Is it not by a period of spiritual retreat varying from three to ten days, even more? But what opportunities of the kind are provided for our young marrying men and women? Ex-pupils of our religious institutes have special facilities at stated times in the year, but where can they go at any other season? Where can all others in general go at all, except by soliciting favors which many do not feel at liberty to seek? There are a few places, thank God! The Jesuits have a house for men at Keyser Island, Conn; the Carmelites at Niagara, N. Y.; the Passionists have houses. At Albany and Saratoga there are houses for women, in charge of the Dominican nuns, specially founded for retreat work; the Sisters of the Precious

Blood do this work in Brooklyn; and *Les Dames des Retraites* will soon establish themselves in New York. There is work for all; let the call be given them, they are ready.

But, setting aside the question of a place of Retreat, how seldom do we ever hear proclaimed in sermon or instruction the necessity of immediate, heartfelt preparation for entrance into a state full of the gravest duties, keenest sacrifices, and highest responsibilities, a life around which there is built up no hedge of spiritual helps, but for safeguards depends upon the spiritual stamina of the two whose lives are linked together "till death do part."

There is no moment in life when man and woman need more to retire apart from the world for a brief time. There is no vocation that needs more prayer to bring it to perfection. The marriages around us, even among Catholics, would lead one to say that God had left entirely to human planning the bringing together of the two whom He would "join together."

The work of spiritual Retreats is a young work, but one that the bustling, active lives of our American Catholics render of keen necessity if spiritual progress is to keep pace with material advancement.

The *Catholic World* for August presents a splendid table of contents. Rev. Thomas O'Gorman, of the Catholic University, has an article on "The Shepherdess of Domremy," another title for Joan of Arc, sweeter, but less familiar than that of "Maid of Orleans." He draws his facts

from the two trials of her life and mission, that of Rouen before her death, that of Paris twenty-five years later. The writer in a brief paragraph inserts a clear definition of God's ordinary and His extraordinary providence. Rev. Charles Warren Currier, well known from his "Carmel in America," gives us an interesting account of "Columbus and La Rabida," which being written by Fray Jose Coll, in the Spanish tongue, is but little known to English readers. Father Walworth continues his reminiscences of Bishop Wadhams. The fiction of the number is by Edith Stamford, M. T. Elder, and M. C. Williams. William Seton, in "Latest Word of Science on Venomous Snakes," treats of a subject not often presented in our publications. One of the best articles, because just to the point, is "Are we Worthy of Our Inheritance," by Josephine Lewis. One has the keynote to the whole in two brief quotations: "Why are the Catholics not more fully represented in our art schools? Are they satisfied with superfluities?" And "art has ever been deeply devout. We cannot imagine a monastery of early time without its 'scriptorium,' and the faithful illuminators of the sacred page. . . The fullest knowledge of truth engenders the noblest men, while the highest art of a nation is its religious art." We are glad that the author admits that "the dawn is full of promise." The poets of this number are Aubrey de Vere and Marie Loyola Le Baron; the latter closes exquisitely:

"Bloom, O Rosary! Thread of patience,
through fate's fingers swiftly run;
Each small bead doth hide a blossom—
mystic roses every one.
Smiles the Virgin o'er creation, she who
formed the perfect Man;
Rose of Life! O Rose immortal! Crown-
ing flower of God's pure plan.
Aves! Aves! Lo, the fragrance rising to
the veiled throne!
This the mystery of the roses—seed of love
and love alone."

We are in receipt of the *Kindergarten News*, the organ of Kindergarten work. Among the many good things in its columns we find the following in a letter from Alice W. Rollins: "We are all good or bad, not because of the circumstances that confront us, but because of the attitude of mind in which we confront circumstances." True indeed!

The *Annals of St. Joseph*, West De Pere, Wis., is at hand, brim full of loving things about that ever helpful friend of every one who invokes him, St. Joseph.

Mary Agnes Gannon contributes the first part of a tender little sketch, one that is true, of a soul in a lowly walk of life whose keenest earthly desire was to help the dying. We are anxious to learn how her life's prayer was answered, for answered it must have been. The prayers of such souls are full of faith and trust, the double key that opens the door of the Heart of God.

Demorest's Family Magazine for August is full of good things. "Flower Missions and Their Work," takes us down into the dark slums of life, and shows how they can be brightened by bringing the beauty and fragrance of flowers there. "Lady Orchestras," is suggestive of new fields for the development of musical talent. "A Boy's Room," in the Home Art and Home Comfort Department, is brim full of common sense advice upon the furnishing of a boy's room. All the departments are ably conducted.

The charming series of sketches, "European Shrines of our Lady," from the pen of Rev. J. M. Kiely, in *The Annals of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart*, Watertown, N. Y., has reached that most widely known—Lourdes. This article is but one of many in the August number that go to make up an issue worthy of warmest greeting. We noticed specially a sketch of our own Dominican Saint, Rose of Lima, from the Bollandists.

In the article contributed by Rev. C. W. Currier, "What a Dominican Did for St. Teresa," in the August number of the *ROSARY*, the compositor made a serious mistake in the spelling of the name of an Order referred to by the author. Father Currier in speaking of St. Teresa's brother says:

"Some, and notably Ribera, the biographer of the Saint, have asserted that he entered the Order of the Hieronymites, but died in the novitiate." The compositor made the Order the "Theronymites," which error was seen too late for correction.

BOOK NOTES.

Like the subdued pleasure of wandering through a gallery hung with portraits of men and women of earlier days, listening to a pleasant voice telling the story of their simple lives, their joys and sorrows, is that which one feels in reading "WAS IT A LOST DAY, AND OTHER STORIES," by Katharine Jenkins, one of the late publications of John Murphy & Co., Baltimore. The stories are very brief, very simple, but there is a quaint charm about

every one of them that is redolent, now of mountain flowers, again of the ocean breeze. The sketches are thirteen in number. The cover of white and gold, is as chaste and simple as any we have seen. The price is not given.

"ALL FOR THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS." Translated from the French. P. J. Kenedy, Publisher, 5 Barclay St., N. Y.

Prayers are asked for the following intentions: An important undertaking; a novitiate and school; the conversion to the faith of one, restoration to health of three; a safe ocean voyage; the spiritual and temporal welfare of a religious community; a better position in business; the grace of confession; a boy who has left the church; cure of weak eyes; a more retentive memory; guidance in an important undertaking; a good situation; for entire good health for a sick mother; for peace of a suffering family; for the conversion of a father who gives his family trouble; for the conversion of a person who is always jealous; for the conversion of a person who gives scandal; for the perseverance of a family; for the grace to know how to educate a child; for the conversion of ten brothers leading bad lives, for the health of a subscriber; for a convert's special intentions; conversion of ten men who drink; conversion of a non-Catholic; conversion of a bad Catholic, who is to be married out of the Church; conversion of a Catholic who refuses to go to confession; for the sale of ground of a person who has no other source of revenue; for a true vocation for two; for a young lady to pass a good examination; for peace in a home; to decide a vocation; for health for a person who suffers every day of life; for perseverance of a person tempted; conversion of a man who has not been to confession for twenty years and drinks; for success in a temporal matter; conversion of a cruel father; conversion to the faith of a mother who is not a Catholic and of her husband; peace of mind for a certain person; for the gift of forbearance; for the souls of the following persons, deceased: Very Rev. J. W. Murphy, V. G., of St. Dominic's Church, Portland, Maine; Sister Reginald O'Keefe, in the thirty-seventh year of her age, and the thirteenth of her religious life, who died at St. Cecelia's Convent, Nashville, Tenn., on July 27; Miss Mary Neville; and Mrs. Hannah Allen.

September 4, first Sunday of the month, three plenary indulgences:

- (a) C.C. visit Rosary Chapel.
- (b) C.C. assist at Procession.

(c) C.C. visit Rosary Chapel, Prayer.

Sept. 5, Blessed Catharine, O.P., Anniversary of the deceased benefactors of the Dominican Order. Plenary Indulgence C.C., assisting at Office and Mass for dead; prayer.

Sept. 8, Nativity of Our Blessed Lady, Four Plenary Indulgences.

(a) C. or purpose of C., visit Rosary Chapel from first vespers to sunset of Feast.

(b) C. or purpose of C., assist at Procession.

(c) C.C. visit Rosary Chapel; prayer.

(d) C.C. visit any church or oratory; prayer. Also Plenary Indulgence for Living Rosary.

Sept. 11, the Holy Name of Mary, Plenary Indulgence, C.C. visit Rosary Chapel; prayer.

Sept. 14, Exaltation of the Holy Cross; Fifth Sorrowful Mystery of the Rosary. Plenary Indulgence, C.C. visit Rosary Chapel.

Sept. 15, St. Dominic in Soriano Commemoration. Plenary Indulgence for all the faithful, C.C. visit Dominican Church, prayer.

Sept. 16, Blessed Imelda, O. P., Patroness of the Rosary children.

Sept. 18, Third Sunday of the month. Plenary Indulgence for Living Rosary.

Sept. 24, Our Lady of Mercy.

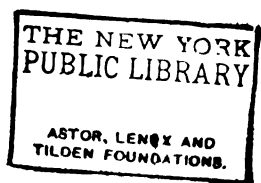
Sept. 25, Last Sunday of the month. Usual Plenary Indulgence for those who recite the Rosary three times a week in common.

Note: The attention of Rosarians is called to the great feast of the most Holy Rosary, Oct. 2. The indulgence *Toties Quoties* may be gained from the first vespers on Saturday till sunset of the feast *as often as* a Rosary Chapel is visited and prayers—equivalent to five Our Fathers and Hail Marys—are offered up for the attention of the Pope.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Subscriber: *What is the difference, if any, between a Rosary Chapel, a Rosary Altar and a Dominican Church?* Please consult Rosary for Dec. '91—where your question is fully answered.

If I give my rosary to another do I still continue to gain the indulgences? If not, does the person to whom I gave my rosary gain them? This question was also answered in one of our numbers. We will simply state that the indulgences in the case given cannot be gained by either you or the person to whom you gave the beads. The rosary must be blessed for the one who uses it.





QUEEN OF THE MOST HOLY ROSARY, PRAY FOR US.



QUEEN OF THE MOST HOLY ROSARY.

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

I.

I HAD a vision of the fairest Queen
That ever sat upon a throne, or swayed
The staff of sovereignty.—The sparkling sheen
Of her rich robes, her glorious presence made
Only less fair than God. In truth, it seemed
All creature-loveliness in earth and Heaven,
By artist ever limned, or poet dreamed,
Unto that matchless Maiden Queen was given.
The while I gazed upon her dazzling face,
I heard afar, a chorus strong and sweet ;
Unnumbered voices seemed to fill the place,
And roll, like billows, to the fair Queen's feet.

II.

First, "Pater Noster," on the ambient air,
Majestic rises ;—then, like silvern bells,
"Ave Maria," (oft-repeated prayer !)
With sweet insistence, thro' the silence swells ;
Last, in a mighty burst of rapturous song,
"Gloria Patri" thunders to the skies,—
What time they come, the white-robed, mystic throng.

Breathing those blessèd strains of Paradise.
Down the bright vista, tending to the throne,
Meekly they come, those minstrels of the Queen,
Their gaze concentrated on the Sinless One,—
(Help me, sweet Mother, to depict the scene !)

III.

In bands of five—a decade in each band—
The children come,—as fair and starry-eyed
As Raphael's angels ; in each dimpled hand,
A white and fragrant lily doth abide.
And as they leap along,
They chant in joyant song :
“ He was conceived in Nazareth :
Was carried to Elizabeth
In Mary's womb While angels watched around,
He was brought forth in Bethlehem ;
Was offered in Jerusalem ;
And in the Temple by His Mother found ! ”

IV.

In bands of five—a decade in each band—
The Youths and Maidens come, gracious and tall ;
Bearing a Passion-Flower in each hand,
They follow on the children's foot-prints small.
And as they file along,
They chant in dolorous song :
“ He sweated blood in dark Gethsemane :
Was lash'd and torn in cruel pillory ;
And wore a crown of thorns to heal our pride ;
Upon His bleeding shoulders, (piteous sight !)
He bore the heavy cross to Calvary's height,
And on it, for our sakes, was crucified ! ”

V.

In bands of five—a decade in each band—
The Men and Women fair,—a cohort bright ;—
A wealth of Morning-glories in each hand,
And in their eyes, the Resurrection light !

And as they march along,
They chant in thunderous song :
“ He hath arisen from the tomb !
He hath ascended from the gloom
Of earth, to reign in blissful heaven !
He hath His Holy Spirit given
Unto His own. Behold ! he doth assume
His Blessed Mother into Paradise,
And crown her peerless Queen of earth and skies ! ”

VI.

“ Queen of earth and skies ! ”—thro’ all our Lady’s
court,
The golden echoes ring and ring again.
The children wave their lilies,—the cohort
Of youth, their Passion-Flowers,—while the men
And women fling their Morning-glories free,
And all cry out, (each with the strength of ten) :
“ Hail ! QUEEN OF THE MOST HOLY ROSARY !
Belovèd QUEEN OF THE MOST HOLY ROSARY !

COLUMBUS THE MAN.

JOHN A. MOONEY.

“ A STATUE of gold, Columbus well deserved,” said Oviedo to the Emperor Charles V. Las Casas, Herrera, writer after writer, charge Oviedo with being an enemy of the Discoverer of the New World. Certainly he was not a friend of the great Genoese ; but even an enemy,—unless he were dishonest or cowardly,—knowing the wondrous deeds, the splendid aims, the nobility of character, the heroic spirit, the vigorous intellect, the elevation of thought, the decision, patience, loyalty, warm-heartedness of Christopher Columbus, could say no less of him, before king, emperor, president, than that he was worthy of a statue of gold. And yet the world, which is so immensely indebted to him, and which will be indebted to him as long as the world lasts, has cast no golden statue in his

honor. Shameful to say, in our day and in our country, on the eve of the first public tribute that can be said to come from the people, a purchased band of ingrates has been enlisted under the banner of calumny. What of malice, what of ignorance, American money could not buy at home, has been sought and found abroad. A statue of muck, these newest Oviedos would freely, generously raise to the man who has been the greatest benefactor of mankind. "Had he lived in pagan times," said Herrera, "not to speak of the temples, the statues they would have raised in his honor, they would have lifted him high up among the stars, like some demi-god." Evidently there are professing Christians and neo-pagans with meaner souls than the pagans of old. But the colossus of muck cannot stand, and when it tumbles down, the designers and modellers and founders will be as unclean exteriorly as they are interiorly;—a consummation most devoutly to be wished for!

Columbus wrote his own life, clearly and with detail sufficient for all readers who would know the man and his work. In his account of his voyage and in his letters he opened his mind and heart so fully, so frankly, that a simple child can understand, and none but the malevolent can misconceive. As a boy he was educated much beyond what many of our boys have to be proud of. Still a youth, he sailed the sea. Was he a pirate? No. The Magazine-writers who palm off their cheap plunder on our unsuspecting editors, are the only pirates in the case. Have an eye on them! The crime of stealing good reputations many a scribbler lives by. When the pirates praise,—then beware!

To the East, to the West, to the North, to England, to the Guinea coast, Christopher sailed; and sailing he was moved, as he writes, to look into "the secrets of this earth." God had granted him the spirit of intelligence, and when he recognized this fact he felt bound to use his talent well. The science of the stars, geometry, arithmetic, maps and globes, he studied diligently; and he learned to draw maps and charts beautifully, placing aright cities, rivers, mountains, islands, ports. Nor was he a mere draughtsman; he could intelligently explain the map of the known world. As a navigator, need we seek to prove the skill of the man who first dared to tempt the dan-

gers of the unknown, the tenebrous ocean, dreaded of all other men?

With these attainments was Columbus satisfied? No. To the study of cosmography, of history, of philosophy, he devoted years of his life. Over the old and the new Testament he pored unweariedly. There are living librarians who impertinently assume to be scientific historians, and who have not read, and for the life of them could not read, the works with which Columbus was familiar. "When we consider his life, we must feel astonishment at the extent of his literary acquaintance:" such are the words of one of the most learned men of our century, of a man who, because of his learning, valued learning,—Alexander Von Humboldt. And that Von Humboldt had reason for surprise, he himself proves by quoting a list of writers in whose works Columbus was especially well versed. This list includes great names: Aristotle, Julius Cæsar, Strabo, Seneca, Pliny, Ptolemy, Solinus and Julius Capitolinus, Alfragan, Averrhoës, Rabbi Samuel of Israel, Isidor of Seville, Bede, Duns Scotus, Abbot Joachim of Calabria, Sacrobosco, the mathematician, Nicholas de Lyra, King Alfonso the Wise and the learned Moors employed by him as translators; Cardinal d'Ailly, Chancellor Gerson; Æneas Sylvius (Pope Pius II.), Regiomontanus. "In his letter from Hayti to the monarchs, (1498), amid a thousand political embarrassments, on one page, Columbus cites Aristotle, Seneca, Averrhoës and the philosopher Francisco de Mariones, not through ostentation, but because their opinions are familiar to him, and come to him as he is hurriedly writing."¹ How he had studied the sacred scriptures, Columbus himself has recorded: "diligently, without ceasing a moment, continuously, he conned the forty and four books of the old Testament, and the four Gospels, together with the twenty and three epistles of the blessed Apostles." No ignorant seaman was he who conceived the idea of a new world, and who discovered that world, but a man of rare natural powers, and a man rarely cultivated. No mere adventurer, no foolhardy pilot, was the Discoverer of America. He was a studious, informed scien-

¹ *Examen Critique de l'histoire de la géographie du Nouveau Continent*, etc. Vol. II. pp. 347-351 Ed. 1837.

tist. Von Humboldt was surprised at his learning. And yet why should he be? Queen Isabella was a highly educated woman. From her youth she had been surrounded by learned men and women. The Spanish court, the Spanish clergy could boast of their acquirements. "No Spaniard was accounted noble," says Prescott, "who held science in indifference." To be notable for science meant much in a land where learning was common. And yet Isabella put herself on record, saying that Columbus "knew more than any other living being." No woman, no man will ever say half so much of the miserable fellows who, in this anniversary year, are vainly laboring to belittle a giant.

From the patient study of cosmography, from the study of ancient and modern scientific writers, from acute, constant observation of nature, and from reason, Columbus, as early as 1474,—eighteen years before he sailed from Palos,—had convinced himself that, beyond the limits which the most venturesome navigators dare not pass, far away in the mysterious ocean, there was a land unknown to Europeans. Did he guess this? No; he argued logically. Reading his letters, anyone must see how solid, how carefully considered, were the reasons on which he based his conviction; and they were, as Von Humboldt declares: "cosmographic reasons."¹ Once for all, we say that the Discoverer of America was the greatest cosmographer of his time. Was he indebted to any scientific man of his day, or to any one that had preceded him? No. Was he perchance indebted to some unnamed pilot, or to a wandering brother-in-law, or to the Florentine Toscanelli, or to the Pinzons? No; his idea was his own, and no one else's. During his lifetime jealous Spaniards,—jealous of the foreigner,—sought to rob him of his rightful fame; but he put a mark on all pirates, contemporary and future, within a twelvemonth after he unfurled the banner of the Cross on the frail *Santa Maria*. "Blessed be our Lord God,"—thus he writes to his friend Santangel, "Who to those that follow in His way gives victory and success in enterprises which seem impossible. This enterprise was evidently one of that kind,

¹ Loc. cit., Vol. i., pp. 12, 13.

for *although others had spoken of those lands, all was conjecture in regard to them.* No one said or could say that he had seen them, and everybody thought their existence a fable more than anything else."

The originality, the novelty of his ideas, and his intellectual power, are proven emphatically by the opposition with which Columbus had to contend for eighteen years. Himself convinced, he could not convince others. What did he do? Cosmographers argued against him, but they were no match for him. Theologians, philosophers, argued against him, out of the Scriptures, out of the Fathers, out of the ancients. Then he devoted himself more than ever to the study of sacred and profane literature, in order that he might answer his opponents with the aid of the very authorities to which they appealed. But *his* conviction was the result of the study of cosmography. For his ideas he was ready to seek support in books, old and new; but no book or books could shake *his* scientific conviction. The idea of the discovery of the New World belongs to Columbus, and to no other man of his day, or of any other day, of which even at this day, we have a reliable record.

A man of intellect, of originality, of learning, was the Discoverer of America; and besides, a man whose force of will made him most remarkable among men. Think of the patient pertinacity with which, during eighteen years, in Portugal and in Spain, he maintained his ideas and pressed them on cleric, on courtier, on prince! Had he failed in Spain he would have carried his ideas elsewhere and have sought to realize them with other aid. Opposition, contempt, poverty, he bore undaunted. The terrible experiences of the four voyages,—storm, shipwreck, hunger, pain, blindness, the prison, treachery, ingratitude, insolence,—overcame not his great soul. "Heroic spirit," says Ticknor; and to appreciate the heroism of Columbus one has only to read his own record of his trials,—feeling, beautiful, passionate record, writ without one word of anger or of hate.

A man of original, novel, great ideas; a reasoning man, intellectually powerful, strong of will, shall we be surprised if we find that Columbus was a man of elevated thought, of true,

rich, poetical expression ; sensitive, feeling all beautiful sensations intensely ; loving the sublime ; delicate, tender as strong. Again we must appeal to his writings, in which, to-day, he speaks to all men of feeling as if he were with them in the flesh ; and speaks to them in a language full of power, natural, moving, eloquent. Von Humboldt was not merely a physicist, a botanist, a geologist, but also a writer and critic of ability more than ordinary. He feels the influence of the "ardent imagination, the poetical mind, the noble language" of Columbus, whose style he estimates above that of Boccacio, Sannazaro, Garcilasso or Montemayor. A rugged grandeur of thought and of word are characteristic of the man who conceived and executed a design so grand.

Few have been gifted with such acute powers of observation, or with such a talent for accurate description of nature, as the author of the *Cosmos*. And yet he wonders at the Discoverer of the New World, "whom nothing escaped." Again and again does our scientist of the nineteenth century quote enthusiastically from the mariner of the fifteenth century, whose letters and diary are filled with the most charming relations of what he saw, as of what he felt. The mountains, the fields, the forest ; blossom, flower, river, lake ; the sky clear or clouded,—nature smiling, nature angry,—of these he never tired. Always they delighted, impressed him. Every lover of nature must love Columbus,—the brother that died long before our birth. "The physiognomy and forms of the vegetation, the impenetrable thickets of the forests 'in which one can scarcely distinguish the stems to which the several blossoms and leaves belong,' the wild luxuriance of the flowery banks that rise above the humid shores, the rose-colored flamingoes which, fishing at early morn at the mouth of the rivers, impart animation to the scene,—all in turn arrest the attention of the old mariner. . . . and he deplores his inability to find words with which to express the sweet impressions awakened in his mind."

Endowed with an active, fervid imagination, a lively fancy, quick senses, a powerful intellect and will, it is not surprising that Columbus learned many of the secrets of nature. Sense he had trained patiently. He was an accurate observer ; and

to his observations we are largely indebted for the development of scientific studies. "He has not only the merit of being the first to discover the line of non-magnetic variation, but also of having excited a taste for the study of terrestrial magnetism in Europe". "The actual equatorial current, the movement of waters between the tropics, was first described by Columbus." Botanists, geologists owe something to him. "His discoveries set all the learned men of Spain and Italy discussing questions of geography and anthropology." An acute, penetrating observer, he had, at the same time, a rare power of combining facts, and of generalizing conclusions. "From studying the relations of the facts that came under his observation, he reached a knowledge of general laws by which the physical world is governed," laws unrecognized before him. How few give a thought to all the benefits Columbus conferred on mankind, and to the lasting effect of his various discoveries and theories! "To commerce, to the art of navigation, to nautical astronomy, to all the physical sciences," he gave an extraordinary impetus. What a mass of new objects he presented to men, made known to them for the first time! Voltaire told many a lie, deliberately, but he did not exaggerate, saying that: "Columbus doubled the works of creation."

During the fourth voyage, when the Admiral,—overcome by the misfortunes of his little colony on the river Bethlehem, fearing for his brother, sorrowing over the loss of the brave Tristan, helpless, beaten by the mad waves,—fell into a restless sleep, he heard a voice saying: "from God you received the keys of the gates of the ocean, so long made fast with such strong chains." Opening the ocean's gates, Columbus set free the spirit of discovery, pointed the way to men of hearts less bold than his own. The fear, the terror of the tenebrous sea, he put an end to. "Since he unchained the ocean's barriers," says Von Humboldt, "man has ever boldly ventured onward to discover unknown regions." To the courage of Columbus we are indebted for much of what we have since learned concerning this round world.

The Discoverer was more than intellectual, more than courageous, more than strong-willed. He was loyal, affectionate, patient. A mere child when separated from his parents, in the days

of success he aids them living ; he remembers them, honors them dead. An admiral, a viceroy, he raises up his brothers high above their early station. In his good fortune they must be partners. To his sons Diego and Fernando he is devoted : ever kind, ever loving. " My most dear son ; "—" Thy father who loves thee more than himself,"—thus he begins and ends a letter to the elder. And the affection he has for his beloved sons, he would have them show one to another. Of his birthplace, Genoa, he is ever mindful ; and though he cast his lot with Spain, he cherishes the home-land to the last. With his friends he is always frank, natural, and his goodness they recognize perhaps more than his greatness. Faithful followers who have toiled with him, find in him a faithful, generous patron, ready to press their rights as warmly, to defend their rights as staunchly as his own.

To the queen who befriended him, he was ever devoted, loyal ; as loyal when he felt that she treated him inconsiderately, as he was when she favored and lauded him as he deserved. All labor that added to her wealth, to her renown, he counted as labor well done. No reproach passed his lips in the day of his greatest affliction. Only kind words had he to say of his good and great patroness, whose death he mourned feelingly, sincerely. To Ferdinand he was equally loyal, notwithstanding the injustices he suffered at the king's hands. With his sense of independence, with his high spirit, considering the indignities put upon him, the continued loyalty of Columbus to his adopted king and country is remarkable. The example he offered to all subjects of the crown was worthy of heartier recognition. There were many Spaniards of whom Charlevoix could not have said what he did say of this Genoese : that " his duty and the service of the king occupied him during his life."

Of traitors and treachery, of malicious envy, of secret and open hate, Columbus had a long, a sad experience. And yet few were the bitter words that slipped from him, fewer than might well be excused. Pinzon would have robbed him of the glory of his discovery ; Aguado, Roldan, Porras, like Fonseca, like Bobadilla, like Ovando, compassed his ruin, his disgrace. How patiently he bore with them ! Truly does Herrera say that he was " long-suffering, a pardoner of injuries." An ac-

knowledge of error insured his forgiveness. Don Antonio de Herrera wrote nigh three hundred years ago. Every word of his plain-spoken tribute to Columbus might well be repeated to-day. Of what Columbus did and said, we know only what Herrera knew; and no writer of any country can gainsay a good word that Herrera wrote. It is not a spirit of true criticism, a sense of justice, that prompt some of our contemporaries to picture a mean, ignorant, vicious Columbus. What, then, is the motive? Bigotry, prejudice, hatred of the religion which Columbus believed and practised,—such is the motive apparent. A mean motive! Surely; but pursued by meanness during his life, why should not meanness pursue him into the grave? Rob him of his fame, of his character, all the bigots past, and to come, cannot. “At the beginning of a new era, on the uncertain limit that vaguely divides the middle age from modern times, his grand figure dominates the century whose influence he felt, and which, in turn, he vivified.” Thus wrote the German *savant* to whom we have so often referred. A grand figure is that of Columbus; bigotry cannot make it lesser. The man dominates the century in which he lived. To that century he gave life; nay, more, to ours he gives life. And to-day, no less than in the sixteenth century, does he deserve Oviedo's statue of gold.

The Discoverer of the New World has been charged with cruelty. The charge is false. Justice he tempered with mercy. He has been charged with conniving at the dishonesty of the Spaniards who willingly or unwillingly followed him to the New World; and yet we have his word for it that “he permitted no one to take anything from anybody, not even of the value of a pin.” He has been charged with greed,—a lying charge. Gold he sought that Spain might be enriched and mankind benefited; that the Christian religion and Christian learning might be spread; that churches, chapels, hospitals, universities might be builded; that the sepulchre of Christ might be freed from the infidel; that holy Masses might be said for the dead, and for those who were yet to die in the Old and in the New World; and that he might be able to pay his debts, and leave his children so placed that they could defend their rights, maintain their proper station, and com-

plete what he had left undone. From first to last his motives were high, noble, grand.

"Poor, persecuted, unrecompensed, disgraced," writes Llorente, "Columbus died at Valladolid ; but his glory is immortal." Immortal ! The word is right, true. Calumny, envy, ignorance, bigotry, may singly, or combined, attack the greatest benefactor of the modern world ; but these pigmy enemies cannot diminish, cannot tarnish the glory of the Genoese. An unprejudiced, competent student of all the letters of Columbus, of the existing documents, and of the various charges brought against him, the Englishman, Major, judges him none too highly, in these words : "Independently of the lustre which the grandeur of the discovery of the western world confers upon the discoverer, there is no individual who has rendered himself on the score of personal character and conduct, more illustrious than Christopher Columbus. All honest men, all admirers of intellect, of force, of great conceptions, of great deeds, of lofty imagination,—that faculty without whose aid no truly great work can succeed in the hands of man ;"—all admirers of boldness, of courage, of constancy, patience, loyalty, honesty, simplicity,—will forever unite in glorifying, immortalizing a man of whom mankind shall ever be proud, a man whose glory outshines the glitter of gold and of jewels most precious.

THE SPLENDOR OF THE ANGELS.

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

I.

ANGELICO, the friar, he whose paint
Was made by angels, not by vulgar men ;
Dante, the doctor, he whose sacred pen
Came down from Heaven with scarce an earthly taint ;
The poet, John of Patmos, fire-souled saint,
Greater than even Dante ;—all fail when
They touch the sacred choir ;—a chirping wren

Their words as to the eaglet ;—all words faint :—
 Yes, all words faint, where great St. John's are cold,
 To paint the splendor of the angel throng
 That circles round the Mother and her Son ;
 All human art can say but "light " and "gold "
 For what John saw when on the surge of song
 His soul was drawn unto the Mighty One.

II.

From rocky wall they rush,—the white-plumed waves
 Down to the dark-blue river, wing on wing,
 And when the dawn is softly glimmering,
 And when the roseate sunset gently laves
 Cloud-islands in the sky,—when midnight paves
 The infinite distance with the stars that ring
 Around the Centre,—still the white waves fling
 Down to Niagara, over sounding caves :
 "Grand " and "sublime,"—how weak, how slight are words,
 When Milton only grasps the outer edge
 Of angel-splendor,—and Niagara's might
 Is as the dash of many-plumed birds,
 Grant-like and potent through a Titan's hedge,
 But nought to seraphs near the Throne of Light !

SNOWBERRIES.

LAURA GREY.

CHAPTER II.

OVER Molana's green sward Mary and Gerald wandered that December day, and in the Abbey church visited the tomb of Raymond le Gros, Strongbow's sturdy lieutenant and brother-in-law.

"Few men have lived a stormier life, and one could almost imagine that the lull and quiet are pleasing to him," mused Gerald O'Brien.

"I trust his fiery spirit has long ago found rest," answered Mary Fitzgerald reverently. "Before his death he founded

the adjacent Abbey of Rhincrew, and this noble act, joined to the requiem of the Monks of Molana, has surely won for him an eternal reward."

"Pshaw," was on her companion's lips, but he suppressed it.

"You foolish child," he exclaimed, "do you believe in Abbey founding and requiem coming to a man's aid after death? I maintain that when the blow comes, we die off like flies, and nothing remains worthy of reward or punishment."

To say that Mary Fitzgerald felt shocked, would but faintly portray her feelings.

She stood like one dazed—paralyzed.

"Unsay what you have just said," were the only words she could trust herself to speak. "You have betrayed rank infidelity in what you have just uttered."

His defiant bearing fairly frightened her.

"Never," he answered sternly. "These are my tenets, and the sooner my friends learn them the better. What does it matter to you if I pursue my belief in peace?"

"Alas! it is only too apparent that you believe in no God," and leaning against the Norman knight's tomb, she wept bitterly.

Gerald was startled at the sudden change in her demeanor.

"Molly darling, rest quiet," he murmured soothingly. "I didn't mean to vex you with my foolish speech. 'Twill sadden your pretty face before old King Christmas dawns upon us. Cheer up."

But nothing could rouse the girl from her sad reverie. In her mind's eye she beheld herself married to an infidel, and she resolved this could never be.

The battle between affection and conscience was a hard one, and the tempter whispered "marry him first, and convert him afterwards." Strange delusion, which has caused the wreck of many a Christian bark on the shoals of a *mixed marriage*.

These subtle words lingered in her ear, and imparted a passing balm to her wounded spirit.

Just then there was a rustle amongst the tall poplars

"Barren as lances, amongst which the wind
Makes wintry music, sighing as it goes,"

and Mary Fitzgerald turned to see the cause.

Before the lovers stood an old woman dressed in a short, blue petticoat and scarlet shawl, followed by a young girl attired in a dingy water-proof cloak. They both wore yellow cotton scarfs on their heads, and were barefooted.

"Sweethearts," murmured the hag, and then in a mixed jargon she asked an alms. Gerald readily complied.

"Your fortune, Sir," she said, grasping his extended hand, "and a mighty fine one it is. Shall I tell it?"

"Just what I wish you to do," was the reply, and the old woman pressed his palm.

"Here, girl, quick!—bring me a burning brand," and she motioned to her companion.

From a smouldering fire in the corner of the Abbey, the younger woman produced a charred stick.

"Here goes," continued the fortune-teller, and she traced the mystic lines over Gerald's hand.

"You won't marry your first love. No; she wouldn't make a mark in life."

Mary Fitzgerald trembled with indignation.

The prophecy was awakening her curiosity, and she had not strength of mind to close her ears, so she remained standing in the same position, listening attentively.

"A nut-brown maid with eyes like stars will cross your path. Beware!" The gypsy paused. "Unless you prove canny you will fall into the torrent. On the opposite bank of a rushing river there hovers a golden cloud lost in futurity. I cannot see more," and she dropped Gerald's hand.

"Will the young lady have her fortune told?" she asked, peering at Mary through her rat-like eyes.

"No, thank you," she answered quickly. "Come, Gerald; evening is falling, and we must be home."

Mary was growing weary of the farce, and angry with Gerald for prolonging it.

"Take things quietly, young lady," said the old woman sarcastically. "I have a rod in pickle for you, but it is a snowberry rod—an emblem of yourself—ever and always a snowberry," and she plucked up by the roots a twig of snowberry that had twined round the sepulchral urn of Raymond le Gros, and presented it to Mary.

"What does it all mean?" she asked nervously.

"When your horoscope is cast, think of Meg Melton," was the reply, coupled with a haggish laugh. "A snowberry always. Good-day, gentle-folk," were her concluding words.

Vanishing through the trees, the lovers saw both women leap into an antiquated canoe that lay at anchor, and rapidly pull up the Blackwater towards the town of Youghal.

CHAPTER III.

Christmas day passed cheerily enough at Listerling House.

In the morning Mass had been said in the oratory, and Mary Fitzgerald looked in vain for her lover's entrance.

At the conclusion he sauntered in, but his vacant gaze betrayed his unbelief in the Sacred Mysteries.

Hourly the truth was dawning upon her, that his want of faith would prove an iron barrier to their union, and the thought maddened her.

Mary's parents, herself, and Gerald O'Brien composed the small party that gathered around the family dinner table at Listerling House.

In the evening came friends from the neighboring country houses to swell the gathering, to partake of the usual Christmas dainties,—boned turkey, mince pies, plum pudding,—provided for them with a lavish hand. Above the heads of the guests hung graceful festoons of mistletoe, with its waxen berries, and sprays of glossy holly with its ruddy fruit.

When all had partaken of the hospitable fare, the young people clamored for a dance, and Gerald O'Brien led the way, with Mary Fitzgerald for his partner.

Amongst the invited was an English girl, and Mary scanned with eagerness the color of her eyes and hair, fearing she might discover the brunette rival foretold by the gipsy.

But no; Miss Everill was a blonde, pure and simple, with coils of golden hair and pale blue eyes.

Gerald secured this fair stranger as partner in one of the subsequent dances.

During the festivities Mary Fitzgerald found herself constantly ruminating on the old hag's prophecy.

That row down the Blackwater had cost her since many a bitter pang.

Tired out by the gay revelry, the dancers paused.

Lo! from the outside came strange musical sounds, and on the night air rose the notes of a concertina.

"Hark!" said Gerald to the English girl, and he darted out of the door with his fair partner clinging on his arm. "I must sift the meaning of this music."

Mary's eyes followed them, and her heart sickened when she beheld the gipsy of Molana led in between her lover and Miss Everill.

Behind her walked her attendant. Both were gaudily clad in red and yellow scarfs, and large glass beads dangled from their neck and arms.

The elder woman explained how she and her companion had been overtaken by the night on the bleak waters of the river, and they begged shelter for the night at Listerling House.

It was readily granted, and in return the gipsy volunteered to tell the futures of the youthful band.

Perching herself upon a high stool, she croaked: "Now, ladies and gentlemen, whilst the great bear is shining in the heavens, attend and hear your fates," and she swayed her hands to and fro mysteriously.

One and all approached, except our heroine.

For the second time Gerald O'Brien heard his fortune rehearsed.

He looked around for Mary's approving smile, but she had vanished.

"Miss Snowberry don't like to hear she'll always be a snowberry," laughed the fortune-teller. "Anyway her future is marked, and I can't alter her horoscope."

No entreaties of either lover or parents could induce Mary to return to the festivities, and the Christmas party at Listerling House came to an abrupt termination.

CHAPTER IV.

After the last incident, our readers will not feign surprise when they learn that the lovers parted in no happy mood.

Gerald upbraided Mary for breaking up the Christmas party, whilst she confided to him the unhappy effect his sceptical words had produced on her mind.

She did not allude to the gipsy's prophecy. It was too personal a matter—and they both avoided it.

Before Gerald's departure, she planted the tender spray of snowberry beside the porch at Listerling House, and when he saw her, trowel in hand, he asked for some berries if the plant bore any the following Christmas.

"They will remind me of old times," he said, "before any distrust came between us," and he smiled and drove away.

Time passed on, and one morning Mary Fitzgerald was handed a telegram, "Passed Senior Wrangler. Send the promised ode. G. O'Brien." Delighted as she was, she could not frame in the fulness of her joy, verses to suit the happy occasion, and she wrote instead a letter of congratulation. This latter device did not compensate her lover for the disappointment, and he ceased to pen his usual epistle to her the following month.

To Mary the suspense became unbearable, and when an invitation from an aunt in London reached her, she gladly availed herself of it.

To the great metropolis she went, and one day encountered her former acquaintance, Miss Everill, in Regent street.

After some general remarks she discovered that the English girl was aware of Gerald O'Brien's whereabouts.

"How odd of him not to call to see you," she remarked significantly; "but at present his head is full of one idea—my cousin, Carrie Crosby. A man in love is not responsible for his acts," and she smiled archly.

"I wish to send him some snowberries at Christmas," remarked Mary, not pretending to notice the shaft. "He asked for some from the old house at home."

"Ah, really," answered Miss Everill. Well, I haven't seen him for the past month. He was at Brighton with the Crobys when I last heard of him. They will shortly start for Monaco, and Carrie intends to frank me there, because it was I who introduced her to Mr. O'Brien."

Mary listened like one in a trance. Here was her lover

snatched away, and she had to stand meekly by and listen to the details. Her mask had to be worn, and borne, like many another heart-broken girl, and the mill of sorrow was slowly to grind away her weary spirit.

"Talking of snowberries," continued Miss Everill, "do you remember the scene with the fortune-teller at your house last Christmas? Whenever I see a snowberry I shall always recollect your righteous indignation when she called you one."

"I almost forget; it is so long ago," answered Mary coldly. "Good-bye."

"Perhaps we may meet at the Lyceum theatre on Wednesday night, when Irving plays in 'The Bells.' Carrie Crosby and Mr. O'Brien are sure to be there," continued Miss Everill, flitting away and leaving Mary standing alone. When the latter's composure returned, she resolved to catch a glimpse of her lover at the Lyceum, come what would. And she went.

When the curtain was about to rise, a large party entered—four ladies and three gentlemen. Miss Everill was amongst the former, and next to her a brunette of the purest type. Olive complexion, with a tinge of the damask rose, flashing dark eyes, and lips as red as cherries were the characteristics of Carrie Crosby. On her shapely head the raven hair rose in a coronet, studded with diamond pins. She was a model fit for the old masters, and Mary Fitzgerald could have forgiven any other but Gerald O'Brien for falling in love.

Poor soul! What years of anxiety and heart-burnings human nature can endure in a few seconds!

Irving's magnificent acting was lost on the anguish-stricken girl. She watched the siren and her admirer exchange love-like glances all night, and when she saw him tenderly fold an opera-cloak round her after the play, her cup of misery overflowed.

Early next morning she dispatched a letter to Miss Everill, asking Miss Crosby's address, and in reply received an answer from a confidential servant of the house: "Miss Crosby, Miss Everill, and party left this morning for a lengthened tour in Italy."

It was approaching Christmas, and Mary Fitzgerald bade adieu to London a few days afterwards, en route for home.

(To be continued.)

THE LIFE OF ST. DOMINIC.

REV. MOTHER AUGUSTA THEODOSIA DRANE, O.S.D.

CHAPTER XVII.

SANTA SABINA.

It is said that all lives have their chapter of poetry ; if so, the poem of Dominic's life is now opening before us. No period of his history is at once so rich in legendary beauty, and so full of ample and delightful details, as that of his residence at Santa Sabina—the church which, as we have already said, had been granted to him and his brethren by Pope Honorius when they abandoned St. Sixtus to the nuns of the Trastevere. It was attached to the palace of the Savelli, of which family Honorius was a member ; and we are told that the change of residence was particularly welcome to the friars, inasmuch as the neighborhood was at that time more thickly populated than that of St. Sixtus, and the Tiber, the convent of Santa Sabina stands between the ancient and modern city. On one side it looks over a long vista of churches and palaces, until the golden glow of the horizon above Monte Mario is cut by the clear, sharp outline of that wonderful dome which rises over the tomb of the Apostles. Turn but your head, and you gaze over a different world. Heaped all about in fantastic confusion, may be seen gigantic arches with the ruins of walls and watch-towers standing among the vineyards ; and beyond them is the wide Campagna stretching like a sea into the dim horizon, spanned by the long lines of the aqueducts, that seem as though they reached the very base of those distant mountains which stand round the Eternal City as “ the hills stand about Jerusalem.”

The Aventine is said on the authority of Virgil ¹ to derive its name from the birds of prey who resorted there in days of old,

¹ *Lustrat Aventini Montem. . .*

Dirarum nidis domus opportuna volucrum.

(ÆN. lib. viii. 231, 235.)

and built their nests in the ample forests with which it was then clothed. It was now to become the home, not of eagles or vultures, but of a white-robed multitude, successive generations of whom should be nurtured here, as in a nest of holy living. It has its Christian as well as its classic associations. The church of Santa Sabina which crowns its summit stands on the site of a house once occupied by the holy martyr whose name it bears. It was a favorite sanctuary of St. Gregory the Great, who often preached within its walls, and is said there to have first instituted the singing of the litanies.¹ The church is regarded as one of the holy places of Rome; and here on Ash-Wednesday is held the first Station of Lent, when the barefooted brethren of the *Sacconi*, all of noble birth, in company with the devout of both sexes, may be seen toiling up the sandy road to keep the *Caput Jejunii* in this time-honored sanctuary. Two paths lead down from Santa Sabina to the valley below. One descends abruptly to the Tiber, the other winds down a gentler declivity, planted thick with almond-trees, till it reaches the valley separating the Aventine and the Palatine Hills. This was the road so often trodden by the blessed Dominic as he passed to and fro in his daily visits from Santa Sabina to St. Sixtus. "No pathway exists," says Père Lacordaire, "which so faithfully preserves the traces of his footsteps." Day after day for more than six months he climbed down these slopes, and took his road through this valley, passing on his way that other ancient church of St. Anastasia, near to which, it will be remembered, dwelt those pious recluses to whom his visits of charity brought such timely consolation.

To those, then, who are familiar with the history of the holy Patriarch, every footstep of the Aventine is fragrant with his memory. But above all do the church and convent of Santa Sabina preserve that memory in all its freshness. The aspect of both, as now existing, differs much from that which they presented in the days of St. Dominic; nevertheless many portions of the building belong to his time. Among

¹ The practice of singing the Litany of the Saints on St. Mark's day is said to have been instituted by St. Gregory. Seven processions, starting from seven of the Roman churches, singing litanies as they went, met in the church of St. Mary Major.

these is the refectory, where, out of reverence to his memory, the place in which he formerly sat has never been occupied by another. A part of the dormitory is also certainly identical with that which he arranged for the reception of his brethren, and in it one cell, now turned into a chapel, is preserved with the utmost veneration as formerly occupied by the saint. The proportions of this cell are exactly the same as those of St. Romain, and here is preserved the so-called portrait of St. Dominic painted by Bozzani, which, however, has no claim to be regarded as a *vera effigies*, though it very probably reproduced his traditionary likeness. In the ante-chamber is to be seen a picture of three saints, Dominic, Francis, and Angelus, who are believed to have met here and to have spent one entire night conferring together on the things of God, a fact commemorated by an inscription.¹ Possibly also the severe and devout cloisters, surrounding the quadrangle with its ancient well, are the same which once re-echoed with the footsteps of the saint, and not far from the entrance stands the orange-tree planted by his hands, the leaves and fruit of which are distributed to devout pilgrims. Père Réchac also mentions a peach-tree in the convent garden, which was held by constant tradition to have been planted by the saint, and which after the lapse of four centuries still flourished in spite of the custom which prevailed of cutting branches from it to distribute among the crowds who flocked thither every Ash-Wednesday.

The church itself underwent a process of restoration and adornment during the Pontificate of Sixtus V., which has effaced many of its ancient features. Nevertheless, within these same walls took place more than one event of memorable interest, of which we shall presently have to speak. Here, according to Malvenda, St. Dominic constantly preached the devotion of the Holy Rosary, the Confraternity having been transferred hither from St. Sixtus after the removal of the brethren.²

Here, too, lying on the stone pavement, he passed the hours of his night-watches, and offered to God his "inexpressible

¹ *Attende, advena, hic olim sanctissimi viri, Dominicus, Franciscus, Angelus Carmelita in divinis colloquiis, vigilas pernoctaverunt.*

² Malvenda, cap. xxviii. p. 221.

penances." We look at the roof of the ancient apse, where appears a representation of the Lamb of God, surrounded by twelve sheep, and standing on a little green hill whence flow streams of living water, and wonder whether that mystic picture ever met the eyes of the blessed Dominic, reminding him of the green pastures and running waters of eternal life. Here, at any rate, he prayed, he preached, and shed around the sweet perfume of sanctity; so we will leave to archæologists the task of distinguishing with exactitude the changes which have passed over this holy sanctuary since the days of our saint, and content ourselves with the memories which no such changes can ever banish from the spot.

One of the most interesting of these is connected with the vocation to the Order of two brothers, destined to be numbered among its brightest ornaments. They were Hyacinth and Ceslaus, nephews to Ivo Odrowatz, the Polish bishop of Cracow, both of them canons of his cathedral, and men of singular virtue. They had come to Rome in company with the bishop on a pilgrimage of devotion, and all three had been present at St. Sixtus and had witnessed the raising to life of the young Napoleon. When by means of Cardinal Ugolino they afterwards became personally acquainted with the blessed Dominic, the deep impression made on their minds by that event was increased by his saintly conversation. Ivo urged him to send some of his brethren to the northern countries, but the difficulty of the language seemed to offer obstacles to this plan; and Dominic therefore suggested that the best way of carrying out his wishes would be if some of his own followers would take the habit.

A few days after this Hyacinth and Ceslaus, with two others, Henry of Moravia, and Herman, a noble German, presented themselves at Santa Sabina, and, throwing themselves at the feet of the saint, begged to be allowed to enter the Order. Their offer was joyfully accepted, and they received the habit in the chapter-room, over the door of which still appears an inscription commemorating the event. Their progress was as rapid as it was extraordinary. Doubtless, in that time of early fervor, the growth of souls planted in a very atmosphere of sanctity was quicker and more vigorous than now;

and we are led to exclaim, "There were giants in those days," when we find these novices, within six months after their first admission, ready to return to their own country to be the founders and propagators of the Order. They travelled back with the bishop of Cracow, preaching as they went. Separation, that law of the Dominican Institute, was the lot that awaited them also. Hyacinth and Ceslaus pursued their way to the North, where they divided the land between them. Ceslaus planted the Order in Bohemia, whilst the apostolate of Hyacinth extended over Russia, Sweden, Norway, Prussia, and the northern nations of Asia. It is considered as probable that he also visited Scotland. Dominic's old dream of a mission to the Cumans became realized in the labors of this the greatest of his sons, and in him the Order of Friars Preachers took possession of half the known world.

Both brothers have been raised to the altars of the Church, and are known in the Order as St. Hyacinth and the Blessed Ceslaus. Henry proceeded to Styria and Austria, and founded many convents, especially that of Vienna. An account of singular beauty is left of his death. He fell sick in the convent of Wratislavia; and finding his last hour draw near, he fixed his eyes on a crucifix before him, and sang sweetly while he had strength. After a little space he was silent, yet smiled, and put his hands together, and showed in his eyes and in his whole face a great and inexplicable joy. Then, after a brief time, he spake, and said: "The demons are come, and would fain disturb and trouble my faith, but I believe in God the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost;" and with these words on his lips he gently expired. Herman, the fourth of this society, was left at Friesach to govern a convent founded in that place. He was a man of extraordinary devotion, though of small learning. In consequence of his simplicity and ignorance he was often despised and ridiculed by his companions; and, seeking comfort from God in prayer, he obtained the gift of so much understanding of the Holy Scriptures that, without study of any kind, he was enabled to preach not only in German, but also in Latin, with extraordinary eloquence and success.

The residence of the saint at Santa Sabina at a time when the

quarters assigned to the use of himself and his brethren formed a portion of the Pontifical palace, gave occasion for his being charged by Honorius with an office of considerable importance. He was, it is said, much distressed at seeing the servants of the Cardinals and others who frequented the palace, idling about the ante-chambers, playing games of chance, whilst their masters were engaged in the business of the Church ; and he suggested to the Pope whether some means could not be devised for the better employment of their time, by the appointment of some one who might explain to them the Holy Scriptures, or give them other useful instructions. The Pope, agreeing with his views, instituted the office of Master of the Sacred Palace, and bade him enter on it by delivering explanations of the Epistles of St. Paul, not only to the humble audience whose spiritual wants he had sought to supply, but to the Court and Cardinals. The saint obeyed, and his wonderful eloquence and knowledge of the Holy Scriptures attracted crowds of disciples. John of Colonna, who was almost a contemporary of the saint, in his book *De Viris Illustribus*, tells us of the vast numbers who gathered to hear the Word of God from his lips. He says that he explained the Epistles of St. Paul in the public schools, and that his pulpit was surrounded both by scholars and prelates, all of whom gave him the name of " Master." He discharged, in fact, two offices, distinct in themselves though often afterwards held by the same person ; he taught the family of the Pontiff, as Master of the Sacred Palace, and lectured on theology as *Lector* of the Palace, and out of this latter office it is supposed by some that the university of Rome took its rise. The Mastership of the Sacred Palace continues to our own day, being always held by a member of the Dominican Order. Its duties are considerable, and include among other things the censorship of books published in Rome.¹

Besides delivering these lectures, the saint preached almost daily in one or other of the churches of the city, and often in the basilica of St. Peter's, neither his bodily powers nor the

¹ The institution of this office is sometimes referred to an earlier visit of the saint to Rome ; but if the circumstances of the saint's residence at this time within the Pope's own palace are taken into consideration, the probability of its belonging to this period will become apparent.

marvellous richness of his mental resources ever seeming capable of exhaustion.

But the object which occupied the chief attention of Dominic from the moment of his first establishment at Santa Sabina, was the training of those disciples who flocked into the Order in ever increasing numbers. Before all other works he held in importance the religious formation of the brethren. Nor while applying himself to their interior training did he neglect those exterior means so powerful in religious education. The Friars Preachers were to sacrifice all comfort and all human ties for the work of God : they were to endure poverty, humiliation, and detachment of heart in their most painful forms; but one thing they were not to sacrifice, and that was the character of religious and the habits of regular observance. Whilst they begged their bread, and lived on alms, the first thing on which those alms were expended was the rude and imperfect conversion of their poor dwellings into a religious shape. In their deep and living humility they acknowledged that they were powerless to retain the religious spirit, made up as it is of prayer and recollection, and continual self-restraint, without certain external helps and hindrances. Every part of the Dominican Rule and Constitutions breathes of this principle ; whilst the salvation of souls is ever placed before us as the end and object of the Order, the formation of the religious man himself is provided for by regulations of the most astonishing minuteness ; and as a part, and an essential part, of these, is included the beautiful ordering of the religious house.

This necessary connection between the outward form and the inward spirit is nowhere stated in express terms, for there was not much talk about theories and general principles among men in the middle ages ; yet, unconsciously to themselves, they ever acted under a deep prevailing sense of this sacramental character of our being. They believed that not in soul alone, but also in body, the whole nature was to be made subject to Christ ; and with the simplicity of antique wisdom, they condescended to provide for this by making laws, not only for their work and their prayer, but even for their houses and their dress. The religious man was ever to be surrounded by an atmosphere redolent of sanctity ; he was

to reflect a light of holiness cast on him by the very walls of his dwelling. Nothing, therefore, was neglected by which they could be invested with this peculiar character. They were the mould in which souls were insensibly to receive a shape that separated them from the world. The amateurs of ecclesiastical architecture tell us that, in its purest form, no ornament will ever be found introduced for ornament's sake ; there was always a use and significance in the most fanciful and grotesque of those elaborate designs. And so in the conventual house, common and necessary things were not exchanged for what was fanciful or extraordinary ; but a religious form and coloring was given to the whole. Thus the man who was being trained to the life of religion was placed where he saw nothing that did not harmonize with that one idea. His refectory was as unlike as possible to a dining-room ; it was as much a room to pray in, as to eat in. There, ranged in a single row behind the simple wooden tables that stood on either hand, sat the same white-robed figures beside whom he stood in the choir, and with an air scarcely less modest and devout. At the top was the prior's seat ; there were neither pictures nor ornaments on the wall, only a large crucifix above that seat, to which all were to bow on entering ; for even in hours of relaxation the religious man was to be mindful of the sufferings of his Lord. There was no talking or jesting as in the feasting of the world, for the refectory was a place of inviolable silence ; but from a little pulpit one of the brethren read aloud (as we have seen Brother Henry represented doing in the scene at St. Sixtus), that, to use the words of the Rule of St. Austin, " whilst the body was refreshed, the soul also might have its proper food." The house was to be poor and simple, having " no curiosities or notable superfluities, such as sculpture, pavements, and the like, save in the church," where some degree of ornament was allowed to do reverence to the Presence of God. The dormitory, too, had its own character : the cells were all alike in size and arrangement, for here all were equal. They were separate, that every one might be silent and alone with God ; yet partly open, that the watchful eye of the Superior might never be shut out. Even the dormitory passage itself had something holy ; for it was

ordained, that "to promote piety and devotion to the Blessed Virgin, the especial Patroness of the Order, an altar with her image should be erected in the dormitory of every convent," and here the lamp was kept burning through the night. Each of these places had its own sweet tradition. Angels, as we have seen, have before now served in the Dominican refectories; and the dormitories have been blessed no less than the choir with the sweet presence of our Lady, who through those open doors has given her benediction to the sleeping brethren, and sprinkled them with her maternal hand. Such houses were as the gate of heaven. All about them were holy sentences, preaching from the walls; poverty reigned everywhere, but clad in the beauty and majesty of the spirit of *order*, which has been fitly termed "the music of the eye." All things were in common, and common things were made to speak of God; yet there was neither gloom nor melancholy, but rather a glad and cheerful aspect, tempered by the pervading tone of silence and recollection; so that the beholder might well exclaim: "How good and joyful a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!"

The life of a saint like St. Dominic is not made up alone of journeys and foundations, and the dates of his birth and death; his living soul is to be found in the Rule, the most striking features of which were the impression of his own hand: and it is not a little remarkable that, together with that free and pliable spirit which is one of its distinguishing characters, there should be this invariable adhesion to the externals of monastic and community life. The same rule was observed in all the foundations of the Order, and this of course by the particular direction of its founder; a fact which reveals more of his mind and feeling than whole volumes of commentary. It exhibits him to us in that mixed character of contemplation and action, the union of which is the basis of the Dominican life: we see him at once, "the Jacob of preaching and the Israel of contemplation;" and we see also what in his eyes constituted the essentials of such a life, and the indispensable means for attaining it.

"The Christian perfection which he taught," to use the admirable words of Castiglio, "consisted primarily indeed in the love of God and of our neighbor; but secondarily and acciden-

tally in that silence and solitude, and in those fasts, mortifications, disciplines, and ceremonies, which are the instruments whereby we reach that high and most excellent end." It would seem indeed as if these "ceremonies" he speaks of formed no insignificant part of Dominic's great idea of spiritual training. We read of his "diligent training of the nuns in the rules and ceremonies;" and again, St. Hyacinth is said to have become a perfect master in "all the ordinances and ceremonies of the Order during his short novitiate."

From the beginning of the Order both the Mass and the Divine Office were daily chanted to note.¹ The Office was to be sung sweetly and devoutly, but in order not too greatly to impede the active duties of the brethren, the recitation was also to be brief and succinct. It was to be accompanied by certain inclinations and prostrations carefully prescribed in the Rule. These prescriptions may be traced partly to that deep sagacity on the part of the holy founder which perceived how large an influence is exerted over the inner man by the subjugation of his external nature, and partly to his own characteristic love of order. Whilst wholly free from the narrowness of mere formalism, his soul yet delighted in that harmony which is a chief element of perfection: it was as though his eagle eye had gazed on the ordering of the heavenly courts, and, drawing from the image pictured on his soul, he strove to reflect something of their beauty in his convent choirs. And so, perhaps, those bowings and prostrations of the white-robed ranks, which, when exactly performed, give so unearthly and beautiful an appearance to the worship of a religious choir, may, at the same time as it harmonized the souls of the worshippers into recollection, have been intended to recall and symbolize those scenes on which doubtless his own spiritual vision had so often rested, and the repeated foldings of those many wings, and the casting of the golden crowns upon the ground.

(To be continued.)

¹ "Matutinam et Missam omnesque horas canonicas quotidie cantabunt solemniter et distincte." (Theodoric of Apoldia, cited by Père Danzas, vol. i. p.

THE FAITH OF COLUMBUS.

BY HONOR WALSH.

WHEN a little squadron, guided by a dreaming Genoese,
O'er the barriers of tradition, sought a world beyond the seas,
Steam, (our modern giant) slumbering, none had gauged his
mighty power;
None had forced into a moment, all the labor of an hour.
Long the days of weary waiting; long the sleepless nights of
prayer;
Wide the dreary, shoreless outlook, sky and ocean every-
where.
Everywhere but sky, and ocean; clearly blue, or dimly gray:
Farther from their homes and kindred, sailed the brave ones
every day.

Early sunrise, lingering sunset, found their eyes upon the
West:
Visions of an El Dorado burned in every sailor's breast.
Eighty times the sunlight crimsoned ere their hearts grew
hard with care;
Eager eyes were strained and weary; hope had frozen to
despair.
Soon despair found speech in murmurs; murmurs quick to
curses grew:
And the captain's life was menaced hourly, by the desperate
crew.
"Home!" they cried, "home at all hazards! We have sailed
two thousand miles;
Never glimpse of land we've sighted since we left Canary Isles.
See thy world!—a world of water,—all thy dreams have been
in vain:
Better than thy cloudland treasure is an humble cot in Spain
Frail our ships;—the sea is mighty;—wouldst thou have
perish thus?

Turn thy course, we prythee, captain ; home's the safest world
for us ! ”

And their voices grew more pleading, but their hands were
on their knives ;

Thinking “ Shall we let this madman lose a hundred Spanish
lives ? ”

To their words Columbus listened, while his eyes were fixed
on high :

“ Oh ! my Saviour,” low he murmured, “ will Thou suffer me
to die ?

When I know not if this sunset gleams upon the Western
shore !

Thou who knowest and seest all things, help me, for my need
is sore.

Ere I sailed, I vowed, dear Lord, to march unto the Holy Land
Thy sepulchre to rescue from Mohammed's robber band.

Lo ! for this again I promise all my New World treasure-
gain :

Pray for me, O Blessed Mother, whom I never asked in vain !
When the friends of earth desert me, thou wilt be my Heavenly
friend ;

Thou wilt pray the Lord to guide me safely to my journey's
end.”

Then he crossed himself devoutly, and he turned unto his
men :

“ Sailors ! by God's grace and goodness we shall see our homes
again.

Oh ! my men, have hope and courage ! 'tis too early to de-
spair ;

See the sky, the placid ocean, all is calm, and smooth, and
fair :

Surely God hath blessed our voyage ; He hath taken us in
His care :

Every eve we've knelt together ; let us kneel again in prayer.”
Down they knelt in adoration, ere the evening sky grew dim,
And their supplications ended, rose and sang the Vesper
Hymn :

SALVE REGINA.

Hail ! holy Queen, to thee we cry ;
 Mother of mercy, hear us !
 Our life, our hope, when danger's nigh,
 Oh ! be thou ever near us !

Poor banished sons of Eve we mourn ;
 Mother, behold our weeping ;
 On us thine eyes of mercy turn ;
 Our hearts are in thy keeping.

When, after exile, we're at rest,
 Show us, O Virgin Mother !
 The Son Who slumbered on thy breast ;
 Our Saviour and our Brother !

O clement, loving, sinless Maid ;
 To us the hope be given
 Of reaching Jesu through thine aid,—
 To worship Him in Heaven !

Oh ! the beauty of the moment when the Vesper Hymn was
 done ;

When the evening sky still glistened with the radiance of
 the sun !

Lonely in a Western ocean, prayer had hushed, and softened
 all ;

And they mused in silent sadness when they heard Columbus
 call :

“ Look ! my men ! ” With water dripping, high he held a
 green-leaved bough :

“ On the waves I found it floating, Sailors ! *Land is near us
 now !* ”

How they stared, and leaped, and shouted ! How they laughed,
 and cried, and sang !

O'er the stillness of the waters joyously their bravos rang.

And the madman of the noon-day was the hero of the night,
 And the dawning brought fulfilment ; brought the welcome
 land in sight.

Every child has read the story how Columbus reached the shore ;

Trod on ground where, since creation, never white man trod before ;

How the Cross of Faith he planted, branched unto a mighty Tree ;

North, and South its seeds have flourished, East and West—
from sea to sea.

How he opened navigation to the treasures of the West ;

How the faithless king ignored him ; how his underlings oppressed.

How his pious vows were broken by the monarch's greed of gain,

And when old, and poor and feeble, how he breathed his last in Spain ;

Died neglected, died disheartened, but the Lord God knoweth best ;

Gave Columbus fame undying : glory for his toilsome guest.
For the Western world he opened leaves the old world far behind :

Peace and justice, health and plenty,—liberty for all mankind.
Here the fleeing serf finds freedom ; here the exile findeth rest :

And to-day the mighty millions rise, and call Columbus blest.

There's a lesson in his voyage :—Never let thy soul despair ;

Ask our Lady's intercession, she will listen to thy prayer.

She will ask for us in Heaven, all our hearts ask here below ;

If we see the bough of promise, God will answer as we know

How He answered one who trusted Him four hundred years ago!

The bore has been defined as one who talks about himself when you wish to talk about yourself.

“ The great spur to industry is security.”

ROSARY SUNDAY AND MONTH.

THE DOMINICAN PORTIUNCULA.

REV. J. A. ROONEY, O.P.

LET us listen to the Angels of the Rosary. What do they say to us? "Take into your hands on this singular feast the joy-inspiring harp of the Rosary; play upon this harp to your Mother a new canticle; extol her power on earth and in Heaven, and repeat again and again the wonders of your loving helper."¹ But why are the Angels of the Rosary so eager that we should play on the harp of Mary on this particular feast? Because this feast commemorates one of the grandest victories ever given by Heaven to the Church, and emphatically declares that it was achieved by the great Captain of God's armies, Mary the Queen of the Most Holy Rosary. We do not intend to give a detailed account of the battle of Lepanto; we shall content ourselves with the bare narration of the main facts that called into existence this glorious feast of the Destroyer of all heresies, Mary the Mother of God.

For about a century before the battle of Lepanto the Turks had been spreading dismay all over Christendom, and the year 1571 seemed to them to be the most opportune time to deal out death to Christianity. At that time most of the Christian nations were divided by conflicting interests and weakened by protestantism, whose motto was "the Turks in preference to the Papists." Yes, protestantism, the greatest curse of modern times, the drag-chain on the wheels of Christian progress, did much to embolden the Turks to menace Christendom with indescribable woes.

Pope St. Pius V., a worthy son of the Order of the Rosary, made a public appeal to Heaven and to earth in behalf of the Church and Society. He called upon all the faithful, but especially upon the members of the various Rosary Confraternities of the world to invoke unceasingly with him the aid of the Virgin of the Rosary. For two years previous to the battle of Lepanto all the faithful, but especially Rosarians, earnestly

¹ *Responsory of the First lesson of the Rosary Office.*

pleaded in behalf of the Church with Mary the Mother of Jesus through the prayer which is so dear to her. In the meantime, the Holy Father succeeded in arousing Spain Genoa, Venice and the Pontifical States to enter into a holy League against the sworn enemy of Christianity. Humanly speaking, from such an insignificant league there could be but little hope of success for the Christians opposed by such fearful odds. But the Pope, whose prayers the Sultan Soliman II. feared, as he himself declared, far more than the arms of the Christian forces, trusted entirely in the assistance of the Mother of Mercy.

On the 7th of October, 1571, on the Gulf of Lepanto was raised aloft by the Christian fleet the standard of hope—it was the image of the Blessed Virgin, surmounted by a Cross and a Rosary. The soldiers knelt before it for the purpose of venerating the emblem of our salvation and the Image of Mary, and pledged themselves to fight to death for the cause in which they were engaged, God and holy Church. Then the signal for attack was given by the Christian admiral.

Victory was violently disputed and long remained undecided. But the death of Ali-Pasha, the admiral of the Mussulman fleet, spread terror among his soldiers and became the signal of their defeat. The Turkish losses were immense; two hundred vessels were captured by the Christians or sunk beneath the angry waves of Lepanto; twenty-five thousand soldiers were killed; eighteen thousand prisoners were taken and fifteen thousand Christian slaves were liberated from their ignominious bondage; three hundred and seventy-five pieces of cannon and a great number of Standards and other spoils became the property of the victors.

The triumph of the Cross over the Crescent through the power of the Queen of the Most Holy Rosary drove Islamism into Asia, saved forever Christendom from any successful invasion on the part of the Turks, left the seas that had hitherto been infested by Mussulman pirates free, and caused the Christian name to be dreaded by hordes who had until then considered themselves invincible. Michael Cervantes thus writes of the victory: "Ages gone by have seen nothing like unto the battle of Lepanto, nor has our age witnessed anything

to compare with it, and in all probability ages to come will never record a more beautiful or glorious triumph for the Church."

But what share had the Rosary in this magnificent triumph ? For two years before the battle, we have said, all the Rosary Confraternities of the world and the rest of the faithful were at the feet of Mary asking her assistance through the prayer so dear to her and her Son, the Rosary. The battle took place on the 7th of October, which in 1571 was the first Sunday of the month, the very day on which all the Rosary Confraternities of the Church were making their solemn processions and addressing solemn supplications to Heaven in behalf of the Christian cause.

Whilst the battle was raging, S. Pius V. was treating with the Cardinals assembled at the Vatican on some grave business matters. All of a sudden he withdraws from the meeting, moves towards a window, remains there for some time, his eyes fixed in the direction of Lepanto, and then exclaimed with the accent and look of inspiration : " Let us kneel ; let us cease speaking of business matters and think only of rendering thanks to God for the victory He has just given us." The happy news was in due time confirmed, and was received everywhere among Christians with transports of delight, and with a conviction the most intense that the victory was due to the all-powerful intervention of our Lady of the Rosary. From Rome this conviction passed to Venice. The Senate of the City, in letters addressed to the States that had taken part in the Crusade, did not hesitate to express itself in these terms filled with faith and piety : " It was not Generals, nor battalions, nor arms that brought us victory ; but it was our Lady of the Rosary." Yes, says a modern historian, the defeat of the Turks was so complete and decisive that the whole Christian world spontaneously attributed it to the Blessed Mother of God, whose Rosary all the faithful were reciting whilst the battle was in progress.

The Holy Pope Pius V. in order to perpetuate the memory of so great an event, instituted under the title of *Our Lady of Victory* a feast which received later on the appellation which

is at present so popular and far more significative, viz. that of *Our Lady of the Rosary*; and, for the purpose of encouraging the faithful to celebrate it with piety and fruit, he opened in their behalf the treasury of the Church, and drew from it the celebrated indulgence which is at one time called the *Toties quoties* (a plenary indulgence each time the conditions are complied with), at another time the "Great Pardon of the Rosary" and often the "Dominican Portiuncula." It was then, too, that he added to the Litany of Loretto the invocation "Help of Christians, pray for us."

Notwithstanding the complete discomfiture of the Turks, they, still profiting by the divisions created by that monster of modern times, protestantism, endeavored again and again to crush out the Christian Religion, but the Queen of the Most Holy Rosary showed on every occasion her determination not to allow the infidels to gain the least advantage over the Church. The victories at Corfu, Vienna, Temeswar and Belgrade under the captaincy of Mary were only a prolonged echo of the glorious triumph of the Christians at Lepanto.

But if the Church has nothing now to fear from the Turks, it has other enemies still more powerful, formidable and tyrannical to contend against. Just now the Catholic Religion is much more free along the shores of the Bosphorus than it is on the banks of Seine, Spree or Tjber, where it groans under the oppression of children who have disowned their Mother and have sworn to bring about her destruction. A gigantic anti-Christian conspiracy—its name is Freemasonry—has been formed in the very bosom of the baptized nations. In most of the European countries it has complete control of things, and employs all manner of means to carry out its diabolical ends, sophisms, lies, corruption and violence. Its chief object is to cripple and humiliate the teaching Church, and to eradicate faith and virtue from the souls and hearts of the young. It labors with all its might to have complete control of the schools, so that infidelity and atheism may possess the minds and corrupt the hearts of the rising generation. In countries where Freemasonry has not supreme control, its secret and nefarious influence paralyzes the good will and efforts of those who are in power.

With this view of the present condition of affairs before his mind, the Sentinel of the Vatican utters a cry of alarm to the Virgin of the Rosary. As Pius V., three hundred years ago, looked for help to Mary through her Rosary and obtained it, so to-day Leo XIII. expects from the same source of mercy remedies for the evils of our times, efficacious helps to save the Church and with it the world. It is for us to second by our prayers, zeal and virtues the efforts of the Father of the great Catholic family, and to do violence to Heaven by our fervent and frequent supplications to Mary, and thus deliver our Father at the Vatican, the Church and society from the galling yoke of the most malevolent and implacable enemies.

Here we may be permitted to ask : Is history repeating, or is it about to repeat itself ? Leo XIII., the Pope of the Rosary, has gone even further than his saintly predecessor, Pius V., in making the Rosary the common and ordinary prayer of the faithful. He has called upon all the Rosary Confraternities of the world to unite with him in gaining Mary over to his side ; he has urged the Dominicans to imitate their glorious Father Dominic in banding the faithful into Confraternities of the Rosary. Through his efforts the October devotions have become universal, and he has commanded them to be observed by all until a change for the better has taken place for the Church and her visible Head. He has expressed a wish that the Rosary be daily recited in all Cathedral churches, and on every Sunday and Holy-day in parochial churches. He has most earnestly entreated the faithful to recite daily one part of the Rosary. He has ordained that the invocation " Queen of the Most Holy Rosary, pray for us," which previously to his decree was employed only by the Dominican Order and Rosary Confraternities, should be for the future recited in the Litany of Loretto by all the faithful, and he has proclaimed to the world his own hope of victory for the Church over her present powerful enemies in this sublime panegyric of Mary's favorite prayer : " It is well known that this form of prayer is most pleasing to the Blessed Virgin, most efficacious to obtain for each and for all the succors of Heaven, and most powerful to defend the Church and society." ¹

¹ Encyclica : *Supremi Apostolatus* die 1. Sept., 1883.

Again the Pope of the Rosary makes known to the faithful his love of the devotion and his unbounded confidence in it when he says: "Now that the month of October, which we have already commanded to be observed in honor of our Lady of the Rosary is approaching, we earnestly exhort the faithful to attend to the exercises of the month with all possible devotion, piety, and assiduity. We know that a refuge is at hand in the maternal tenderness of the Virgin, and we are certain that we do not place in vain our trust in her. If she has on hundreds of occasions, during the trying periods of the Church's history, manifested her power in behalf of Christendom, why should we doubt that she will not renew these examples of her power and affection, if humble and constant prayers are addressed to her from all portions of the Church? Indeed, we believe that her intervention will be the more wonderful the longer she permits us to be engaged in seeking it."¹ "The Blessed Virgin alone can save us," says Leo XIII., and she will renew the wonders of Lepanto."²

With what affection and devotion does not the present Pope place Jesus and Mary together in the exercises of October? He does this for the purpose of pointing out the most intimate personal relationship still existing between the Mother and the Son, and the importance of invoking both together. The Holy Father commands that Mary's Rosary and Litany be recited either during the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, or at the exposition of the Blessed Sacrament."³ The Pope points out the propriety of this arrangement. "The necessity of divine assistance is not less to-day than when St. Dominic introduced Mary's prayer into the world for the purpose of curing society of the deep wounds with which it was then afflicted. That great Saint well understood, being illumined from on high, that no remedy could be more efficacious against the evils of his time than that which would bring men back to Christ, *the Way, the Truth and the Life*, through the frequent remembrance of the mysteries of our Salvation operated by Him, and which

¹ Last Encyclica.

² Said to Father De Baecque, O.P., in an audience with the Pope, 11 Jan., 1889.

³ Encyclica: *Superiore Anno* die 30 Aug., 1884.

would induce them to take for their Advocate with God the Virgin to whom it has been given *to crush out all heresies.*"¹ We may then rest assured that as in the 16th century, during the pontificate of Pius V., the Church was comforted and delivered from her enemies by Mary, so too, it will be in this, the 19th century, by the same all-powerful Advocate. Let us all then be as one with the Father of the faithful in prayer: let us specially sanctify Rosary Sunday and Rosary month. But how? By doing what the Angels of the Rosary and the Noble Sentinel of the Vatican entreat us to do. By reciting often and fervently our Rosary; by playing on the harp that pleases and moves Heaven.

THE DOMINICAN PORTIUNCULA, OR THE GREAT
PARDON OF THE ROSARY.

All the faithful who shall visit in memory of the victory of Lepanto the altar of the Most Holy Rosary in any Rosary Confraternity church, or an image of our Lady of the Rosary, erected in the nave or any other part of the church, from the first Vespers of the feast (from about two o'clock Saturday afternoon) until sundown of the feast itself, may gain a plenary indulgence for each visit made, provided they confess, communicate, and at each visit say some prayers for the Pope's intentions. The prayers to be said are left optional with the faithful; but those usually said and which certainly suffice are five our Fathers, five Hail Marys and Glorias, or one decade of the Rosary. These prayers must be said with the lips; mental prayers will not suffice. Visits may be made all Saturday night in places where the Confraternity church is left open. In religious houses the visits to the chapel or church can be conveniently made during the night. It should be carefully borne in mind that the visits must be distinct, that is, that after such visit it is necessary to go out of the church; but it must not be supposed that it is necessary to remain out long, or to walk some distance away from the church before re-entering it to make the next visit. One instant of delay outside after each visit is all that is required to make the visit distinct. It is

¹ Encyclica: *Supremi Apostolatus*, 1 Sept., 1883.

not necessary to say the prayers just before the altar of the Most Holy Rosary ; it is sufficient to say them in any part of the church from which the altar of the Confraternity, or the Rosary image can be seen. Should the church become at any time so crowded that some persons would be unable to enter it to make their visits and say their prayers, it will be sufficient for them to say their prayers before or at the church door. Those who are in the habit of going to confession every week are not bound to a special confession for the Rosary Sunday. Communion received on the Vigil (Saturday) and in any church answers all the requirements of the feast ; the pious will gladly embrace the opportunity of receiving Communion on both days.

PRIVILEGED PERSONS.

All nuns, both the cloistered and the non-cloistered, and all persons residing in colleges, boarding-schools, seminaries, conservatories, hospitals, &c., who are members of the Confraternity of the Rosary, may gain all the plenary and partial indulgences attached to visits prescribed for the Rosary Portiuncula or for other occasions, by making the visits to the church, chapel or oratory of their own institution, and by complying with the other conditions. This privilege was obtained by the General of the Order from Pius IX. (11 Aug. 1871: *Expositum Nobis* ; Rescript. 8. Feb. 1874) for the classes of people specified. It is truly a great privilege, but it must not be misunderstood. It is certain that only those residing in the institutions referred to, and whose names are recorded in some Canonical Rosary Confraternity register, are entitled to enjoy the privilege named. Furthermore, the Most Rev. General of the Order insists that the church, chapel or oratory of each and every such institution have in it prominently exposed at least the sign of the Dominican Confraternity of the Rosary, that is, a picture representing the Blessed Virgin giving the Rosary to St. Dominic. It is quite clear that the Church of God intends Rosary Sunday to be a day of general Communion for all who desire to become enriched with the blessings offered by her generosity, and who are solicitous about giving relief to the holy souls in Purgatory. Besides the plenary indulgences

that may be gained by the visits made during the time already designated, there are some others under other conditions within the reach of Rosarians and the faithful in general.—1. A plenary indulgence for confessing for the occasion to a Dominican Father (Gregory XIII.) Pius IX., at the request of the General of the Order, declared that this indulgence may be gained by confessing to any approved priest (Pius IX. 5. April 1869).—2. On the Sunday or on any of the eight days following it, a plenary indulgence (Leo XIII.) on the conditions of Confession, Communion, a visit to some church, and prayers to God and the Blessed Mother of God for the Pope's intentions.—3. On the feast itself may be gained by Rosarians all the indulgences due to the first Sunday of each month. Our best Rosary authorities declare that the first Sunday of every month gives five plenary indulgences, viz. two for receiving Communion in a Confraternity church, visiting the altar of the Blessed Virgin and praying there for the Pope's intentions, and three for assisting at the Procession of the Most Holy Rosary after Confession and Communion, together with prayers for the Pope's intentions.—4. Several partial indulgences may also be gained by complying with the above described conditions.

INDULGENCES OF ROSARY MONTH.

On each day of the month and until the 2d of November, all the faithful may gain an indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines by assisting at the prescribed public exercises. All who assist at ten such public exercises at least, or who, if legitimately hindered from so doing, privately recite every day for the same number of days, at least five decades of the Rosary, together with the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, may gain a plenary indulgence provided also they receive holy Communion and offer some prayers for the intentions of the Sovereign Pontiff. On each day after the Rosary, may be gained by all the faithful, every time, an indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines for piously reciting the prayer of St. Joseph, prescribed by Leo XIII. But how immense the number of indulgences that may be gained during the month by faithful Rosarians by reason of the daily recitation of their chaplet! During the month of fruits, let us take special

delight in playing on Mary's harp, and let it become so dear to us that we may each be able to address it in these words of the illustrious Cardinal Dèchamps: "O my Rosary, my most intimate confidant, my dear *Vade Mecum*, thou art the most pleasing friend of my life: the path is so beautiful, strewn as it is with the prettiest flowers of the *Ave Maria*! How well thou dost console us when we weep! how readily thou dost gladden the soul when it is sad! how clearly thou makest us understand the nothingness of all things here below! With what accents of wisdom dost thou not repeat these words of the Wise man? 'Vanity of vanities, all is but vanity.' With thee peace has ever reigned in my heart, and at all times serene thoughts have delighted my soul. Oh! thanks . . . thanks . . . Remain always with me; be the last confidant of my life; receive my last act of love and my last sigh. Yes, let me expire, pressing thee fondly to my heart. . . O Mary, O my Mother, you will not permit me to die without my Rosary. No, you will not permit it. And as by this blessed chain you have attached me whilst here on earth to yourself, so, too, you will lift me up to yourself in Heaven, where you will give me over forever to your Father and my Father, to your Saviour and my Saviour, to the Spouse of your Soul and of mine, into the bosom of the August Trinity."¹

IF MARS IS INHABITED, WHAT THEN?

REV. D. J. KENNEDY, O.P.

'Twas during the month of August—old Mars got so close to the earth that he was only about 35,000,000 miles away from us. Many a naked eye and many a "telescoped" eye was fixed upon the red-looking planet in the hope that somebody might see something that no one had ever seen before, and might startle the world scientific and unscientific by new revelations about our distant neighbor. The Lick telescope, it seems, failed to reveal Prof. Schiaparelli's wonderful canals, supposed to have been built by the hands of men; the Professor himself thought that the next "opposition" might afford

¹ *Nouvelle Eve*.

better opportunities for observations, and thus the half-cloudy night of the "opposition" has left the world in the darkness of ignorance, doubt, or supposition with regard to that most interesting luminary. 'Tis true many have attempted to tell us how much they knew, and others have had humility enough to tell us how much they did not know about Mars, but the debate has not yet been closed, and any man is free to give to a curious world his views and surmises about that comparatively unknown planet.

Most people know that there is such a planet as Mars. They have only to look skywards any of these fine nights, and they can see him there in all his splendor or obscurity, according to the night and the condition of the atmosphere. But only a few can tell us much about Mars. Even these chosen few must acknowledge that there are many questions about the old red planet to which they can give no answer, unless they be foolish enough to assert things which they cannot prove. One great question in which all feel an interest is this: Is Mars inhabited? Are there living beings in that queer abode so far away from this earth which once could boast of a paradise of delights? And if there are living beings in that sphere, are *men* to be found there? If so, what kind of creatures are they? Where did they come from? What is their condition? What is their end—destiny? To these questions some have attempted to give answer. Others have been content with conjectures, and of course the answers and conjectures of each one were in accordance with his actual state of mind. Prof. Schiaparelli would be ready to wager that there were rational beings in Mars, and that once upon a time they built some great canals. Others would be inclined to believe that this earth is the only portion of the universe that enjoys the distinction of possessing intelligent beings who occupy the half-way house between the purely material and purely spiritual world. Some will assert that they can prove from faith or science that the earth is the only globe inhabited by human beings, while others will declare that they are prepared to prove the contrary. In the midst of all this confusion, doubt, and uncertainty, what must calm-minded people do? It is our belief they must prepare themselves for the best, or for the

worst, and ask themselves with all seriousness and recollection: If Mars be inhabited, what then? The men up there—if such there be—will not stop our daily or weekly papers, our monthlies or our quarterlies. Trains will leave their stations on time, or after time, as in the past. Laboring men must still earn their bread by the sweat of their brows, and rich bankers, merchants, ministers, etc., etc., will continue to take their summer outings. These and other ordinary occurrences will still take place, the inhabitants of Mars notwithstanding. But there are more serious questions than these aroused by the disputes about the men of Mars. Serious people may well seriously ask: Are there human beings in Mars? If so, whence came they? What is their condition? Shall we ever know more about them? What is their end? It is not our intention, dear readers of the *ROSARY*, to discuss these questions from every possible point of view. In fact, we are not going to discuss them at all. We merely wish to tell you, in the midst of all this dispute and incertitude, what we know or do not know about the habitation of Mars, considered from a religious standpoint. If Mars be inhabited, what would a Catholic, a devout son of the Church, be obliged to believe with regard to the human beings who may be there?

In the first place it may be well to premise that on the question of fact—are there men in Mars?—we are just as free to speculate and surmise, to say and to write foolish or wise things, as a Schiaparelli, a writer for the "*Century*," or an Ingersoll. There is not, to our knowledge, anything in revelation to hinder a Catholic from believing that there are intelligent beings in Mars, if science can make and prove the assertion. But science has not yet given a decided answer to the question. Astronomers do not claim that they have sufficient evidence to demonstrate that Mars is inhabited by rational beings: on our part we shall be free to accept any theory that may prove worthy of acceptance. We know at least one serious and reliable writer who inclines to the belief that there are inhabitants in the other planets. Fr. Lepidi, O.P., author of a manual of Christian Philosophy, says in his "*Cosmologia*" (p. 247): "We are free to assert that there are inhabitants in other spheres as well as on the earth. Neither reason nor faith," he

adds, "would condemn this proposition. Nay, more, reasoning from analogy we should be inclined to assert the proposition. For why, etc."

But if there be men in Mars, whence came they? On this subject we have some certainty by which we may be guided and directed. In the first place, we know from the Bible that Adam was the father of the whole human race that is to be found on the earth. But there is nothing to force us to hold that he was also the proto-parent of the men that astronomers may one day discover in Mars. Then again, supposing, as we must, that the men of Mars are composed of body and soul, we know with certainty that their intelligent souls must have been created by the same Almighty hand, which, after having formed the body of Adam from the slime of the earth, "breathed into his face the breath of life, and man became a living soul" (Gen. ii. 7). Catholic philosophers and theologians are now unanimous in asserting that the souls of men are created by Almighty God, and by Him united to their bodies as their "substantial forms." Some Catholic writers have at times ventured to propose other explanations of the origin of souls, but the doctrine laid down above is now universally accepted. And since the reasons in support of that proposition are drawn from the very nature of the souls—they being spiritual substances, hence incapable of being produced by material agents—the same doctrine must be held with regard to all other spiritual substances. Hence, if there be men in Mars, their souls must have been created by God.

And what about their bodies? Here, if we consider nothing but the teaching of the Church, Darwin and his followers have full liberty to assert, if they wish, that the men of Mars came from some great, ugly old monkey. Christians cannot object that their strange theory would be opposed to Revelation, for Revelation says nothing on the subject. It is the common teaching of Catholic theologians that the body of Adam was formed immediately by God; but since God has told us nothing with regard to the formation of other men, we can assert nothing about them, unless science can substantiate the assertion. The manner in which the bodies of those men have been formed is something that depends on the will of God: and

here we can apply the wise rule laid down by St. Thomas Aquinas : We can know nothing about those things which depend on the will of God alone, except through revelation. (*Summa Theol.* 3 p. qu. 1. a. 2). Revelation says nothing about the origin of the bodies of the men of Mars, hence we must admit we know nothing on this subject. And even scientists, if they saw those much sought-for men, could not tell us how their bodies were formed. The application of this simple rule will be of great help when we attempt to tell what we know or do not know concerning the condition and destiny of those beings whom Schiaparelli would like so much to see.

First, in regard to their condition. Since this article is to deal with the religious question only, we must not stop to consider whether the inhabitants of Mars ride bicycles, hold political conventions, have lynching parties or railroad accidents, eat cucumbers, watermelons, 'possum, sweet potatoes, etc., etc. These questions would be interesting, but we cannot afford to discuss them here. What we want to know is, whether they have any religion. If they have, is their religion natural or was it supernaturally revealed, etc., etc.

Do they know God? Most certainly ; for every man with the use of reason can, without the aid of revelation, know God. "For by the greatness of the beauty and of the creature, the Creator of them may be seen, so as to be known thereby." (*Wisdom* xiii. 5). And, "the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made ; His eternal power also, and divinity." (*Rom.* 1 20) Hence they, too, would be inexcusable if they did not know Him. (*Ibid.*). Do they know anything about the Trinity and the Incarnation? Have they the light of faith and grace and sacraments as we have on earth? All this depends on the will of God ; and since God has not made known His will in their regard, we cannot say what has been done for them. What we do know from reason, without revelation, is that they must have some manner of worshipping their Creator, and that as men they understand something about His eternal power and divinity. Were they, as we hold with regard to Adam, created in a supernatural state, endowed with immortality, and placed in a garden of delights? The answer must be the

same. We know not, because God has told us nothing. Did their proto-parent commit sin? Are they suffering from the guilt and consequences of original sin? Did they need a Redeemer? To these we can give no decisive answer. We know from St. Paul that "by one man sin entered into this world, and by sin death, and so death passed upon all men in whom all have sinned" (Rom. v. 2); but we know, too, that these words were written of the men of this earth, and have no grounds for believing that St. Paul intended to apply them to the inhabitants of Mars or of any other planet. Is Christ their Redeemer? Did He die for them? Here we must be more cautious, and, as theologians say, make a distinction. That Christ is their Redeemer in that by His death He atoned for all of their sins as He atoned for ours, we cannot say, until Almighty God sees fit to tell us whether they were ever guilty of any sins, and whether He has exacted such an atonement for any that may have been committed. But there are many theologians, called by Hurter very grave (*gravissimi*), who maintain that Christ would have become incarnate even if Adam had never sinned. In this hypothesis Christ would have been the *end*, to Whose glory all things in this world should have been ordained independently of Adam or sin. And if that be the case, it would be unreasonable to exclude from this harmonious disposition the other planets and their inhabitants, if they have any. St. Thomas, whose opinion is adopted by the generality of theologians, teaches that Christ would not have become incarnate had not Adam sinned. It is in discussing this question that he lays down the rule of which we have made such good use. Here is a free rendering of the passage from his treatise on the Incarnation: "We can know nothing about those things which depend solely on the will of God, except through revelation, by which the will of God is manifested. Since, then, in revelation man's sin is always assigned as the reason for the Incarnation, in order, viz., that the human race might be healed, it is better to say (*convenientius dicitur*) that if man had not sinned, the Incarnation would not have taken place, remembering, however, it was in God's power to become incarnate even had man not sinned." (L. c.)

Yet we must not forget that even those theologians who

agree with St. Thomas on this subject, hold also with him that Christ, as man, is the Head both of men and of angels. That He is the Head of all men—of all the saints reigning in heaven, of the faithful combating on earth, and of the souls suffering in purgatory—we easily understand, because He merited for them all the supernatural gifts that they have received from God. All of these good and perfect gifts came to them from the Father of lights (James i, 17) through Christ, and in consequence of His merits and sufferings. With regard to the Angels all theologians admit that He is the Head, although all do not agree in explaining why He should be called so, because they do not agree in enumerating the gifts that came to them in consequence of His merits and sufferings.

What most claims our attention just now is this: Christ did not redeem the angels; the good angels never sinned, and the bad angels have never been redeemed. Moreover, the majority of theologians hold that Christ did not merit for the angels the enjoyment of the beatific vision together with the other gifts and qualities which are essential to the happiness of heaven. Nevertheless Christ is their Head because He merited and grants them what theologians call accidental graces and an accidental increase of glory, and because they are all “ministering spirits, sent to minister for them who shall receive the inheritance of salvation.” (Heb. i. 14). In like manner, is it not possible and perhaps probable that if there be men in Mars, Christ is in some way their Head, granting even that they never sinned and did not need a Redeemer? We deem it imprudent to make any positive affirmations on this subject, yet there can be no danger in piously believing that, if there be men in Mars, they bow their knees in veneration of that name which is above all other names, and that even up there every tongue confesses that the Lord Jesus Christ is in the glory of God the Father. (See Phil. ii., 9, 10, 11.)

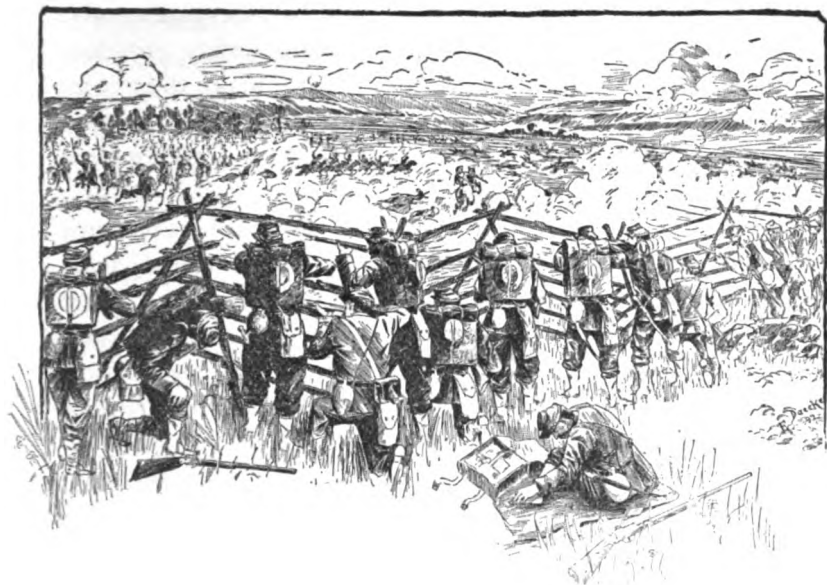
Finally, what is to become of the supposed inhabitants of Mars?—Well, if they were created in the same state of justice in which our first parents were created, and if their proto-parents never sinned, they are not subject to death, but will be transported alive into paradise. One thing is certain: their end is God, as He is the end of every creature to be attained

in the manner suited to the nature and condition of each one.

If they have been left to their natural condition, and have not been sharers in the supernatural gifts which God in His mercy has seen fit to bestow upon the men of earth, their proper end will be the knowledge, possession, and enjoyment of God in what is called natural beatitude. They will have no right to claim a participation in those wonderful rewards which God of His bounty and free-will has promised to the men who on earth love and serve Him with their whole heart and soul.

On the other hand, if God has been as good and gratuitously generous in their regard as He has been to us, then we may one day meet them in that place in which we shall enjoy the things of which St. Paul wrote: "That eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man what things God hath prepared for them that love Him." (1 Cor. ii. 9). "To us God hath revealed them by His Spirit," says St. Paul. (Ibid. v. 10). Whether He has revealed them to the inhabitants of Mars we shall probably never know until "that day when Christ shall come to declare how the wicked shall be punished and how the just shall be rewarded. Then, as we hope, we shall know all about the inhabitants of Mars and of the other planets. In the meantime our attempts at an investigation concerning their existence, origin, condition and destiny, must remind us forcibly of that old saying of saints and humble learned men expressed by Edward A. Fullman in the following words: "The more one knows, the more one finds how much one does not know."

"WRITE, read, sing, lament, keep silence, pray, bear adversities manfully: eternal life is worth all these and greater combats."—*Fol. of Christ.*



BY THE MASSANUTTEN MOUNTAINS.

A War Sketch.

THOMAS F. GALWEY.

I.

It was late in February, 1862. "Stonewall" Jackson had not long before dislodged the Union force under Gen. Lander from Romney, the key-point of the mountain region of Virginia near the Upper Potomac. Lander's Division had then been forced back in retreat, amid a furious storm of snow, rain, and sleet, to the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, which there follows the course of the Potomac river. Shields had been substituted for Lander in the command, and with his buoyant Irish nature quickly restored spirit to the men. Cumberland, the most important town of Western Maryland, was in a state of feverish anxiety. It was largely given up, even then, to iron works and similiar industries, so that the mass of its citizens, unlike the people of Maryland generally, were not in sympathy with the secession movement. There was momentary danger of attack, for, in spite of the nearness of the main Union force, which was holding the strategic points

of the Potomac river from New Creek (now Keyser) eastwardly, there were several fording places not yet adequately guarded, and where a few daring Confederates might make their way across on some dark night, pounce upon Cumberland, destroy the supplies gathered there, then be off and back into Virginia with little loss to themselves.

A blustering, rainy day had closed with a stiff north-west wind that brought a flurry of snow upon the town, so that at nightfall the brick sidewalks of Baltimore street, the main thoroughfare, shone black under the dim glare of the gas-lamps, which had just been lit. Few persons were about except an occasional soldier of the garrison. In front of the guard-house near the railroad station some of the provost-guard loitered, awaiting the summons to fall in for the early night patrol. On the veranda of the Revere House, the principal hotel of the town, and at that time the headquarters of the commandant of the post, that officer himself was standing, all alone. He was past middle life, of medium height, with grizzly hair and full beard. His broad-brimmed, black felt hat, with gilt cord and acorns, was pulled well down over his face against the wind that was now surging harshly up the street. His sabre showed from beneath his dark overcoat, which, like his boots, was spattered with mud. A young officer came out of the hotel and approached him.

"General," he said to the commandant, "there's a queer, little old lady inside who came this afternoon on the train from the West. She is very mysterious in her manner, and has something that she says is important to tell you, which she will communicate to no one but yourself."

"I'll see her presently," was the commandant's comment. "Go to the officer-of-the-day at once, Captain," he added, "and direct him to be unusually vigilant to-night. I have just ridden up from the ford near Brady's. A negro, who had come across at dusk, told me that a mounted force of the enemy from Romney was hiding on the other side. That's all."

The staff-officer moved away towards the stables in the rear of the hotel and called his orderly, and, these two having mounted, trotted off along the cobble-stone pavement of the street just as the General turned about and entered the hotel.

The men of the provost-guard had seen the commandant and his adjutant-general in conversation on the veranda of the hotel, and the latter's hasty departure, and had immediately entered into a discussion of the probable cause, but had not gone far in their conjectures. "Pst ! here comes the officer-of-the-day," said one of them as that official, on foot, with his red sash wound across his right shoulder to signify his function, hurried towards them past the hotel.

"Turn out the guard ; Officer-of-the-day !" bawled the sentinel who was pacing his beat on the sidewalk. Instantly the off-relief of the guard fell in, facing the street, and presented arms as the officer reached them.

"Where is Lieutenant Killone ?" he inquired of the lieutenant-of-the-guard, after he had returned the salute.

"I don't know, Sir," the young officer answered. "He is probably lying down in his room. He hasn't seemed to be well since he came back from his scout all alone the night before last.

"Don't disturb him, then. But have the alarm sounded at once. The General has information that an attack is likely at any moment. I am off now to mount and visit the outposts."

Before the officer-of-the day was out of sight, all was bustle with the provost-guard. A drummer came out from the guard-house, and taking his stand on the curb-stone, began to beat the long-roll. The sleet had changed, meanwhile, into snow that was slanting down in broad, thick flakes, somewhat deadening the ominous rattle of the drummer's notes of alarm.

While the stirring drum-beats were calling the soldiers to arms, and were striking terror to the hearts of the citizens, a train from the West came in with ringing bell, and stopped at the street-crossing just above the guard-house. Instantly a covered ambulance, which had driven up to the hotel a few moments before, dashed past the guard-house and drew up close beside the train. The commandant alighted from it, assisted a little old lady out, put her quickly on board the train, spoke a word to the conductor, and then returned on foot towards the hotel. The locomotive bell began to ring, and the train moved off on its way.

* * * * *

"Did you hear—?" asked one of the provost men, a few sec-

onds later, of a companion. But the other, who was shaking the snow from the cape of his overcoat, had heard nothing. Again came the sound, this time, however, unmistakable ; the discharge of carbines in the direction whither the train had but just gone. Then all was silent once more.

Baltimore street, in the meantime, was filling up from curb to curb with columns of infantry, who marched in from the cross-streets and then stood about at their ease, beating themselves vigorously with their hands, and stamping their feet in the now deepening snow in order to keep their blood in circulation. A knot of officers was gathered in front of the Revere House, where the officer-of-the-day, who had ridden in from the outposts, had entered to make his report to the commandant.

"Where is the Provost-marshal?" one of them inquired.

"I was told a few moments ago that he has been drinking heavily since the night before last."

"That is nothing strange for Killone," said another officer. "But I have heard that he has been in a sort of stupor in his quarters ever since an old lady, a stranger here, had a private interview with him this afternoon."

"Great guns! there must be some mystery in all this," said another ; "an old lady whom nobody seems to know was put on board the east-bound train by the commandant himself. I hope she escaped unharmed from the shots that the officer-of-the-day now says were fired at that train."

But the columns soon broke up and the soldiers returned to their several quarters. The Confederate cavalry, it seemed, who had caused all the alarm, had crossed the Potomac higher up than had been expected, and, after circling around the town, and finding their attempted surprise a failure, had discharged a few shots into the passing railroad train and gone off in full retreat to a lower ford, where they could easily regain the Virginia shore before daylight, without any danger of being intercepted.

II.

By the middle of March the Valley of Virginia swarmed with the contending forces. Jackson had gathered a small, but choice

army in the town of Winchester, which he had long before surrounded with strong lines of earthworks. He seemed to be determined to await and defy the advance of the Union corps under General Banks, made up of three of the divisions which had for the previous seven or eight months been operating along the Upper Potomac. One of these divisions was that of General Shields. Banks had taken up a position on the south side of the Potomac with all his men, as soon as the frost was sufficiently out of the ground to give promise of good roads to open the spring campaign.

Simultaneously with McClellan's movement with the main body of the Army of the Potomac against the Confederate entrenchments at Manassas, Banks set his corps in motion towards Winchester. But Jackson, conforming to the Confederate retreat from Manassas, evacuated Winchester, making merely a pretense of resistance, and forthwith seemed to be in hasty flight up the Valley, probably not to stop until he had reached Richmond. The Union soldiers cheered lustily as they clambered over the abandoned ramparts and poured along into the streets of Winchester. Many of them thought the war already practically at an end, and were counting on the pleasant times in prospect for them when, within a few weeks at furthest, they should return in triumph to their homes and families in the North and West. Few of them supposed that a year, two years, even three years, would still find them in Virginia, and that the long line from Winchester, up and down the Valley to Fredericksburg, back again across Maryland into Pennsylvania, and from Gettysburg once more through to the Rappahannock, through the Wilderness to the North Anna River, to Cold Harbor, up and down the Peninsula, and thence across the James River to the trenches of Petersburg, and so on to Appamattox Court-house, would be checked off at close intervals by battle-fields, on each of which some of them were to lie down wounded or dead—or that some of them, under General Sherman, scarcely yet heard of, would illustrate by their valor and devotion more Southern lands, from Lookout Mountain to Savannah.

Banks and McClellan were deceived by Jackson. Banks was ordered to march to join the main army at once, leaving only

Shields' Division, composed mostly of Western men, to occupy the Valley. Scarcely, however, had Banks got out of the way, than Jackson appeared, threatening Winchester, and having in his advance an active and enterprising cavalry force under the gallant Gen. Ashby. Within a few days almost every man of Shields' Division who prided himself on being a marksman had taken aim, once at least, at Ashby, who appeared to enjoy the sport of being shot at without being hit.

The morning of the 23d of March opened bright and sunny. Shields had been wounded in a reconnoissance two days before, but from his bed in the Virginia Hotel in Winchester continued to direct the operations through the signal corps, whose little waving flags transmitted his orders to Gen. Nathan Kimball, holding the Union battle-line at Kearntown, four miles south of Winchester. Though not great as to the numbers engaged, this battle was among the sharpest and most brilliant of the war. Some of its most interesting fighting was done on the high ground to the west of the great turnpike which connects Winchester with Cedar Creek, Strasburg, Woodstock, Edinburg, Harrisonburg, and Stanton.

The ground reaching eastwardly from the turnpike is open and rather flat, and it was therefore left out of consideration by both armies, so far as important manœuvres were concerned. Kimball had, however, extended across this ground to cover his left wing, a skirmish line of picked men on whom he could rely. Opposed to these was a restless body of Virginia horsemen of Ashby's command, full of dash, and having their reserve, with two pieces of cannon, posted at and around a little brick Protestant meeting-house situated in an open grove, about five hundred yards from the Union line. The play between these skirmish lines at the Union left was, most of the time, an interesting combination of daring and skill. The extreme left of the Union skirmishers, under the command of Lieutenant Killone, were deployed along a stake-and-rider fence, from behind which they shouted taunts and many galling words at the enemy, who were eager to come to close quarters.

Late in the afternoon, after many fruitless attempts to draw the Union skirmishers from their cover, a troop of Ashby's

men formed in front of the grove, and then, with drawn sabres, came forward at a trot. Presently their trumpet sounded and they instantly began to open out, until they were extended in a single line with wide intervals between the horsemen, who now, sending up a succession of shrill whoops, quickened their pace into a gallop, and then, at a run, came on like a line of racers, towards the fence. Their horses' broad breasts throbbed with energy, the hoofs, as they struck the turf, sending up the grass and soft earth in dark masses behind. The riders held their heads low on the horses' necks, their right arms upraised and their sabre-blades glinting the light from the sun, which was now far down towards the mountains in the West. The right of the Union skirmishers broke away, and there one horseman after another leaped the fence, high as it was. But, further to the left, Killone, with his men, had climbed over the fence and boldly moved out against the right flank of the Confederate line, forcing that part of it which was near him to moderate its pace, and then, in self-defence, to halt in its charge and attempt a change of front. But in spite of their splendid horsemanship and their courage, the manœuvre was unsuccessful. The hot fire of the Union skirmishers who still held to the fence and Killone's attack, were too much for them. First one, and then another, and another, turned his horse's head about, and broke away to the rear, towards the grove.

It was one of those moments in battle when the worth of discipline and skilful command is of as much avail as fearless courage. Each force here on this little spot was victorious on its left, and defeated on its right. Killone saw the need at once and endeavored to stay his exultant men in their chase towards the grove, and wheel them to their right, so as to strike the centre of the advancing Confederates. But in vain. The impulse of their momentary victory was greater than their discipline, and he was borne onwards with them towards the grove. At the same moment, far off on the ridges beyond the turnpike, a great shout was going up, and the Union line of battle there was rapidly advancing with its waving stars and stripes. Jackson had yielded, and was in full retreat.

After many efforts, Killone managed for an instant to check

a few of his men who were near him. But the retiring Confederate cavalrymen were closing in upon him on all sides. Still he endeavored to recall his men. He had emptied his revolver and he knew that his sword, skilful though he was in the use of it, would be of no avail against the long reach of a man on horseback. One of Ashby's captains had singled him out, and, having turned his horse towards him, bore down full upon him, with sabre held vertically at the left shoulder, to strike him by a cut downwards to the right. Killone, however, jumped far enough aside to escape the stroke, and then, springing upon the Confederate with a bound, seized him around the waist and dragged him from his saddle to the earth. But though Killone's life was saved, he had not secured his liberty. An hour later, he was marching southward along the Valley Turnpike in the midst of a crowd of Union prisoners at the head of the column of Jackson's retreating army.

For nearly three weeks Shields carried on the contest with Jackson in the Valley to the south of Winchester. Scarcely a day passed that Shields' skirmishers were not engaged with Ashby's cavalry, who trotted or galloped with their light battery from one rise of ground to another, while covering Jackson's leisurely movements. The two armies came momentarily into contact at several points along the Valley, but without decisive effect on any occasion. Jackson was merely endeavoring to gain time, to keep the Washington people in such alarm as would prevent troops being sent away to reinforce McClellan, and Shields was so hampered by the orders he almost daily received from McDowell and the War Department, that another pitched battle, such as that of Kearnstown, seemed to be out of the question. Every day, however, little bands of Shields' men volunteered for independent scouting, and would go off in twos or threes, well mounted, and dressed in butternut or gray, to prowl about Jackson's column in search of information.

By the middle of April, Jackson had assumed what looked like a strong position on a high ridge called Rood's Hill, where his left extended to the Shenandoah River, which also protected his front by the sudden long sweep which it makes towards

the west, while his right rested on the Massanutten Mountains. In his camp at Rood's Hill Jackson still retained most of the prisoners captured at Kearnstown and subsequently, many of whom had grown by this time almost into a feeling of comradeship with their captors, and were able to shorten the weariness of the lengthening days of April by poker or other games of chance played with their guards, or among themselves.

ST. LOUIS BERTRAND.

BY WILLIAM D. KELLY.

IN those heroic days when sunny Spain
Sent hither o'er the seas her friars in bands
To preach the faith to the discovered lands
That rose resplendent from the western main ;
Forth from their convents then in goodly train,
Their beads and breviaries borne in their hands,
The brethren whom St. Dominic commands
Came here to toil, and labored not in vain.

O saintly Bertrand, these October days
Recall thy toil beneath our tropic sun,
For lo ! where under its perfervid rays
The swampy stretches of the isthmus run,
It is recorded in thy glorious praise
Ten thousand souls to Christ thy labors won.

" UNDER an active, strong faith, the divine side of things becomes visible."

" Recalling to others what they forget, is as useful as teaching them that of which they are ignorant."

" The first condition for performing any work in a proper manner, is to feel its importance."

" To ask for others is the true method of obtaining for ourselves."—St. Greg. Mor. I. 25.

A DEVOUT EXPLANATION OF THE "OUR FATHER."

FROM ST. THOMAS AQUINAS.

THIRD PETITION CONCLUDED.—Through this petition we obtain the beatitude of mourning of which St. Matthew writes: "*Blessed are they that mourn.*" And this is so, according to each of the three explanations given. According to the first, as we desire to possess eternal life, the love of it constrains us to mourn in the language of the Psalmist (Ps. 119): "Woe is me that my sojourning is prolonged!" This desire is so strong in the saints that in order to satisfy it they long for death—a thing that in itself is natural to abhor. "We are confident and have a good will to be absent rather from the body, and to be present with the Lord." (2 Cor. v. 8).

According to the second explanation, they who keep the commandments are in mourning; because the commandments, although sweet to the soul, are nevertheless bitter to the flesh, which is continually penanced. The words of the Psalmist are apt: "Going they went and wept." This is the case as far as the body is concerned, "*but coming they shall come with joyfulness.*" (Ps. 125). This is the experience of the soul.

So also, according to the third explanation, by reason of the persistent warfare going on between the flesh and the spirit, there ensues a sadness, a sorrow—a sense of mourning. So it must be; because the soul that is harrassed, were it only by venial sins, is saddened until they are expiated. "Every night," said the Psalmist, "I will wash my bed;" that is, I will cleanse my conscience. (Ps. 6). They who thus mourn, reach at last the true home, to which may God bring us.

"PERFECTION principally and in itself consists in charity, which is the root of all virtues; secondarily and accidentally it consists in the other virtues; inasmuch as by them impediments are removed from the soul, thus enabling it to go with greater freedom to God and in as far also as these virtues are the effects of perfect charity."—(St. Thomas, *Quodlib; de Carit. a. II. ad 5*).

The Children of the Rosary.

CONDUCTED BY AQUINAS.

THE SECOND GLORIOUS MYSTERY.

THE ASCENSION.

O children, see ! from human sight	Dear Master ! lone indeed our hearts
Christ doth ascend. His work is done.	With Thou afar, in Heaven above,
A sinful world has been redeemed	Save for a miracle supreme,—
And Heaven for the creature won.	Thyself in Sacrament of Love.



THE second glorious mystery of the Rosary closes the drama of Our Lord's earthly career. Ascending into heaven, He returned to the Father Who had commissioned Him, to blot out the handwriting that barred mankind from the friendship of the Creator. The mission of Our Lord to the world involved untold humiliations from Bethlehem to Calvary. "He humbled Himself, becoming obedient even unto death, for which cause God also exalted Him, and hath given Him a name which is above all names." (Phil. ii. 8, 9). And so we too, while contemplating Our Saviour ascending into heaven, must remember that, if we would follow Him to receive the crown of immortality, we must win it here below. We, too, must be obedient to the call of duty, no matter where our station or what our calling. "The obedient man shall speak of victory." Heaven is our inheritance, our baptismal birthright ; let us not trade it for a mess of the world's por-

ridge. Amid the temptations that surround us, let us fix our gaze on our ascending Saviour, then our conversation will be in heaven, "from whence also we look for the Saviour, our Lord, Jesus Christ."—Phil. 3. 20.

IN AN ANGEL'S KEEPING.

MARGARET E. JORDAN.

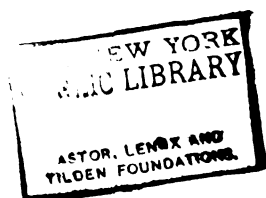
THERE was a rustle in the air that was sweeter than earth's sweetest music; there was a shimmering of light that was brighter than earth's dazzling sunshine, but no human being heard the music or saw the brightness, for it was an angel that was passing by on a mission from Heaven to earth. There are few that see the angels, though there are none that are not helped by their powerful, unseen ministry.

A farmer stood in his field as the angel passed by, and from the shimmering wing there fluttered downward, like a pure white feather, a holy thought, and it rested a moment upon his heart, and though it was so soft and light, it was, oh, so strong that it lifted his heart upward from earth to Heaven, for it was a thought of God, and it grew as angel-thoughts always grow; and as the farmer thought and thought and thought, somehow he seemed to see again the joy he had seen on the faces of Tom and Annie Graham when he had told them of the priest's visit eight miles away. He knew it was because of his office as God's minister that they were so glad of the news.

It was in a southern state, where flowers bloomed and birds sang late in the year as the Month of the Angels. It was many years ago, when miles lay between rude dwellings, when at rare, rare intervals, Mass was celebrated in some settler's humble living room. When Catholics, with hearts warm with the faith, thought nothing of a walk of many miles in the darkness, fasting, to receive the Sacraments and hear the Holy Sacrifice offered at day-break by a priest travelling from post to post of his wide-spread mission, ministering to all hungry souls upon the way.



IN AN ANGEL'S KEEPING.



The thought of God, and of his neighbor's joy at the rare privilege of attending divine service, and of their long journey back and forth, clung to Farmer Thornton, and the good thought grew into a good deed. He exclaimed: "I'll do it, I'll just take a run across to Graham's and see is there anything I can do for the old lady and the little ones. Along by the ledge is the shortest cut, I guess."

On, on he strode. "What is that? Hark! Children's voices? True as there's an air I breathe, it is. By the ledge I see them through the trees—'tis the little Grahams chasing a butterfly! Let me go cautiously, lest I frighten them over the brink! They are on it—there is nothing to save them!"

Nothing to save them? Ah, Farmer Thornton! a mighty prayer went up but a few hours ago from a mother's heart, and the faith that was in it made it all-powerful. And unseen, unheard, an angel form is there, and it will hold the little ones safe till your coming, for it is at the voiceless bidding of this angel protector, breathed as he passed you by, that you are at hand, but you know it not.

Now carrying a little one in his strong arms, again with both trotting by his side, with happy, childish prattle, the journey home was made, and Heaven heard the music and saw the brightness that neither eyes of man nor children saw, the light of an angel's presence and the music of his wings.

CHARLEY'S CHANCE.

MRS. C. A. GILLESPIE.

CHAPTER V.

ON their arrival in the city, John and Charley were met by Captain Morgan, who first made it his business to see that they had clothes suited to their new circumstances, and then to conduct them to their lodgings, which he had secured in the same house with himself and Rowena. It was where he and his son had long made their home when in port, where Rowena had frequently visited them, and where she felt much at

home. A quaint, old-timed edifice in a wide, unfashionable street, but to our boys' unsophisticated eyes, and contrasted with their rude mountain home, it appeared a palace of elegance. The stiff hair-cloth chairs and sofas seemed too good for use. The dim old portraits on the walls struck them with awe, and Charley wandered around the carpeted rooms and halls very much impressed at first. It was only when he walked out into the pitiful little yard with its tiny grass plot, and high fence, with a small patch of sky above, and that disfigured by ugly chimneys and back buildings; when he saw these and understood it to be all that pertained to the house of out-door life, he began to think things not so unevenly balanced after all. The remembrance of the wild loneliness of his native hills, the infinite boundless depths of ether above them, the souging of the winds in the majestic pines which scented the air, the rapid flight of birds overhead, the music of the water-fall,—all these things which had all his life been a matter of course, were now for the first time appreciated. He became more critical still. It struck him that in all the dandified men that daily passed the house he saw none with such breadth of chest and shoulder, such erect forms and steady gait as his brothers', and, if he had been a vain boy, he might have added that in all Gotham nowhere saw he a finer sight than he presented at this period of life himself; his short, crisp, brown locks, just touched with gold, were pushed in thick, wavy masses back from the broad, white brow; his starry blue eyes were shadowed by long, dark lashes; the flush of health tinged the rounded cheek, and a smile of innocent, boyish mirth lingered around the well-shaped mouth and chin. Climbing many a mountain-path had caused him to hold himself erect, and many were the glances of admiration cast upon the Captain's beautiful ward, as, with the little Rowena's hand in his, Charley ventured each day to take longer walks and familiarize himself more thoroughly with his prospective home. In less than a week, however, he found the rapidly-shifting panorama of his life placing new views upon the canvas; for he was on the boundless deep. The Captain's good ship, the Arctic, was bound for the Shetland Islands, carrying a valuable cargo of American machinery, and expecting to bring back a number of the famous breed of ponies raised there.

There were but few passengers, and they gentlemen going for business purposes. Rowena was now placed almost entirely in Charley's care. It was amusing to watch the almost spaniel-like devotion with which she hung around her preserver, as she persisted in declaring him to be, though she had been repeatedly told that her rescue was the result of the joint efforts of the brothers, and that certainly Charley could never have lifted her inanimate form from the rock to the bridge, however brave he might have been. The wilful, petted child would put her fingers in her ears and declare she knew it was all Charley's doings, and she would thank no one but him; and so, passionate and headstrong as she was with others, her docility and obedience to Charley's slightest request was wonderful. To be sure, her attachment often proved a little irksome, and Charley would frequently have been glad to slip away from her and enjoy himself more in his own old fashion of throwing himself on his back, and gazing up into the vast blue vault above him, which at such times seemed like some great benignant presence smiling down upon him, and inviting his confidence. His high sense of honor prevented him from indulging in these reveries as often as he would, and it was only when his wayward companion had exhausted her not fully recuperated strength, and had been taken by her maid for a nap, that he dared give full play to all his dreams and fancies and aspirations—aspirations which he did not then know were themselves pledges for their own fulfilment. Are any of our young readers conscious of a desire to be something which they feel they are not; something wiser, truer, better? Let them but follow whither such thoughts lead, for they are from above, and were not sent to mock them, but to incite them to put forth the efforts necessary to accomplish their wishes. Nay, we would say more, though your wishes be not of a spiritual but of a temporal character, the thing you greatly desire, if it be not a wicked or wrong thing, be patient and persistent and you shall attain it. God intends you to have it, and He plants the desire; it may be long years beforehand, that the fruition may be all the sweeter. "In due season you shall reap if you faint not," and "fail not" to do your duty in that station of life to which it has pleased Him to call you.

But the voyage which had looked so endless in prospect was fast nearing its close, when the weather, which all along had been most propitious, began to change. They were but two days' sail from their destination, when heavy mists gathered in the North-east and rolled along the surface of the sea. The waves no longer broke in foaming crests, but lifted black masses against the Eastern horizon. The wind blew with gale-like force. Gleams flashed out of the obscurity, and thunder bellowed over the water. The good ship rolled heavily in the troughs of the sea. They were in the midst of a fearful storm. Charley in vain tried to quiet the frightened Rowena, in fact, his own heart beat with quick, heavy thuds. He could hear the trampling of feet on the deck, and the clear quick notes of the Captain's powerful voice. A dozen seamen called to each other from different parts of the vessel, each screaming louder than the last. Order after order was given in quick succession. Every effort was being made to keep the vessel before the wind which was blowing her back over her course. A rushing, moaning sound was heard moving over the waters, which gradually grew to be a sheet of foam. In another instant the gust struck the ship broadside, and swept over her, bellowing fiercely. She yielded to the blast, and seemed to lie over almost on her beam ends, then struggled gallantly to right herself. One more effort and she was flying before the gale, seeming scarcely to touch the surface of the foamy sea. Sometimes the wind died away to a hoarse whisper. Again it struck the ship like booming cannon. As Charley felt the ship reel and shiver under these dreadful strokes, he gave up all for lost. Suddenly there came a lull in the conflict of the elements, though still the vessel rolled so that he could not keep his feet for a moment, and the down-pouring torrent threatened to beat in the skylight, through which the faint glimmer of another day began to creep into the saloon where, amid overturned chairs and tables, and broken lamps, he and Rowena and the few passengers had passed the night. After what appeared a long interval, Rowena's father opened the door leading into the gangway. His hair was dishevelled; he was wet and very pale. Rowena sprang to his side. He looked at her sadly, then turned to the rest: "The storm is over"—he paused.

"But the danger is over?" said a quiet, old man, who had tried all night to prepare them for the worst.

"No, Sir, the danger is just upon us. The ship has sprung a leak; we shall have to take to the boats, I fear. The pumps seem to make no headway."

"How long can we keep afloat?" asked a young merchant.

"Probably a few hours. In the meantime let each secure his money and any jewels he may have, but no heavy articles nor any clothes besides those which he wears."

Captain Morgan then took the children to his cabin, had Rowena warmly dressed, and leaving her with her maid, told Charley to come on deck with him.

The little boy was struck with great awe at the outspread scene. Light clouds were fluttering in the murky, threatening heavens; the sea was rolling heavily; the ship alternately sinking into great depths and raising its stern high in the air.

She had labored so in the storm as to open many of the seams, and the upper works began to settle beneath the level of the ocean, the influx of which was rapidly increasing.

The Captain's grave face, the preparations for abandoning the ship, the consternation of the passengers, the dismal cries of his little playmate might well have affected a braver and older boy than Charley.

He paused a moment, looking around at the scene of confusion, beyond at the wan light of breaking day, laying low against the spread of waters. Between him and that distant horizon he seemed to see the old cabin, the faces of his father and brothers, and to hear on the fitful mourn of the wind the school singing "Lord dismiss us." A whispered prayer for them and himself was breathed to our Lady and her Son, and then he threw his whole soul into the emergencies of the moment. Quieting Rowena as only he could, darting here and there on commissions from her father, collecting valuables scattered around and restoring them to their distracted owners, no need to think of himself, since God was thinking of him. The Captain clasped him to his heart once, saying: "Charley, I had not meant to give you this as a reward for saving my child." "Perhaps God will save us all, dear Captain," whispered the boy, but the more experienced man shook his

head. He was going to do his best, but he was hopeless. "How now?" Charley heard him asking the mate.

"Settling fast, Sir!"

The order to man the boats had just been given, when an answering bell to their own, (which had never ceased ringing), was heard, and in a few minutes through the lifting fog a low-masted steamship came in sight. It seemed too good to be true, but on she came, and her arrival meant life and safety. It was a Norwegian mail ship, bound for Iceland, and of limited accommodations, but such as they were, they were placed at the disposal of the unfortunate Arctic. The cargo and much of the baggage had to be abandoned, but each took his valuables, and not a moment was lost in getting on board the *Helga*, which at once steamed rapidly away from the fast sinking ship.

The passengers found their new quarters far inferior to the old in every respect, but rescue from almost certain death sweetened all privations, and they joyfully made the best of everything. Indeed, the sudden alternations from despair to safety created a degree of feverish hilarity, and the most trivial occurrences afforded food for merriment. After less than two days' sailing, cold winds began to blow down off the glaciers which they were now nearing. More than one whale was seen spouting water fully ten feet. The length of the days sensibly increased. Another day's sail and the sun went down at midnight, flooding the sky with a crimson light which faded away into a pale green, while at the same time a light spot began to glow in the East, telling of the coming of another fair day. And now chill fogs abounded, and through the mists could be heard the hound-like cry of sea-gulls. Occasionally a queer bird, called the puffin, having small wings and a large body, would come in sight for a moment, and as quickly disappear. The winds were cold and raw, while if there was no breeze, the sunshine was very penetrating. Each hour seemed to proclaim the entrance into a new latitude and the existence of hitherto unexperienced conditions. Ere long the bare, brown hills, backed by the snow-crowned mountains of Iceland, appeared skirting the northern horizon, and before nightfall of the fifth day the *Helga* had entered the semicircular harbor of Reykjavik. Charley had read an interesting book on Suioland

or Iceland, in connection with his geography lesson the winter before, and felt his heart beat high in expectation as he was placed in one of the frail little boats that had put out from the land, which Captain Morgan had engaged to take his party ashore. Everything was strangely unfamiliar. The solemn wintry sunshine rested with weird effect upon the singular landscape. The men with their light blue eyes, stolid faces, and shocks of uncombed tow hair; the foreign looking women in short skirts and queer head-gear, carrying their loads of fish; the little town, with its half dozen streets, its herds of docile little ponies untethered in the same; the universal odor of fish-piles drying in the sun, stacks waiting to be shipped—all these new and varied objects of interest astonished Charley, and even silenced Rowena's chattering tongue. Hand in hand with the maid they followed Captain Morgan up the uneven street, passing a homely church in which fish was being stored, a statue by Norway's great artist, Thorwaldsen, a dozen square, ugly houses, with cabbage-gardens in front, and presently entering a rude country store kept by a friend of Captain Morgan's, a Scotchman, who had known him in his youth, and who had occasionally met him in foreign ports. Great was his surprise at seeing him at this *Ultima Thule* of the civilized world. The Captain briefly related his misfortune, and Mr. Thompson set off at once to find him and his charges a suitable lodging; his own, he said, was "up there," smiling as he pointed to a loft over the store, accessible only by means of a ladder placed without the door. He was able to find a shelter for them at a quaint little house about midway the town. It was built into the hill of black-wood, and with a hip roof. Like all Icelandic houses it was but poorly ventilated, and had a musty, fishy smell, but was comparatively clean, and Captain Morgan was glad to engage board for himself and the children during their three days stay, ere the vessel would leave on her home trip. He placed Charley and Rowena in care of the stout, middle-aged hostess, and returned to the ship to look after the welfare of the passengers and crew of his own vessel. Charley amused the little girl by relating a story he had read about a missionary's daughter whose father had died on this island, and who had lived here among

these very surroundings. He would gladly have questioned Fru (Mrs.) Heftye concerning the truth of the narrative, but knew it was hopeless to try make her understand him. She came in very often during the day and nodded pleasantly to the children, once bringing them some hard sweet-cakes. The dinner of black bread smjor (smear) or butter, coffee, cabbage and fish was not very tempting, but hunger supplied the requisite sauce. In the afternoon a little boy and girl from the neighboring house called on our young friends. They all looked at the flowers in the window, and sat silent around the red-tiled stove. The visitors were dressed in an antiquated style, and the little girl, whose name was Synvor, had on a profusion of cheap jewelry. She put some of her rings on Rowena's fingers. They were much too large, but when she tried to take them off the naughty child cried and fought like a little tiger, and it was with some difficulty Charley made her give them up. He was glad when their visitors departed, for Rowena always contrived to mortify him when in company by some rude or selfish act. She would be very penitent the next instant, and seemed to feel keenly his displeasure.

The Captain returned late in the day and, being much fatigued, they all retired, though the strong light of day beating in at the shutterless windows made it almost impossible to fall asleep. The bed and cover were merely quilts of eider down, being exactly alike.

The next day Charley accompanied Captain Morgan and several of the passengers, mounted on the small shaggy ponies of the region, to various points of interest in the vicinity of Reykjavik. Rowena being unable to ride alone, and the animals too small to carry double, was left behind, screaming violently. Charley would have willingly remained, but her father forbade it. The hard trot of the horses over the rough lava roads made riding anything but enjoyable, but the fact that they were seeing sights never to be seen again, compensated the travellers for any discomforts. Iceland is of volcanic origin, and has but scanty soil and verdure. Not a tree or shrub is to be seen; nothing but mosses, grass, and heather. The barren hills are full of fissures, and numerous hot springs abound. The mountains, which everywhere form the back-

ground to the barren hills, look very beautiful, clad in a soft woolly like mantle of perpetual snow, while right from the foot of one of the highest, Mount Hecla, springs the geysers, those wonderful fountains of boiling water that throw up columns fifty and sixty feet high, the spray from which petrifies all objects wetted by it. The Captain's party cooked some lamb in the basin of the largest geyser. The sloping walls seemed to descend to a great depth; the water was pure and pellucid, boiling hot near the surface, but cold about a foot down. A short distance from the geyser, Charley found some bright little flowers of scarlet hue and the odor of our heliotrope. He got Captain Morgan to place one or two in his note-book, together with a little blossom which Mr. Thompsen called the Iceland daisy. Some of the natives cast several large stones into the mouth of the spring where they had dined, whereupon a great commotion was heard, and presently quite a stream of mud and water burst forth, leaping some ten feet into the air, and scattering the party far and near.

Returning to the village by another route, they were obliged to cross quite a wide stream. The bed was of lavá, and right in the middle this substance formed a ridge which was bridged over, presenting the novel spectacle of a bridge *between* two streams. Charley's little pony slipped and threw him over its head in attempting to get from the water on the bridge. The current here was quite rapid, and there was danger of being sucked into one of the many holes in the lava under the bridge, but Charley took a firm grip on the end of the rude structure, and was pulled out without any greater damage than a wetting. The party pushed on, for they had loitered until it was now near midnight, though the sun was shining brightly. As they neared Fru Heftye's, Rowena's maid ran out in an excited manner; she had been weeping bitterly and could hardly speak for her sobs, but the captain soon gathered that Rowena had disappeared, and all search had proved unavailing.

The whole party looked very grave at this announcement, and both her father and Charley felt the acutest remorse for having left the wilful child so long with no one but her maid, toward whom she had already evinced some aversion. The girl explained that she was out walking with the child and had

stopped to examine the wares of a strolling peddler, when on looking around, her charge had disappeared, and though she had done her utmost, yet from being unable to speak a word of the dialect, she was not sure that she had made anyone understand the case except their hostess, who was then going from house to house inquiring for the lost child; but it was now the night of the Icelandic day, and most of the inhabitants were taking their hours of repose, and were hard to rouse. Our party at once organized into groups, each securing the offices of an interpreter, and dividing the town into sections, began a systematic search, knocking at every door, and refusing to leave until the premises had been examined. The party to which Charley had attached himself had reached the outskirts of the village, and nearly the last house in the street, which, by the way, was the very one their party had passed through when leaving the town the day before.

As they approached one of the last of the miserable huts that, built half underground, lined the narrow street, the flutter of a red scarf fastened to a low door attracted Charley's attention. He at once recognized it as Rowena's, and was the first to knock for admittance. After a slight delay the door was opened by a very dirty, but honest looking woman, whom one of the men called Ambjor, who evidently anticipated their errand, for she beckoned the boy within, and several of the others followed him into a long, low room, the middle of which was apparently used for kitchen and eating-room, while on each side was ranged a rude frame. On this structure covered with dingy eider down coverlets, several children and another woman were sleeping, and among them lay the little Rowena, her face flushed, dirty and tear-stained. Charley caught her in his arms, and, opening her eyes, she began to cling to him, and sob convulsively. The woman explained to the interpreter that when she and her sister had returned, tired from watching their fish, late the evening before, she had found the little stranger sleeping with their own children, for they were both widows. Their oldest child could tell them nothing, but that she had come among them as they played in front of the house, and refused to let them take her back to the lower end of the town, pointing up the road and crying; that they had shared their

poor supper with her, and she had fallen asleep among them. The women were too tired to return and make inquiries, and had hit upon the plan of attracting attention by affixing the child's scarf to the door, which, considering the reputation the lower classes of Iceland have for stupidity, was not a bad idea.

Charley and the men with him thanked the women for their hospitality, and started rejoicingly to return. Rowena holding fast by Charley's hand, and looking up now and then at him as if to assure herself she was really in his care again. The cracked bell of the little church was rung, as had been agreed upon, and in a short time Rowena was in her father's arms. He was too much rejoiced to find that she had not been kidnapped, as he had feared, to be at all harsh with her, and, to tell the truth, her reproachful glances seemed to fix the fault, if fault there had been, on himself. At all events, the anxiety of the past hour made him realize how dear the impetuous but affectionate little thing was to him, and ever afterwards he was observed to be much milder in his conduct towards her. Charley had often thought him unnecessarily severe, and impatient; henceforth there was danger of his becoming too lenient, so pendulum-like is human nature, ever swinging to extremes.

During the last day of their stay, a Lutheran minister called upon Captain Morgan, and Charley heard some interesting conversation concerning Iceland, her past and future. Numerous anecdotes of the early settlers, the Northmen of Norway, were related, and a few translations of some ancient sagas, or ballads nearly a thousand years old, were read. Iceland's commerce is limited to the one article—fish. It is to the natives what cotton is to the South, or rice to the Turks. They trade fish for groceries and dry goods; it forms the principal article of diet, and the bones are burnt for fuel. A stock fish ornaments their flag, and everywhere the odor permeates the air. They are dull and unmusical; a sad-hearted, short-lived race; the very birds, the ravens and plovers seem to carry out the idea of isolation and dreariness. Education is not neglected, and there exists a thirst for knowledge. They are especially quick at languages, and most of the better class speak French fluently. But while the natives are patriotic and at-

tached to their country, no foreigner would think of selecting these desolate shores as his home. Indeed, Captain Morgan and all his party felt inexpressible relief when the hour for departure arrived. Few had been as comfortably lodged as our friends, and some had been exorbitantly charged for very meagre accommodations. They had come unwilling guests to this far-off land, had formed no attachments, and had not been greatly struck with the barren, sterile scenery. The air of the ocean was infinitely purer, the small, overcrowded Helga cleaner, and the kind-hearted captain and his crew much more intelligent and agreeable. For though the people of Iceland are of undoubted Norwegian and Danish descent, yet the poorer classes at least, are far less attractive than people of the same rank in the mother countries. The Europeans are long-lived, quick-witted, of fine physique, and often of great beauty. The Icелander is just the reverse of all this, though, in cases where they have acquired wealth and have travelled much, they are vastly improved in every respect.

In our next chapter we shall learn more about these Norwegians and their very interesting land.

(To be continued.)

WITH OTHER YOUNG FOLKS.

THE Young Folks' Department of the *Catholic Journal*, Rochester, N. Y., opens with a brief sketch of a Polish nobleman of the last century who as a man was anything but "a pole" in height, measuring less than three feet. He lived to the age of ninety-eight. "The little dog under the wagon" is a good selection. The children who read it will all be glad that little "Spot's" bright deed was rewarded.

An original sketch, "How the Prince was Taught the Golden Rule," by Agnes Thompson, "The value of a Smile" and "Self-Confidence," selections, evidently, make up the Juvenile department of the *Western Witness*, San Francisco. All are helpful, not only for young folks, but for "children of a larger growth."

One is sure of finding something original in every issue of the *Young Catholic Messenger*, of Dayton, Ohio. In the one at hand, Henry Coyle contributes a good sketch of Joan of Arc. We meet this author's name frequently in our exchanges, more often in sonnets than in prose articles. The second and third chapters of an article on Columbus, especially prepared for its columns, appear. The selections are interesting always, and show care, not only in the choosing of the articles, but in giving credit to the source from whence they are taken. There's a good moral in the selected poem, "Nothing to do." It is, indeed, those who have something to do who are happier always,—if work is done well and cheerfully.

"The Girl who Thinks she can Write," by Jeannette Gilder, in the *Youth's Companion*, is a good thing for young aspirants for literary fame to read. She hits hard, but those who possess within them a real God-given talent for authorship will not be disheartened by anything she says. There are three lines that it would be well for many old writers already in the field to read. We quote them: "Avoid foolscap paper. Note size is best; don't roll your manuscript, and don't fasten the leaves together, but number the pages carefully." This paper is noted for its fine illustrations. Its juvenile department is always good. Sometimes in its department for youth there are misstatements regarding Catholic affairs, not wilfully admitted to its columns, we feel sure. Many of our little ones will sympathize with the child in "A Morning Grievance":

I like to dust, and I like to sew,
And I like to water the fishes,
I like to weed and I like to hoe;
But oh, *how* I hate to wash dishes!

I wish a dish had never been made!
But what's the good of wishes?
Mamma is calling, and—I'm afraid
I must *do* those breakfast dishes!"

Dish-washing is certainly a disagreeable task to children always—once they have grown big enough to do it for work instead of play. But, little ones, what is it *Golden Sands* says about the blessings we lose when God does not find us at our post of duty for the hour?

THE FINDING IN THE TEMPLE.

Words by MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD.

Music by LOUISA MORRISON.

Andante.

1st Sop.



2d Sop.

1. When to the Tem-ple Ma-ry came, Seeking Heaven's solace in her woe,
2. A - mid the Doctors of the Law, In His fair beauty grave and mild,
3. He heard His mother's loving call ; O - bedient to her sweet be-hest

ALTO.



A sweet voice fill'd the place and thrill'd Her pain-wrong heart with pleasure's glow.
Questioning and teaching Wisdom's lore, She found her loved and only child.
He sought with her the humble home His presence made so bright and blest.

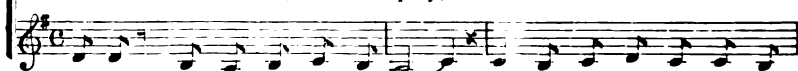


Chorus.

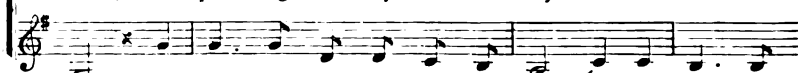


List - en,

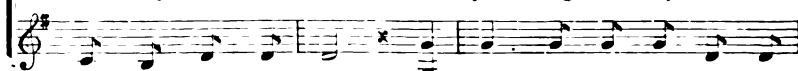
List-en, O Mother, while we pray, We show thee all our cares and



needs, As plead-ing for thy aid we say.... The A - ves



on thy bless - ed beads ; As plead - ing for thy aid we



say..... The A - ves on thy bless-ed beads.



Notes.

BEGINNING with the October issue, THE ROSARY will go to our subscribers from the Catholic Protectorate at West Chester, N. Y. The Editorial rooms at 45 Warren St. have been given up, and in future all letters will be addressed to Rev. Richard H. Goggin, O.P., Office of THE ROSARY, 871 Lexington Ave., New York City. Mr. P. O'Shea, the well-known Catholic Publisher, who from the initial number of THE ROSARY in May, '91, so ably and satisfactorily superintended the publication of our magazine, is no longer connected with THE ROSARY, although he will continue to maintain the same friendly relations towards it that have always existed.

Hereafter, then, to secure prompt attention, all letters, whether business or literary, are to be sent to the Editor—or simply THE ROSARY, 871 Lexington Ave., N. Y. City.

Address communications for Children's Department to Aquinas—THE ROSARY, 871 Lexington Ave.

Subscribers who notify THE ROSARY of change of address will please give *old* as well as *new* address. For any negligence in delivery of the Magazine, please notify the editor *at once*.

Mr. J. J. Hartigan of Troy, N. Y., has kindly consented to receive and forward subscriptions. We would like to hear from other reliable agents in the West.

WE purpose giving a clear and succinct history of The Living Rosary, the Perpetual Rosary, as well as the liturgy of both devotions.

Carrying out the wishes of the Holy Father, the Archbishops and Bishops of the United States have invited the Reverend Rectors to have a Mass of Thanksgiving celebrated in their respective churches with other services commemorative of the quadri-centenary of America's discovery. The civil authorities of New York having requested that there be a universal religious celebration on Sunday the 9th of October, Most Reverend Archbishop Corrigan writes that "it seems very desirable that we should unite with our fellow-citizens in special commemorative services on that day. Accordingly, in the Cathedral there will be a solemn Pontifical Mass in honor of the Blessed Trinity, with a sermon appropriate to the occasion, followed by the *Te Deum*. And it is the request of His Grace, the Archbishop, that there be a similar observance in the other churches of the Diocese.

Rosarians, the world over, will cheerfully join in this thank-offering. The

month of October is the month by dignity of the Rosary. During the October of '92, the beads will be counted with especial fervor, and the mysteries pondered with renewed recollection. Gratefully acknowledging the bounty accorded by God to His creatures, they will raise their voices united and attuned by the mystic melody of the Rosary's Chant to implore a continuance of the blessings showered by Divine Providence on this "the fairest land the sun doth shine upon."

THE ship bearing the statue of Christopher Columbus, the gift of the Italians of New York to the City, was considered highly honored by the presence of the youngest son of Garibaldi, who accompanied the donation. Strange association, this! The son of the red-handed revolutionist does seeming honor to Catholic Columbus, while the echoes of a howling mob in the streets of Rome have hardly died away, aroused as they were on the recent occasion of a group of Catholics assembling and marching in procession to honor the memory of Columbus. "Down with Christopher Columbus!" shout the frenzied Romans; and the son of him who was the incarnation of frenzy and hatred towards the Pope and papal Rome, poses before strangers in America as one friendly to the most famous of his countrymen, the saintly Columbus, obedient always to the Pope's behests!

In their own churches, priests of the Dominican Order may celebrate—*semper cum colore albo*—the Mass *Salve Radix* at any altar on Wednesday and Saturday of every week, provided that on those days there does not occur a feast of first or second class, or of precept, or a *privileged feria*, vigil or octave, or a feast of the Blessed Virgin, or an octave of the same.

This extraordinary privilege holds good even when the colors do not agree. Furthermore, this privilege is enjoyed not only by regular Tertiaries, but also by secular Tertiaries, if they have obtained permission from the Master General of the Friars Preachers to use the Dominican breviary and missal.

Tertiaries without this permission are not allowed to recite the *Salve Radix*. In churches not Dominican, the Mass *Salve Radix*, twice a week as directed above, is permitted, *provided* the color of the office of the church in which the Mass is celebrated, is *white*.—*Acta Sancte Sedis*, Vol. 1, Cap. x. No. 169.

"A student," Waterbury, Conn., desires information through the columns of

THE ROSARY regarding the arrangements for retreats at the Dominican Convent, Albany, N. Y. In reply to her question as to board, we would say that the offering varies according to the means of the party and the size of the room. "A student" need have no hesitation in addressing "Mother Prioress, Dominican Convent, 886 Madison Ave., Albany, N. Y.," for full particulars, regarding rules, room, board, time, etc.

INDULGENCES FOR OCTOBER.

October 4. Feast of the Most Holy Rosary. First Sunday of the month. Three Plenary Indulgences:

(a) C.C. In Rosary Church; Prayer.
 (b) C.C. Visit Chapel.
 (c) C.C. Assist at Procession; Prayer;
 Plenary Indulgence for Living Rosary.
 Any day chosen within Octave: Plenary Indulgence. C.C. Visit Rosary Chapel; Prayer. This for all the faithful.
 October 10. St. Louis Bertrand, O.P. Plenary Indulgence. C.C. Visit Dominican Church; Prayer.
 October 16. Maternity of the B.V.M. Plenary Indulgence for Living Rosary.
October Devotions. Plenary Indulgence for assisting at least ten times at the public exercises in the church. C.C. For all the faithful.

OUR EXCHANGES.

WE are in receipt of the first number of *The Seminary*, to be published monthly, helping on the great work of the new ecclesiastical seminary of the archdiocese of New York. It is edited by John Mullaly, and issued from the press of the Catholic Protectory, West Chester, N. Y.

The magnificent subscription roll of the Building Fund, which it presents, already reaching in donations a sum total of \$169,409.61, is a telling proof of the hearty co-operation of prelate, priest, and people, in a Christ-like work. The issue before us is full of able articles from well-known pens. "The Vital Importance of Seminaries" is the title here given to the address delivered by his grace, Archbishop Ryan, on the occasion of the laying of the corner-stone of the Seminary. Truly does he say treating of the sacramental and governmental unity of the Church: "We need these unities in this age of discord. We need that the Pentecostal tongues should descend again, and we begin to build the Cenacle where the future Apostles shall await in holy prayer their descent." There is a brief but good article, "Columbus"; one of the strongest expressions in it is this: "His discovery stamps this country, or we should say, this continent, with the ineffaceable seal of Catholicity: it cannot be removed from it; everything connected with it and about it was Catholic, for, as if to preserve that distinctive character intact, free from even controversy, or doubt, the providence of God had so arranged it that the discovery of the New World preceded the so-called Reformation by a quarter of a century." This article is followed by the letter of the Most Rev. Archbishop, wisely setting forth Sunday, October 9, the day chosen by the civil authorities of the city for that purpose, as the one specially to be set aside for religious services of thanksgiving for America's discovery. Our non-Catholic brethren

will not fail to appreciate his grace's courtesy in thus anticipating the date, that the hymn and the prayer of gratitude may ascend together from Catholic and non-Catholic hearts. "The Tabernacle," by Caryl Coleman; "The Catholic Church and Education," by Rev. M. J. Lavelle; "The Best Seminary in the World," by Rev. Henry A. Brann, D.D.; "The Cross," by Richard H. Clarke, LL.D., are here given. A serial story is begun, by M. Mullaly; Rev. William Livingston and Mary Mullaly are the poets of this number. There are editorials on the Summer School, and on the Seminary, both as a great work and as the organ thereof. In the Educational department appears an article on the Brothers of the Christian Schools; the Book Reviews are carefully done. *The Seminary* is a valuable addition of the current Catholic publications of the day.

The Boston *Pilot*, September 10, is a noticeable interesting number. We learn something in it of the establishment of a Catholic Training School attached to Carney Hospital, in the charge of the Sisters of Charity, the superintendent of the School being a graduate of the Lawrence General Hospital. We notice one special feature of this school that cannot but commend it: "The students will have all the advantages and experience possible in any training school, but they will be prepared to fill a wider sphere of usefulness, in as much as the needs of families of limited means will be prominently considered." Speaking of the young Catholics who have already graduated from other training schools, the *Pilot* truthfully says: "they are distinguishing themselves in this eminently suitable and beneficent career for women." It is not so very long ago since Cardinal Gibbons' words in behalf of this noble calling for Catholic women were widely circulated by the press. For too long a time were

the doors of this profession kept closed by the foolish belief that young women engaged in it must need have the protection of a religious habit and hospital walls. A brief letter on "The Conversion of the Nestorians to Catholicity," is of special interest now; it shows the Nestorians in a missionary character. The conversion of the Patriarch of this mighty heretical body is indeed a subject for earnest thanksgiving. Its possible results for God's glory are great. The *Pilot* always presents a variety of original matter, and its clippings are so carefully edited that they are always "good as new." Its *Book* and *Exchange* notices show that the subject-matter is more than "skimmed." "Rich Words from Many Writers" is a department soul-uplifting always.

In the *Michigan Catholic*, Detroit, we find a fine article in vindication of Americus Vesputius, the brave explorer and humble pilot, who for unnumbered years has borne the stigma of having wrested from the Great Admiral of the Seas the glory of giving a name to the New World that he discovered. We commend the article; nevertheless, we hesitate to credit it to the paper in which we find it, and we are tempted to ask whence came it originally? If we were to ask that question in relation to "The Legend of the Mignonette," for instance, or "The Shepherdess of Domremy," appearing as original matter in the columns of the same issue, we need have no hesitation in giving a reply. The former laid in manuscript in our own safe, from the time it reached us direct from the author across the seas, until we drew it forth for the June issue of THE ROSARY. As to the latter article, we say nothing; we are rather too young yet to take up the cudgel in defence of the copyright of our elder brother, *The Catholic World*.

"For the Gift of Faith," is the caption given to a column and a half in the *Catholic Columbian* devoted to the project of a union of prayer for the conversion of America. Some few years ago, a daughter of Massachusetts, a convert, secured episcopal approbation upon leaflets bearing a prayer for this noble cause. Later on another daughter of the same State, one burning with the same zeal, formed all that seemed to be required in the already existing devotion of the Blue Scapular of the Immaculate Conception that forms one of "The Five Scapulars."

The only condition of prayer it enjoined being an intention of prayer for the overcoming of heresy and the preservation of morality. To our mind it is not so much any new League of Prayer that is needed as it is a more earnest placing before the people of the efficacy of directing the intention of prayer in general to this greatly-to-be-desired end. It is not to those who say "Lord, Lord," that everything asked in prayer is promised; it is to those who pray for what they desire to get with faith that staggers not. Now how can prayer obtain much, when people pray just to fill an obligation of saying morning or evening prayer? They cannot have faith in obtaining what they ask, when they ask for nothing, or are unconscious of what they are asking for. Infinite insight into the hearts of men did the Author of the Our Father show, and infinite compassion for their own neglect of their spiritual interests, when in that prayer He embraced petitions for every want of soul and body. Now if these petitions, instead of arising almost unconsciously from us, were to be uplifted by the strong hand of faith shown in a well-directed, earnestly adhered-to *intention* for the conversion of America, how much of light would enter souls, in semi-darkness now, every time we say "Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven." God's Kingdom is the knowledge, love, and service of Him, and His will is for the possessing of this knowledge, and love, and the rendering of this service by all men. And how much looser would grow the fetters of heresy every time we breathed "deliver us from evil."

The proposed "Parliament of Religions," is a subject well worthy of earnest prayer, that if it be in the Divine plan, that nothing of human planning for or against, may obstruct the divine arrangements; that those who will name the expounders of the Truth may be so directed that they will be but God's voice calling upon the men of His own divine choosing.

In a vein of sadness, and with words of protest and prudential advice, the *Columbian* comments upon the removal of the Dominican house of studies from Old St. Joseph's, Perry Co., Ohio, to New Haven, Ct. We deeply appreciate the affection of the people of Ohio herein expressed, for "dear Old St. Joseph's."

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

I do not rightly understand what is meant by the "Brigittine beads"—the "Jerusalem beads"—the "Holy Cross beads"—beads "blessed by the Pope."

Ans.—(1). The beads of St. Brigid consist of six decades, on which, besides the customary Hail Marys, *six Our Fathers*, and as many *Credos* are recited. At the

conclusion, another Our Father and three Hail Marys are said. They are called "*Brigittine*," because the privilege of attaching the indulgences is ordinarily confided to the priests of the Order of St. Brigid. (2). Beads brought from Palestine that have touched the Sacred Relics of the Holy Land, are by this fact alone esteemed to be blessed, and, without other ceremony, they enjoy the Apostolic Indulgences. It is to be observed, however, that as these beads were made the medium of quite a lucrative traffic by unscrupulous persons, the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences (2 Mart. 1721), strictly prohibited the sale or exchange, public and private, of these beads and crosses, declaring that they were not to pass from the person to whom they were first given. (3). Holy Cross beads are so called because the ordinary five or fifteen decade beads receive a special indulgence of 500 days for each Our Father and each Hail Mary, which indulgence can be attached only by the Master General of the Canons Regular of St. Augustine, of the Order of the Holy Cross in Holland, and the priests of the same Order deputed by the Master General. This grant was first made by Leo X., Aug. 20, 1516, and declared authentic on the 18th of July, 1883.

It is to be noted that the "Holy Cross" indulgence is not attached to the Rosary, but to the single beads, or grains of the Rosary. Hence to gain the indulgence (500 days) it is not required that the Rosary be recited, but only an Our Father or a Hail Mary. There are no mysteries to ponder; no meditation is required. All that is required to gain the indulgence, beyond the usual conditions, is to touch the beads while saying an Our Father or a Hail Mary. (4). Beads blessed by the Pope are endowed with the Apostolic Indulgences. The Pope himself may delegate a priest to grant the same indulgences, which, as has been stated in THE ROSARY, are by no means as great as those attached to the Dominican Rosary. The reason of this is, these beads blessed by the Pope

are classed like the medals and coins that the Popes distribute from time to time. When the Lateran Basilica was being restored, during the papacy of Sixtus V., a large collection of gold medals that had accumulated was found. On one side of the medal was stamped an image of the Cross, on the reverse, that of various Christian emperors. The medals, the Pope, following the example of several of his predecessors, sent to the emperors, kings, princes, cardinals, and others "as a special pledge of paternal affection," etc. At the same time he attached special privileges and indulgences to those gifts, as he himself declared; ("*Laudemus Viros*, d. 1. Dec. 1587.) hence the practice of the Popes giving not only coins and medals, but also crosses, crucifixes, rosaries, chaplets, etc., and attaching special indulgences to them. Hence, the papal or apostolical indulgences attached to Rosaries, are like those attached to coins. To gain these apostolical indulgences it is required that the Rosary so blessed be carried about the person, or kept in some suitable place, that the requisite prayers be recited while holding or looking at it.

The same Rosary may receive all these indulgences. It may have the Dominican, the Brigittine, the papal, and the Holy Cross indulgences. But *by one* and *the same* recitation, *all* the indulgences cannot be gained. By *one* and the same recitation, a person may gain either the Dominican and Brigittine and Papal, or the Holy Cross indulgence.—*Leike's Rosa Aurea*.

CHICAGO PRIEST:—*Will you please inform me by what authority you make the statement, that the indulgences for the recitation of a Rosary are 10,320,000 years, and as many quarantines?* Answer: Vide Acta Sanctæ Sedis, Vol. I., P. and Rosary writers, *passim*.

CONSTANT READER:—*Please state the authority for your reply to the question regarding the recitation of the Hail, Holy Queen, given in the August number of THE ROSARY.* Answer: Acta Sanctæ Sedis, etc., Vol. I., Chap. VI.

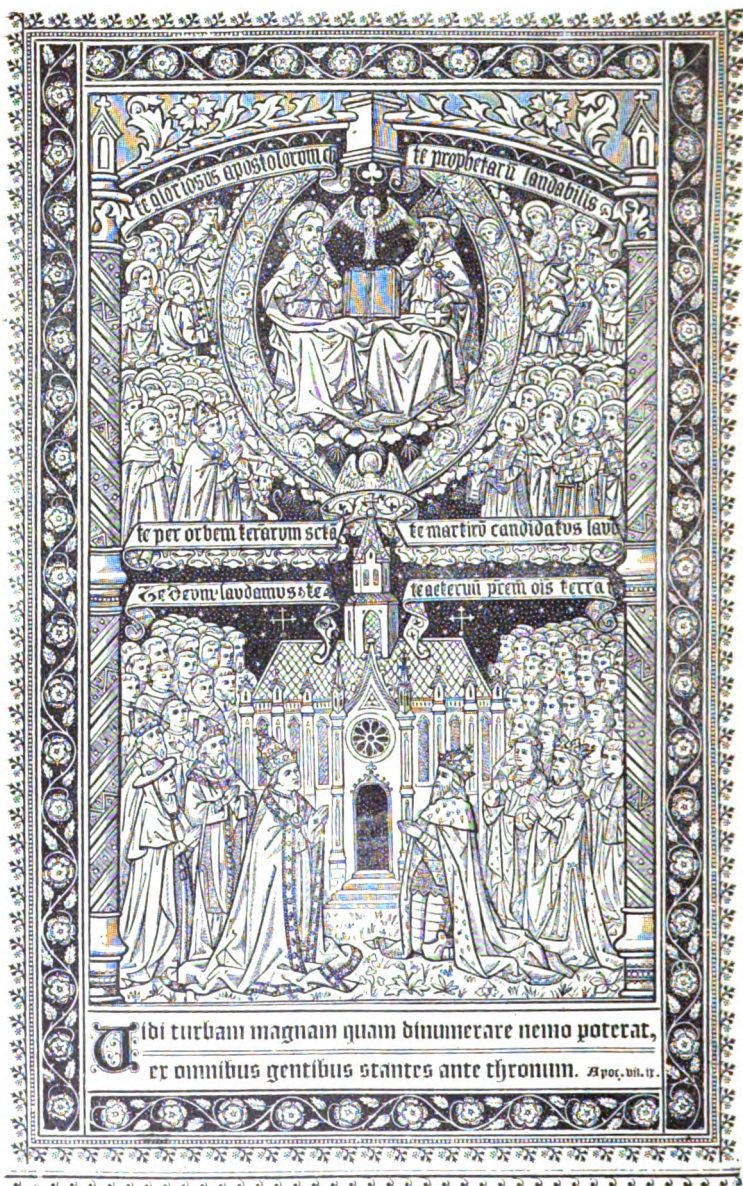
OCTOBER ROSARY.

INTENTIONS.

PRAYERS are asked for the following intentions: For light and grace concerning the religious vocation of two; for the conversion from a careless life of four brothers; for two young men; for a father; in thanksgiving for graces received; that five persons may practice their religious duties; peace in a family; employment; knowledge of a vocation; for Catharine Tobin, deceased.

Conversion of many poor sinners of a certain parish; to obtain God's grace and

blessing for mission-work of a certain parish priest; to obtain the protection of the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph, St. Anthony, St. Benedict, and St. Dominic; conversion of a young girl; grace to overcome a certain temptation; that a seminarian gain health; means to pay a certain debt; Patrick Duffy, deceased; conversion of a brother addicted to drink; conversion to the *faith* of one person; for the good health of three; for Mr. M. Jordan, of Cash's Cor., Me., who died on Sept. 12.



(From the Dominican Missal.)

"I saw a great multitude of all nations, which no man could number, standing before the throne."



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No. 7

THE SAINTS.

JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

THE life-stories of the martyrs appeal to all minds, because they are tragedies, and tragedies are always interesting. But it must be said that in the eyes of Heaven the martyrs' deaths were less notable and meritorious than the last acts of perfect love which stirred their strong hearts. Death is an ordinary fact, which occurs to all men. Perfect love, which makes death acceptable to the martyrs, is rarer than diamonds; but it is the distinguishing mark of all the saints, whether they die at the block, before a pitiful world, or in a monk's obscure cell. A great mind like St. Thomas of Aquin, a humble farmer like St. Isidore, a commonplace beggar like St. Benedict Labre, are all alike in the one quality of loving God with all the strength of nature and grace; but where ten thousand have heard of the martyrs, only one has heard of the great saints whose lives ended with an ordinary fever. In fact, the English-speaking world either knows nothing of the saints, or misunderstands them. The very idea of a saint is wholly lost to the non-Catholic mind. Kate Field once wrote that Catholics made saints of persons who on principle never took a bath, nor changed their clothes; and Tennyson, in his poem on St. Simeon of the Pillar, makes the man of God a feeble-minded clown. Catholics resident in Protestant countries have misunderstood, and partly

forgotten, their saints for two reasons ; they would not expose them to Protestant ridicule by frequent mention of them, and left the writing of their lives to pious persons who forgot the saints were human beings, and made them out altogether angelic. Popular Catholic art has rooted the angelic idea in our minds, as one can see by a hasty examination of our popular engraving and statuary. So that, between Protestant prejudice and Catholic blundering, we have all been deprived of a rational acquaintance with the saint. A saint, as Catholics understand him, is a more or less exact copy of Jesus Christ Himself, as far as man can imitate that divine Model. The life of every true Christian is modelled on the life of Christ. When you meet with a spotless soul, laboring in sweetness, meekness, and patience, to know and love and serve God more completely and unselfishly every day, whose meat and drink is to do the will of Heaven, you have met a saint. He may be a common saint, without any call to enlighten the Church, to illumine its history, honor its altars, console its children in all ages ; his vocation may only be to let a small and humble circle feel and see what the perfect love of God is ; his lot may be obscurity ; nevertheless he is a saint, and of his kind there are thousands in the Church at this moment. From these common saints God selects the historic souls who are to stir the world with their genius, as did St. Thomas ; convert nations, like St. Francis Xavier ; make wonderful history like Pope Hildebrand, and draw the tears of Christian and unbeliever alike by such a tragedy as St. Agnes'. Between the historic saint and the common saint there is not the slightest difference, except in the gifts that God gives them, and the duties He requires of them. All love and serve God to the fullest measure demanded by the nature and the grace with which He has endowed them. They never lose one iota of their human nature. " Lord," the aged Philip Neri used to say each day of his old age, " watch Philip, that the traitor in him do not shame Thee before night." The marble in the sculptor's hands becomes a statue, not by destroying the marble, but by chiselling off every bit unnecessary to the ideal ; so the man comes to be the saint, not by destroying his nature, but by chiselling away its superfluities and giving it the outline of Christ. And the work is

not done by angelic hands, or by the trick of the magician, in the twinkling of an eye ; it is done by a poor creature of dust like ourselves, urged by the grace of Baptism and the other sacraments to follow Christ, who fixes his eyes on the person of the Saviour, and with the sharp chisel and the firm hammer, chips and beats the sanctified block, stroke after stroke, year after year, as Michael Angelo worked, in study, in prayer, in patience, in joy, until to the eyes of men and angels the statue stands forth in luminous perfection, another Christ. And whether you find the statue in the palace of a king, admired by the great, or hidden in a barn known only to the little, it is still a work of genius. Keeping in mind the fact that saints are human beings, of the same stuff as ourselves, and that they arrive at perfection or saintship just as we would if we set out for that goal, it will be easy to understand the secret forces of a saint's character. The saints are copies of Christ. Their gifts are from Him, and resemble His. His gifts were knowledge and love—overpowering knowledge, and immense love ; the saints consequently possess, above all other men, an almost perfect knowledge, an almost perfect love of the three beings with whom every man must deal in this world : themselves, their neighbors, and the incomprehensible God. Knowledge is power ; love is power ; knowledge and love together are nearly invincible ; perfect knowledge and perfect love of God and man are granted only to the saints, are the highest forms of power, and account for the influence, the immortality of fame and glory awarded to the saints, even in this world.

To know and love one's self may seem easy, agreeable acquirements ; but in a world whose meanest animals and smallest insects are mysteries to the wisest, we can be excused from perfect acquaintance with our own nature ; in a world where vice is so common and sin so powerful, the best of us can suspect that we love our sins better than we do ourselves. We all know that the wages of sin is death, yet we all sin ; we all know that the habit of sin is disastrous to health of body, as well as health of soul, yet we are not frightened from acquiring such a habit. Our knowledge of ourselves is a weak and flimsy knowledge ; our love of ourselves is a false love, of false pleasures. The sea is pretty deep and wide, and the heavens

are high, but they have been sounded and measured; the height and depth of each human soul has never been measured by man; out of those depths have risen monsters that have scourged whole nations. Who would have believed that this nature of ours, so beautiful in itself, so richly endowed and honored by God, could give birth to Judas, to Nero, to Henry VIII., to the First Napoleon? Yet these and other monsters like them, more or less famous, were once innocent children, and no one, not even themselves, dreamed of the power of evil locked up in their helpless selves. To know one's self, then, is not so easy as it seems. To love one's self with a wise, judicious love, is different. When we get to know our good qualities we almost fall down to worship them.

Satan, amazed at his own beauty and power, thought his good qualities good enough to make him God. If his knowledge of himself was so poor and deficient, if his love for himself was so foolish, he an angel of light, what must we think of our self-knowledge and self-love. Now in these two things the saints of God have been proficient. Looking with the light of Heaven into their own natures, they saw in terror the shapes of new and more terrible Neros in those profound depths; and from that knowledge came a tremendous distrust of themselves. They became humble to an extent men could not understand; their humility brought on them the anger of friends and the scorn of their enemies; no place was too small for them, though a tramp might disdain it, and they fled honors as we fly a plague. When they were called to wear the honors of government in the hierarchy or in religious communities, they wept tears more sorrowful than death of their own could draw from them; they knelt at the feet of superiors and begged, as they never would have begged for life, to be left in obscurity. We, in our calm and confident knowledge of human nature, are almost inclined to take such tears and pleadings as hypocritical. We, in our superior knowledge of our own ordinary qualities, feel ourselves capable of any position in the gift of God or man; we would accept with joy all dignities; and where we do not scorn the tears of the frightened saint, we declare our inability to understand him. We love ourselves for the comfort and pleasure we get out of ourselves. We run

after the first seats at banquets and spectacles ; we shirk labor ; we avoid sorrow and pain and weariness ; we groan and cry to Heaven if our will and our ease are put to discomfort. The saints loved themselves but for two reasons—that God had made them and given them a work to do. They treated their souls and bodies as dear friends, as servants of the will of God. They studied, rested, ate, drank, to keep the instrument of God's designs in condition for the work He assigned them. They were not deformed or decrepit in body, or crabbed in soul, as Tennyson would have us believe, but beautiful in appearance, so that all men ran to them, sought to hear them, to touch them, to study their manners, to watch the eyes and the features through which shone "the light that never was on land and sea," the light of Heaven. No mere earthly or mental beauty ever received such homage, conscious or unconscious, as the saints received from men.

To know and love our own kind seems natural and easy ; and up to a certain point it really cannot be difficult. It is rarely, however, that we get the opportunity to know men as we know ourselves, and our love for them is so mingled with selfishness, so hindered by our own weakness, that with the generality of men, outside of Christian influence, it is almost animal-like. Speaking generally, when we come to acquire a fair knowledge of human nature, we are said to be keen and experienced, which mostly means that hardness of heart is easy to us. When we have acquired a love of men beyond the common, we are called philanthropists—lovers of men. Business men are, as a rule, best equipped with knowledge of their fellow-creatures. This knowledge has almost invariably one result ; the sense of mankind has expressed it in a proverb : "Familiarity breeds contempt." Business men despise and distrust the many, and respect the few. Lovers of men, philanthropists, are few at present, and have been fewer, and their good works, noble as they undoubtedly are, worthy of all praise, are very accidental. Knowledge which leads us to despise our kind is not of the loftiest, and charity of an accidental sort is not encouraging nor lasting. Even Catholics who know all men to be their brethren in Christ, and feel called upon to love them as brethren, know with what difficul-

ty they bring themselves to understand another's nature. and to speak with necessary politeness to an enemy. Beside this halting knowledge and this cold love place the knowledge and love of the saint in regard to all men. Their knowledge of a man is as wide as heaven ; they see at one glance the depths of his nature, his origin from the hand of God, his return to that God, his high and constant position in God's love, his redemption by Christ, his risk of eternal happiness ; they see him the parent of innumerable offspring ; with all his faults, the founder of empires, though to-day he may be the commonest of laborers ; and the result of their knowledge of him, Heaven-born and Heaven-sent knowledge, is a sentiment of the profoundest respect ; they know nothing of scorn and distrust concerning him ; and though they fear themselves, distrust and humiliate themselves, for man they have only sentiments of love and esteem. Where we respect and confide, it is easy to love, but the love of the saints for their fellows, like their humility, is something mysterious to us all. It has led them to do such wonders that the world calls them crazy enthusiasts ; and while we are proud of them, we are also mortified that we cannot explain their enthusiasm in measured language. The envious infidel of our day, when you speak of the love of the saints for men, asks proudly if they have done anything for man which other men, not saints, have not done for love of man, or gold, or mere adventure ; if you speak of the time and money and labor given by the saints in carrying out their ideas, the infidel will show you scores of living men doing as much from different motives, exploring the hidden regions of the earth, or solving scientific problems for the general benefit ; if you name St. Francis Xavier and Father Jogues, and other brave souls that lived and died or shed their blood among strange and barbarous peoples for man's sake, they will name you Cook, Speke, Livingston, Stanley, and a thousand others who dared as much for gold, or fame ; if you speak of St. Francis, St. Benedict, St. Vincent de Paul, and others who founded great congregations of charity, they will point out to you the innumerable benefit associations of to-day, founded to make money. One would imagine that the love of Christ, as I saw our great New York journal try to prove, was hardly equal in beneficent results

to the love of gold in man. But a stream never rises higher than its source. Bunch explorers for love of fame and money, philanthropists, scientists, and organizers of mutual benefit associations, into one, and you have nothing that is not material; you have not added to the stock of true uplifting love for man one fraction of an ounce. Their benefits to humanity, like the motives which prompted them, are cold and hard, and all their power could not purchase for man one jot of that deep, overpowering love which prompts every charity of the saint, and makes him no longer a man, but a God. He is no mere dispenser of money, no mere builder of hospitals and refuges, but love itself incarnate in man, comes to give that which only God can give in full measure, the loving sympathy of a Christian heart. And so the savage and the half-tamed barbarian sees step upon his soil, no crowned explorer, but a brother and a friend; the orphan, in the cold imitations of home called refuges, meets the tenderness, the sweetness of a mother's love; the dying man in the hospital, the insane patient, the wild criminal, are encompassed by a love of which friends and fellows are alike incapable; and the poor leper, shut out from man and love, more carefully than if the earth swallowed him, feels upon his horrible face the sweet, clean, healthy lips of a Damian, and around his dreadful body the clasp of human arms—a clasp he never thought to feel again.

To know God and love Him are the first principles of Christian faith and practise, but we do not need to be told with how little knowledge and how feeble a love of the Creator men can get along; our own personal experience and our own observation have taught us the measure. We know God, yet we do not scruple to offend Him; we say we love Him, and our lives scarcely hint of it. Knowledge of the good makes a man noble of thought and action; love of another makes us resemble the loved one; and just what we know of God, and just how much we love Him can be made plain to ourselves by our own dispositions. The saints could be deficient in earthly learning, but for their knowledge of God Heaven could justly confer upon them its proudest degree; and their love of Jesus made them what He was, natural and charming in manner, beautiful to the dullest eye, wise in their

simplest utterances, innocent as children, severe in judgment of sin, merciful, loving in judgment of man, laborious to the uttermost, with faith like a rock, hope unshakable, and a devotion scarcely surpassed by angels.

Such are the saints as the Church knows them, and as God honors them. If any men are worthy of human honor for high scientific attainment and love for their fellows, the saints stand first, whether they be famous or obscure by the world's measure; for they are experts in those forms of knowledge which are highest—knowledge of God and man; and their love for man is not only human, it is also divine in its intensity and fruitfulness. Their lives read like romances; their deaths thrill the most skeptical. Yet Catholic literateurs of the English-speaking world have done little to bring these wondrous and beautiful lives before the English-speaking peoples. The truth is, we feel ashamed to have our saints working miracles in times which deny to all men the right or the power to work miracles. We seem afraid to maintain before this sneering world that miracles are the unfailing consequence of such knowledge and love of God as the saints possessed. Yet the world is doing what we are afraid to do. It is reviewing and restoring the work of St. Thomas Aquinas, and tearing to pieces the work of Martin Luther. In our very time it awards to Thomas More, Lord Chancellor of England and martyr of the Church, that praise which he scorned, and condemns unsparingly John Knox, bigot and firebrand. It has only pity and kind words for Cardinal Fisher, and the mercy of silent contempt for Cranmer. A thorough Protestant writes the life of St. Francis of Assisi in a spirit that a Catholic might envy, and a hundred others write to condemn the spirit, the doctrines and the works of Calvin. Protestants would have no historic saints on their calendars, denied that such beings could exist, condemned as fictions, or worse, the saints of the Church; and to-day they are without a practical standard of personal sanctity, and their historic personages, Luther, Calvin, Knox, Henry, Elizabeth, Cranmer, look like historic rogues. These writers feel, in a measure, as we do not, the beauty and force of a holiness which exists nowhere but in the saints, of whom the historic fraction are the public men and women of the Church,

and as such entitled to a foremost place in biographical work. They have inspired art, and they are still the models for great souls striving for sanctity. Many a noble canvas pictures their faces and the scenes of their lives; many a statue, sculpture, mosaic, fresco, tapestry, is concerned with them alone; many a stately poem and classic volume gets half its sweetness and power from their names; grand churches and cathedrals rise under their patronage; millions of holy souls look to them for help and inspiration. The memories of them, like a million streams, flow over the fair land of the Church, keeping its flowers in bloom, its air cool and sweet, and its people fresh and vigorous. What a pity that the English-speaking world is still shut out from their influence. We know so little of them that we hardly dare write their histories in the English tongue. That tongue for three hundred years was the slave chained and called, of English error; a slave taught to revile everything Catholic to forget that it had ever sung hymns to the Mother of God and the saints of Christendom, until Cardinal Newman struck the chains from its limbs, delivered it from bondage, and showed it once more to praise God and His chosen ones in tones more sublime than ever. All praise to him! We have only to follow where he has led. Locked up in other languages lie the stories and traditions of our best friends in heaven; some day they will be translated for our joy. May the pens that engage in that noble work be inspired to impress upon our minds and hearts what the saints were in truth—not stones, but men; not angels, but human beings; not an unfeeling mob predestined to glory, but sensitive souls, who sweat blood with Christ; and who first and last, on earth and in heaven, have thought, worked, and prayed for us as if we were their children.

“God is the life of the soul as the soul is the life of the body; and the body lives rightly according to the soul, when the soul lives according to God.”—St. Augustine in Ps. 70.

THE GATE OF HEAVEN.

EUGENE DAVIS.

BEYOND the skies afar God's city gleams,
Studded all o'er with gems and porphyry—
Its arched and glistening roof, a sapphire sea—
Its floor a lake of jasper bright as dreams
That angels dream, clothed in Heavenly state!
Before the great white throne the blessed sing
Hosannas to their Saviour and their King,
While she, the fair, is watching at the gate.

Through her sweet grace the portal opens wide,
And shriven souls pass to the light within,
Where endless bliss in all its glory lies,
Chanting in grateful anthem, as they glide
Through the gilt halls: "Laved is our wretched sin,
Praise be for e'er the Gate of Paradise!"

"IN contemplating Purgatory, we consider the yet imperfect charity of the holy souls submitting itself to the purifying process there prepared, until the dross of cupidity being cleared away, they emerge in perfect charity and thus pass on to Heaven."—The Perfection of Man by Charity.

"IF while at vocal prayer, you feel your heart inclined to mental prayer, refuse not the invitation, but let your mind turn gently that way without being concerned at not finishing the vocal prayers you purpose to say; for the choice you have made is more pleasing to God and more profitable to your soul."—St. Francis de Sales' Devout Life.

THE ROSARY.

THE POPE'S LATEST ENCYCLICAL ON THIS BEAUTIFUL
DEVOTION.

To Our Venerable Brethren the Patriarchs, Primates, Archbishops, Bishops, and other Ordinaries in Peace and Communion with the Apostolic See Leo XIII., PP. Venerable Brethren Health and Apostolic Benediction :

ON every occasion that presents itself of reviving and promoting devotion to the great Mother of God, We most heartily rejoice as at a thing not only most excellent in itself and productive of the greatest blessings, but also because it is one of the strongest and sweetest affections of Our own heart. Imbued, so to say, with Our mother's milk, this devotion to the Blessed Virgin has been ever increasing within Us and gaining strength with Our advance in years ; it has been given Us to know better and better how worthy she is of being loved and honored, since God from the first so much loved her, and with so great a predilection as to raise her above all creatures, and, by enriching her with the most signal favors to make her His own mother.

The numerous and striking proofs of generous kindness with which she favored Us, and which We cannot recall without tears of lively gratitude, serve as an ever new stimulus to Our devotion.

Amongst the many and various and difficult circumstances of Our life We always had recourse to her ; We always kept Our eyes affectionately turned towards her, and confiding to her Our hopes and fears, Our joys and sorrows. We earnestly begged that she would deign to assist Us as a mother ever full of pity, and obtain for Us the precious grace of corresponding by an all-filial love.

When raised by the inscrutable designs of God's Providence to the Chair of the Blessed Apostle, Peter—that is to say, chosen to be the representative of Jesus Christ Himself, in His Church on earth—overpowered by the greatness of the burden, and distrustful of Our own strength, with more intense affection than ever, We sought the Divine aid through the maternal protection of the Blessed Virgin. And it delights Our heart to confess that, as at all other times so now more especially in the exercise of the Supreme Apostolic Office, never have We invoked the Blessed Virgin without receiving the grant of Our petitions, or, at least, sweet consolation.

Therefore, this same hope urges Us now to beg more earnestly, through her intercession, for still greater favors for

THE WELFARE OF THE WHOLE CHRISTIAN FAMILY,

and for the greater glory of the Church. It is, then, just and opportune, Venerable Brethren, that, renewing Our exhortations through you, We should incite all our Children to observe the coming October, dedicated to our august

Lady and Queen of the Holy Rosary, with redoubled fervor, equal to the demands of Our ever-increasing necessities.

The many and various methods of depravity by which the wickedness of the age treacherously endeavors to weaken and destroy in human souls the Christian Faith, and with it the observance of the Divine precepts by which that Faith lives and acts, are already too well known; the blast of ignorance, error, and corruption seems to be passing disastrously everywhere, making barren and desolate the field of the Lord. The thought of this is rendered still more painful by the fact that those whose sacred duty it is do not check and punish this audacious wickedness—nay, they even seem to encourage the evil by their indifference and patronage. Hence We have to deplore the existence of public schools from which the Holy Name of God, if not blasphemed, is wholly excluded. We have to deplore the shameless license of the Press publishing everything and raising every sort of cry offensive to Christ and His Church.

We can no less deplore that so many Catholics have fallen into a state of coldness and apathy, which, if not open apostasy, leans towards it, and is likely to terminate in it, since their lives are not in conformity with their faith. To him who considers this perversion and destruction of the most vital interests, it will not be a source of wonder that nations are groaning under

THE CHASTISING HAND OF GOD,

and that they are in a state of consternation through fear of still heavier calamities. To appease, then, the offended Majesty of God, and to apply a suitable remedy to such lamentable evils, there is certainly no better means than fervent and persevering prayer, combined, however, with the practices of a Christian life. Our desires in both respects can be fully realized through devotion to the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin. The wonderful effects of this devotion are clearly to be seen from its very origin, which is so well known, which forms so beautiful a page in history, and which has been related many times by Us. At the very time that the sect of the Albigenses, under a pretended zeal for faith and morals, was making dreadful havoc amongst the faithful in many lands, the Church waged war against it in its most revolting forms with no other arms than those of the Holy Rosary, whose institution and preaching were entrusted by the Blessed Virgin to the patriarch, St. Dominic.

By this means the Church gained a glorious victory, and, as in that time of trial, so in after times in the same manner it ensured success and provided for the common safety.

Therefore, in the present state of things, which all good Christians deplore, so destructive to religion and so prejudicial to society, we must all, with one mind and one heart, pray, beseech the holy Mother of God, through the same devotion of the Rosary, that we may also enjoy its powerful effects.

In fact to turn to Mary is to turn to the Mother of Mercy, so graciously disposed towards us that in every need, particularly in that of our soul, she, without delay, and even anticipating our desires, comes to our aid and pours into our hearts unceasingly the treasures of that grace with which God from the beginning had filled her to the full that she might be worthy to become

His Mother. And this it is which more than all her many other special prerogatives places the Blessed Virgin so far above all men and angels, and brings her so near to Jesus Christ. "It is a great privilege in any saint to have as much grace as suffices for the salvation of many; but if he had as much grace as would suffice for the salvation of all men, this would be the greatest of privileges, and this was realized in

JESUS CHRIST AND THE BLESSED VIRGIN." *

Whenever, then, we salute Mary with the Angelical Salutation, and repeating the same praises, weave them into a precious crown to lay at her feet, our homage is beyond all words acceptable to her; since by that salutation we are constantly recalling her sublime dignity and the redemption of the human race through the incarnation of the Son of God; as also how divinely and indissolubly united she is to her Divine Son in His joys and sorrows, in His humiliations and triumphs, and in the guidance and the sanctification of souls. But if it pleased His Divine goodness to make Himself like us, to call Himself the Son of Man, and, therefore, our Brother, in order that His mercy might shine more fully upon us, "It behooved Him in all things to be made like unto His brethren, that He might become merciful." (Heb. ii. 17).

So Mary, being chosen Mother of that Lord who is also our Brother, had, above all other mothers, the special privilege of pouring forth her mercy on us. From which it follows that as we are indebted to Christ for having communicated to us, in a certain manner, His own right of calling, and having God for our Father, in like manner are we indebted to Him for having graciously shared with us the right of calling and having Mary for our Mother. And since according to nature the name of Mother has such sweetness for us, and as We have in it the type of the most loving and tender solicitude, no tongue can express, though it may be truly conceived by the minds of pious Christians, what a fire of loving and active charity burns in the heart of her who is our Mother, not by nature but by grace. And in a manner far above all other mothers does she know and carefully watch over our interests; all that we stand in need of; impending dangers, public and private; the crosses and trials and difficulties by which we are beset, and above all the hard struggle we have continually to sustain against the bitter enemies of our souls; in all these and such like distresses of life, she is able more fully to assist us, and she earnestly desires to afford relief, comfort, and every manner of consolation to her beloved children. Let us then approach Mary with confidence and joy; begging of her to hear us by those maternal ties which unite her so closely to Jesus and to us; let us invoke her humbly and devoutly in that prayer which she herself taught, and which is so acceptable to her. Then, with trusting and happy hearts, let us cast ourselves into the arms of our best of mothers.

To the advantages derived from the prayers, of which the Holy Rosary is composed, is added another of a very excellent nature—it is that the Rosary affords an easy method of instruction in

THE PRINCIPAL TRUTHS OF OUR HOLY FAITH.

It is by faith that man directly and securely draws near to God, and **learns** to know by mind and heart the unity and immense majesty of His nature, **His** universal dominion, and His supreme power, wisdom and providence: "**F**or he that cometh to God must believe that He is, and is a rewarder to them **that** seek Him." (Heb. xi. 6).

But since the Divine Word took Flesh in order to become visibly our **Way**, our Truth, and our Life, our faith must necessarily embrace the high mysteries of the August Trinity of the Divine Persons and of the Only-begotten Son of the Father made Man: "Now this is eternal life: That they may know **Thee**, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, Whom Thou hast sent." (John xvii. 3).

Our faith is an inestimable blessing from God, by which We are not **only** raised above earthly things to be as it were spectators and participators in the Divine nature, but, moreover, we possess a most precious merit for eternal life, so that it both animates and strengthens our hopes of one day beholding without veil and enjoying to the full the essence of that infinite goodness which now we behold only in a dark manner and love in the dim reflection of creatures. However, the cares and distractions of life are so many and so great that, if not properly instructed, the Christian often easily forgets the great truths which are most necessary to be known, and ignorance weakens, if it does not utterly destroy faith. Holy Church, in her maternal vigilance, uses every care to preserve her children from so fatal an ignorance, and not the least effectual means towards this end is to be found in the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin. Because to the beautiful and efficacious prayer, regularly repeated, are added the title and the consideration of the principal mysteries of our holy religion. First are placed those mysteries which bring to our minds the Word made Flesh for love of us, and Mary, the pure Virgin and Mother, with a holy joy, performing towards Him her maternal duties; next are commemorated the sorrows of Jesus—His agony, His torments, His death, the infinite price of our redemption; then follow His glorious Mysteries—His Resurrection, His ascension into heaven, the Descent of the Holy Ghost, then the wonderful Assumption of Mary, and, in the last place, the eternal glory of all the saints with the Mother and the Son. And these ineffable Mysteries are daily recalled to the memory of the faithful, and brought vividly before their eyes; so that by the fervent recitation of the Rosary, we feel, as it were, a sweet unction infused into our souls, as if, indeed, it were the voice of our heavenly Mother herself lovingly instructing us in the Divine mysteries, and directing us in the way of salvation. Hence, it is not too much to affirm that there is no fear that ignorance or error will ever banish the faith from those places, from those families or from those people where the practice of the holy Rosary is maintained in its pristine fervor. Another advantage, not less commendable and precious, which the Church strives earnestly to procure for her children by means of the Rosary, is to oblige them to take greater care to conform their lives more perfectly to the precepts of the holy Gospel.

In fact, if it is true, as all believe these divine words to be, that "**F**aith without works is dead," (Jas. ii. 20), as faith receives its life from charity, and as charity is fruitful in good works, it will in nowise avail a Christian for eter-

nal life to have faith alone without good works. "What shall it profit, my brethren, if a man say he hath faith, but hath not works? Shall faith be able to save him?" (Jas. ii. 14).

IN THE JUDGMENT OF GOD,

those Christians whose works do not correspond with their faith are much more guilty than those unhappy ones who are totally ignorant of the faith; since, in the case of the latter, precisely because, deprived of the light of the Gospel, their works are in nowise like those of the former in contradiction with their belief, and their ignorance makes them in some manner excusable or less guilty. Therefore, in order that there may be an abundance of fruit corresponding to the faith we profess, the mysteries which our minds contemplate inflame our will to the practice of Christian virtue. How wonderfully fruitful in every noble example is the work of our Redemption accomplished by Jesus Christ our Lord!

God, through His excess of love towards us, stoops from the height of His omnipotent greatness to the lowly condition of men, makes Himself as one of them, conversing with them as a friend, instructing them untiringly in all justice, both in public and in private, the rays of His Divine authority transpiring through the excellence of His human teaching. He was a benefactor to all, relieving those who languished under the infirmities of the body, and still more, healing those of the soul with the compassion of a father. Then, again, He called to Himself with singular love all the poor and afflicted, saying: "Come to Me all you who labor and are burdened and I will refresh you." (Matt. xi. 28). And when pressed to His Heart and reposing there He breathes into us that mystic fire which He came on earth to kindle, He infuses gently into us the meekness and humility of His Heart that our souls may enjoy that heavenly peace which He alone can and will give us.

"Learn of Me because I am meek and humble of heart; and you shall find rest to your souls." (Matt. xi. 29). Yet, notwithstanding so much light of heavenly wisdom, in return for such manifold benefits to men, He not only could not win their affections, but He met with hatred, injustice, indignity, and, having shed all His blood, He expired on the tree of the Cross, cheerfully accepting death to restore men to life.

When we recall such touching memories, it is impossible for a Christian not to feel deeply moved with gratitude towards His most loving Redeemer. A strong faith, if it is what it ought to be, having enlightened the understanding of man and touched his heart will be a powerful incentive to him to follow in the footsteps of His Saviour until at last he breaks forth into that protestation well worthy of a Paul: "Who then shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation? or distress? or famine? or nakedness? or danger? or persecution? or the sword?" (Romans, viii. 35). "And I live, now not I, but Christ liveth in me." (Gal. ii. 20).

But that the weakness of our nature may not be discouraged by the sublime example of the Man-God, there are offered for our contemplation, together with the mysteries of the Son, those of His Most Holy Mother. Though

BORN OF THE ROYAL FAMILY OF DAVID,

she possessed none of the splendor or wealth of her ancestors; she lived an

obscure life in a poor city and in a still poorer dwelling, satisfied with her poverty and solitude by which her soul could more easily soar towards God, her sovereign love and delight. But the Lord was with her, and filled her with His grace, and made her blessed amongst women. She it was to whom the heavenly messenger announced that of her, by the operation of the Holy Ghost, was to be born in human flesh the long-expected Saviour of the world. The more astonished she was, and the more she magnified the power and mercy of God for so exalted a dignity, the more profoundly also did she humble herself. At the same moment that she became the Mother of God, she called herself and offered herself to Him as His most devoted handmaid, and, faithful to her holy promise, she promptly and generously undertook that life of intimate union which she was to lead perpetually with her Divine Son, both in the days of His joys as in those of His sorrows. By these means she attained to such a height of glory as neither men nor angels could ever reach, because none could ever equal her in virtue and merit; she became Queen of Heaven and Earth, of angels and men, because she was the invincible Queen of Martyrs; and thus she will sit for ever next to her Divine Son in the Heavenly Jerusalem, because constant throughout her life, and particularly on Calvary, she drank also with Him the bitter chalice of a long passion.

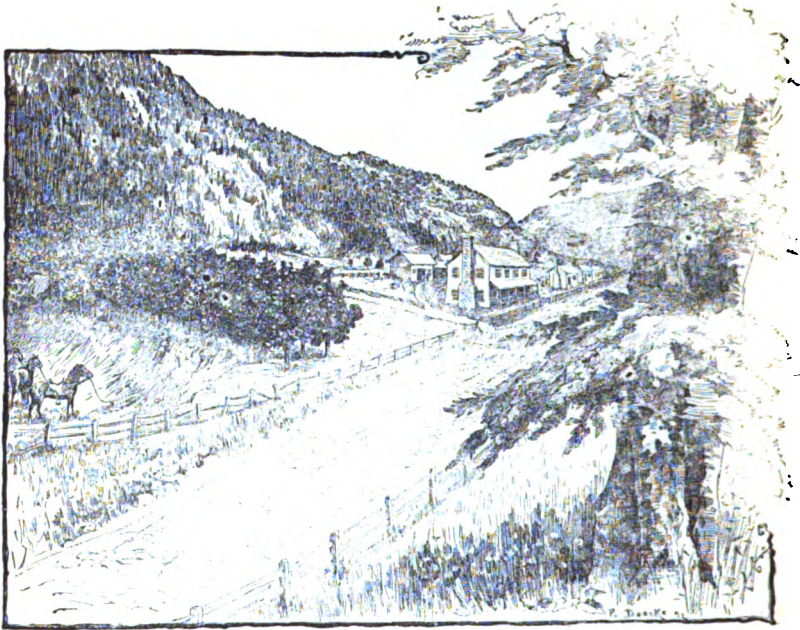
Behold how Divine goodness and providence has placed before us in Mary a model of every virtue, specially intended for us; for in contemplating her and her virtues we shall not be dazzled, as it were, by the lightning flashes of the Divine Majesty, so that encouraged by having a nature in common with her, we feel ourselves more incited to her imitation. Supported by her consolations, we shall give ourselves up cheerfully to the study of such a model; we shall certainly succeed in retracing, at least, the principal features of so much virtue and perfection, and more than all, imitating her entire and admirable resignation to the Divine Will, we can worthily follow her in the path to heaven.

WE ARE ALL PILGRIMS

journeying towards heaven, and however arduous and strewn with trouble our road may be, let us remain firm and constant, let us not cease amidst our trials and fatigues to stretch out our hands in supplication to Mary, saying, in the words of Holy Church :—"To thee do we send up our sighs, mourning, and weeping, in this valley of tears. . . . Ah! turn, then, thine eyes of mercy towards us. . . . Grant that our lives may be pure, open to us a secure way, that we may rejoice for ever in the vision of Jesus." And although Mary never experienced the weaknesses of our corrupt nature, yet, she knows them well, and as she is the best and most solicitous of mothers, how promptly and benignly will she not hasten to our assistance, comforting us, and strengthening us by her powerful virtue! If we keep steadfastly in the path consecrated by the Precious Blood of Jesus, and by the tears of Mary, we shall, without fail, share in their bliss and glory.

Since, then, the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin contains so suitable and fruitful and excellent a method of prayer, so efficacious a means of preserving the Faith, and so beautiful a series of examples of every virtue, it is very just that all true Christians should frequently have this Rosary in their hands, on their

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BY THE MASSANUTTEN MOUNTAINS.

THOMAS F. GALWEY.

III.

THE Massanutten Mountains are the more eastern of the two ranges which, running southwestwardly, from near the Potomac, between the Blue Ridge on the east and the Backbone range of the Alleghenies on the west, divide that portion of Virginia into three parallel valleys, of which the Shenandoah Valley occupies the centre. In addition to the great Valley Turnpike, there is a road which runs along close to the foot of the Massanutten Mountains, though this latter is little used except for local needs. It is a rough road, paved, where it is paved at all, with broken gneiss and granite.

In the Spring of 1862 the farm-houses near this mountain-road were few and far apart, and they were, mostly, of a kind to indicate their owners' poverty, for the soil thereabouts is thin and unproductive. Here and there, however, where a deep

In 1885, Father Bertrand, O.P., prior of the Dominicans in Port of Spain, went to give a mission at Tampuna, where he was informed by the pastor that an old Spaniard in the neighborhood could probably give him some particulars concerning the location of the place where the massacre took place. The two priests called on the old man, who could tell them nothing of the matter in which both were interested; in the course of conversation, however, he mentioned that an Indian living in the forest, and well acquainted with the whole neighborhood, could perhaps give them the facts they desired. He accompanied them to the Indian's wigwam, situated in the depths of the forest, through paths so devious that in order to make a way for the horses, a negro was obliged to go ahead, armed with a cutlass, to clear away the bindweed and other creeping plants which formed barriers under the gigantic trees of this immense forest.

The Indian told them that he knew the exact spot where the priests were massacred, as his grandmother often took him there in company with the other Indians to pray on the ground sanctified by the blood of the martyrs which this land had drank.

Accepting his offer to guide them to the spot, the tired priests traversed divers and rugged paths, and finally arrived on the borders of a ravine, where they dismounted in order to descend on foot. With great difficulty they reached the opposite side, and ascended a hill, when the Indian who had preceded them, joyously exclaimed:

"This was formerly San Francisco de los Arénales, where the priests were killed."

"But under the cover of this wild forest, what proof can you give us that this place was formerly inhabited and cultivated?" he was asked.

"Look," he answered, pointing to pieces of broken crockery scattered around; "then see these grape fruit trees, and this patch of sapadilloes. How can you account for these in an uncultivated forest?"

We will now use Father Bertrand's own words: "The Indian spoke enthusiastically and as if he was absolutely certain of the truth of what he related, and he was astonished,

three or four miles from where she stood. But there was an expression of decided interest, if not of astonishment, when, on turning her head towards the right, she saw in the northwest a similar cloud, and at about the same distance as the first. She was too intelligent, she knew the region too well not to know the meaning of all this, and the circumstances of the time and place were such as would have kept her tolerably well-informed of the course of the stirring events then occurring in the Valley, even if no deep sentiment of concern had moved her. The smoke which she had just descried for the first time she instantly understood was from Shields' camp. She went at once to the open half-door of the house and was calling "Mamma!" when her attention was suddenly diverted towards the peach-orchard by the frightened chittering of a flock of hens that came flitting out from beneath the trees, and down the ridge.

If her eyes could have penetrated the foliage of the orchard she would have seen at once three men on foot, but each holding a horse by the bridle. They had come over the ridge from the north, and were, as if from behind a curtain, examining her, the house, and all the surroundings. They were Union scouts, volunteers from the same regiment to which Killone belonged, and, from peculiarities of race or manner, were usually known among their comrades as the Buckeye, the Mick, and Taffy. They wore rough suits of Virginia butternut jeans, with drab slouch hats. Each carried a Colt's revolving rifle, and had a heavy pistol in the holster at his waist.

"I don't believe there's a Reb. around," said the Buckeye. "What do you think, Mick?"

"What's the colleen there beyant doin'," said the Mick, "that she's keepin' watch like that? For I'll be bound, it's watchin' us she is."

"If theer was h'any Rebs. in the 'ouse w'at the gal was a-keerin for, them niggers 'd not be a-doin' as they h'is doin'," the Welshman remarked.

"Well, boys," the Buckeye said, "the best thing is to make a break for the next ridge and take one more look out from that, and then go back to camp and report. But we can't leave that house out till we're sure it's all right."

"That's the talk, Buckeye," the Mick said. "We'll pass the

time o'day with the young lady, and—begorra, with the old one too." This last he added as an older lady came out upon the piazza to join the younger one, and the two began to scrutinize the peach-orchard. "Thim wimen is lookin' tards us, b'ys, but I don't think it's us they see yet. Its thim hins."

"Let's get a 'en apiece an' put em in h'our 'aversacks afore we go to the 'ouse," Taffy suggested

"Oh! let the hens alone," the Buckeye said. "Come on."

The three men leading their horses passed in under the trees, and, descending the ridge, walked straight down towards the end of the house where the two ladies stood watching their approach. A pair of hounds came yelping towards the scouts from the back yard, the milkmaid in front of the barn sprang up from her stool, the negro came to the barn-door with his hand full of harness, and a small crowd of other negroes, young and old, of both sexes, emerged from the whitewashed cabins to ascertain the cause of the clamor.

The two ladies standing at the end of the piazza were evidently perplexed at the scouts, whose attire, seeming to betoken that they were of the Southern Army, was inconsistent with the caution they manifested in their approach from the direction of Shields' force. At all events, the younger lady's suspicions were plain enough in the question she put to the men when they drew near. Almost before the Buckeye had time to drawl out, in well-affected Southern homespun style, "'Mawnin', Madame!" she asked: "What army do you belong to?"

"Begorra, we reckon right shmart the uniforms we does be wearin' 'd show that!" the Mick spoke up without any hesitation.

"Of course, of course," the elder lady said, putting her hand on her daughter's shoulder. "You sec, Bessie, the gentlemen are Southern soldiers."

The negro from the barn had come down and was calling away the dogs which were growling in disgust at Taffy, who, while his comrades were facing the ladies, had gradually strolled along the lane beside the house, and was inquisitively examining the place to the rear as far as he could see around.

"But, mamma," the young lady insisted, "I do not see that

these men are Southern soldiers, and, in fact, they have not answered my question yet."

"I reckon, Madame," the Buckeye said, "that my comrade yer is right. Our uniforms ought to be enough to settle that—"

"At any rate," the elder lady interrupted, "the gentlemen will be very welcome to enter and have some refreshment."

"Indeed, an' we will," the Mick exclaimed with considerable unction. "The mountain air gives us b'ys a relish for food. Come, Taffy," he called out to the Welshman, "don't mind the hins. Thim's good Southern fowls that ye'd better lave alone for the sake o' the cause."

The three men, having fastened their horses inside the gate near the end of the house, went around to the steps of the piazza in front, and followed the ladies through to a dining-room at the southwest corner of the house. The Mick and Taffy sat themselves down at the table as invited, but in such a way as to be able to see unobstructedly out of the windows, which gave a view to the south along the road, and to the southwest across the open pasture in the direction of Rood's Hill. The Buckeye, however, declined to sit down, and, as the black cook was bringing in some rye-coffee, hot corn pone, and fried bacon, satisfied with what he had seen in the house, explained that he would prefer to go outside and keep watch until his comrades had finished, when he could return and take some nourishment.

"You see," he said to the young lady, who accompanied him to the front of the house, "there's no telling what moment a swarm of Yankees may appear."

"Yes?" said the young lady, and she instantly added, "but I don't think you and your companions would be afraid of the whole Yankee army, or, rather, of the whole Union army!"

The Ohio man looked directly into her eyes for a moment, and as he did so was sure that he detected a gleam of pleasure that these scouts were what she insinuated that they were. And then her use of the word "Union" was peculiar, to say the least, for a woman in this intensely Secessionist region.

"I know I oughtn't to say these things," she went on, as she watched his countenance, which was absolutely impassive. "Keep your own council, as you have a right to do in the

dangerous transactions you are engaged in." She paused, and then added musingly, "I only wish I were a man—"

"And then—?" the Buckeye rejoined, though somewhat absently, for he was observing what looked like a cloud of dust rising perhaps a mile away to the southwest.

"I would fight for the Union!" was her response.

But before the Buckeye could give expression to any thought at this startling avowal, the Mick and Taffy rushed out of the front door of the piazza. "Come on, Buckeye," cried the Mick. "D'ye see the dust over there beyant? That's somethin' comin' from Rood's Hill, or I'm a mule! We saw it from the windies."

"All right, I'm coming," the Buckeye replied, as the two hastened down the steps to reach their horses. "I believe you are telling me the truth," he said to the young girl, as he took her offered hand, "and I will tell you the truth in return. We are Union men, and all three of us very earnest ones too, I can assure you."

"I knew I was right in my conjecture," she said half to him and half to her mother, who had just followed the two scouts out from the dining-room.

"If you are pressed," the elder lady said to the three who had now mounted, "don't take the road, for it will be hard on your horses. Follow this farm lane out past the barn; it will bring you up the hollow to the mountain, and there you will find a bridle-path that will take you north until you desire to return to the road."

"You'll not have much time to lose," the young lady said, addressing herself particularly to the Buckeye, who reined his horse close up to the end of the piazza, and reached up his hand to her.

"For your sake," the young man said, with a touch of feeling in his voice, "we'll get away from here before we have any fuss."

"I don't mean that," she answered with a blush. "I'm only concerned for your safety. Mamma and I have nothing to fear."

"I am ever so grateful to you for that," the Buckeye answered. "I only hope we'll have a chance sometime to thank

you as you deserve. Good-bye!" he said, as he finally shook the little hand that he had all this time been holding, and then, raising his hat to her and to her mother, who was at the far end of the piazza, the better to observe the dust-cloud, and who had just turned around towards him, he pressed his knees to his horse's sides, and trotted along up the lane after his comrades.

"What does the girl mane?" the Mick asked him when he had come up alongside, and the three, after passing the barn, were beginning to quicken their pace towards the mountain. "It's Rebs. that's comin' wid that dust, an' why should she be wantin' us to be off? But look, b'ys!" the Mick added, as he pointed back to the right at the road.

A man bareheaded and barelegged, his only covering being a tattered pair of butternut trousers, and a mere rag of a cotton shirt, came running across the road, climbed the fence at that point, and then approached the barn. The hounds were yelping once more, and the negroes, whose attention had for some time been centred on the scouts, were gazing now at this new-comer. The scouts reined up their horses.

But the fugitive, for such he evidently was, then caught sight of them, and immediately changed his course, turning partly back, and then, running in close to the fence, disappeared to the view of the scouts behind the negro-quarters.

"It's a Yank, for he's afraid of our uniform," the Buckeye said in a loud whisper. "What will we do?"

"I have it," said the Mick. "Let's go back and across the road to the field beyant, where that fellow kem from, and wait till the Rebs. comes up, and thin we'll lade them a chase as far as they want to go. The man seems to be wounded, and cannot go much further. Those women and the naygurs perhaps will take care of him. Will ye do as I say, b'ys?"

"Of course we will," said the Buckeye, with glad relief for his momentarily perplexed mind. "Its the only thing to be done, and you are always the man to know when the time comes. What do you say, Taffy?"

The Welshman's black eyes shone with joy at the prospect of near danger. "Come h'on!" he shouted, and the three, turning their horses' heads about, broke back down the lane. A little negro stood at the gate, and he had scarcely opened it

before the scouts dashed out, the Buckeye turning for an instant in his saddle to raise his hat to the now thoroughly-alarmed ladies, who stood on the piazza clasping one another's hands in expectancy and dread. Southward along the road the scouts flew.

At the same moment the head and shoulders of a horseman in gray, and then his whole body, and then the horse he rode, appeared over the crest of the ridge towards which the scouts were hastening, and then another, and another, until a dozen or more Confederate cavalymen in scattered order came over the ridge on the track of the fugitive. The scouts now leaped their horses over the fence to their right into the meadow, and then, with a whoop to attract the attention of the Confederates, turned their animals' heads slightly to the right again, and pushed on across the thin grass towards the belt of timber to the northwest, in a direction obliquely away from that by which the Confederates were approaching.

The pursuit of the fugitive instantly ceased; here was something the Confederates could not understand—three men in gray going at full speed in this strange direction. One thing, however, the pursuers did, as they severally reined in their horses and came almost to a halt, and that was something that required but little thought. They began to shout. The Mick, full of his purpose to lead the Confederates away from the fugitive, and momentarily forgetting the gray uniform he wore, rose in his saddle, turned half-backward to his left towards the Confederates, and, holding his seven-shooter aloft in defiance, called out to them: "Come on, ye gray-backs!" a defiance which his two comrades seconded in a like significant manner.

The Confederates accepted the challenge, and their line, now strung out for several hundred yards, swung around and spurred on with shrill yells after the scouts, and the dry air resounded with their pistol-shots.

IV.

The stars of the succeeding night had nearly all twinkled faintly out in the dawn that was beaming from the east across the Massanutten range, the mountains themselves looming up as a rude, black mass in contrast with the pale light of the sky

above them. The Mick and the fugitive of the day before were tottering along on foot over a bridle-path leading north-westwardly through a skirt of black-oaks from the mountains off towards the more open country of the Valley. It was a toilsome march which these two men were making, both wounded, the fugitive leaning upon the Mick.

"Can ye go any further?" the Mick asked. But the other made no reply. "Thin it's here we'll have to stop. Here's a stone beside this tree. It'll be hard and cold, but not wet, like the grass that has the dew on it," he added, as he helped his companion to settle down to a seat. The fugitive was breathing hard.

"It's not dyin' ye are?" the Mick muttered. "Sure your hands is like ice, they're that cold!"

"Mick, I'm glad my mother has gone before me," the man whispered huskily. "After I am dead you may tell all I have told you—for my penance. Do you understand? I have not a relative in America to be disgraced by me. But God knows I have done my best to atone for it!"

"An' ye have atoned for it, Lieut. Killone; more than atoned for it. You've been a brave soldier for the Union, and here you are givin' up your life for the cause. But now think of your soul! Make your peace with God and lave man to his own resorts. Do ye be sayin' your prayers now while I wrap this blanket around ye close, for this mornin' air of the mountains is piercin' cold."

"I have prayed to God to forgive me, and to accept my life as a part of my atonement," the dying officer said, and then, after a pause, from which he rallied with a shudder, and much effort, "Take the package that is sewed inside the breast of my shirt. Give it to Gen. Shields. It is important."

The Mick, who was kneeling beside him, answered, "I will. Lave all that to me." A few moments afterwards he arose. "God help me," he said, "it's hard lines fightin' for the Union, at 'thirteen dollars a month and found,' and me here in the mountains, wounded and all alone with a dead man!" and he took the fugitive's hand once more, and pressed it gently. "Are ye gone?" he asked. But there was no response. Killone's spirit was indeed gone far from there, where the poor

body, in its wretched covering of rags, lay huddled at the foot of the tree.

"God have mercy on your soul, and may the Blessed Virgin an' all the saints pray for ye; for the prayers of a sinner like me would do ye little good," the Mick said half-aloud, as he fumbled inside the dead man's shirt-bosom for the packet, and, having found it, detached it with the blade of his pocket-knife from the threads which fastened it. Then he pulled up the blanket so as to cover the face of the dead officer, and moved off as quickly as he could along the path, without looking back.

Presently the Mick came to the edge of the timber and halted to see what was before him. It was not yet daylight, but the darkness of night had passed. Across a stretch of open field he could descry a tongue of wooded land, projecting like a cape on the sea coast. Just within the point was a fire, the glare of which made the forms and colors of the leaves and branches of the trees about it quite distinct. Occasionally sparks rose from the fire and flitted up, some of them issuing out above the tops of the trees. As the Mick watched this fire he could make out human figures near it, but though it was certainly an outpost fire, he was in doubt for some time whether Union or Confederate. He had looked up at the stars not long before Killone's death to assure himself of his direction, and now as he studied the matter out, he judged that the mountain wagon-road by which he and his comrade scouts had the day before approached the farm-house, ran northwards not far behind this fire. It was probably, therefore, an outpost of Shields' Division. Yet it might be a reckless party of Ashby's Confederates, natives of this region, who knew every hill and valley, every turnpike, by-path, wood, and farmstead from Winchester to the Peaks of Otter.

In the stillness of the hour and the place, even the slightest sounds were loud to the Mick's ear. He trod on a dry stick, and its crackle seemed like the report of a pistol-shot. The poor fellow's nerves were unstrung. He had a bad wound that was inflamed and was driving his whole body into a fever, and he was at the same time chilled through and through by the keen air. He had eaten nothing since the evening before.

except the mouthful he had had time to snatch at the farmhouse, when he and Taffy had run out to warn the Buckeye.

But, however his body might tremble from the chill of the air and from exhaustion, and his stomach yearn from hunger, he had a sound heart and a quick ear for melody. The birds were twittering in the gloom of the trees behind and above him, and while he was straining his eyes across the surface of the ground in front, his ear caught the notes of "John Brown's Body," which some incautious fellow near the fire just then began whistling.

"Thim's Yanks!" the Mick muttered in a tone of relief, and he struck straight across the field. He had not taken a dozen steps, however, before the fire, by which he was steering his course, went out in an uprising shower of sparks, and nothing remained to his view but the dark fringe of trees along the crest that he was approaching. Now he knew that he had been heard or seen by the outposts. He went on, but more cautiously and slowly, keeping, as well as he could in the uncertain light, towards where he had seen the fire.

As he reached the foot of the ascent, a voice from amid the darkness of the wood rang out: "Halt! Who comes there?"

"A friend!" answered the Mick, "with the parole!" and then he heard the click of a gun being cocked.

"Advance! Hands over head!" came from the same voice.

The Mick raised his hands and clasped them above his head as ordered, and laboriously climbed the steep ascent to the wood. When near the top the poor fellow stumbled and fell upon the grass, and, as he rose once more to his feet, he indignantly rasped out as well as he could, in his weak condition, "Bad scran to ye! Why the divil did ye put the fire out? Did ye think I'm the officer-of-the-day and 'd be raisin' a row wid ye for it? Where are ye? How's a man goin' to find ye if ye keep out o' sight like this? Sure there's only one o' me, even if I was Stonewall Jackson himself!"

He had now come quite close to the wood, the dark shadow of which had scarcely yet felt the brightening influence of the glowing daylight. "Hello! Mick! Is that you?" spoke out another voice, and not so formal in its tone as the sentinel's challenge.

"It is, bad luck to me, what's left o' me!" was the Mick's rather surly answer, as he dragged his legs after him into the wood, towards the sound of these voices.

In another minute he was in the centre of the outpost, and the fire which had only partially been extinguished, was replenished, and he was tenderly laid out on a blanket with his feet to the comforting warmth of the red embers.

It was Taffy who had recognized the Mick's voice answering the sentinel's challenge, and the impulsive and good-hearted Welshman now ministered, as well as he could, to the wants of his wounded, famished, and now rather querulous brother Celt.

H'I've h'only just come 'ere myself, look you," Taffy said. 'The Buckeye is in a h'ambulance at the road down below, an' the surgeon sent me h'up 'ere to get a match if h'I could, h'as 'e 'asn't one, an' theers none in the h'ambulance, and the Buckeye 'll not be h'aisy 'thout a smoke, look you."

"An' it is the Buckeye ye mane, that's below at the road?"

"Yes. 'E and me 'ad the Rebs. 'ard h'after us, you know, w'en you was shot, an' then, look you, a party of h'our cavalry came h'up and tuk us in h'out the wet, but not before the Buckeye got a nasty shot 'isself through 'is h'arm. So we carried 'im h'over to that farm 'ouse. That 'eer young gal and her mother did all they could for 'im. I looked h'everyw'ere for you, look you, but the naygurs told me 'ow they'd seen you come across the fence from the meadow, before h'our cavalry came, and go h'off towards the mountain with that 'eer chap w'at we'd tried to save. H'after midnight a h'ambulance came with a surgeon an' brought us h'off, for, look you, h'our cavalry now h'are galivantin' far h'out beyond that."

The surgeon who had doubtless grown weary waiting for the matches for his patient, now came riding up into the wood from the rear, and, on seeing Taffy sitting down in easy-going chat beside the Mick, was at first inclined to indulge in strong language, but the matter was quickly explained, and the Mick, now well thawed out by the fire, and somewhat refreshed and consoled by a cup of hot coffee and some hardtack and fried pork, which the men of the outpost had hospitably provided, had his wound temporarily dressed, and was carried down to the wagon-road, and there laid in the ambulance by the side of

the Buckeye. The Buckeye, who was sitting on the floor of the vehicle with his back supported against the driver's seat, moved his long legs aside to make place for the Mick, and now found more solace in his smoke than he had counted on, as he and the Mick related their several adventures since they had last parted company. The ambulance moved on at a slow trot.

"Taffy there," said the Mick, motioning backwards towards the Welshman, who was seated beside the driver, "tells me ye was tuk great care of by that young lady—Miss Rope, I believe it is."

"No, Mick; it's Miss Cabell, you mean," said the Buckeye.

"Ah, well, it's all the same. Sure a cable's a sthout rope, an' a fine sthout lump of a girl that young lady is, God bless her. Oh, but you're the sly one, Buckeye. Did ye expect ye'd be brung back there whin we three stharterd on that schamper across the field?"

"Mick," the Buckeye replied, "I was telling Miss Cabell last night, before the ambulance came up, that it was you that was the real hero of that race. She and her mother, who is a widow, are strong Unionists; something extraordinary for this part of Virginia. And she is her mother's only child; though the two are more like sisters."

"See that, now. How well ye know all about 'em," was the Mick's remark. "I'll be bound ye're thinkin' now of goin' back there as soon as ye can!"

"No; I scarcely expect to go there again while the war lasts. I suppose they'll take you and me to Washington, or Baltimore, to some hospital, until we are sound again. But I tell you, Mick, if I survive till peace comes, I will certainly go to see Miss Cabell and her mother, to thank them for their kindness."

"That's a fine farm Mistress Caple 'as, look you, Mick," interjected Taffy from his front seat.

"An' is it the ould lady ye've set your cap for, Taffy?" the Mick exclaimed. "Be gorra, betune ye two ye've the mother and daughter disposed of."

"Oh, no," the Buckeye said, "Taffy has a nice Welsh girl up in our part of Pennsylvania that he has his mind fixed on. But poor Killone! What a splendid soldier he was. I'll bet

anything that if he had not died, as you relate, he would have brought in some valuable information of Jackson's movements."

"He did have that information, an' he made his escape for the purpose of bringing it in. An' what he had he put mostly in writin' in some scraps o' paper that he told me to take from his body when he'd be dead. An' I did it, an' I have the papers safe wid me for General Shields."

But the Mick, much as he trusted and loved the Buckeye and Taffy, with the native shrewdness of his race, did not think it necessary to repeat Killone's confession. Nor did he tell them that the little old lady whose presence in Cumberland some weeks before, on the night when that place was threatened by a Confederate attack, and who, as it was learned within a few days, was the one passenger who was killed by the volley fired into the train just east of Cumberland, was Killone's own mother.

All this, with the fact that Killone, who, after a mercenary's service in the British army, in which he fought and fought well under a flag which he could not love, had arrived with his widowed mother in the United States just as the war broke out, and entered a Pennsylvania regiment of the Union army, had one day, while off duty in Cumberland, and under the influence of liquor, to which he had always been more or less of a slave, been approached by a Confederate secret agent with a—to him tempting offer of money, and a higher commission in the Southern army if he would imitate, on a small scale, Benedict Arnold's act, and put Cumberland off its guard some night to be agreed upon; and that the night was finally appointed and all made ready, so far as Killone could do it, when, unexpectedly to Killone, Killone's mother, who loved him dearly and had felt some sudden presentiment of harm to her son, arrived in Cumberland a few hours before the Confederates were to make the arranged attack; and that the mother's deep solicitude for him touched Killone's heart and smote his conscience, so that he unbosomed himself completely to her, and she insisted that he should drop the matter then and there, and do his duty as a true soldier, as though nothing of all this had happened, while she would herself in her own way see the commandant and put him on his guard, without Killone's name being at all involved;

that, mother as she was, loving her son in spite of his intended infamy, she had skilfully concealed her own identity from the commandant, as well as from all others in the town, and had warned the commandant without his suspecting his most trusted officer; and that then she had taken the next train for Washington, so as to avoid any possibility, no matter what might happen, of her son's being suspected through her—all this the Mick reserved for General Shields alone.

* * * * *

The American public have since the war been more generous in conferring military titles on those who took part in the war than were the military authorities who then had the privilege of giving commissions, and this generosity seems to have increased as one goes westward from the Atlantic coast. For although the three scouts of Shields' Division, who rescued the escaped prisoner near the foot of the Massanutten Mountains, were mustered out at the end of their three years' service merely as "high privates," one of them is now well-known throughout Colorado and the surrounding country as Gen. Mike Coffee. He is what is called in that breezy western land a "hustler;" a man possessing large interests in most of the important enterprises there, a great ranch-owner, a bank-director—in all ways a public-spirited citizen, ever ready to put his hand into his ample pockets for a round subscription to any public movement of merit, and, if called upon, as he is very apt to be, to make a speech in its behalf, such as few but he could make. Another is Major David Evans, a successful coal mine operator of the anthracite region of Pennsylvania, as good an American as he is a Welshman. The third is Col. Dick Nowell, prominent among the millers of Minnesota, the "Buckeye" of former days. He and his wife and children usually spend their summers at her old home, in the nook of the Massanutten Mountains, though the old house has been pulled down long since to give place to a fine country residence of the modern style, befitting a man of his standing and wealth.

Several times since the war the General and the Major, with their families, have been hospitably entertained at the Massanutten place, and at such times the three sturdy and vigorous

veterans have rehearsed along with Mrs. Cabell, now a shrunken and very aged representative of one of the first families of Virginia, and with Mrs. Col. Dick Nowell, the eventful day when they were first all brought together there, when Shields and Stonewall Jackson were struggling for the mastery of the beautiful Valley of Virginia. The poor fugitive's tragical fate, when referred to, brings moisture to their eyes, but only the General knows—for he has never been able to nerve himself to divulge the truth—that that fate was freely accepted as an atonement for a contemplated act of treason.

EXPLANATION OF THE "OUR FATHER."

FROM ST. THOMAS AQUINAS.

FOURTH PETITION.—"Give us this day our daily bread."—Profound knowledge and wisdom have often made their possessor timid, and hence he needs moral courage to bear up under his necessities. "It is He that giveth strength to the weary and increaseth force and might." (Is. xl., 29). It is the Holy Ghost Who gives this courage. "The Spirit entered into me *** and set me upon my feet." (Ezech. ii., 2). It is this courage which the Holy Ghost gives that prevents one from becoming faint-hearted at the thought of the loss of things necessary, and nerves him to firmly believe that all things necessary to him will be administered by Almighty God. And, therefore, the Holy Ghost, the giver of this assurance, teaches us to ask of God to "give us this day our daily bread"; hence He is called the Spirit of fortitude.

Now it must be borne in mind that in the three preceding petitions, spiritual goods are asked for, which are begun here on earth, but brought to perfection only in Heaven. For when we ask that the name of God be hallowed, we ask that the sanctity of God may be made known, and when we ask that God's kingdom come, we ask to be made partakers of the eternal life; finally, when we say: "Thy will be done," we ask that God's will be accomplished in us. Now, although all these are begun

in this life, they attain their perfection only in the life eternal, and hence it was necessary to ask for necessities that are able to be brought to perfection here below. Consequently the Holy Ghost taught us to ask for necessary things which are had in their perfection in this world, and at the same time to show us that temporal goods are provided by God, and this is the meaning of "Give us this day our daily bread."

The Children of the Rosary.

CONDUCTED BY AQUINAS.

THE THIRD GLORIOUS MYSTERY.

THE DESCENT OF THE HOLY GHOST UPON THE APOSTLES.

Jesus hath sent the Paraclete,
The Holy Ghost, in tongues of flame,
To give His chosen ones the power
Throughout the world to preach His name.

Timid were they, and mute of speech—
Now trumpet-tongued and fearless all,
Unto the saving faith of Christ
Gentile and Jew alike to call.



"STAY in the city till you be endued with power from on high." This was the parting request and instruction which Jesus made to His followers. This "power from on high" was promised to be imparted by the Third Person of the adorable Trinity. He, also, as well as the Second Person, has a mission to the children of men. He exercises a twofold mission: 1—A general mission by which He makes known the divinity of His Presence to "every man coming into the world;" 2—a special mission to

the Church first visited by Him in the capacity of Spirit of Truth on the day of Pentecost, which may with right be termed the Birthday of the Church, as it was the day when "the Apostles were endued with power from on high." Both of these missions the Holy Ghost still faithfully executes. In the one, He pours out His sevenfold gifts "those habits," as the Angel of the Schools explains them, "which enable a man to follow promptly the instinct of the Holy Ghost, chiefly in relation to noble and heroic actions." The true Christian is of necessity a hero. In the other office He "leads the Church into all truth," so that it will not be tossed about by every wind of doctrine, but will hold fast to the deposit of faith once delivered to its guardianship. We know the result of that visit of the Holy Ghost. We know that the weak and timid disciples became fearless and strong. But they prepared themselves for the Holy Ghost, "persevering with one mind in prayer with Mary the Mother of Jesus and His brethren." Let us follow their example. If retirement, perseverance in prayer, and the companionship of Mary were necessary for them, how much more so are they for us? Ah! what favored beings are we that the Three August Persons of the Adorable Trinity have thus signally interested themselves in our welfare!

CHARLEY'S CHANCE.

MRS. C. A. GILLESPIE.

CHAPTER VI.

THE Helga, while at Reykjavik, had been thoroughly cleaned, and the windows and deck were now all that could be desired, the former from being stationary, rendered the ventilation insufficient, and the floor would soon be disfigured from the habit the men had of continually spitting on it.

The Bonder, or lower class of Norwegians, ate and slept on deck. They were a hardy, merry set; eating and sharing their flat bröd and smoked fish out of their little wooden boxes; treating and joking with each other, and sleeping, men and women, huddled up with their baggage. The married women were called Fru, the girls Flicka, and the men Drang:

sometimes the terms *Madame* and *Mamsell* (a corruption of *Mademoiselle*) are used. *Herr* is generally used in speaking to distinguished persons. The waiters and attendants on board the *Helga* were all young women, and it was conceded by the passengers of the unfortunate *Arctic*, that for pleasant manners, willingness to oblige, and fair, open countenances, they were unexceptionable.

They were always on the go, for the long, nightless days made it difficult to sleep, yet their good humor never became exhausted, though it was hard to discover what time they found for repose. They were here, there, and everywhere; attending to every one's wants; pressing each one to eat of the extensive bill of fare, which consisted mainly of fish in every conceivable style—smoked, fresh, raw, and sliced salmon, raw, salt, and pickled herring, smoked reindeer meat and breast of goose. The bread was either soft brown-bread, or *knackebröd* made of rye flour flavored with anise-seed, or *flatbröd* made into thin round cakes, a foot in diameter, having a hole in the centre. These are stacked upon a pole in a corner of the poorer Norwegian homes, and last for months, becoming so hard as to require an axe to cut them, and they are then boiled in goat's milk, which, by the way, is very rich and nourishing.

Our friends by this time were becoming accustomed to the fish diet of northern regions, and as some of the young servant-girls made quite pets of Rowena and Charley, who were the only children on ship board, the time passed very pleasantly to them. A young girl from one of the seaport towns of Norway, who was named *Amjör*, grew particularly fond of Charley, and would have him near her whenever possible, teaching him the Norse language, repeating ballads, and telling him of her native land. She was quite well educated, and spoke English with a very pleasant accent.

"Ah Carl!" she would say, throwing her arms around him in the affectionate, innocent manner of the *Bonder*, "thou art surely of Norwegian descent. Thou hast the look of *Lars*, my playmate brother that died. Would thou couldst go with me to my home in the hills. I would teach thee to sing our native songs, as we sat in the door of our *saeter* hut, in the eventide, and the sheep and the goats would come eat out of thy hand,

or we would go down to the cold little mountain-stream for trout, or hunt for berries by the midnight sun."

"Do you not have a great deal of hard work to do?" asked Charley.

"We follow the herds all day, from place to place, after good pasture; sometimes it is cold and rainy, and we return wet and tired to throw ourselves on our beds of moss, and fall asleep the moment we have finished our suppers."

"I don't think such a life is fit for women."

"The men work far harder," she said stoutly. "Even in the long, cold, dark days of winter, when we are safely housed with our books and our looms, they are out after their herds of reindeer, leaping over rocks and stones for hours, or creeping close to the ground to escape being thrown down by the blast."

"How can you be so much attached to such a climate?"

"It is not always rainy or stormy. For four months in the year it is a land of sunshine and beauty. Wait until thou seest it!" she cried enthusiastically, "see if thou dost not think it a glorious country. I have read of many countries, and have seen several since I have been stewardess on the *Helga*, but nowhere have I seen such mountains and pines, such streams and waterfalls, such glaciers and Fjords as in my own land, the nightless north!"

The young girl's fine face lighted up, and there was contagious fire in the soft, ringing tones of her voice.

"Tell me some more of your northern home. Have you trees and flowers growing on your saeter farms?"

"But few trees grow up so high. The saeter to which we take our herds is over three thousand feet, and within the Arctic Circle. It takes one hundred years for a tree to grow as large as my arm, but we have violets, buttercups, and forget-me-nots, and everywhere the plantain growing where the weather is almost always down to 40°. The trees seem to creep close to the ground as if they also were afraid of the storms, and they and the earth are often covered with long, soft, gray moss, of which we make beds for ourselves and the cattle."

"I think I have read that it was not always so cold in this part of the world."

"Yes, our sagas tell us that many thousand years ago we had as warm a climate as France, and great animals lived in our country. I myself have seen the bones of a huge beast that was dug from the side of a hill. His jaw-bone was nine feet long."

"I suppose you have but little night during the time you are on your saeter."

From the first of June to the last of July, almost none; the sun is no sooner out of sight than it rises again, and we see no stars at all, while the moon looks like a pale shadow. My brother Josselssen went to a high hill seventy miles from our saeter, and there saw the midnight sun which never set at all. He said it dipped low to the horizon, grew pale, and then seemed to rest. The birds went to sleep, dew fell, though the sun was still shining. It was as if Nature grew drowsy and tired. Presently the sun seemed to swing round and up, and every moment to grow brighter, and it was another day.

"Who protects you while up there so far from your homes?"

"Whom do we need to protect us? The Bonder fears God. It is necessary that our brothers and fathers should stay home and plough and reap. Once or twice every summer they come to us bringing provisions and books, but the saeter is generally many miles from home, two or three days' journey, and every hour of the short summer must be economized."

"I hope you will not think me rude, Ambjör, you know I am but a poor mountain lad myself; but tell me, are your people very poor?"

"I thought travellers were all rich, and I suppose you would call the richest man in our parts poor. He is not worth over ten thousand dollars, and his daughters go to the saeter next to ours, though my father is not worth five hundred dollars. My sisters have spared me for three years to go with Captain Gustaf so that we may help our father to buy a larger farm adjoining his; it has a better house and good outbuildings, and will cost nearly a thousand dollars."

"If you are so poor, how is it that you are so well educated? Poor people in America can rarely afford to send their children to school for many years. They must go to work and help to support their parents."

"So must we. My little sister Marthe is only twelve, but she drives travellers from the seaport to the falls, which is eighteen miles. But we learn quite as much at home as we do at school. During the eight winter months we have much work to do in the house, and as we work at our looms, or embroidering the sheepskin blankets for market, or spinning and knitting, all the time we are learning, it may be a line at a time; one, generally the mother, reads, and the others repeat what they hear. Thus I learned history and French, and thus my father taught my brothers Latin and mathematics."

"What are the boys doing?"

"Making nets and carving bowls and spoons, or dressing skins. We sit on the wooden frames that run around the walls of our living room. These are drawn out at night, and fresh hay is put on them, and they are covered with sheepskins, and form our beds. In the middle of the room is a great stove, eight feet square; we do not need to make a fire in it every day, as once heated it keeps us warm many hours."

"Does everybody eat and sleep in one room?"

"All of the family do, but we have other rooms for guests, and we give them linen sheets and tablecloths, and plates, and forks; for ourselves a piece of flat bröd does for a plate, and we drink our sour milk out of one pail. That is the reason a Bonder can get along on so little. We never change the fashion of our clothes, and find so few things really necessary. In very hard times we eat our fish raw, so that we may not consume so much, and we mix our brown bread with oats, and even the ground bark of trees. Our hilly, windy country is so healthy that we are always hungry, and everything tastes well."

The girl's comely face looked so cheerful and contented as she enumerated all these hardships, that the child sitting at her feet failed to consider them such, any more than herself.

"Captain Morgan," said Charley one evening, as he stood beside his friend on the quarter-deck, "do you not think the Norwegians are a fine people?"

"Indeed I do, Charley. They are the most intelligent, industrious, honest nation I have ever had any dealings with. I am glad you have the good sense to appreciate their merits."

"They appear to have read and studied a great deal."

"The poorest are well educated. Their houses may be poor, little one-room huts, but books and schools and churches abound. I have often found my Norwegian sailors far better educated than myself. An honest, generous, unsuspecting people, whom I could find it in my heart to live and die among, so kind have they been to me and mine. Who but a Norwegian would have incommoded for himself two trips with a shipwrecked crew? And Captain Gustaf insists on carrying us to Christiania instead of landing us at the first mail station, and leaving us to shift for ourselves. He says the poor ship hands will have so much better chance there to get employment on another vessel.

"I think," said Charley, "if I should live to be a very old man, I will never forget how good Ambjör and all these dear people have been to me. I am very sorry you lost your fine ship, Captain, but you say it was fully insured, and I cannot but be glad to have seen and learned so much more than I expected."

"And you are going to see and learn more still, my boy, for in half a day we will be in sight of Norway, and it is one of the most picturesque countries on the face of the globe. We shall see a great deal of the romantic scenery, and become familiar with the habits of the people as the vessel stops at all the different mail stations and towns from Hammerfest to Christiania."

"I wish I had been able to learn more Norwegian words and sentences, but I am not quick at languages as they appear to be."

"All northern nations are remarkable for their facility in that respect. I was at a dinner in Sweden once, where, though the guests were people of but moderate means, yet all of them spoke English, French and German fluently, and several of the party understood one or two more languages. Indeed I felt myself quite in the background with my mere smattering of two or three tongues; and when I considered the taste and refinement exhibited in all the surroundings, the easy grace and accomplishments of most of the party, the splendid order in which the little farm was kept, and reflected that in my own country, people of no more means are thought poor, go into no society and are but half educated, I was mortified by the contrast."

"How do you account for the difference? Ambjör tells me that our English ancestors were themselves as much of Scandinavian as of Anglo-Saxon origin."

"I am unable to tell you when the degeneration began, but I assure you, Charley, never until I met you and your brothers have I found anywhere, outside of Scandinavia, poverty combined with refinement and education. How it comes to be so in your case is a mystery to me."

"If you have found good in us, I am sure, under God, it is due to our kind, faithful teacher, Miss Dodge," said Charley, his blue eyes filling with tears as he recalled all her goodness and kindness.

The Captain would have him tell more about this friend, and seemed much interested in all that related to her. All through the voyage he had from time to time been astonished at the amount of information his young protégé displayed in history and geography, and he had rightly concluded that Charley must have had a very capable instructor, or else be a prodigy without parallel, if all he knew was the result of self-directed studies.

After this, frequently, during the remainder of the time they spent together, he encouraged the little boy to tell him more and more about his home life, his neighbors, school, and teacher. The day after the above conversation took place, as Captain Morgan had foretold, they entered the Fjord (fyord) or bay of Hammerfest, the most northern town in Europe. Most of the passengers and crew were familiar with the scene, but to Charley and a few others its novelty intensified its grandeur. It was an hour before midnight. The sun was shining brilliantly, casting a lovely light upon the tranquil waters, which were of a deep, transparent green. The bold sweep of mountains covered with perpetual snow formed a fitting background to the immense glaciers, some of them many miles square, and shining in prismatic colors. Through the deep valleys which had been cut out of the solid rock by former glaciers, the rivers came tumbling and roaring towards the Fjords, which were themselves a continuation of the valleys. At the quay all was bustle and activity, work going on all night. As our travellers walked up the deserted streets, not a star was to

be seen overhead. Not a sound broke the sunny silence; even the birds and dogs were asleep. Charley and Rowena plucked some flowers by the light of the midnight sun. Some silvery clouds were floating in the pale northern sky, and the booming of an immense waterfall, two miles off, was plainly heard, sounding like some vast cathedral bell.

The inn to which they had been directed was easily found, and they were soon reposing in sweet, clean beds. The floors were bare, but spotlessly white, with strips of carpet laid here and there.

The vessel was not to leave until late in the following afternoon; so in the morning Captain Morgan hired a conveyance and took the children to one of the vast ice caverns formed under a glacier. The large opening ran back for several miles, and as you advanced, the color of the ice increased in blueness, looking at a little distance ahead, a deep indigo in color. The sides of the crevice were frequently hung with icicles, whose pearly whiteness contrasted beautifully with the azure walls. Most of my readers know that a glacier is a moving river of ice. The snow that falls from year to year, in these latitudes, becomes pressed down by the masses lying above it, until it is a compact mass of ice, which, acting under this continual pressure, and moistened in the lower portions by the heat, moves down in valleys between mountains, carrying immense rocks and stones along with it, and rasping and grinding its way through every obstacle, conveying deposits of dirt and stones, so that the streams that flow from the end of a glacier are always muddy. If a glacier ends abruptly on a sea coast, it breaks off into a great boulder, which floats away as an iceberg.

Captain Morgan left the old man that drove them, holding his horse at the entrance, which was several yards wide, and taking each child by the hand, walked into the tunnel-like aperture. A rough path had been formed by the side of the stream that rushed noisily forth from the mouth of the cavern. They found a great difference in the temperature when out of the sun. They were all well wrapped up, but the cold was intense, and Rowena began to cry. Her father took her in his arms, and turned to retrace his steps. They had not gone far when a stunning report was heard, and hurrying forward, their steps

were unexpectedly arrested. For awhile the probability seemed that they had escaped shipwreck only to perish in the cavernous depths of a Norwegian glacier, for their progress appeared indefinitely barred by an immense mass of glittering blocks of ice, which had fallen across their path and loped down into the deep and rapid river. That side of the cavern and the whole fallen mass was in a tottering condition. To attempt to scale it appeared madness. Charley drew forth his rosary, Miss Dodge's parting gift, and falling on his knees, devoutly prayed that our Lady of mercy might help them in this new peril. Nor did he pray in vain.

(To be continued.)

A LITTLE HELPER OF THE HOLY SOULS.

AQUINAS.

A GROUP of happy little children at play in a sunny field. Suddenly, at the voice of one of the group, the others circle around her, for she is the leader of her young playmates, this merry, romping Eugenie, whose life is sheltered in a happy Christian home, from every breath of sorrow or of evil. There is a serious look in the bright young face, and old for her years—she is but seven—is the question and the reasoning that come from her lips.

"If one of our dear playmates were locked up in a fiery prison, and if by saying a few words we could let her out, would we not gladly do it?"

"Yes, yes!" they all replied, not seeing, however, the meaning of her question.

"Well, the suffering souls are in the prison of Purgatory, and if we pray for them we can help them to get to Heaven. Shall we not pray?"

The little apostle pleaded well for the suffering souls, and then sped off gaily once more after a butterfly.

When anything painful occurred to her, she was seen to close her lips bravely, but one very near her could hear the soft whisper, "it is for the Holy Souls."

Thus in her very childhood did Eugenie de Smet begin her life-work, to pray and suffer that the poor souls in Purgatory might be released from pain, and enjoy God forever.

When God intends that a soul shall do some great work for Him in this world, He gives that soul a trust in His promises that many other very good people do not seem to have at all. Such souls possess the great grace of taking God at His word. Eugenie, even in her girlhood, had this great grace. Sometimes God tries such souls very, very hard, and if they are faithful, this grace which we call faith stays with them ever after. Now Eugenie knew that God had said He would give anything that was asked in prayer to people who did not let their faith fail.

A day came when she wanted a white dress. She was at a convent school of the Sacred Heart, a boarding-school. A beautiful feast was coming, and if she didn't have a white dress she must go behind with the children in dark dresses. Go behind and give up her own dear place so near the Altar that she could see the Blessed Lord when the priest lifted up the Sacred Host in his hands? If her parents only knew that she needed the dress! but there was no time for a letter. She could only ask God for it, and wait and *believe*. So she knelt before the Blessed Sacrament and said a pleading little prayer for the white dress, and she closed her prayer with a promise—"Dear Lord, if you give me this dress so I can see you on the Altar, I'll never doubt you all my life, and I'll go to you all my life for everything I need from a pin to Heaven."

"How pleased the Sacred Heart must have been at this loving promise. How the Blessed Master longs to have us go to Him in every need when He promises *everything* to the faith that asks without staggering!"

Eugenie never mentioned her desire, her prayer. On her bed the morning of the feast she found the white dress. There was no one to thank for it but God; she had told no one else that she wanted it. If her parents or her teachers had thought of the need, it was God who had whispered the good thought to them; how earnestly she thanked Him. Years afterward, when she was dying, she smilingly spoke of that prayer and that promise, and said sweetly: "Thank God, I've never broken it." True enough! she had gone to Him in every need, "from a pin to Heaven," and the story of her beautiful life is one golden chain of answered prayers.

She kept always on the door of her room a picture that represented Christ feeding the sparrows and clothing the lilies. Our Blessed Lady she always called "Dear Lady of Providence" and "Queen of Purgatory." One day her father forbade her doing some good work she wanted to do. She wouldn't disobey her father, yet how could she let the work go undone when God had inspired it? She didn't fret nor grow disagreeable, but went quietly, good-naturedly, to her room, knelt down and prayed: "Dear Blessed Mother! please make my father change his mind!" Then she waited, hoped and trusted. Wasn't God's Mother stronger than she was to remove her father's command? In a few moments he called her; "Eugenie," said he, "on second thought I do not see why I should refuse you—you have my permission for what you wish to do."

Eugenie always wanted to be a nun, but she could never see a convent that she felt called to. Every good work that she undertook, succeeded. Her parish priest, whose "right hand" she was, thought she ought to remain in the world. But God knew best. From her very early years she had every day said a little prayer to the Holy Ghost that she might know what the life was which God had chosen for her. It was a little prayer that her own loving, trusting, childish devotion had put into words. God had a work for her to do. Some day He would whisper it so softly that no one but Eugenie would hear it. That day came; it was one eve of All Souls at Benediction. God made known to her in that strange, sweet, silent way that only God possesses, that there was no religious Order that kept the thought of the Holy Souls before the people, and He had chosen her to found one! The Holy Souls in Purgatory! Had she not thought of them always? Had she not all her life of twenty-eight years prayed herself and pleaded with others to pray for these dear suffering souls so helpless to help themselves?

How many pledges she asked of God that she might really know that it was His voice she had heard! And every one He granted. "The spoiled child of Providence," her friends called her. She could see no reason why people should be surprised that God did what He had promised to do; but it did

surprise her that everyone didn't take God at His word.

Eugenie founded a religious Order in which the nuns work—always without pay,—for the poor on earth, and they offer all that they do for the suffering souls of the dead. They have houses in France and England, and far-off China; and in the Spring of the present year they came here to New York. In their humble little convent, 25 Seventh Avenue, they will speak to others of their dear Mother, whom God called to Himself twenty-one years ago. And they will plead with you to unite with them in working, praying, and suffering for the dead. They are indeed HELPERS OF THE HOLY SOULS.

DOCTOR TOM.

MARGARET E. JORDAN.

O DOCTOR, I'm so glad you've come
To see my pussy cat—poor Kitty!
She was taken sick last night,—
Oh! isn't it a dreadful pity?

She hasn't any pain or ache
When in my arms I keep her lying,
But if I'd let her go at all
I'm very sure you'd hear her crying.

'Twould be too bad if she would die
And leave her little kitty Bennie;
Doctor, won't you try real hard
To save my pussy cat, my Jennie?

And mamma Annie looked so sad,
As for her pussy cat she pleaded;
While Doctor Tom he felt her pulse,
And ordered all the drugs she needed.

And pussy lay there, oh! so still,
While mamma Annie fondly rocked her;
But by-and-by she leaped away
A-laughing at that wise old doctor!



Doctor Tom he felt her pulse,
And ordered all the drugs she needed.

THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN.

Words by MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD.

Music by LOUISA MORRISON.

Slow and sad.

1ST SOP.

2D SOP.

1. Ye (Ye) ol-ive trees droop low in awe, The (The) sorrowing Saviour seeks your shade;
2. Our (Our) Lady shares His anguish keen, Oh (Oh) prophet lips have well pretold,
3. Moth-(Moth-)er of sorrows! thro' thy woe, Its (Its) lesson to our souls im-part,

ALTO.

He (He) mourns that countless hosts will spurn The gift for which His blood is paid.
The (The) suffering that she may not soothe, But in her heart her pain un - fold.
'That (That) we may shun the sins that pierced With ag-o-ny our Saviour's heart.

Chorus.

List - en, O Moth-er, while we pray,..... We show thee

while we pray,

all..... our cares and needs,..... As pleading for thy aid we

We show thee all

our cares and needs,

say..... The A-ves on..... thy blessed beads.....

thy aid we say,

The A - ves on

blessed beads.

Notes.

THE month of the Holy Souls. Dear indeed should this month be to Rosarians with the mighty power which they possess of lessening the pain of Christ's suffering members in that prison of purification—Purgatory. There in no devotion more richly endowed with indulgences than the Beads, and there is no association which so richly augments the treasures of its members as the Confraternity of the Rosary. And these indulgences truly countless, are all applicable to the Holy Souls.

November, consecrated as it is to the dead, is a sorrowful month to the living, for death casts a shadow even when it passes only in thought. But sad though November is to the militant Church, it is a month of joy to the Church suffering.

Then will the atoning Requiem be offering daily and many times on unnumbered altars of the militant Church. Then will countless human hearts plead for mercy with the Heart divine in the silent converse of Holy Communion; then will the supplicating *De Profundis* and *Miserere*, be often uttered, the Way of the Cross many times trod, the Beads many times told, not for self, but for the dead. Then will be remembered the souls in Purgatory who have none to pray for them with the pleading power of kindred love, or who are by loved ones forgotten. Then will Heaven's portals be widely opened, and souls whose length of suffering has been shortened by earth's meritorious pleading, be admitted to the joys of Heaven.

Very Rev. F. A. Spencer, O.P., is in receipt of a letter from the Most Rev. Master-General, ordering a Triduum of Thanksgiving commemorative of the coming Episcopal Jubilee of the Holy Father. He calls on all Dominicans and Rosarians in their three flourishing branches to unite their heartfelt prayers in thanksgiving to God, for the blessings bestowed upon the Church in giving her a *Lumen in celo* to guide her safely through the angry billows of these latter times.

Very Rev. Fr. Spencer, in a letter to the various Superiors of Dominican Convents, orders that this Triduum be observed from the 16th to the 19th of the coming February.

Our October number was a little late in making its appearance; but we know that when we explain that the delay was occasioned by a succession of unforeseen circumstan-

ces, and therefore beyond our control, the Christian forbearance of our subscribers will be exercised in our behalf. When it is known that we were moving to our new quarters, and that the work of printing and mailing, to a great extent, was in new hands, we are confident that, although our readers' patience was tried, their forgiveness will not be withheld.

It is our purpose to have THE ROSARY reach its destination in time for the first Sunday of the month—Rosary Sunday—and we will spare no pains so as to be able to carry out this determination. We have incurred considerable expenses in the recent changes we have made in order conscientiously and expeditiously to be of service to our Rosarians; therefore we trust that all who are in arrears will please lighten our burdens by a prompt remittance. He gives doubly who gives quickly.

We may honorably presume, and in this we are protected by the law of the land, that they who do not give notice of their intention to have us *discontinue sending them THE ROSARY*, are considered subscribers. If it should happen that they who have notified us to stop sending them the Magazine, and have settled all outstanding accounts, *should still receive THE ROSARY*, we will consider it a favor to be notified by *postal* at once, and we will send stamps for the return of the copy missent.

CALENDAR FOR NOVEMBER.

May the souls of the faithful departed though the mercy of God rest in peace.

Nov. 1. Feast of all Saints. (Fifth Glorious Mystery). Plenary Indulgence.

C.C. Visit Rosary Altar.

Nov. 6. First Sunday of the month. Three Plenary Indulgences.

(a) C.C. In Rosary Church; Prayer.

(b) C.C. Visit Chapel.

(c) Assist at procession; Prayer.

Nov. 9. All Saints of the Dominican Order. Partial Indulgence of 3 years and 3 quarantines.

Nov. 10. Anniversary of deceased Brothers and Sisters of Dominican Order. Plenary Indulgence for those who are present at recitation of Divine Office and assist at Holy Sacrifice of the Mass after having received the Sacraments.

Nov. 27. First Sunday of Advent—10 years and 10 quarantines.

OUR EXCHANGES.

THE college and convent journals are coming again, fresh and bright, after vacation days. We greet them all gladly. The *Mount Angel Student Banner*, Mt. Angel, Oregon, devotes a

column to brightly-written, but brief notices of its exchanges. We thank the *Banner* for its kindly appreciation of THE ROSARY.

St. Mary's Chimes, Notre Dame, Ind., comes

with a merry ring. It strikes one of its sweetest notes when it dwells upon the month of the Rosary: "The days that are bound together by chaplets of *Aves*, to be borne by waiting angels to the throne of Heaven's Queen, as earth's tribute of affection and homage." To see thus bound together the days of every month is the fervent wish of the messenger of Mary's Beads, THE ROSARY.

The Young Eagle, Sinsinawa, Wis., again plumes its strong and upward flight, but its keen eye fails not to take in the affairs of the world over which it soars. We note as specially worthy of attention the "Analyses of Catholic Historical Novels." The number at hand of the *Eagle* is a beautiful Rosary tribute, one worthy of the Daughters of St. Dominic, who dwell on the airy height, Sinsinawa.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

CURIOS:—1. *Is it absolutely forbidden to sell blessed and indulgenced chaplets, rosaries, etc.?*

Ans.—It is; and the chaplets, rosaries, etc., sold after the indulgences have been attached to them, *ipso facto*, or by the very act of sale, lose their indulgences. (D. C. I. July 16, 1887).

This decision applies to chaplets enriched with the indulgences of the Rosary, as well as to all other indulgenced objects. Such chaplets, if distributed, must be given gratuitously. It is not permitted to seek the cost price, nor to ask for an alms on the occasion or by reason of their distribution. The Holy See wishes by this decree to eliminate radically all possible abuses, and to keep far away from the distribution of indulgenced objects every appearance of simony. Hence, wherever and whenever this decree is not attended to, the pious objects distributed lose *ipso facto* their indulgences, and the persons to whom they are distributed are deprived of the spiritual blessings attached to their carriage and use. Good faith is no remedy or excuse in the case of indulgences, for all should know that the conditions laid down by the Pope must be observed, or the indulgences cannot be gained. Therefore, if chaplets or other indulgenced articles have come into one's possession in opposition to the conditions specified by the Holy See, they must, if

the owner desires to be possessed of the spiritual benefits primitively bestowed on them, be indulgenced anew.

2. *Is it not lawful to demand and receive from the persons to whom such religious articles are distributed, at least the cost price?*

Ans.—No; and, if even the cost price is asked for and received, such articles at once lose their indulgences.

3. *Is it allowable to ask and receive from the persons to whom these articles are distributed not indeed the reimbursement of the money paid for the articles specified, but some slight alms to be employed for pious purposes?*

Ans.—By no means; for the terms of the decision of the Sacred Congregation are very formal in this regard, and positively forbid, under the penalty of the loss of the indulgences attached to such articles, the demanding or the receiving of anything under any title whatsoever.

It is urgently advised to all persons who desire to have articles indulgenced, whether by presenting such articles themselves or by having others to present them for the benediction to which the indulgences are attached, to have everything of a monetary character in the case attended to before such articles are presented to the priest for the reception of the indulgences.

NOVEMBER ROSARY.

INTENTIONS.

THE prayers of Rosarians are asked for the following intentions: For the souls in purgatory; for steady employment for several persons; for a poor boy in great distress; for the conversion of three persons; restoration to health of one; reconciliation of a family at variance; the means to earn an honest living to pay off certain debts; to determine the vocation of several; for peace between two relatives; a brother sorely afflicted; for three young men who are addicted to intoxicants and neglect their religious duties; for the conversion of three non-Catholics; for the repose of the souls of Wm. J. Murphy, who died Aug. 26, at Charleston, S. C., Patrick and Margaret Duffy,

and Mrs. Ellen Keagan, who died at New Haven, Conn., Aug. 8; for the conversion of two who have fallen away from the faith; for a mother's consent to allow her daughter to enter a convent; a father's and brother's conversion, and brother's health; reconciliation of three at variance; the conversion of a young man who has fallen away from the faith; for three sons who have broken a good mother's heart; for a brother who has been neglecting his religious duties twenty years; for an aged father who has been neglecting his duties thirty years; to prevent a mixed marriage; the conversion of one; the restored health of three; for the safe return of a pastor who is abroad.

A Special Department.

MAGAZINES, and in fact nearly all publications of the present time, are much given to classifying reading matter under different "department" headings. This has become necessary because of the rapidity with which everything, even reading, is done, and saves the reader the trouble of going over more than the subject in which he is interested.

Most people expect more of a magazine than they do of a paper; it seems so much more substantial and permanent, and the magazines do not fall far short of these expectations. There are many families who look at their magazine as a trusted friend and adviser. They look for recreation, knowledge, and solace. The more practical question of what and where to buy, is decided for them too, by this medium. This is particularly the case with our Catholic people. A magazine prepared for them by those to whom they give the highest respect, confidence, and trust, they rely on as a matter of course. Hence it is that the advertising department of such a magazine has to be a very special department.

John A. Cockerill, in *Printers' Ink* of Sept. 21st, says: "My theory is that the advertising columns should be edited as carefully as the editorial columns. * * * We receive letters every day from readers inquiring about certain advertisers, and asking: 'Do you believe these people will fulfil their engagement?' And that sort of thing is coming to publishers all the time. It shows that people look to a newspaper to protect them from fraud and swindling schemes."

Readers in country towns consult their favorite magazine as a sort of guide-book to find "the best places to buy, when we go to the city," and advertisers do well when they are represented in such publications.

As to advertisers themselves, there is an article in *Art in Advertising*, for October, by D. T. Mallet, that puts the matter very clearly and concisely before us, from which we quote the following:

"You will need to have four watchwords on the walls of your memory—*Application, Integrity, Enthusiasm, Publicity*. What's in a word!—a mere common carrier of thoughts? Shall we untie the package and examine its contents?

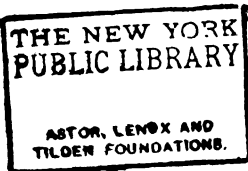
Application. That means work hard work; work in the right direction, at the right time, in the right place. It means study—mental work. It means the cementing of self to trade. It means progress, and progress means friction, and friction means that there are obstacles. Application is the 'sure cure' for obstacles; you are the physician and you must apply the remedy. * * * Application means more than mere work—it means results. The work of yesterday is forgotten; the profits of to-morrow are the hope of to-day. Application, then, is the first corner-stone of success—build not without it.

Integrity. A personal word; a thing of conscience, an hereditary virtue. 'An honest man's the noblest work of God.' You remember Diogenes and his lantern—they were quite scarce even in his day. Are they more frequent to-day? Integrity is a generation greater than honesty. Honesty is simply a cold matter of policy; integrity is the root of virtues, the source of justice, and the delicate balance in which men weigh their motives. Can you meet your customer's eye with a frank glance of genuine integrity? If you would succeed, never depreciate old-fashioned integrity.

Enthusiasm. That means a bright eye; a sanguine disposition; a self-confidence which is not misplaced. It requires good health as a foundation for permanent enthusiasm. Some of the brilliancy of enthusiasm has been occasionally found in feeble bodies; but the wick pulls too strong for the oil, and they perish together. *** Enthusiasm is to business what the blood is to the human system—it is the price of life. Don't be a commercial corpse.

Publicity. I left this to the last because I wished to have its value the more impressed on your memory. If you have not *Application, Integrity, and Enthusiasm*, you will do well to shun publicity. Publicity may be likened to electricity, the science of sciences, the potent possibility of immeasurable results. Stop and consider what you know of the world and its workers for which you are not indebted to publicity. Why do you use Smith's soap, or walk in Brown's shoes?—they are no better than dozens of other makers. Why? Because the man behind the scenes advertised them and you rewarded his enterprise with a trial of your patronage. If the shoes wear well and fit comfortably, and please a critical eye, you will continue to purchase them. You will advise your friends to buy them, and they in turn will pass the good advice along upon its mission: so that the fifty-dollar advertisement which effected the sale, directly, of only one pair of shoes, will become the means of enriching the storekeeper if he is persistent. Publicity is the magnet which connects your storehouse of supply to the pale of constant demand. Keep the circuit in working order, and never allow the three principles mentioned—which are the battery-wires—to become corroded. Publicity is like a crowbar which lifts things; this it is which elevates the merchant from out of his local environments into the wide plain of national opportunity.

If you were to visit Philadelphia, Chicago, or New York, what stores would you naturally first inspect to select your necessities? Would *Publicity* have any part in your selection? It would have practically decided the question before you started. Methods? They are countless; individual circumstances determine the method, but all business is alike in principle, and the merchant who ties fast his craft of commerce to the tug of publicity will note his bearings by those three great lighthouses of success—*Application, Integrity, and Enthusiasm.*"





THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.



VOL. II.

DECEMBER, 1892.

No. 8

OUR LADY IN CHRISTIAN ART.

MARY M. MELINE.

I.

WHO is she who cometh in the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners? So the ancient Seers bore witness, by the enlightenment of the Holy Spirit to the marvellous attributes of her who is to-day the Queen of earth and heaven.

At first a promise, growing into fruition in the spirit-sight, a mystic presence,—albeit even the pagan world had caught the echo of the thought and the prophecy—a whisper of hope swelling upon the despairing ear from the far-off Eden-glades, she came at last into the hearts of men and claimed her own sweet supremacy. As every knee was bent and every head was bowed before the Son, so the Christian yielded also a tender reverence to the Mother. For who, loving the Son could fail to love the Mother? And the Church, always eager and watchful for the honor and glory of her Divine Spouse, bound them together in fitting association in her liturgy, as co-workers in the great task of man's redemption. The greater and the lesser—the sun and the moon—shining in the firmament of faith.

As the minds and hearts of men developed in the broad light of that faith, they sought on all sides for sources of hon-

or, praise, and glory, by which to express their appreciation of the divine gift. Out of all that was beautiful in creation they gathered tribute. Sculpture and painting, twin arts, spoke this fervor of loving in life-like forms, but while the shades of Grecian Academe or the hills of Rome teemed with the work of pagan genius, that of Christianity was shrouded in the gloom of the Catacombs.

Throwing into that gloom the electric light of modern research, we find a gradual procession, an unfolding of the flower of that genius. But a question arose upon the decision of which depended the future destiny of Christian art. This was concerning the personal appearance of our Lord. Some, with St. Cyril, who claimed his justification in Tertullian, held that our Lord was, if not repulsive in His Humanity, at least the most wanting in beauty of the Sons of men, and that thus the mystery of redemption was rendered more sublime. Others claimed, and of these were Sts. Augustine, Jerome, Ambrose, John Chrysostom and Gregory of Nyssa, that Christ veiled only so much of His Divinity as was necessary to enable Him to walk among His human creatures. This controversy lasted until the eighth century, until Pope Adrian I. and St. John of Damascus, proclaimed the impossibility of the first theory; that as the first Adam was a perfect man in all manly attributes, so must the second be, and that it was impossible for the Son of God to be other than beautiful in His Humanity. Raoul Rochette, in his lectures on Christian Art, tells us of a figure of Christ in the cemetery of St. Calisto, the most ancient representation of Him by Christian pencil, in which the face is a long oval, the features regular, the expression soft, serious and melancholy; the hair parted in the middle, falls on the shoulders in two long masses. And as with the Son, so with the Mother—a resemblance between them being only natural. It was St. Ambrose who led us to see the beauty of the Blessed Virgin. He asserted that in her the soul had permeated its outward, fleshly covering, and thus endowed her with a beauty surpassing in its supernatural qualities that of every other woman. Hence, where can we find a model more fit to express beauty and strength, the fulness of perfect womanhood? Robert Browning wrote :

"There is a vision in the heart of each,
Of Justice, mercy, wisdom, tenderness
To wrong and pain, and knowledge of their cure ;
And these embodied in a woman's form
That best transmits them pure as first received
From God above her to mankind below."

She rises upon the horizon of our faith and our hope as the summer day breaks upon the material world, in a dewy freshness, a steadily growing brilliancy. A child of fifteen years, she bows her bright young head beneath the awful tidings of the star-crowned messenger, and dedicates herself to the fulfilment of God's will. Silently she puts her girlhood behind her—her youth with what dreams the peculiar conditions of that girlhood allowed her—her own anticipations and desires: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord!" What a subject for artist's brush or brain, or poet's musings! It is so the first delineations are made. She stands alone, her hands crossed upon her bosom, her eyes raised to Heaven. In maiden meditation she sees beyond the pearly gates, and in that vision how pale all earthly charms! In maidenly humility she awaits her destiny. What more exquisite representation of this have we than in that which the Blessed one painted, herself, upon the mind and heart of the little peasant maiden of Lourdes, in her several apparitions? "I am the Immaculate Conception!" These words tell all. But let us turn to Petrarch's hymn:

"Vergine bella, che di sol vestuta
Coronata di Stella....!"

And see how a modern poet, a member of a sect which denies her the crown of *divine* Motherhood, yet could write:

"Is thy name Mary, maiden fair?
Such should, methinks, its music be;
The sweetest name that mortals bear
Were best befitting thee;
And she to whom it once was given,
Was half of earth, and half of heaven."

"Fair as the moon." Is there a more exquisite sight on earth or in heaven than the moon against the purple curtain of the midnight sky? Her light is but a reflected ray, we all know, of the greater luminary, the king of day, the centre of our firmament, the brilliancy of which no human eye can look

upon. How very perfect is she in her soft, rich glow, rebuking not our gaze, and yet powerful enough to obliterate all lesser lights. So stands our Lady in the heart and faith of the Catholic. So stands she while the darkness of sin and doubt and fear gather about our souls. By her silent strength, even as the material orb draws the waves of mighty ocean to herself, thus preserving by that motion the life of those waters, she draws us in the night time of our souls' desolation, sweetly and gently to the footstool of her Son. She it was who was presented to the Beloved Disciple in that vision at Patmos—clothed with the sun, having the moon under her feet, and crowned with the twelve stars. See her tenderly bending towards him her second son—born to her on that awful mount of Calvary—and may we not imagine that *his* star, resting upon her gracious brow, glows with a stronger fire than the rest?

"Blessed she by all creation,
Who brought forth the world's salvation!"

So sang the Anglican Heber.

"Clear as the sun." By reason of her Immaculate purity. For even as we may not dare with unprotected eye to look upon the sun's effulgence, so we scarce may lift our gaze to her whom the angel saluted, "Full of grace." But that she bends to us with outstretched arms, and woos us with tender wooing, how could it be possible? Clear as the sun she stands before us in her purity and in her glory, as the woman who was to crush the serpent's head, the Mystic Spouse of the Canticles. She is the most wise, the most clement, the most holy Queen and Mother, but above all the Virgin of all Virgins blest! "Clear as the sun" must have been in Cosimo Roselli's mind when he painted her for the Serviti in Florence, and equally in the English Shelley's when he wrote:

"Thou Mirror
In whom, as in the splendor of the sun,
All shapes look glorious which thou gazest on."

"Terrible as an army with banners," to the sinner who refuses her gentle ministry and offers the insult of impenitence to her Son; to even the just man who recognizes with supernatural perception, the magnificence, the majesty, and the glory of her attributes. The dawn of her childhood is passed; the ~~mess~~ and withdrawal of her early womanhood is no

longer the chief suggestion as we look upon her; the clear glory of her maiden-Motherhood has stamped the lovely face with a deeper and a graver beauty. In that she has tasted all of human joys and sorrow, all of heavenly consolation and ecstatic bliss, as she stands before us now, strengthened by this ordeal, through which mortal never passed before or since, she is terrible in her grandeur. So Raphael must have thought of her when he painted the San Sisto. The majesty of her presence is enhanced by the Infant in her arms. The figure poised on ether seems to swoop down upon the beholder; the wind inflates her robe, while behind her gather the mighty hosts of heaven, the angelic cohorts, their forms dim in the misty distances. Well might Shelley cry:

"Thou wonder, and thou beauty and thou terror!"

A sad contrast do the materialistic ideas of to-day present to the Ages of Faith. For then the deep, religious sentiment found voice and expression in efforts to bring the beauty of holiness within the comprehension of man, and we find our Lady a constant source of inspiration alike to pen and pencil. Has modern art improved upon the model?

THE CRADLE OF THE KING.

MARY IRWIN.

HARK! angel songs. Behold! the smile most bright,
Of a new joy, hath radiated earth,
And night is made more glorious in the birth
Of a sweet Babe, than ever day with light
Of brightest sun. A new star comes to sight;
Engaddi's roses bloom, and holy mirth
Pervades all nature, and the world is worth
More than the universe of worlds to-night.
It is the cradle of the King, it holds
A gift divine, alas! in stable bare,
But Heav'n, all Heav'n comes down to worship there,
Mary, with joys of motherhood, enfolds
Him to her heart—her Child, and love outpours,
Then, gazing on him as her God, adores.

His Immaculate Mother—their greatest torture consists in not being able to see Jesus and Mary—and yet they are chained by the justice of God in their terrible dungeons. What a martyrdom must they not suffer!

St. Thomas teaches that “the lightest pain of Purgatory surpasses the greatest torture of this world;”¹ he also declares that the fire of Purgatory and that of hell are identical. St. Gregory declares that the flames of Purgatory are kindled by divine vengeance, and that souls that are sent into them “shall be baptized with fire.” This is the second and last baptism. The baptism of water washed us from our first stains; that of fire shall purify us from our last frailties, and as the first was necessary to incorporate us into the Church of Christ on earth, so the second is necessary, if we are still indebted to the justice of God, for our admission into the kingdom of Heaven. Shall we say that all the afflictions of this world are as nothing compared to those endured by the holy souls? It is St. Augustin who bids us say so. Yet what have not our martyrs suffered for Religion and for God? Some were plunged into boiling oil, others had their members torn one by one from their bodies; some were seated on red-hot iron chairs, others were rolled over sharp-pointed rocks; some were torn apart by horses driven in opposite directions, others were thrown among scorpions; some were given as food to wild beasts, others had molten lead poured down their throats and stomach; some were hurled from the pinnacles of towers, others were besmeared with pitch and ignited; some were weighted and thrown into the sea, and others were buried alive, &c., &c. How terrible the very thought; how appalling the very idea of such deaths! And yet what is all this torture compared to what the poor souls suffer in their second baptism,—in the expiating flames?

But how long must those sorely afflicted souls remain in those angry flames? Until the last farthing is paid. God alone knows the extent of the stay of each soul in Purgatory. But even if the souls had to remain there but a very short space of time, they should still be objects of our compassion, for one day there is as a thousand years here. The Church clearly

¹ 4. Dist. 21. q. 1. a. i. quæstiunc. 3.

authorizes by her foundations for the dead and by her Penitential Canons the belief that souls may be detained there for many, very many years.

In God's name and in the exercise of charity, let us be aroused to a sense of our duty to the holy souls. When on the one hand we consider the rigors of Purgatory, and on the other, the facility with which we can, through the mercy of God, liberate those fearfully afflicted souls for whom we do so little, we are compelled to exclaim that there is something truly startling in our apathy, coldness and indifference to them. The little attention that is paid by people in general to the alleviation of the horrible pains of the holy and imprisoned souls, and at the same time the wonderful external pomp and display at funerals—(we are not finding fault with propriety or decency, but we do from our heart reprobate the corrupt principles which urge men to take undue care of the corpse and neglect entirely or almost entirely the immortal soul that, in all probability, is suffering the most excruciating pains)—argue a fearful lack of noble Catholic faith and an unintelligible amount of the meanest species of vanity.

What, then, ought we to do in order to relieve those who should be so dear to us? We ought certainly to employ the means that the Church of God urges us to use. It is an article of our faith that the souls in Purgatory are powerfully assisted, comforted, and relieved by the holy sacrifice of the Mass. Why then do we not have Masses celebrated for our dead, and why do we not assist ourselves at the Masses for the benefit of our departed friends and brethren? The continued neglect on the part of many of this double duty is something too cruel and unpardonable to dwell upon. Let us frequently receive Holy Communion for the benefit of the dead in the Lord, and whilst so doing, ask the good God to open the prison of His justice in favor of souls that are so dear to Him. Let us give alms to the poor. We say that we are sinners and that our prayers do not amount to much. Most likely our confessions or statements are only too true. Let us then succor God's children; give cheerfully to the widow and the orphan; dry up the tears of the afflicted by opening generously our purses in their favor, and at the same time entreat them to be mindful in their good

prayers of our beloved dead. Let us take care to do penance ourselves: if we have until now neglected our duties, kept away from the Sacraments, failed to assist on Sundays and Holydays at the Holy Mass, let us henceforth be most exact in complying with our duties, and give to the holy souls the satisfactory merits of our good deeds. We should endeavor to gain as many indulgences as we can by piously and often approaching the Sacraments, and by the devout recitation of prayers, and we should deliver these over to the Immaculate Mary, the Dispenser of all God's gifts to man, and she will apply them judiciously to those in need. How pleasing to God and His Holy Mother is the employment of all these means, and what immense blessings are they not calculated to bring down on those who use them for the benefit of God's sorely tried children! Here we would say what a grand opportunity Religious, Tertiaries of all Orders, and all persons who wear the Blue Scapular—the Immaculate Conception Scapular—have of assisting the souls in Purgatory. By reciting six our Fathers, Hail Marys, and Glorias in honor of the Most Holy Trinity, of the Immaculate Mary and for the intentions of the Sovereign Pontiff, all the above-named persons may gain each time all the indulgences of Rome, Portiuncula, Jerusalem, and Compostella, which reach the number of four hundred and thirty-three plenary. The Sacred Congregation of Indulgences and Relics has decreed that these indulgences may be gained every day, and as often during the day as the specified prayers are recited.¹

But after the Holy Mass the Rosary is the most beneficial to the holy souls. St. Alphonsus says that if we would assist the holy souls in Purgatory, let us endeavor to remember them in all our prayers to the Blessed Virgin, applying to them especially the holy Rosary which procures for them great relief. He gives us a proof of that when he says that a soul from Purgatory appeared to St. Dominic and declared to him that one of the most powerful sources of relief to the souls in Purgatory is the Rosary which is recited for them; and that as soon as they arrive in Paradise they pray for those who apply to

¹ *Vida Decreta Authentica Gardeliné* Vol. 3. page 647. Edit. 1865; also "The Golden Book of the Confraternities," page 131.

them this powerful prayer. After the Holy Mass, writes Demora, O.P., there is no suffrage more beneficial to the holy souls than the Rosary of the Mother of God. On this point there are several express (private) revelations. These statements are more than corroborated by the common consent of the faithful, who always employ the Rosary next to the Mass, and along with it, for the benefit of the souls in Purgatory. The common sentiment of the faithful is an invincible argument, for the common practice of the pious is, and must be, founded on the direction of the Holy Ghost.

Not only is the Rosary the most efficacious of all means after the Mass to aid and liberate the dead, but it is also the most easy and convenient means. What is more easy than to recite a chaplet of the Rosary? And yet what treasures of wealth does not this simple act contain? It should be well understood, indeed, it should never be forgotten, that the excellence of the Rosary as a devotion consists not in the wonderful and immense indulgences with which it has been so copiously enriched by the Supreme Pontiffs, and by means of which it liberates countless souls from Purgatory, but particularly in its intrinsic power of procuring grace and merit for the worthy or devout reciter, and of liquidating indebtedness to the justice of God on the part of the living and the dead. Even if there were no indulgences attached to this sublime devotion, the satisfactory merit acquired in its practice would be of the greatest help to the poor souls. St. Thomas teaches that "although indulgences avail much for the remission of the temporal punishment, nevertheless other works of satisfaction are more meritorious in regard to the essential reward (the Beatific Vision), which infinitely surpasses in value the removal of the temporal punishment."¹ The Blessed Queen of the Most Holy Rosary whilst commissioning Blessed Alain to propagate her devotion, said to him: "I wish furthermore to inform you that however numerous may be the indulgences granted to my Psalter, I will add to them for every chaplet recited a great many graces still more important *in favor of those who recite it on their knees and in the state of grace.*" This promise surely means that she will procure for them the dispositions necessary to gain the indul-

¹ 4. Dist. xx. a. iii. quæstiunc iii. ad 2^{um} pag. 845. vol. vii. (bis), Edit. Parm.

gences themselves, or enable them to produce acts of perfect love which will supply the defect of the indulgences. The Rosary is a prayer most pleasing to God, and in it are offered to Him the merits and satisfactions of Jesus and Mary. The very prayers and mysteries of which it is composed are divine, and are filled with power and value, and the efficacy of the Composite is simply invincible with Jesus and Mary. The illustrious Suarez said that he would most willingly give all his knowledge, and everybody admits that it was vast, for the value of one Hail Mary. What then must not be the value of the Holy Rosary, which the renowned Bishop of Tarbes, Billière, calls "*Mary's Sacrament*," the sign which she herself established to communicate to us the fruits of our redemption?" Hence the significance of the form in the Dominican Ritual, used by the Priest in giving the Blessed Rosary to each new member of the Confraternity of the Rosary: "Receive the sign of the Living God. . . .to the end that it may be to you a pledge of, and a means to merit everlasting life. Amen."

For our own sake and for the benefit of the holy souls, we ought to be attached in the most earnest manner to the "Rose of all devotions," and frequently recite the "Queen of all prayers to the Queen of all queens."¹ Would to Heaven that we were all imbued with the same zeal and piety that, we read, animated many persons who labored for the benefit of the souls in Purgatory, and we would consider every effort made by us for their deliverance from torments as a pledge of an immortal crown for ourselves. It is commonly admitted that Jesus and Mary regard all kindness to the souls in Purgatory as if it had been done to themselves, and that no one can be lost that labors with piety and zeal for the liberation of the holy souls from their prison.

We are duly informed that Blessed John Massias, a Dominican lay-brother, delivered during his life one million four hun-

¹ NOTE: Doctors and other most exact writers in the Church call the most Sacred Name of Mary and her Rosary her Sacrament and Sacrifice on account of their wonderful power, and because of the brilliant and mighty effects that have resulted to the Church and the world from the name and the Rosary of the Mother of God.

² Alan. De dignitat. Psalterii.

dred thousand souls from Purgatory.¹ He was in the habit of reciting the full Rosary three times every day. St. Dominic gave one part of the blood he drew so frequently from his virginal body by scourging it, for the benefit of the holy souls. The celebrated Curé D'Ars imitated St. Dominic in his charity for the souls in Purgatory. Who has not heard of Father Millériot, surnamed the *Apostle of the people*. Many persons are aware of his great love for poor sinners, but there are few who know what he did for the souls in Purgatory. One month before his death he remarked to his superior: "You work for Heaven, do you not?" "Yes," said the superior. "Well, I do not," said Father Millériot. "For what then do you work?" asked the superior. "For Purgatory," replied the good priest. "I spend the mornings in sending to Purgatory persons who, without my efforts, would go to hell, and I employ the rest of my time in taking them out of there." At the same time he held up his immense Rosary, whose grains he unceasingly and everywhere counted in prayer, to designate the means by which he rescued souls from Purgatory.²

There are some authors who hold that it is more charitable to pray for the conversion of sinners than for the liberation of the souls in Purgatory. Whilst we must earnestly urge upon all the duty of praying for the conversion of sinners, we believe with thousands in the Church of God that it is far more charitable to pray for the holy souls than to pray for the conversion of sinners. Rossignoli, in his "Wonders of God in Purgatory," which he wrote at the request of Blessed Sebastian Valfre, of the Turin Oratory, relates from the Dominican Annals, an interesting dispute between two good friars as to the respective merits of prayer for the conversion of sinners and of devotion for the holy souls. Fra Bertrando was the great advocate of poor sinners: he constantly said Mass for them, and offered up all his prayers and penances to obtain for them the grace of conversion. "Sinners," he said, "without grace are in a state of perdition; evil spirits are continually laying snares for them to deprive them of the Beatific Vision, and to carry them off to eternal torments. Our Blessed Lord

¹ Confession before death.

² Propagateur du Rosaire, pag. 210. 1886.

came down from Heaven and died a most painful death for them ; what therefore can be a higher work than to imitate Him and co-operate with Him in the salvation of souls? When a soul is lost, the price of its redemption is lost as far as the soul itself is concerned. Now the souls in Purgatory are safe : they are sure of eternal salvation. It is most true that they are plunged into a sea of sorrows, but they are sure to escape from there some time ; they are friends of God, whereas sinners are His enemies, and to be God's enemy is the greatest misery in creation."

Fra Benedetto was equally enthusiastic as an advocate of the poor souls in Purgatory. He offered all his free Masses for them, as well as all his prayers and penances. "Sinners," he argued, "were bound with the chains of their own will ; they could leave off sinning if they pleased, the yoke was of their own choosing ; but the dead were tied hand and foot against their own will in the most excruciating sufferings. Now come, dear Fra Bertrando, tell me : suppose there were two beggars, one well and strong who could use his hands, and work if he liked, but who chose to suffer poverty rather than part with the sweets of idleness, and the other sick, maimed and helpless, who, in his piteous condition, could do nothing but supplicate help with cries and tears ; which of the two would deserve compassion most, especially if the sick one was suffering the most intolerable agonies? Now this is just the case between sinners and the holy souls ; the latter are suffering an excruciating martyrdom, and they have no means of helping themselves : it is true they are already on the road to Heaven. They must have returned to the grace of God before they died, else they would not have been saved. They are now dear, inexpressibly dear to God, and surely charity well ordered must follow the wise love of the King of justice's will, and love most what He loves most."

If we desire to be especially blessed by the God of all mercy and favored by His generous Mother, let us hear Mass whenever we can for the poor souls who are so helpless, often receive Holy Communion and regularly recite our Rosary for their benefit. At the same time let us be mindful in our prayers of all poor sinners.



COLUMBUS, THE CATHOLIC.

JOHN A. MOONEY.

"NO MAN ever presented so faithful a mirror to reflect all his thoughts and dreams, hopes and disappointments, greatness of soul with petty weaknesses, as Columbus." * To this judgment of the learned Doctor Henry F. Brownson,—a judgment with which every competent student of the writings of the Discoverer of America will agree,—we have only one sentence to

* The Life of Christopher Columbus, by Francesco Tarducci. Translated from the Italian by Henry F. Brownson. Detroit, 1890.

add : Few men have ever presented so faithful a reflection of the believing, practical, devout, and devoted Catholic. Even a man having no religion, von Humboldt pays tribute to Columbus as "distinguished for his deep and earnest sentiment of religion." His contemporaries were all impressed by this earnest religious spirit. Bernaldez, Las Casas, Oviedo, testify to his firm faith and to his piety. Herrera, Muñoz,—Frenchmen, Italians, Englishmen, as well as Americans like Irving, Prescott, and Ticknor, recognize in Columbus a man eminently religious, earnestly, deeply Christian,—*Catholic Christian*, of course; Protestantism was not born when the Discoverer of America died. "In the matter of the Christian religion," says Herrera, "he was most Catholic and most devout, and almost everything he said or did, he prefaced with the words: 'I shall do it in the name of the most Holy Trinity'; and on every letter, or on whatsoever he wrote, he placed at the head:

*'Jesus, Cruz, Maria
Sit nobis in via.'*

Occasionally he swore by Saint Ferdinand, and when he wished to strengthen some statement in his letters, especially when writing to the Sovereigns, he said: 'I swear that this is true.' He fasted most strictly on all fast-days of the Church; he confessed and communicated often, recited all the canonical hours, was a hater of all blasphemies and of oaths; most devoted to Our Lady, and to the blessed Saint Francis. To God he was most grateful for benefits received, so much so that it was a proverb with him that God had shown as great favors to him as to David. When gold was discovered, or any precious objects, he thanked God for considering him worthy of finding such good things. He was most zealous in honoring God, and most desirous of converting the Indians, and of spreading everywhere the Faith of Jesus Christ." Herrera's testimony is based on that of the writer of the "*Historie*," attributed to Fernando, the son of Columbus, who says of the Discoverer: "He was so observant of things religious,—fasting and reciting the whole canonical office, that he might well be taken for a member of a religious order. And he so hated oaths and blasphemies that I affirm I never heard him swear

oath other than : 'By St. Ferdinand.' And if he ever had to write anything, he did not try his pen until he had first written these words :

*'Jesus cum Maria
Sit nobis in via.'*"

Andres Bernaldez, Curate of Los Palacios, and chaplain of Don Diego di Deza, archbishop of Seville, was an intimate friend of Columbus. In the house of Bernaldez, the Discoverer passed several weeks after his return from the second voyage. Bernaldez states that Columbus was accustomed to wear the Franciscan habit. Las Casas also notes this fact. Gonzalez Fernandez de Oviedo, who was a page at court with the sons of Columbus, and to whom we have referred previously as to one not a friend of the Discoverer, has given many details concerning Christopher's piety, in the *Historia General y Natural de las Indias*. Again and again does Oviedo speak of Columbus as a devout Catholic, a "faithful Christian."

However, had his contemporaries spoken no word of his religious practices, or of his strong faith, we should have known the one and the other from his writings, "faithful mirror of his thoughts." In this mirror we can see reflected the fulness, the intensity of his Catholicity. That some non-Catholics cannot understand Columbus, that some others have only partly understood him, is not strange. They do not understand Catholicity ; but Catholics will know the man. To-day the teaching of the Church is what it was when Columbus lived. A good Catholic of our day would have been a good Catholic in his day. Even in our day, there are few Catholics who are as truly Catholic as Columbus was ; and yet there are none who will not recognize in him the man of simple faith, conscientious, spiritual, striving ever to do right and to save his soul by means of the sacraments and the devotions of the Church.

Oviedo tells us that before embarking at Palos on his first voyage, Columbus received "the most holy sacrament of the Eucharist." Thus the public life of the Discoverer opens with the most positive profession of Catholic belief. On the day of sailing he began a journal, and from day to day thereafter he noted therein his experiences. Las Casas has left us a compendium of this valuable document. "In the name of

Our Lord Jesus Christ," are the first words of the journal. The devout faith evidenced by these words is confirmed on page after page. "Infinite thanks to God,"—"if it please Our Lord,"—"with the aid of God Our Lord,"—are common expressions of the Catholic navigator. "God be thanked for calm seas!" From the west come signs of good promise and the Admiral writes: "I hope that the puissant God, in whose hands all victories are, will soon help us to find land." In God is his trust. To Him Columbus commits all things. "May Our Lord," he exclaims, "in whose hands are all victories, dispose all things according to His pleasure!" He discovers land, and then, seeking new lands, hears of gold. Greedy for it! Listen to his words: "May Our Lord, who has all things in His power, help me, and grant me what pleases Him, and what will best serve Him." The *Santa Maria* is wrecked, owing to the carelessness of the sailors. Columbus thanks God for the loss, accepting it as providential. When he thinks of returning to Spain, he does not say that he will start on the morrow, or on the next day after; he will start on the morrow "with God's grace," and he prays God to favor the voyage. His two vessels take water freely; the risk is great, but Columbus "hopes Our Lord who brought him safely to the New World will in His mercy and goodness lead him back. The puissant God will remedy everything." The weather favors the returning vessels: "Infinite thanks be rendered to God for calm seas." Wind and waves threaten, and fear seizes upon the crew; Columbus is calm. "Our Lord will not permit him to be a victim of the tempest. The Sovereign Master of all things had listened to him heretofore, granting all his prayers; he was bound to believe that He would preserve him to accomplish the work he had begun. The eternal God had given him force, magnanimity when he needed them, and had sustained him always; had operated many beautiful things through him and in his favor,—this Almighty God would not now abandon him." And yet it may be that "on account of his sins, and to punish him for them, God may desire, in His wisdom, to deprive him of the same success would have brought him." They escape the fury of the sea. It is God who has preserved them. "Whatever God does is good"; this he knew, and of this he was fully

persuaded, as he was that "everything is good, except sin, and that nothing may be thought or judged without God's consent." A firm faith, without presumption, Columbus shows at all times ; in fortunate days as in days of trial.

Honor he has received. On a second voyage he has added to the world's knowledge, and has suffered more than ever ; he returns to Spain to find himself without honor. Undaunted, he gathers a mean fleet and starts again for the New World. Six years have passed since first we met him. Has he changed? We turn to the report of the third voyage, and we read : "It pleased Our Lord to give me good wind and weather"; "it pleased God, after eight days, to give me a good East wind"; "at the end of seventeen days during which Our Lord gave me a good wind." All things are, as of old, referred to Our Lord. How devout he still is ; how zealous for the glory of God and for the extension of the Roman Catholic religion, we shall see in due time. Let us now test him by his ideals, by the motives which inspired all his work.

On the first page of the journal of his first voyage Columbus set forth that his commission to the Indies was to "see the idolatrous princes and people, members of the sects of perdition, and to provide for their conversion to our Holy Faith." And no sooner has he landed than he shows by act and by word how earnest he is in fulfilling his commission. The Indians he taught to make the Sign of the Cross, to sing the *Salve* and to say the "Hail Mary." "I hope," he writes, "that your Highnesses will promptly determine to send devout religious men here to unite to the Church these great peoples, and that your Highnesses will convert them to the Faith, as they have destroyed those who would not confess the Father, Son and Holy Ghost." How fixed Columbus was in his determination to Catholicize the new world, text upon text prove. "I add," he says, "that your Highnesses should not permit any foreigner to set foot in this country, or to have the least communication with it, if he be not Christian and Catholic ; for such has been the aim of the discoveries that I have made by order of your Highnesses, and they have been undertaken only to serve the propagation and the glory of the Christian religion." "I hope," are his words towards the close of the docu-

ment, "I hope, that through Our Lord this voyage may do the greatest honor to Christianity." In the letter to his friend Santangel, Columbus shows, once more, the chief aim he has had: "It is fitting that the Holy Trinity be glorified by many prayers and by solemn thanksgiving, because of the triumph prepared for our Holy Faith, through the gaining to it of so many people."

"May Our Lord," writes Columbus in 1498, "grant your Highnesses a long life and health and tranquillity in order that they may pursue so noble an enterprise, in which it seems to me that God receives great service, . . . and that all Christians receive much consolation and pleasure, because the name of Our Lord shall be spread throughout this country." "I tell the inhabitants all I can concerning our Holy Faith, and of the creed of our Holy Mother Church, whose members are throughout the universe; and of the civilization and nobility of all Christians, and of the faith they have in the Holy Trinity." An adventurer! Every word he wrote gives the lie to those who misrepresent him. In spirit Columbus was a missionary, an apostle, carrying to unbelievers a knowledge of the Catholic Faith.

Returning from the first voyage, thus he writes to his friend, Luis de Santangel: "To the first island I discovered, I gave the name of San Salvador, in honor of Almighty God who has marvellously done all this." Adventurous in honoring Almighty God, Columbus was an adventurer in the cause of the Most High; patient adventurer, devoted, unselfish adventurer. "Six or seven most painful years," he protests to the King and Queen, "I spent in showing, as well as I knew how, the immense advantage that should result to the service of Our Lord, through making His blessed name known to so many peoples, among whom the Faith would be spread." His vocation did not begin on the day he sailed from Palos. The desire to convert men to the Faith had possessed, inspired, sustained him, during all the weary years of waiting.

Did the religious spirit of the Discoverer grow weak in after years? No. In 1498, on the third voyage, he records the fact that "he sailed away in the name of the most blessed Trinity." Four years later, after his deep disgrace, after he

had "suffered outrage from even the vilest," and when he could truthfully say, that "the Spaniards could not have shown him greater enmity had he stolen the Indies and given them to the Moors," Columbus, heroic soul, determined to seek still other lands, where the Faith should be preached to idolaters. We have his letter of April 4th, 1502, to a friend, Fray Gaspard Gorriccio, the Carthusian: "On Wednesday morning, I shall start, in the name of the Holy Trinity." Ten years have not diminished his zeal, his faith in the Trinity, his hope in the Trinity, his love of the Trinity. From the Canaries he writes again to the Carthusian, late in the month of May. Full of heart, he is about to try once more the ocean path which first he opened. "My voyage shall be made in the name of the Holy Trinity," he repeats, "and from the Trinity I hope for victory." There is no pride, no self-confidence in these words. The God of victory is still his master, his hope. To the honor of the Trinity, Columbus devoted his last voyage, as he devoted the first.

By their love for the Catholic religion, he estimated others; and not by their friendship or their hatred. Isabella, model of queens, he revered. To her he was largely indebted for his success; but when death stole her from a grieving world, the real motive of his deep affection for her was made plain. Not because of her power or her kindness to himself did he esteem her. "The principal thing is," Columbus writes to his son, in the year 1505, "to recommend affectionately to God, and with great devotion, the soul of the Queen, our mistress. Her life was always Catholic and holy, and directed in all things to His holy service; and on this account we ought to believe that she is enjoying the glory of the saints, without one regret for this rude and painful world." Were these the only words of his that remained to us, we could picture Columbus truly. The glory he valued was the glory of the saints,—heaven; and heaven was to be gained by faith in God, by service of God,—by being Catholic and holy. A man of great soul, of high thoughts, most constant, long-suffering, confident in God's providence;—did not Herrera characterize Columbus justly? And his thoughts were noble; he was great of soul, constant long-suffering, hopeful, because of his Catholicism, "Romanism," devotion to *our* holy Faith.

The images reflected from the mirror of the writings of the Catholic Discoverer of America are manifold. We shall not reproduce all of them. Our purpose is merely to photograph here a reflection, and there another. Each image is illuminated by rays that issue from a single centre.

The Cross was the sign in which the life, thought, ambitions of Columbus were centred. Under the banner of the Cross he sailed from Palos. When the watchful Admiral sighted land, the Cross was his first thought. Landing with Alonzo Pinzon and Vincent Anes, Columbus and his two captains bore in their hands the banner of the Cross, and thereafter "wherever he went, in islands, provinces, cities and other places, he planted the Cross." On Sunday, November 18th, 1492, the Admiral went ashore at Puerto Principe. Thence he set out "to study the neighboring islands, and on one of them he found two great oaks, one longer than the other, and so placed that they formed a Cross, and so equally placed that, he said, a carpenter could not have arranged them more proportionately. After having adored this Cross, he had his men to make a great Cross out of these oaks, and to lift up the Cross in memory of the Saviour." On the very next day a little cross was laid upon Columbus. Martin Alonzo Pinzon,—to whom some Spaniards, if report speak true, wish to erect a fantastic monument in the city of New York,—proved a traitor to his friend, and, greedy for gold and reputation, deserted him.

On the seventh of December, Columbus sought refuge from a storm in an inviting bay to which he gave the name of 'Port of the Conception.' There he remained for a week, exploring meantime. On the 12th he planted a large Cross on high ground, to the west, at the entrance of the port, "as a sign"—we quote his own words—"that this country belongs to your Highnesses, and, above all, as a sign of Jesus Christ, Our Lord, and in honor of Christianity." Six days later he landed at the "Port of Peace," and there he celebrated a Spanish feast in commemoration of the Annunciation of Our Lady. The Indians received him kindly, and with their aid he lifted up, in the centre of their village, "a large Cross." They adored it, and prayed before it. "The disposition they

showed led the Admiral to hope that, through Our Lord, all these islands would become Christian."

Six years later, on the third voyage, is he less devoted to the Cross? No. Thus he writes to King and Queen: "In all lands where the ships of your Highnesses penetrate, and in all places that I land, I plant a tall Cross." Most Catholic, indeed, was the Discoverer of the New World, and most devout and most zealous in honoring God, and most desirous of the conversion of the Indians, and of the world-wide extension of the Faith of Jesus Christ. Herrera's judgment is yours and mine. Like us, he saw the great man's soul reflected in the mirror of his writings. "My discoveries were made only to serve the propagation and the glory of the Christian religion," said Columbus. Deeds give life to words.

"As a sign that he took possession of the land in the name of Christ, and placed it under the dominion of the Christian religion," Columbus was not satisfied with planting the Cross. The name of Christ, the title of the Cross, he commemorated again and again, as he discovered new bays, new rivers, new islands. Mountain of Christ, Cape of the Father and the Son, Holy Cross, Nativity, Bethlehem, Trinity, and like names, establish his creed and his purpose. To Blessed Mary of the Conception he dedicated the second island he discovered. A loyal servant of the most blessed among women, he commemorated her in each of his voyages, not merely by singing the *Salve* daily in her honor, nor merely by celebrating her feasts, but by attaching her loved name to favorite localities. Our Lady of the Assumption, Our Lady of Montserrat, Our Lady of Guadalupe, Santa Maria la Redonda, Santa Maria la Antigua,—thus in the new world, Columbus proclaimed the glory and the miracles of the Mother of Christ.

Towards the end of his life, the zeal of Columbus was as hot as in the days when first he pressed his suit at the Spanish Court. The spread of the Faith, of the Catholic Faith,—such is ever his great ambition. From Jamaica, on July the seventh, 1503, he wrote to the sovereigns one of the most beautiful, most touching letters ever penned by the hand of man. The terrors, the sufferings, the disappointments of the three earlier voyages were many, but what were they in comparison

with the awful experiences of the fourth voyage! He has battled against the sea that savagely sought to destroy him, his brother and his son. Never can he forget the perils just escaped. He has been sick unto death, almost; his people have been slaughtered by the Indians; his settlement has been made uninhabitable. The worm-eaten caravels have been beached. The great Admiral,—think of his distress! And then read these passages from his letter to Ferdinand and Isabella. “The Emperor of Cathay asked some time ago for wise men to teach him the Faith of Christ. Who will offer himself for this mission? If the Lord brings me back to Spain, I bind myself to transport them to him, safe and sound.” Heroic spirit! ‘To your Highnesses I came with good intentions and great zeal. . . . Humbly I beg you, in case it should please God to take me away from this place, to permit me to go to Rome and to undertake still other pilgrimages.’ Devout Soul!

To the testament of Columbus we shall appeal, last of all, for evidence of his Catholic faith and piety. In this document we find him providing that his son, Diego, shall use a portion of his income in building a chapel and supporting three chaplains, each of whom shall daily say a Mass; “and one of the three Masses shall be offered in honor of the Blessed Trinity, and another in honor of the Conception of Our Lady, and the third shall be said for the souls of all the faithful defunct, and for the Admiral’s soul, and for the soul of his father and mother and wife.” And if means permit, he desires that the church offices in honor of the Holy Trinity shall be increased. “On the island of Hispaniola, which God miraculously gave him,” it was his wish that the chapel should be built; and, if possible, his son should place it in the plain which the Admiral had named “Plain of the Conception”; “that plain in which he had invoked the Trinity.”

Besides the church, to be dedicated to “Blessed Mary of the Conception,” Columbus further wills that, “on the island of Hispaniola, in the most fitting place, a hospital shall be built. The plan must be of the best, and equal to that of the hospitals of Spain and of Italy. Connected with the hospital there shall be a chapel where Masses shall be said most devoutly for his soul, and for the souls of his family’s predecessors and successors.

Of the faith, piety and charity of Columbus, these are not the only proofs that may be gathered. We have not forgotten his early appeal to the King and Queen for religious men who would labor for the conversion of the Indians. Living, he has ever had in mind this great work. Dead, he would still be a partaker in the work. For this reason he orders his son, Diego, to provide and sustain, in the island of Hispaniola, "four good masters of sacred theology, in order to aid *and assure the conversion of all the people of the Indies to our Holy Faith.*" Neither the spirit of adventure, nor love of fame, nor greed of gold, were motives prompting Columbus to seek new lands. The story of each day of his life, as told in journal, letter, memorial, testament, make it evident that he had always in view, and first in view, the honor of the Trinity, the glory of Christ, the glory of the Cross, the glory of our Holy Faith, the conversion of all the idolatrous people. The Discoverer of America is pre-eminently a Catholic missionary.

In the letter from Jamaica, from which we have quoted, reciting the dangers that threaten him, Columbus emphasizes one: "he is so far removed from the Sacraments of the Holy Church, that his soul would be forgotten were it then and there separated from the body." The Lord spared him this misfortune. Fernando, his son, tells us that the Discoverer died, "having first received with much devotion all the Sacraments of the Church, and having said these last words: *In Manus Tuas Domine Commendo Spiritum Meum.*"

"May it please God to take him to His glory," writes that Oviedo, who was unfriendly to the Discoverer. Having prayed God in his behalf, Oviedo proceeds to name the good deeds of the Genoese. At the end of the catalogue, he adds: "and more than all, in lands so distant from Europe, and where the devil was accepted and served, there have the Church of God and our Holy Catholic Faith been established, and there has our Holy Faith been practised, through the means and the labors of the Admiral *don Chripstobal Colon.*"

And now remembering all he did, zealously, unselfishly, unsparingly, for the honor of God, and the good of men, and against the devil, and for our Holy Faith, shall we not join with the Admiral's son in the closing words of the *Historie*: "We

hold it for certain that God, in His great mercy ~~and~~ goodness, received him into His glory"? With the faith and the trust of Fernando, we willingly add: "*Ad quam nos cum eo producat.*"

The Discoverer of America was a Catholic; not only a Catholic in name, but also in spirit and in deed. He had the spirit of an apostle, the spirit of a martyr. How joyfully he would have died for the Faith! Through the Catholic Faith he became a discoverer; and because he was a Catholic he continued to be a discoverer. His greatest glory is that he carried the Cross to a new world, made the name of Christ known among idolaters, and opened a vast field for the activity of the sons of our Holy Faith. To understand Columbus, to appreciate his work, to judge him and his work, one must recognize his religious spirit, and also know what is a Catholic spirit. Heroic, devout, truly Catholic, all Catholics owe it to him and to themselves to defend him against ignorance, against prejudice, and to set aright, before all men, the Catholic Discoverer of America.

HOW WE MADE THE CRIB AT DUALLA.

BY AGNES HOPE.

HAVE you ever heard of Dualla, a small sequestered village in the province of Munster, Ireland?

Bounded on one side by the Rock of Cashel, and the frowning range of the Galtee mountains, and on the other side by the fertile plains of Tipperary, stretching away towards Thurles, the hamlet nestles beside a belt of trees which fringes the graveyard of the parish church.

One Christmas was spent by me, with a married sister, close to the scene of this sketch, and I intend telling my readers how we fashioned the crib, and what the people thought of it.

"Of course you will have a crib this year?" I remarked one morning to my sister, when we had assembled round the breakfast table.

It was a crisp, cold day in December, and the window panes were covered with fantastic devices painted during the night

by Jack Frost. Even the red holly-berries, which lay hidden amongst their prickly leaves, were coated with glistening atoms, and the bare arms of the giant trees in front sparkled with diamond dust. It was a typical winter's day.

My sister answered that she had no materials at hand for a crib, except a figure of the divine Infant. You will admit this was a good beginning, although much more was needed.

So we decided that the people of Dualla should have a crib in their Parochial church on Christmas Day.

On Christmas Eve we filled an ass's car with holly-sprays, trailing ivy, a hamper, a wooden box, straw bottle envelopes, twine, brown paper, and moss. A strange medley! A few paces from the foundation of the church we laid our foundation, viz.: a wooden box on which we placed a hamper, with its side downwards. Next we turned back the lid, so as to form a slanting roof, ripped open the straw envelopes, and sewed them flat on the upturned lid, with a twine and packing needle, and thatched the shed.

Before I proceed further, I must tell you who it was who built the first crib, and introduced this devotion into the Church. None other than St. Francis of Assisium, founder of the Franciscan Order. St. Bonaventure writes, that in the year 1223 the holy Patriarch wished to commemorate the Nativity of the Infant Jesus at Grecio, in Italy. He prepared a manger, and brought hay, and an ox, and an ass, to the place appointed. The brethren were summoned, the people flocked in, and the forest resounded with their hymns of praise. St. Francis stood before the manger, full of devotion and piety, bathed in tears and radiant with joy. Mass was solemnly celebrated, and the Gospel sung by St. Francis. Then he preached to the people on the Nativity of the Poor King, and being unable to utter His name, for the tenderness of his love, he called Him the Babe of Bethlehem. A certain valiant and trustworthy knight affirmed that he beheld the infant, marvellously beautiful, sleeping in that manger, whom the Blessed Father Francis embraced with both arms, as if he would awake from sleep. The hay of this manger, being preserved by the people, miraculously cured all diseases of cattle, and many other pestilences."

The devotion of the crib was publicly sanctioned by Pope Honorius III. To return to our task. We padded the inside of the hamper with thick brown paper, to imitate barren rocks, and here and there in the crevices we set holly-sprigs, encrusted with berries. There was no manger, so we placed the divine Infant in the centre of the crib on a sheaf of straw.

Outside, the osier sides of the hamper were hidden by festoons of ivy, mingled with tall evergreens, and across the box in front we tacked brown paper, covered with sprigs of larch and laurel. Thus we masked our foundation from prying eyes. The crib stood upon a carpet of fresh moss, and under the delicate, feathery fronds we concealed two plates holding Christmas roses. The dazzling white petals of these flowers opened wide with the dawn of the morning, fitting emblems of the purity of Mary's Heart, and of young hearts which expand with love at Christmas. A light was wanting to throw its rays on the sleeping form of the Babe of Bethlehem, inside the Crib, and two "fairy lamps," with amber-colored shades, were introduced for this purpose. The work was now completed.

On Christmas morning the people flocked into early Mass, ignorant of the change which had taken place since the previous evening. Admiringly they looked toward the green nook in the Church, where the crib stood enbosomed in lacy boughs, moss, and Christmas roses. The lamps shed a soft radiance within, blending with the crimson and grey tints of the winter's sunrise outside. We had our reward, even in this life. The picture was beautiful in its simplicity. Grouped round in earnest prayer the crowd knelt, and though many a Christmas has since passed by, I never forget that striking scene in the rustic Chapel of Dualla.

As morning deepened into day, the Knockmealdown and Galtee mountains flung aside their purple mists, and disclosed their sunlit sides joining (after their own fashion) in the universal joy of creation.

The writer's etching of Dualla crib is completed. It remains for the artistic brush to fill in the lights and shades of this rude sketch, and paint, each one, after his ability, the crib of Bethlehem.

HASTEN, HOLY VIRGIN.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

A Spanish Christmas Carol of 1603.

Hasten, Holy Virgin,
Weary as you are—

*Que los gallos cantan
Cerca está el lugar.**

Hasten, tender Maiden,
Of all maidens blest,
Ere the hour is ended
In Bethlehem you shall rest.
For your limbs are weary,
Journeying from afar—

*Que los gallos cantan
Cerca está el lugar.*

Lady, it doth pain me
To see you tired and weak,
Heavy are your eyelids,
Pallid is your cheek.
Haste, the heavens are waiting,
Shines a wondrous star—

*Que los gallos cantan
Cerca está el lugar.*

Courage, gentle Lady,
The journey's end is near,
Bethlehem's friendly shelter
Shortly will appear,
Voices softly singing
Greet us from afar—

*Que los gallos cantan
Cerca está el lugar.*

* Now the cocks are crowing
And the place is nigh.

*Ay Señora mía,
Were this hour but gone
I would lavish gladly,
All on earth I own ;
Courage then, Esposa,
Weary as you are—
Que los gallos cantan
Cerca está el lugar.*

LIFE OF ST. DOMINIC.

(*Continued*).

CHAPTER XVIII.

BLESSED REGINALD OF ORLEANS.

1218.

A BRIEF notice has been given in the foregoing chapter of the manner in which the two Polish brothers, Hyacinth and Ceslaus, were called to the Order, in the list of whose apostolic men their names were to fill so illustrious a place. We have reserved for a separate chapter the history of another vocation as being yet more specially connected with the early history of the Friars Preachers. Short as was his religious career, few men exerted a more powerful influence in the Order than the Blessed Reginald of Orleans. Regarded with uninterrupted veneration from the date of his death until our own time, it was only during the Pontificate of Pius IX. that he was formally numbered among the *Beati* of the Order, and the process of his beatification has thrown much additional light upon his history. While still young his rare gifts had acquired for him a brilliant reputation at the university of Paris, where he graduated as doctor, and taught for five years as professor of canon law. His fame as a scholar no less than as a man of singular piety attracted the notice of the canons of St. Aignan, whose college had from very early times existed at Orleans, and enjoyed large revenues granted them by successive monarchs. The kings of France in fact assumed the

title of abbots of St. Aignan, and claimed as suzerains to give the investiture to the deans, by delivering to them the sword, the belt, and the golden spurs of knighthood. This investiture was bestowed on Reginald by Philip Augustus in 1211, and the young dean at once found himself in possession of all the advantages which wealth and rank can bestow. Nevertheless his position was a difficult one. The very privileges enjoyed by the canons, which included exemption from the jurisdiction of the ordinary, exposed them to attacks from various quarters, and at the time of Reginald's promotion a lively conflict was being waged between the chapter and the bishop, who claimed certain episcopal rights which the canons would not admit. This dispute had been both tedious and vexatious, but Reginald had not long been installed in his office before he succeeded in making peace between the contending parties. The confidence with which he inspired his brethren rendered them well content to leave their interests in his hands, whilst a good understanding was established between him and the bishop, which soon ripened into a friendship so close and intimate that, to use the words of one of his biographers, "you might have thought the dean was bishop and that the bishop was dean." Manasses de Seignelay, who then filled the see of Orleans, was one of the most illustrious men of his time, and the tie which bound him in such close relations with Reginald was based on their mutual sympathy in the things of God. He, and he alone perhaps, discerned that in spite of possessing everything which the world holds most precious: wealth, fame, dignity, and a position in which he could amply gratify his taste as a scholar, Reginald, with all his gifts of nature and of fortune, carried about with him a heart as yet unsatisfied. His was one of those natures that can be happy only in proportion as it is generous towards God. And the lavishness with which he had hitherto spent himself, his talents, and his means for the good of others, did not yet come up to the level of that unlimited sacrifice, the idea of which he had conceived in his heart. Day and night he was consumed with two thoughts which gave him no rest: a profound compassion for perishing souls, and the thirst to devote himself without reserve to labor for their salvation. His riches were a burden

to him ; freely as he dispensed them for the relief of the poor and the enfranchisement of the poor serfs dependent on him as their feudal lord, a voice within seemed constantly demanding of him something more ; and he dreamed in secret of embracing some way of life which to the apostolic work of preaching should unite the obligations of poverty and the holy folly of the cross. In short, to use the words of Blessed Humbert, " he was secretly preparing himself for the ministry, though as yet he knew not in what way to carry it out ; for he was ignorant that the Order of Friars Preachers had been founded." The way which at length opened to the fulfilment of his desires, came to him through the invitation of Manasses to accompany him on a double pilgrimage to Rome and Jerusalem, a proposal which he accepted the more willingly, in hopes that God would bless this act of piety by more clearly making known to him His holy will.

It was then in the May of 1218 that the two friends arrived in Rome, and were well received by many to whom they were known by reputation, among others by "a certain Cardinal," probably the Cardinal Ugolino, with whom Reginald soon came to be on terms of familiar intimacy. One day in a confidential discourse with the Cardinal, Reginald opened to him his whole heart, and confessed that he had long cherished the secret desire to abandon all things that he might devote himself to the work of preaching Jesus Christ in a state of voluntary poverty. The rest must be told in the words of Blessed Humbert : " Then the Cardinal said to him. ' Lo ! there is an Order just risen up, whose end is to unite the practice of poverty with the office of preaching ; and the Master of this new Order is even now present with us in the city, who also himself preaches the Word of God.' When Master Reginald heard this, he hastened to seek out the Blessed Dominic, and to reveal to him the secret of his soul. The sight of the saint, and the graciousness of his words, captivated his heart, and he resolved to enter into the Order. But adversity, which proves so many holy projects, failed not in like manner to try his also. He fell sick, so that the physicians despaired even of saving his life. The Blessed Dominic, grieving at the thought of losing a child ere as yet he had scarcely enjoyed him, turned

himself to the Divine mercy, earnestly imploring God (as he himself has related to the brethren) that He would not take from him a son as yet but hardly born, but that He would at least prolong his life, if it were but a little while. And even whilst he yet prayed, the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God, and Mistress of the World, accompanied by two young maidens of surpassing beauty, appeared to Master Reginald as he lay awake and parched with a burning fever; and he heard the Queen of Heaven speaking to him, and saying, 'Ask me what thou wilt, and I will give it to thee.' As he considered within himself, one of the maidens who accompanied the Blessed Virgin suggested to him that he should ask nothing, but should leave it to the will and pleasure of the Queen of Mercy; to which he right willingly assented. Then she, extending her virginal hand, anointed his eyes, ears, nostrils, mouth, hands, reins, and feet, pronouncing certain words meanwhile appropriate to each anointing. I have heard only those which she spake at the unction of his reins and feet: the first were, 'Let thy reins be girt with the girdle of chastity;' and the second, 'Let thy feet be shod for the preaching of the Gospel of Peace.' Then she showed to him the habit of the Friars Preachers, saying to him, 'Behold the habit of thy Order,' and so disappeared from his eyes. At the same time Reginald perceived that he was cured, having been anointed by the Mother of Him Who has the secrets of salvation and of health. The next morning, when Dominic came to him, to ask him how he fared, he answered that nothing ailed him, and so told him the vision. Then both together rendered thanks to God, Who strikes and heals, Who wounds and Who maketh whole."

Three days later Dominic again came to his room bringing with him a religious of the Hospitallers of St. John; and, as they all three sat together the same scene was repeated in the sight of all. The above narrative is related almost in the same words by a great number of writers, among others by Blessed Jordan of Saxony, who says he received it from the lips of St. Dominic himself. Bartholomew of Trent, who was himself clothed by St. Dominic, adds the important explanation that the habit displayed by the Blessed Virgin was that afterwards

adopted by the brethren, not that which they were wearing at the time of the vision, and that Reginald, who was clothed a few days later, received the said habit according to the form which had been shown him. Bernard Guidonis, who is regarded as the most careful among the early historians of the Order, is very clear and precise on this point. "After the heavenly vision aforesaid, and the showing of the habit," he says, "the Blessed Dominic and the other brethren laid aside the use of surplice, and took in its place as a distinctive portion of the habit the white scapular, retaining the black mantle which they wore over their white tunics, as Canons Regular." * Thenceforth the white scapular became the distinctive garb of the Friars Preachers: and the words which accompany the ceremony of giving it, mark at once its origin, and the reverence with which it is regarded. "Receive the holy scapular of our Order, the most distinguished part of the Dominican habit, the maternal pledge from heaven of the love of the Blessed Virgin Mary towards us."

Among all the traditions of the Order, none perhaps is more cherished than that which assures us that the habit which has clothed so many saints throughout the long lapse of seven centuries, was first bestowed by the hands of our Lady herself. Hence Stephen de Salagnac calls her the *Ordinis Vestiaria*. "Blessed are those," exclaims Theodoric of Apoldia, "who are found worthy to wear this habit, the symbol of grace unspeakable, woven by the hands of the true *Mulier fortis* for the members of her household! Let us ever cherish with veneration this royal and virginal garment, and never soil its spotless whiteness."

Reginald had been brought back from the very gates of death by the prayer of St. Dominic, who, in the moment of anguish caused by the thought of so soon losing a son whose extraordinary merits he had quickly discerned, had besought of God, who never refused the prayers of His servant, that He would yet spare him for a little while. He felt only too surely that the time would indeed be short. There are certain souls who bear on them the stamp of coming immortality; a something that reveals to us that God has already marked them for Him-

* Bern. Guid. *Acta S. Dom.* ch. xxxiv.

self. As has been beautifully said by a recent biographer of Blessed Reginald, it is as though we beheld some magnificent forest tree, spreading abroad its boughs, and covered with richest foliage, but bearing on its bark the sign that it is marked for the woodman's axe, and in a brief space will be laid low amongst its fellows. Short as it was, the time during which Reginald was granted to the Order was to be rich in fruit, and Dominic did not seek to prolong it by detaining him at Rome. According to the custom of the times, the two pilgrims had bound themselves by vow to pass the sea and visit the holy places of Jerusalem, and this duty was regarded as far too sacred to be set aside. Dominic therefore offered no opposition to the departure of his newly-won disciple, who before leaving him, made profession in his hands. And a little trait of fatherly tenderness has singularly enough been preserved in a tradition which survives in our own day, and which represents the saint as bestowing on the young pilgrim as his parting gift, a stick made of cypress wood to carry during his journey. This stick was to have its history. For it is said that Reginald, returning from the Holy Land about the end of October in the same year, touched at the port of Agosta, near Syracuse, in Sicily, where, having won the hearts of the people by his preaching, he laid the foundations of a convent, planting on its site this stick, which took root, and grew into a flourishing tree.* To this day in the convent garden of Agosta may be seen the trunk, now dried up and barren, but still sending forth the odor of cypress. It is called the *wood of St. Dominic*, and is held in great veneration, fragments being distributed to the sick, especially to those suffering from fever, whose confidence is often rewarded by miraculous cures.

Reginald arrived in Rome only in time to bid adieu to St. Dominic, who was on the point of setting out on a long journey, in the course of which he proposed to visit all the convents of the Order as yet founded. But before doing this he

* The tradition affirming the foundation of the convent of Agosta by blessed Reginald, and the origin of the miraculous cypress-tree is attested by the inhabitants of the city, and their attestation is inserted in the process of beatification. See *Le Bienheureux Reginald d'Orleans*, by Mlle. Theresa Alphonse Karr, pp. 66, 67.

appointed Reginald to act as his Vicar, and desired that after remaining in Rome till the close of the year, he should remove to Bologna, and assume the government of the convent founded in that city. The fervent and loving heart of the new disciple had then at the very entrance on the life of obedience to bow to the law of separation. Manasses de Seignelay returned to his diocese to mourn the loss of its most brilliant ornament and his own dearest friend, and Dominic, bidding farewell after only a few days' reunion to the son he so highly prized, set out for Bologna, on his way to Toulouse and Spain.

EXPLANATION OF THE OUR FATHER.

FOURTH PETITION, CONTINUED. "*Give us this day our daily bread.*" In these words, Christ taught us to avoid five sins which generally follow from the desire of temporal things. The first sin is that through an immoderate appetite we ask for those things that are beyond our rank and condition, not content with what properly belongs to them. As, for instance, if an inferior would ask for what belongs to the position of a superior: the common soldier for what belongs to the rank of commander. Such a defect as this withdraws men from spiritual in as far as it insists too much on temporal things. Our Lord taught us to avoid this same defect, teaching us to ask for bread only, that is, for the necessities of life, according to our individual conditions, which are embraced in the word bread.

Hence He did not teach us to ask for delicacies, nor for different kinds of edibles or tempting dishes—but bread without which life cannot be sustained, and everybody uses it. "*The beginning of man is bread and water.*"—Eccli. 21. "*Having food and wherewith to be covered, with these we are content.*"—1. Tim. 6, 8.

The second sin is that some in acquiring their wealth injure and defraud their neighbors. This vice is fraught with danger, because it is difficult to have ill-gotten goods restored. "The sin of theft," says St. Augustine, "is not forgiven unless restoration is made." (Non dimittitur peccatum nisi restituatur ab-

latum). We are taught to avoid this sin in that we ask for *our* bread, not *another's*. The third sin is unnecessary worry. There are persons who are never content with what they have. They want more and more continually, and this is inordinate ; because desire should always be regulated by necessity. "*Give me neither beggary nor riches ; give me only the necessities of life.*"—Prov. xxx. 8. Thus we are admonished to say : " Our *daily* bread," that is enough for this day, this occasion. The fourth sin is intemperance in eating and drinking. Thus, there are some who take as much in one day as would suffice for many days. They do not ask for *daily* bread but for *ten days'* bread ; careless about what they use, they are left with nothing.

" *They that give themselves to drinking and that club together shall be consumed.*"—Prov. 23. 21. "*A workman that is a drunkard shall never be rich.*"—Eccli. 19. 1. The fifth sin is ingratitude. For if pride follows from riches and God is not acknowledged as the source from whom they come, a grave sin is committed ; because all we have, whether spiritual or temporal, is from God. "*All things are Thine and we have received them from Thy hands.*"—1. Paral. 29. Hence to remove any such defect as this is—we are taught to say : "*Give us our bread,*" that we may know that all things are from God.

THE THIRD ORDER OF ST. DOMINIC.

MARGARET E. JORDAN.

THE Saints of God are far-sighted. Legislating hundreds of years ago, they nevertheless framed constitutions that are admirably adapted to the Christian world of to-day. Among these legislators, foremost stand St. Dominic and St. Francis, and among such constitutions, those of their great Third Orders.

" God is slow in all His works and ways," sings America's poet priest, and His slowness finds a reproduction in the long years of preparation that precede the beginning of the Saints' life-works. But God is swift to act when His " time is at hand," and this divine characteristic is likewise reproduced in the swiftness with which Saints act when the conviction is upon them that the moment marked in the divine arrangement

has come. And theirs is a swiftness free from all precipitation, an earnestness devoid of all eagerness, a directness of aim that never wavers, a steadfastness of purpose that recoils before no obstacle, for the light of human judgment which, being human, might err, is not their beacon, but instead the unerring ray of divine wisdom radiating from the revelation of their mission. No Saint's life delineates more clearly the practice of all the Saints in their Christlike works than does that of St. Dominic.

St. Dominic, who lived seven hundred years ago, stands before the world to-day as Founder of the Order which bears his name, and likewise Founder of the world-embracing devotion of the Rosary. There is a triple thread visible in his handiwork. The Rosary is propagated to-day in three great forms: the Confraternity, the Perpetual Rosary, and the Living Rosary. The Dominican Order embraces, first, the Friars Preachers; secondly, the Cloistered Nuns, known as the Second Order; and thirdly, the Tertiaries or Third Order. It is with the Third that we have here to do.

The Third Order in itself presents a triple thread. The Tertiaries existing in the world compose three great bodies: Conventual Tertiaries, cloistered or uncloistered, and living a religious life, the rule and constitutions of which are drawn from those of the first and second Orders, but specially adapted to the work of their various institutes; secondly, Chapter Tertiaries, possessing a rule and constitution of their own, orally given by St. Dominic, committed to writing, with necessary modifications, by Munio de Zamora, his sixth successor as Master-General of the Friars Preachers, solemnly approved by Innocent VII., and solemnly confirmed by Eugenius IV. They possess by right a chapel of their own, where their meetings are held, be they such as relate to the government of their institute or for prescribed devotions. The offices of government embrace, for men and women respectively, those of prior or prioress, sub-prior or sub-prioress, master or mistress of novices, sacristan, porter or portress, and infirmarian, all belonging to the laity, subject to a Dominican priest of the First or Third Order, entitled Father-Master, holding his power by appointment of the Provincial of the Order, whose powers for

such an appointment flow from the Master-General. Chapter Tertiaries live in their own homes. They are a real part of a religious Order while yet they remain members of the great body of the laity. In times past, when the secular dress coincided with that of religious in form, differing from it in little else than color and texture, Chapter Tertiaries wore at all times the Dominican habit; to-day, when secular and religious dress differ so widely, they dress according to their state and position in the world, in home and public life, but are privileged to wear the habit at any of the meetings, permission therefor having been given by the bishop of the diocese, who can, likewise, at his own discretion, extend this permission to other times. They may be buried in the habit. To this body the great St. Catherine of Siena and St. Rose of Lima both belonged; they were Dominicans in the truest sense of the word, and yet they were never nuns; while their biographies show a yearning in both to a hermitical life, in neither do we find any attraction to a religious life, in the usually accepted signification of the term. God called both to Himself, but it was to tread with Him the highways and the lowly paths of the world, seeking out sinners, making saints, and, in the case of St. Catherine of Siena, leading the Church itself in the person of Christ's Vicar, out of exile, into her true fatherland, Rome.

The third thread of Tertiary life we find in Private Tertiaries. For these the chapter rule is mitigated. It binds them equally with Chapter Tertiaries as to prayers enjoined, but leaves them free from much in the line of restriction that naturally belongs to the organization of a congregation such as is represented by Chapter Tertiaries. They do not wear the full habit in life, but many of them procure it and look forward to the wearing of it in death. For these and for Chapter Tertiaries, the indulgences attached to wearing the full habit are secured by the wearing of either the little white woollen scapular, or a leather belt, *either of which must be blessed before being worn*, the mere replacing of the old by the new as in most scapulars *does not suffice in regard to the Dominican scapular of the Third Order*. Membership in the Third Order forms no obstacle to entrance into the regular religious life of any institute, nor into the state of marriage; nor does marriage form an obstacle of entrance into

the Third Order. But to those who in the world live unreservedly, in soul and body, consecrated to God, Leo X., in 1513, imparted, to quote "the Tertiaries' Guide," "all the graces of the First and Second Orders, which was confirmed March 1, 1518, by the Council of Lateran, and afterward approved by a congregation of the Council of Trent. Pius VII. gave even to Private Tertiaries all the privileges, *non contentiosa*, and graces ever granted, directly or indirectly, to the Order of Friars Preachers, so far as did not clash outwardly with the authority of the Ordinary. This is why they directly share in all the merits and satisfactions of the Order, and of all the illustrious persons it has ever produced. The favored Saints and Blessed of the Order are unceasingly praying for those cherished Tertiaries, with whom they are firmly united in the golden band of charity and brotherhood."

The blessed doctrine of the Communion of Saints not only binds the Tertiary in the militant and struggling Church on earth closely to the victorious and powerful brethren in the Church Triumphant in Heaven, but likewise to those in the suffering Church, Purgatory. The suffrages for the dead are many, and bind Private and Chapter Tertiaries, as well as all Dominicans in conventual life; and the rich augmentation of indulgences secured by membership in the Third Order, helps to release many a suffering soul, and to swell, thereby, the immortal choirs that chant hosannas before the Throne of God.

Of the three branches of the Third Order here described, we may safely say that Private Tertiaries are in this country the most numerous. At all the missions given by Dominican Fathers, accessions are made to the ranks of these Private Tertiaries; we cannot estimate their number; their roll call is never sounded; their Dominican life is one hidden in God; they are truly sons and daughters of St. Dominic, but as Dominicans we never hear of them, though as active or silent workers in their own parishes they may be well known to priests and people. And in this parish work they are but yielding fidelity to their Third Order rule, Chapter X., "Let the Brethren and Sisters take care to visit the churches of which they are parishioners, according to the canonical sanctions and good custom, and with all devotion; let them reverence very highly

the prelates of their own churches, viz., the bishops and those under them ; let them pay them their dues without any deduction, and this as well in tithes as in other accustomed offerings." This rule, given in the second decade of the thirteenth century, to-day, in the closing decade of the nineteenth, holds as strongly in force.

Conventual Tertiaries rank next in point of numbers. They are engaged in the United States in many good works ; some are teaching, others caring for the sick, still others for orphans, while one congregation, the last founded, devotes itself to the work of spiritual Retreats for ladies in the world. The brightest light of sanctity that the Conventual Third Order has produced is St. Catherine de Ricci, of the Convent in Prato, a Saint too little known, but one who reached marvellous heights of contemplation, yet governed her monastery with that rare ability resulting from good human judgment, enlightened by the supernatural gift of divine wisdom.

This dovelike Saint not only bore the stigmata, but for twelve years underwent, every Thursday and Friday, the awful suffering of the Passion in its various stages. She died three hundred years ago, but her virginal body has never yet known corruption. The Third Order Conventual has given to the Church many glorious names in the list of the Beatified.

But the Chapter Tertiaries, that body which can claim St. Catherine of Siena and St. Rose of Lima for their very own, where are they ? We look for them well nigh in vain. The nearest approach to them that we know of, is reached in those places where private tertiaries meet at stated times ; but a body possessing a chapel and a regular organization and government of their own, reproducing, in miniature it must be, the heroic charities of their glorious patrons, Catherine of Siena and Rose of Lima, in this great Republic of ours, where are they ? Gladly would we hear a living voice in reply, the while we wait and listen, trust and pray.

The real beginning of the Third Order has not been told in this article ; to readers of *THE ROSARY* this account is unnecessary. We refer them to the Life of St. Dominic, in the last issue, that of November. Turn to page 538 ; read to the close of the chapter. There Mother Drane, of the Conventual Third

Order, graphically, yet briefly, tells the story of St. Dominic's work in establishing this institute, "whose members should devote themselves exclusively to the protection of the faithful against the enemies of religion, and the defense of the Church." Martial, indeed, in its spirit and name, *The Militia of Jesus Christ*, its arms of warfare, at all times, prayer, penance and charity, the sword only when the call of legitimate authority went forth. And is this martial spirit needed no longer? Are there no evils to-day for the Order, whose motto is TRUTH, to overcome?

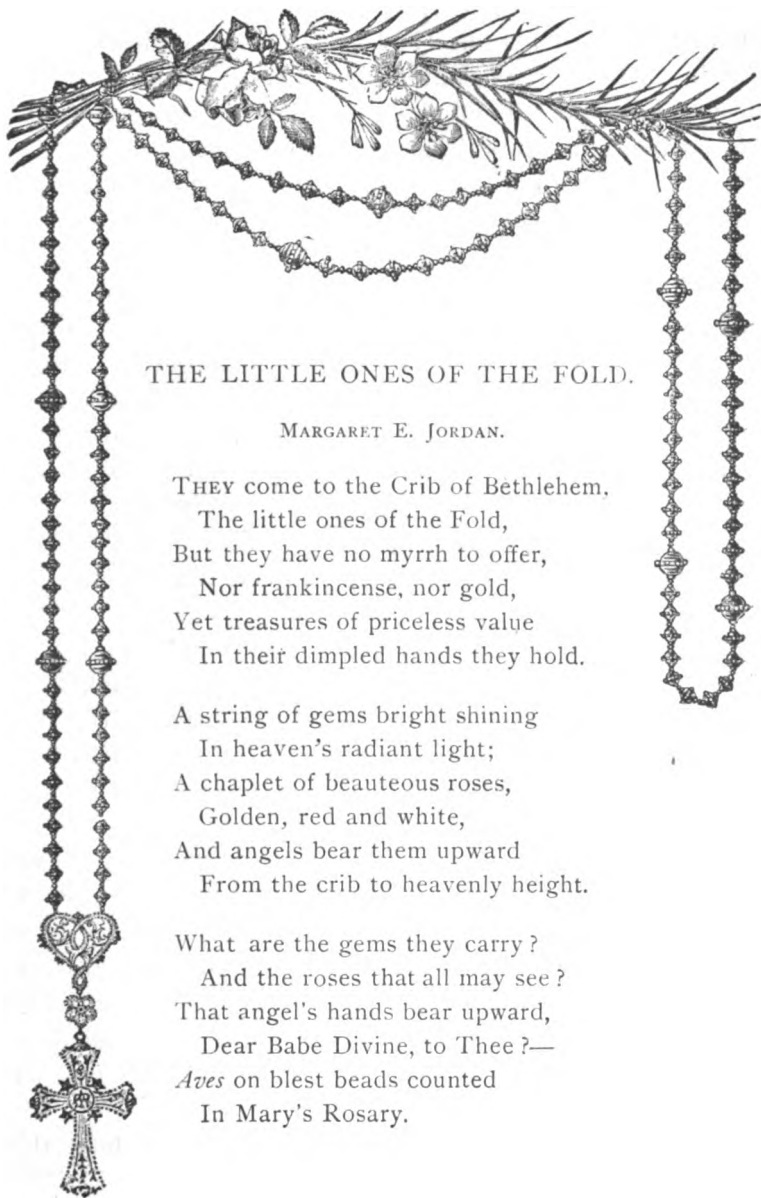
Prayer, penance and charity are still the arms of warfare for all; but on the great open battle-field of life, in the age of St. Dominic, the Church was often obliged to call for the sword as a weapon of defense, for too often was it uplifted against her. The written word she gave forth powerfully always. To-day, the pen is aided on by its far-spreading auxiliary, the printing-press, and has become the mightiest power in the world for evil. Hence, while the sword lies sheathed, the pen must replace it in Truth's defense.

In St. Dominic's age heresy would crush the Truth; to-day, in our country, at least, it would investigate it; hence, not only to defend it but to proclaim it, must the pen be grasped. But mark this—the children of St. Dominic need to-day the unerring light that led on their mighty father seven hundred years ago, when the beacon of human judgment paled in the clear, shining ray of divine revelation. In that mighty Arsenal, the Church, the arms and ammunition of Truth are stored. Choose them! Stand then, in the clear light of revelation; aim a straight blow, or plan a skilful manœuvre, as the moment demands. Fire, not in passion's heat, but when the great Commander's voice is heard,—and the turmoil of the world's battle-field cannot drown its whispers when the soul is still,—act thus, lest ammunition be wasted, lest arms rebound, lest the cause suffer and the soldier of the Truth be vanquished, not by the enemy's power, but by his own misdirected blows.

Like to our own age, that of St. Dominic called for "Lay Action," and when the great Saint founded his Third Order, known in his day as the Militia of Jesus Christ, he gave a magnificent response to this call. Let the opening words of this

article be here repeated : the Saints are far-sighted, and let it be added that they see deep down into the souls of men. If St. Dominic saw an immense apostolate in which the laity were to supplement the work of the priesthood, he saw, too, that to do this work they must needs have safeguards without, and support within. He saw that it is when the flesh is fettered that the soul is free ; when the purity of the cloister is borne into the camp, that the camp is made pure ; that when the soldier is weak and wounded he must have food, refreshment, and healing for another march, another battle, hence the spiritual privileges accorded, the surrender of worldliness demanded, by the rule of the Third Order of St. Dominic, the Militia of Jesus Christ. A saintly daughter of the Third Order, one of our own day, Amelie Lautard of Marseilles, truly says that more good would be done in the world if we did not ignore the tools God puts in our reach, seeking instead ones of our own choosing. Surely the Third Order that can claim St. Dominic for its father, cannot fail to see in the revelations of our Blessed Mother at Lourdes, and the encyclicals of our Holy Father, Leo XIII., that one of the God-given weapons of the day is the Rosary. Surely that Third Order whose motto is Truth, and which can claim brotherhood with the great St. Aquinas, who wrote the greatest thoughts ever written, cannot ignore another God-given weapon of the day, the printing-press. Surely the children of St. Dominic, who found his only rest at night in the presence of the Eucharist ; the brethren of St. Catherine of Siena, who found in It her only food ; and of St. Aquinas, who gave to the world the *Pange Lingua* and *Lauda Sion*, that resound always at Benediction and processions of the Blessed Sacrament, surely this Third Order should find no hesitation in retiring from the battle-field of life, now and then, to seek rest, refreshment, and healing, in silent adoration of the Eucharist, thus preparing for renewed work.

It is the age of lay action in prayer and good works ; it is the age of organization. Shall this age build upon new ground ? or upon solid foundations, cemented by sanctity, tested by time ? If upon the latter, one of the most solid to-day is that of the Third Order of St. Dominic.



THE LITTLE ONES OF THE FOLD.

MARGARET E. JORDAN.

THEY come to the Crib of Bethlehem,
The little ones of the Fold,
But they have no myrrh to offer,
Nor frankincense, nor gold,
Yet treasures of priceless value
In their dimpled hands they hold.

A string of gems bright shining
In heaven's radiant light;
A chaplet of beauteous roses,
Golden, red and white,
And angels bear them upward
From the crib to heavenly height.

What are the gems they carry?
And the roses that all may see?
That angel's hands bear upward,
Dear Babe Divine, to Thee?—
Aves on blest beads counted
In Mary's Rosary.

CHRISTMAS GREETING.

DEAR ROSARY CHILDREN:—I know full well that you are trembling with merry and impatient expectations to find out just what it is, and how much of it he has brought you,—your dear, darling old Santa Claus, travelling over hill and dale, muffled up in his great, big, warm coat, loaded down with the most distractingly merry-making gifts upon which young eyes were ever riveted.

Yes; I know this, and although your ever-welcome annual visitor, Santa, has not made me his confidant, still as he and I were on pretty close terms of friendship once, I am prepared to advance the statement that every one of you is especially remembered by your snow-whiskered, little, old, good-natured friend. You will all receive Christmas gifts to your little hearts' content. Oh, of course! you can hardly wait for your visitor to be along. You will be happy children on Christmas day, gloating over all the dazzling presents that Santa Claus left you.

But isn't it sad to think that there are many bright-eyed children to whom the dear name of Santa Claus is unknown? Will this thought darken your Christmas joys? If it does you may dispel the gloom by sharing your gifts with those whose gaunt, pinched little faces will be made bright by your generous and noble action.

You will, I know, be moved to do some little act of charity at this holy season of the year, when you remember how Almighty God made us a present of His only begotten Son. Jesus was God's gift to us. As then, the surest and the best way to be happy is to procure the happiness of others, let me ask you all to carry out this suggestion, at this holy season of peace and good will, brought about by the coming into our midst of the Infant Saviour.

With best wishes for you all, and with the joyous hope that Santa and you may long continue to be friends,

I am, dear children, yours very truly,

THE EDITOR.

"POOR LITTLE GOD."

A Christmas Story.

I. M. O'REILLY.

"Now, Mother dear, please don't refuse me. I know I'm asking a great favor, but I'm sure you won't regret it if you say yes. I have no idea of how long we may have to be away, and I can't run the risk of taking Betty with me on such a trip in mid-winter. I couldn't have a single easy moment were I to leave her any place else than here, or in other hands than yours. She's a dear, affectionate little soul, so tender-hearted and docile, yet so full of life and spirit and mischief that I'm perfectly certain you'll all love her and be glad you took her. Besides, Mother, you know she is named after you, that fact alone ought to secure her a welcome."

Thus pleaded Mrs. Brownson with the gentle Mother Elizabeth, Superioress of the Convent at Sherwood. The favor she asked was that they would take her very little daughter to board during her absence from home. She was obliged to go with her husband to a distant city to look after some important interests, about which there was to be a lawsuit;—hence the uncertainty as to the date of their return. Hal and Wilfred she could take with her, as Miss Amalia, their governess, would go too, and could continue their studies,—but it was different with the baby. "Margery is just as good as gold," Mrs. Brownson said, "and loves Betty dearly, yet I don't like to leave the child in the house with no one but the servants: now would you, Mother?"

Mother Elizabeth had listened smilingly to the various arguments, and when Helen and Carrie joined their coaxing to their Mother's pleading, having in the meantime weighed the matter well in her own mind, she gave the coveted permission. "Yes, certainly, my dear; send her to us by all means. I only hesitated because it is not our custom to take children so young as your little Elizabeth, and I did not feel sure we could give her the attention she requires. But I find

we can manage it nicely. Perhaps a little grain of judicious neglect and a trifle less coddling than she gets at home may do her good. I don't suppose you'll object if she is put to bed without her supper occasionally, or receives a whipping now and then?"

Mrs. Brownson laughed merrily, knowing well how such modes of punishment were tabooed in the firm but gentle discipline of the Convent. "No; I won't object. You may do it,—on condition, though, that she deserve such treatment, or that you can find it in your heart to administer it."

And thus it was arranged that Betty, not much over three years old, should go to the boarding-school where her two sisters already were, and where her mother had passed some of the happiest years of her girlhood. Helen and Carrie were delighted with the prospect of having their sister with them, for they were devoted to her, and thought it great fun to take charge of her and act Mamma.

What a droll, pretty, winsome baby she was, and how quickly she won her way into everybody's heart. From the benevolent Superioress, whom she at once christened Grandma, down through all the Sisters and to the youngest girl in the school, there was not one who did not love "Little Sunshine," as she soon came to be called. Had she been a regular pupil she would have been kept to some rules, and the process of uprooting embryo faults and implanting solid virtues might have been systematically begun. But as it was, nobody could tell if her stay would be for a week or a month; therefore she was allowed to do pretty much as her own sweet will dictated, and was in a very fair way of being spoiled, here as elsewhere, notwithstanding Reverend Mother's awful threats. From school-room to garden, from Mother's sanctum to the kitchen, from chapel to infirmary she flitted as fancy dictated,—pointing out her a, b, c's, or reciting Mother Goose melodies among the small children in class; playing games with them on the lawn; telling "Grandma" wonderful stories in her pretty prattle; making bread and pies and cakes with good Sister Margaret; kneeling with folded hands in God's house, as she always called it; creeping on tip-toe to the invalid Sister's room, where no other pupil dared enter;—thus her days were passed, and

although she spoke continually of "my Mamma" and of her father and brothers, she was merry as a cricket, blithe as a bird in the woods.

The dear old nurse who had taken care of all Mrs. Brownson's children, was given the privilege of going out from the city on Sundays and Thursdays to spend a long, happy afternoon with her "bairns." "I'm glad indeed that the baby's good, Sister, and she seems altogether content," Margery would say, "but you wouldn't believe how lonely like it is in the big house without her, and my old heart's sore with the longing for her." And the honest creature's eyes would fill with tears as she pressed her darling to her bosom and kissed her dimpled cheeks again and again. "You see, Sister, the Madam has the Master and the lads with her, but I've ne'er a one at all. If they don't all come back soon you'll have to take me for a boarder, too, I'm thinking." Then the youngsters would grow so merry over the thought of Margery coming to school that she would have to join in the laugh, and thus her troubles were forgotten for a time at least.

Among all of Betty's friends the one for whose companionship she seemed to have the greatest liking was Sister Christina, the young Sacristan. The little one was never weary of being with her, and could spend hours in trotting backwards and forwards after her whilst she cleaned the Sanctuary or decked the altars for Mass and Benediction, helping her with an air of great importance; or in sitting beside her listening intently to the beautiful stories of which the gentle Religieuse appeared to have an inexhaustible fund. Those which best pleased both the devout narrator and her earnest little listener, and were therefore the most frequently told, were of the Infant Jesus, whose birthday was now close at hand. The theme was dear to the Sister's soul, as unspotted by the world as that of her guileless companion, and she gave over and over a glowing word-picture of Bethlehem until Betty not only knew it but had it painted upon her heart. "More, Sister, more," she would lisp when her entertainer paused,—“tell Betty some more about sweet little Jesus.” Sister Christina had been reading that most exquisite and incomparable book, Faber's "Bethlehem," and almost unconsciously she dwelt upon

the sufferings of the Divine Child, how poor He was, how cold, how uncomfortable on the prickly straw in the manger, and how He wanted us to love and pity Him. Betty's expressive face would grow quite plaintive over the sweet, old story,—old, yet ever new,—and Sister would be startled out of the deep thoughts which had made her momentarily forget she was talking to a mere baby, by a fervent exclamation: "Poor little God, poor, dear little God," Betty would say, "Betty's so sorry He's cold and poor, and has no nice bed. But Betty loves Him, Sister, and when Papa comes home he'll buy Him a pretty crib just like mine." Then the amused nun, better suiting herself to the child's capacity, would tell that there in their own chapel they were going to have a beautiful Bethlehem at Christmas, with a crib and the straw and the Holy Babe. Betty's eyes would fairly beam with delightful anticipation, and Sister would have to repeat it again and again, and answer a hundred questions on the subject.

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All went well until, the days having glided into weeks, the time for the Christmas vacation drew nigh, and still the law's delay kept Mr. and Mrs. Browning away from their darlings, with little prospect of a speedy settlement of their suit. Poor motherly Helen grew grave as each letter came and gave no tidings of the return of her dear ones. Christmas away from home and without Papa and Mamma; the thought was dreadful! What would she do? Carrie was scarcely less distressed. With their own hands the Sisters had prepared presents for everybody, but they were all finished now, and there was nothing to do but "watch and pray." At last came Christmas Eve, and as the boarders who were to go home bade their teachers and one another good-bye, making the air fairly vibrate with sounds of "Merry Christmas! Happy New Year!" "Hope you'll have a lovely time!" "Good-bye; be sure you write to me!" and all the varied forms of girlish parting salutes, Helen had to run off and hide, for she could no longer restrain her tears. Carrie followed her, and their fond teacher, Sister Agnes, who had quickly missed her clever pupils and suspected the state of affairs, shortly afterwards found them with their arms around

each other's neck and crying as if their hearts would break. The sympathetic Sister comforted as well as she could, and persuaded them to offer their great disappointment to the Infant Jesus, who even in this life sometimes changes a cross into a crown. And besides, she said, Mother Elizabeth had many nice plans to make them have a very bright Feast, but of course she mustn't tell tales out of school. They were all to hang up their stockings, to be sure, and perhaps they would find that Kriss Kringle could find his way down a Convent chimney as well as down any other. Thus she by degrees beguiled them of their grief, and then took them with her to gather evergreens for decorating the Chapel.

All day long Betty was in a state of excitement. As with her elders, the spiritual and worldly were strangely blended. She was to see the little Infant Jesus and she was to hang up her stocking, that good Santa Claus might fill it with all sorts of nice things,—that is if she were good. She'd be just as good as pie, she had promised in the morning, and so she was. Towards evening she was allowed to enter the Chapel for the first time that day. Sister Christina having completed all the arrangements, led the little creature to the manger wherein reposed a life-sized image of the Babe of Bethlehem. Betty was speechless with awe and astonishment. Sister could feel the wee hand tremble in hers, and the lithe little form seemed quivering with suppressed emotion, but never one sound escaped the mobile lips. The child's soul was beaming out through the lucid eyes. At length the gentle nun stopped to whisper in her ear some sweet thought of that little one Divine, but Betty appeared not to hear; she only kept her gaze intently fixed on the crib, and murmured so low that Sister could scarce hear the words, "Poor little God! poor little Jesus!" Amazed, almost frightened at the earnestness of the child, her companion led her away. Betty left reluctantly, and, turning longingly several times before she reached the Chapel door, she looked at the manger, and softly repeated: "Poor, poor little Jesus! Betty loves you; you'll see, Betty loves you."

An hour later Betty's supper was over and she had been put to bed. The good Sister who had charge of her noticed that she had something on her mind, but could not coax her to tell

what it was. She put on a funny little air of importance, but would only say: "Betty has a secret. No; she won't tell you, —can't tell anybody." Betty always spoke of herself in the third person. When Helen and Carrie came to bid her good-night, it was the same. No matter how much they pleaded they could not get her to say what her wonderful secret was. She would just shake her head until the rumpled curls stood out like a nimbus around her bright face, show the double row of pearly teeth and wrinkle up her comical little nose in a bewitching smile, and repeat no, no, no! then bury her head in the downy pillow and chuckle softly to herself. And thus they had to leave her, for the bell was sounding for supper, and nuns and children went swiftly down to their respective refectories, leaving the happy child to her slumbers.

Nine o'clock. Once more the bell sounds. It is a summons to the community, their evening labors over, to assemble in the Chapel for the closing exercises of the Novena in honor of the Infant Jesus. As the placid-looking Religious filed into their stalls, the bright-faced sacristan came with reverent tread, burning taper in hand, to light the various colored lamps which encircled the crib. But why did she stop so suddenly? what caused that look of puzzled surprise on the recollected face? and why did she turn and by an excited gesture summon Reverend Mother to her side? In the "dim religious light" nothing untoward was perceptible to the assembled community. Mother Elizabeth soon, however, discovered the cause of the zealous sacristan's excitement. She stood pointing to the manger. It was empty.

In a moment there was a flutter, and the Sisters leaving the Chapel stood in a group outside of the door discussing the mysterious disappearance. The first solution was thieves. But nothing else was missed from altar, sanctuary, or sacristy, and thieves would scarcely have carried off only the little waxen image. Who could have taken it? And what could they have wanted with it? Thus the discussion went on and so startled and interested were the talkers that they did not notice when Sister Christina, who was disconsolate over the loss of the Bambina—a new addition to her treasures lately imported from France,—glided away and disappeared around the

corridor which led to the little children's dormitory. But their attention was soon attracted to her, for she came back almost running, and calling them to follow, led the way to the open door of the bedroom. A pretty sight met their astonished gaze. On a sheepskin rug on the floor lay Betty curled up and fast asleep; one dimpled arm under the fair young head, a smile upon the parted lips, as if, according to the pious fancy of the dear Irish, angels were whispering to her in her sleep. And close beside her in the richly-carved crib that had been sent from her home with Betty's other belongings, with its dainty hangings all white and blue, His head upon the soft pillow, His body carefully covered with linen sheets, foamy blankets, and coverlet of down, reposed the Infant Jesus. The mystery was solved. Darling Betty was "The Culprit Fay." The tender heart could not brook the sight of her beloved God comfortless and lonely in His manger, so that the child's love had done what love suggested and had made its first act of reparation to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The Sisters looked admiringly on the novel scene, and tears glistened in many eyes though the lips below them wore a smile. Whilst gentle hands bore the Babe of Bethlehem back to the bed of His choice, others lifted the limp form of His little adorer and placed it tenderly in the empty crib. Betty's eyes opened for a moment only, and then closed in the facile slumber of innocence, but Sister caught a faint whisper from the rosy lips,—“Poor little baby! poor little Jesus!” then Betty was once more fast asleep.

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Christmas morning. The altar all aglow with waxen tapers and framed in graceful festoons of laurel and holly, the air redolent with the perfume of flowers, the Chapel brilliantly lighted, the manger surrounded by burning lamps of many colors;—vested priest, devout nuns, reverent children, and the few lay persons who composed the congregation, all in holiday mood; mellow tones of organ, delicious voices of the younger religious attuned to sounds of tremulous joy;—this is the blessed ushering in of the gladdest day in all the year, the day of the Savior's birth, in the beautiful Chapel of that peaceful Convent. Betty still slept on. Among the few boarders who

stayed with the Sisters for the holidays knelt Helen and Carrie. They had made their First Communion the preceding Spring, so that they were to receive their Sacramental Lord for the first time as a Christmas gift. Their sorrow was thus tempered by holy joy, and their disappointment almost lost its sting in the new experience of having a sacrifice, and such a sacrifice, to offer to their Divine Guest. As they returned from the altar-rail with their downcast eyes and bowed head, with clasped hands and wrapt countenances, no one would have suspected there was a single cloud on their horizon; but from the heart of each went out an appeal to the God who had now so sweetly renewed the mystery of Bethlehem by once more becoming so little for love of them, to send Mamma and Papa and the boys back to them for Christmas.

When Mass was over and the prayers of thanksgiving said, Sister Clement gave the signal for the boarders to leave the Chapel. There was such a bright look on her face when Helen passed her that the girl instinctively felt there was some good news for them; but she walked on demurely down the aisle and out of the door, when,—Who is that? Ah! whose but a mother's arms could enfold her so lovingly? whose but a mother's kisses press her face so sweetly? "Helen! Carrie!"—"O Mamma! Papa!" a very babel of greetings,—moments of happiness too bright for description.

An explanation was soon given. Mr. and Mrs. Browning had succeeded in bringing their affairs to a sudden and satisfactory conclusion. They at once started for home, expecting to arrive on the afternoon of Christmas Eve, but did not telegraph to that effect because they thought it would be pleasanter to surprise their little daughters by driving out for them immediately upon their arrival. Word had been sent home, however, and directions given to have everything prepared, even a Christmas tree. But alas for plans! "The best laid plans of mice and men gang aft aglee." Their train had been delayed by a wrecked freight car on the track, so that it was after three o'clock in the morning when the porter awoke them at P——. Leaving Miss Amalia and the boys in the sleeper, where they could remain until daylight, the anxious parents had driven immediately to the Convent, reaching there in time

to go to confession to good Father Wise before Mass. How little did Helen and Carrie suspect that only a few benches behind them in the chapel, and closely following them to the communion-rail, were that beloved mother and father whom they imagined so far, far away. Their first great cross was indeed quickly changed into a crown of intense joy.

Whilst these things were being discussed over the cup of fragrant coffee which the hospitable Sisters had insisted the travellers should drink before starting on their five-mile drive to the city, the door opened, and in flashed little lazy-boots—darling Betty—spic and span and shining as a silver dollar just from the mint. “Oh, my baby!” In a moment she was nestling to her mother’s heart; the next she was in her father’s arms. Sister might surely have spared herself the trouble of brushing those wilful curls so decorously, of tying them back so neatly with the pretty blue ribbon. As soon as quiet was restored, Mother Elizabeth had, of course, to tell of little Miss Betsy’s exploit the evening before, and somehow the fond parents seemed to find it rather an affecting anecdote, for Mrs. Browning openly shed some rainbow kind of tears, and Mr. Browning seemed to be suddenly afflicted by a severe cold in his head. And Betty’s promise was fulfilled:—before the happily united family that morning Mother Elizabeth had the wherewithal to furnish the Infant Savior with a new crib: it was to be in the children’s hospital, for one of those to whom it was said: “Inasmuch as you have done it to one of the least of My little ones, you have done it unto Me.” The bed was always spoken of afterwards as Betty’s Christmas present to the “Poor little God.”

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I think it is probable that many of you know Betty. Look around among your acquaintances. Although many years have passed since the above incident occurred, she still has the same bright face and winning ways; her voice is low and musical; her eyes gentle and luminous; her heart tender and sympathetic. Seek her not, though, in the home of luxury nor amidst society’s festive scenes. Visit the school-room; enter the cell of the criminal; go to the bedside of the friendless sick

and dying; glance into the convent Chapel; there, there you will find our old favorite. The "Poor little God" claimed that unspotted heart as all His own;—her name is now Sister Elizabeth of the Infant Jesus.

CHARLEY'S CHANCE.

MRS. C. A. GILLESPIE.

CHAPTER VII.

PRESENTLY the sound of some one shouting was faintly audible. The Captain thought it might be their driver whom they had left at the entrance to the cavern, and shouted back. A groan was the only response, and he then concluded that some one had been caught by the falling mass and was now partly buried under the debris. Placing Rowena in Charley's arms he began the difficult and perilous task of climbing over the loose, broken fragments, which at every step slipped and slid from under him. He persevered, however, and ere long had reached the top of the barrier, where there remained a small opening right under the roof. As he suspected, at the foot of the heap on the other side a man lay almost covered with great blocks of ice, only his head and one arm being visible. He could see that it was one of the passengers on the Helga, and called him by name, but he appeared to have fainted. Behind him he could hear Rowena's frightened sobs, and before him lay a wounded fellow-traveller. The good Captain felt sorely perplexed, but in a few moments his anxiety was greatly relieved by seeing a party of men and boys led on by old Nils, his driver. The wounded man, a young Dane, had been drinking too much of Norway's *renadt*, and walking into the cavern had discharged his pistol out of sport, wishing to hear the reverberations. He had heard and felt more than he anticipated, as he was taken out more dead than alive, with a leg broken and ribs crushed, and it was many weeks before he left the clean, commodious hospital to which he was carried. The work of rescuing the Captain's party was attended

with some difficulty, but the sure-footed Norwegians accomplished it safely, aided by their long poles, and great strength and dexterity. Captain Morgan rewarded them liberally, and they left him at the wharf, saying with great earnestness: "*Tackar aldra öldmjukast*"—"Thank you ever so much."

It would require a large volume to tell you all our travellers saw in this wonderland, as from day to day the vessel visited Fjord after Fjord, to leave the mail or take on a passenger at the different Norwegian towns. Sometimes quite a cargo would await them, composed mainly of fish in every stage and style, and barrels of salt and tar. The beautiful scenery of Norway is beyond our powers of description, and the bravery, honesty, and kindness of her industrious and intelligent population could only be fully appreciated from personal observation and experience. They are well worthy of their descent from the ancient Norsemen, who, when all the rest of Europe was in bondage, could afford to be free. Everywhere is to be found the same bravery and courage; the same habits of thrift and economy; the same love of education connected with a simple manner of dress and living, and freedom of affectation, pride, or suspicion.

The scenery was generally novel and striking, though sometimes the landscape would be open and smiling as the face of a happy, innocent child. The fields of ripened barley or oats contrasting with the dark firs and pines, and the large, red farm-houses, some of them 50 by 150 feet. Again the land would be terraced for a great distance inland, showing how the sea had receded and the coast was rising. Here a Fjord would be walled in by precipices two or three thousand feet high, down the sides of which would thunder waterfall after waterfall, in every fantastic form, and seeming to issue from the very heavens. There the Fjord would spread for fifty miles like a transparent lake, reflecting snowy peaks, dark pines and silvery clouds; or lowly mountains would tower up five or six thousand feet, and on their summits could be seen with a glass, little stone huts and herds of sheep and cows, with the young shepherdesses, who stay up there unprotected for months every summer. At one stopping place they saw a wide valley at the end of the Fjord, and both had been dug by

glaciers out of the solid rock. At another place were the beautiful ruins of a church built more than half a thousand years ago. The massive pillars were entwined with clustering vines, and swallows were winging their way through the airy arches.

The little towns were pictures of neatness, and gay with flowers. No beggars or police were to be seen among this long-lived, happy people.

If, as sometimes happened in the extreme north, the *Helga* was the first boat that had stopped that year, the wharf would be alive with merry groups, who had come down from their mountain fastnesses to hear the news, see their neighbors, get the mail, or exchange goods. All was confusion and hilarity. Such good-humored joking and jostling, such drinking to each other's health, and sharing their flat bröd and fish out of their little boxes! Here would be seen an old woman in short skirts and pointed wooden shoes, bringing a flock of geese for sale, knitting as she walked along. There would go a gay young fellow in his blue, woollen blouse and deerskin leggings, dragging an immense halibut behind him, reaching from his shoulders to the ground. Or you would see a group of dairy-maids and rich farmers' daughters chatting familiarly together, alike pretty, with fair skin and yellow hair, their eyes blue as the sky, and their teeth like pearls; looks born of their pure climate, active life, plain diet and simple tastes and habits! Charley was amazed at the great shocks of hair on the men's heads; it fell all over their shoulders, was generally a light yellow, and looked as if no comb could ever penetrate it. They are not by any means so handsome as the young women, but are fine, manly fellows, counting nothing a trouble they can do to oblige others, often going without sleep or rest for that purpose. They are kind and gentle in their conduct to animals and to women. If the latter work hard it is because labor, in so poor a country and under such a rigorous climate, is inevitable; for we must remember that we have been viewing Norway and its inhabitants during what is to them the gala time of the year, two-thirds of which passes under dark and stormy weather. A *Bonder* who makes over one hundred dollars a year is unusually fortunate; on this he supports his family, buys books and periodicals, and educates his children. The mer-

chants and professionals in the towns and cities do better, of course, and live more luxuriously, but extravagance is everywhere frowned upon. The highest ladies in the land dress simply, without jewelry. They are good wives, mothers, and daughters; are well-read and accomplished; the sort of women in short, that all sensible people admire.

Captain Morgan determined to spend several weeks in Christiania, looking after interests he had contracted there some years before. He went immediately to a friend's house which faced one of the handsome squares. He was enthusiastically welcomed by Herr Christian and his good wife, who was so kind to the little travellers as to almost make them believe that they had known her before. But her manner was only that which characterizes all Norwegians, who are at once interested in you if you are a stranger, or stand in need of their good offices. Before two days had passed, Rowena and Charley would approach this dear, good woman, in company with her own children, to receive the morning and evening kiss, and had adopted the pretty custom which all children have there of thanking their entertainers for each meal. The time was passed very pleasantly indeed in this cheerful, hospitable home. Long walks were taken through the wide, clean streets, and in the tasteful parks; and pleasant sails on the long Fjord, at the end of which the city is situated. Once they all went on an excursion to a saeter belonging to Herr Christian's brother. On the road they had to drive through a thick cloud of mosquitoes which are the pest of Norway, existing in swarms when the weather is almost freezing cold. Arriving at the saeter they found no one at home, but the door was not fastened, it being the custom in Norway to leave the house open at all hours, so that if friend or stranger should come on an errand he can help himself. In some cases even watches and jewelry are left exposed in a house deserted of its inmates.

This saeter was situated on an eminence twelve hundred feet above the city, and overlooking the quiet waters of the Fjord. It was very clean and neat in appearance. Beds of moss were held in place by boards, a few chairs and a table were ranged around the walls. In a jug on the wide window-sill some wild flowers had been placed. At a little distance was a spring of ice

cold water, and there, in a box, they found a bountiful supply of cheese and sour milk. While they were refreshing themselves, as Herr Christian insisted upon their doing, the lowing of cattle was heard, and presently a herd of about twenty cows and as many goats came in sight, attended by two comely, barefooted maidens, who came merrily up, speaking pleasantly to each visitor and producing a large loaf of brown bread, added that to the repast, in which they heartily joined. It was a striking scene. Back of the saeter rose the snowy peaks which everywhere form the background of Norwegian scenery, and which now were resplendent in the rays of the glowing sun, still high up in the heavens, though it was eight o'clock in the evening. The herds were reposing on the green hillside; the clear and picturesque waters of the Fjord lay below them, reflecting each shadowy form of the landscape in its calm depths. The peasant-girls in their short skirts and white bodices, their fair hair pushed back from their clear, open countenances, which were in great contrast to Rowena's dark, flashing, piquant little face. Charley was sorry when the time came for them to descend. Ever on the mountains he felt somehow nearer his old home. He was too young not to have often felt, in the past months, even amid the most beautiful scene, a longing rush over him for a sight of the old sedge-fields and the little cabin where he had spent his life. He had received several letters that had been forwarded to Christiania in response to a telegram Captain Morgan had sent from Hammerfest to the Shetland islands. The reading of these letters had been a great delight to the far-away traveller. Two were from Miss Dodge, and were in every way characteristic of her, as for that matter so were those from John and Sam. The former brief and pithy; the latter full of jokes and dry sayings. Charley alternately laughed and cried, and finally submitted them all to his friend and protector, who also had letters from John, which filled him with satisfaction. Everything was going on smoothly. John had found a position for Sam in a neighboring warehouse. There was no need for him to hurry home. The loss of the *Arctic* and the rescue of the crew had been duly reported. There would be no difficulty about the insurance.

All these tidings conspired to make the stay of our voyagers

abroad very pleasant. Rowena's health had never been better. Her fat, rosy cheeks rivalled those of the little Bonder children that were daily seen running around. Here, as everywhere, Charley was continually storing his mind with all that was calculated to be useful to him or to the dear brothers at home. Every town, every native custom, every scrap of tradition or history that came in his way was treasured up. One of his valued teacher's maxims was "Improve every honorable opportunity for gaining useful knowledge." Unobtrusively as possible he had acted upon this counsel, storing away in his thoughtful brain, bit by bit, the facts he thus came across. Years afterwards it was said of him that he was "one of the best informed men of his day." Here in Norway, as in Iceland, there was no local tradition; no result of geological survey; no habit of life that escaped his boyish but comprehensive notice.

Our readers must remember that the author is personally acquainted with the Charley of this narrative, and has frequently been astonished beyond measure that one so young should have had so lively an interest in, and so deep an insight of, the country and the natives of each land he had visited on this memorable voyage.

Captain Morgan, still grieving and secretly fretting over the loss of his son Gwynned, was easily persuaded to prolong his stay. Week after week passed. Charley was allowed to attend the public school with Ole, the son of their kind host. He was a boy about Charley's age, of a manly, frank disposition, and engaging manners. Charley found him his peer in every respect. In fact felt rather honored by his friendship and confidence. Together they roamed the town and fields and mountains, eating cherries, raspberries and gooseberries at the farm-houses, drinking sour milk at saeter huts, sailing on the smiling Fjords; everywhere holding long and animated conversations respecting the lands of their nativity. Thus was formed Charley's first boy friendship, to last through the course of the long, useful life each was destined to lead.

Early in the fall, when the days had greatly shortened and some premonitory blasts of the coming of winter had swept down from the north pole, this close association of a Norwegian summer was severed, and our travellers turned their faces

homeward. Six months from the time when Charley had last seen the shores of his native land fade away to a faint line and then disappear, did he again with quickened pulse catch sight of the scarce familiar wharfs and docks of the city which contained all his heart held dear. John and Sam and his father are all there.

He has been kept duly informed of all their movements in the many long and interesting letters which he received. Though thousands of miles of ocean rolled between them, his mind and heart, untravelled, has daily been with them, yearning to share their hardships or their joys.

Yet familiar as they were to his memory, he failed to recognize them for a moment as his eye rested upon them eagerly hastening over the gangway, and when he did, he was greatly surprised to find his brothers so much improved in personal appearance. Their easy manners and neat attire were in great contrast to the well-remembered, roughly-clad boys of Lone Mountain. To be sure they had grown up on those lonely hills where they had lived near to nature's heart to be in character and mental attainments all that is necessary for the Christian gentleman. There the foundation for successful manhood had been deeply and permanently laid, and the polish and refinement of the city was but a veneer easily laid on; in nowise affecting the real worth of their characters, though rendering them infinitely more agreeable to the casual observer.

After the hearty greetings were over, all hands proceeded merrily up the street, making for good Mrs. Hewellyn's, though, as Charley knew, his home was a short distance from her comfortable mansion. Under her direction John, before sending for Sam and his father, had rented a small but convenient house around the corner, had partly furnished it, and engaged the services of a stout old colored woman, whom his hostess had long known and trusted. Here they had again set up their lares and penates, and very proud were they of such a neat and comfortable residence. Each month they had added something to its adornment, and by the time Charley first viewed it, it had even attained an air of moderate elegance. Just across the street were the house and grounds of a very wealthy citizen, and the trees and shrubbery surround-

ing his place gave them a glimpse of rural life which was highly appreciated by our country boys.

Their father, prematurely old and feeble, spent most of his time in an easy chair at the window, smoking and dozing as usual; accepting his improved circumstances as much as a matter of course, as he had the meagre and stinted life of the past. "He had good boys," he would mumble confidentially to a neighbor, "very good boys, and he was sure he had done his best to give them a chance." Though what he had done for them beyond being responsible for bringing them into the world, it would be hard for an inquirer to ascertain. He was one of life's drones; a mere cipher in the busy world, but perhaps the very pity and consideration with which his children had uniformly treated him, had helped to strengthen in them that gentleness and sweetness of manner for which they yearly became more noted. Certainly in all that great, rushing, bustling city there was no home where politeness and tender consideration for each other's feelings more predominated.

John and Sam, on coming to the city, had at once connected themselves with an educational institution, which gave lectures three nights in the week, and had an efficient corps of teachers for two. Thus Charley found not only their domestic establishment in full blast, but both his brothers employing every leisure hour in perfecting themselves in different branches, the rudiments of which they had begun in their far-off mountain school.

In reply to Charley's inquiry as to what he was to do, John answered: "You are to go to school, and be, as you have ever been, our inspiration and help." Adding with more show of emotion than Charley had ever seen on his plain, quiet face: "Almost every night as Sam and I walk home, contrasting our altered circumstances, we talk of you, and feel that we owe everything to you. Very short-lived indeed would our efforts have been had you not ever been at our side, urging us on and up. Do you think we were unmindful of all your little devices to get us to share your chance with you; or of the way in which you used to rush home to do up our night chores so that we might have nothing to hinder us from our studies?" With that Sam caught the astonished and delighted boy in his arms, and throw-

ing him over his head, exclaimed in his hearty way: "Now, old fellow, go to work and be what you will—lawyer, doctor, preacher, what not! Here's your backers, and hurrah for old Lone Mountain!"

Charley darted from the room, ashamed of his irrepressible tears. His heart swelled too big for utterance. Oh, it seemed too good for him to realize! For though these big brothers had always been kind to him, yet they had not appeared very appreciative, and it required all dear Miss Dodge's influence, and many thoughts about the ladder, and many prayers to enable our little hero to be constant in his efforts to make his brothers share his chance for an education.

Many times during the long voyage, he had fretted, thinking it likely that they would now entirely desist from any further effort. He had wondered whether it was right for him, a lad of fourteen, to burden them any longer with his support. And now to return and find them keeping right on in wisdom's ways, and holding him in grateful, loving remembrance; to learn that not one little sacrifice had been unnoticed or in vain; that the old, hard, poor life was over forever and that unlimited opportunities for advancement were to be his! No wonder the little heart overflowed, and that silence and God became a needed refuge!

And here we will leave him and his. We might hint of a time when a finely-formed, elegant-looking lady with auburn hair, whom John affectionately called "Nannie," presided over his home, and made it to Sam and Charley and their father much more home-like. We might tell of a very fine mansion not far from them where, surrounded by every luxury, Miss Dodge, no longer called by that name, made a certain seafaring man forget the dangers and toils of the past, while all that was good in the fiery little Rowena was so studiously cultivated by her new mamma that she became very lovable, indeed, and was thought so by more than Charley, who is now an eminent surgeon in that same sunny city. Nay, we might tell you just where all our characters live to-day, for not one of them is dead, but because this is a true story, about true, living people, most of whom are very well known, we hope, dear young friends, you will pardon any seeming negligence as to locali-

ties. Some of you, we know, are Charley's patients, and love and reverence him as one of the purest, wisest, most helpful men you know. Some have business dealings with Sam and John, and perhaps visit Nancy, Rowena and Miss Dodge, but you can imagine that your friends are a little like you, and do not court notoriety.

We hope you have been helped and entertained by the narrative concerning a portion of their lives, and that they and the author have your good wishes for the rest of the journey, whether it be long or short.

THE END.

TESSA'S BLOSSOM TIME.

SARAH TRAINER SMITH.

THE Verneys were just the sort of people everybody liked,—high spirited, earnest, unselfish natures, taking the world in good part, making light of care or trouble so long as it concerned only themselves, but bearing the burdens of others very tenderly and patiently. They were the centre of a wide and varied circle, or, rather, each was the centre of a circle forever overlapping all the others. There was a good many of them, and they differed in everything but their Faith. In that they were indeed one,—Catholics born and Catholics carefully and prayerfully bred.

The family was old—for America—and had always been prosperous. Their large, old-fashioned house stood in the very shadow of the Cathedral walls, looking on the green beauty of Logan Square. Every part of it was for use and comfort, and its hospitality had been a proverb for three generations. No changes of fashion, no plea for self-indulgence in shirking responsibilities, had weight with them against the traditions and example of an ancestry to whom rich and poor, old and young, glad and sorrowful, were alike welcome if they had need of anything a Verney could share or bestow. "Hospitality do not forget," they read as a command they dare not disobey had they the will.

There were so many of them they were seldom all together, but they were continually coming and going around the father and mother, who shared in every interest. In every room, these two had their own especial corner, where he read his papers with marginal notes of talk and laughter, and she read or talked, or only knitted and listened. She was a happy mother. In the wreath of her home circle there were no gaps, no drooping blossoms, no wandering tendrils. The need of any other love had never been felt there. Occasionally the sons joked with their mother, and promised to bring home to her other daughters when she grew tired of these, but it went no further. Their sisters were silent even to each other. Louise thought of it too solemnly; Gem, not at all. Elizabeth and Margaret were still too near Convent bounds to think much of anything not talked of there, and Tessa,—well, no one could connect her with any of the troubled happiness of life. She was only “little Tessa,” dreaming and praying her innocent days away into the blessed rest and peace of childhood’s nights. Perhaps it was because they were always so much engaged with other people’s cares and hopes, always planning to better some one’s condition, to help some one’s ambitions, that no one ever thought of theirs, ever asked in thought if the Verney’s might not fit into other homes as they suited their own. But no one did think of it. And their mother accepted the state of affairs with secret joy. Only she knew what it would be to part with one of them to a doubtful happiness, whether son or daughter.

Least of all with Tessa. She was so much the youngest that she was quite the idol of the house, as any baby ought to be. She ought really to have been at the Convent another year, but Margaret and Lizzie had waited with her more than a year already, and it did not seem worth while to send her back alone when all felt it time for them to be at home. So Tessa left school, but not for “the world.” She lived a very sweet and sheltered life. In the bright and busy household she was the only quiet dreamer of beautiful thoughts, rather than active doer of good deeds. She was like its quiet heart. Coming and going as her gentle conscience prompted, studying a little, practising a little, sitting with her mother, with

her sisters, with her brothers, reading to her father, writing her simple little letters to the good nuns, and going often and often to church, the days went by to Tessa. It was tacitly understood among the others that no one was to disturb her for a year. "Then," said her mother, soon after her return from school, "then if she does not seem to realize that life has a more practical side, we will help her. Just now, a quiet time will do her no harm. She is not quite like the rest of you, many sided as you are."

Not quite. They all felt it. Not alone in her great beauty,—for she was beautiful—but in her exquisite spirit. So pure, so dainty, so fine and tender she had ever been, that even the loving task of helping to bear another's smallest grief seemed to them too much to lay upon her. There had grown up in them with her growth an unspoken feeling. They watched her always, but silently. They marked her stealing away at early morning, at noontide, in the twilight, to her prayers and her visits to the Blessed Sacrament. There was a pang in the thought, but remembering what she was, there was a world of peace as well. What would she not be spared if she should indeed be of those who

"Through Life's battle Our dear Lord has set apart,
That while we who love the perils are made captives,
Still the Church may have its Heart."

They could never grudge Him Tessa! If He chose her, how sure a seal would He set upon His love for her and for them!

So the year went by.

Tessa was eighteen,—a child no longer. For every one in life there is work to do, and dreaming must cease. It was time to help her out of the sweet, dawn-scented mists into the open morning light. It must be done plainly and practically, for the Verneys had little sympathy with "fads." Much as she shrank from destroying the "pristine freshness" of her darling's youth, Mrs. Verney never questioned the right of the step she was taking. Tessa was here on earth, and in the station where she was placed lay her first duty, at least. For the rest, there are always Heavenly Leaders for those who seek, and the next step is always higher for those who look up.

Quietly, Tessa began to go out with her sisters. Her circle of acquaintance was widened, and the new duties of social life were opened to her, one by one. A little party here, a small dinner there, an afternoon tea; a concert, a reception, and the return of courtesies in her own home followed in mild sequence. The Verneys, of course, were not "Society People"—with a big S and P—but they might have been had they liked, and they had their duties, and society had its claims which were a part of that hospitality they dared not forget. They entertained delightfully, and enjoyed it as much as their guests. Introduced under such auspices, Tessa saw, as usual, all the good, and was happy in it as in her child-life. It was new, it was pleasant, and there were so many to see that no new cares fell heavily where the path was yet untrod. They often said afterward that it was the gayest winter of their life,—the winter they brought out their lovely darling and watched her innocent delight, and others' innocent admiration. For Tessa carried her own atmosphere with her into the world, and only the best of everyone came to her.

When the winter was nearly over, it brought Harry Ralston.

He was no stranger. They had known him all his life, and he and Tessa had played together as very little folks under the trees in the Square. But as they grew in years, they had grown apart. He had been away to College, in the West, in the South, and now was just home from Europe. Still, they had not quite lost sight of him, and his record was so fair a one that they welcomed him cordially to their midst. But with Tessa it was almost like a first meeting, and for him it had all the charm of one. He came with his sister to one of their "Evenings." and it was Tessa he met first. She was very bright that night; quaint and merry and prettily daring in her little assaults and repartees, for she had developed a graceful wit that was delightful. Harry wondered he had not heard more of her, and there is no doubt he used all the arts young men are skilled in to keep at her side.

Well! we all know how it is so often in life. The face seen daily and hourly, perhaps, of a sudden takes on new charm; the voice whose every tone has been familiar for years, one day strikes an unsuspected chord; the hand whose very veins.

and finger-tips are as little strange as one's own, with one touch acquires a new power, and forevermore leads captive "the last person in the world!" So it was with Tessa and Harry Ralston. Before long,—they were very young!—it was no secret from their little world of home hearts.

It created more fear and tremors than they had ever dreamed Tessa could cause. Tessa! it could not be possible. Poor, little innocent Tessa! She did not even know it yet, but she must know it, and then! She must either suffer or—what? It was not strange he should have loved her, but that she should have loved him! And there was no doubt,—no shadow of doubt that she did love him. In her innocent, pure, ignorant way, she loved him even as maidens love, and he was worth loving. But for Tessa?

As for Tessa, she wondered. It was strange how often she saw Harry Ralston. He was always passing the house; he was always in the Square when she looked out; he was always meeting them on the street. When was it she realized that at quite long distances she could distinguish his tall, young figure, and that she never thoroughly enjoyed the walk until she did distinguish it? When did she learn that the evenings he spent with them seemed so bright and gay, although in reality they were very quiet, since he only cared to sit near the piano, coaxing from her little fingers old melodies, Convent hymns, and the simple Folk Songs of other lands? Ah, who can tell! Tessa was not unconscious of the change in her, but she was waiting,—waiting and trembling, unwilling to break the happy calm by answering her own questions.

The calm was broken. Suddenly, unexpectedly, forever broken on the first fair Spring day. Broken by his voice in a half-uttered, half-stifled sentence, she alone heard and instantly understood. The new look in his brown eyes, the new tone in his blithe voice were for her and her alone. A volume of eloquent pleading could not have told her more.

They were walking together, one couple of a large party returning from the Park. It was the nearest approach to being alone together they had ever known, and Harry was not able to resist altogether paying her the homage of his heart. Her youth, her simplicity, her sheltered girlhood, were all beauti-

ful things to him, and to them he willingly deferred in theory, but thus alone with her, he could not think it calmly out, and so spoke.

It was not much he said and it was very vague and uncertain when she tried to recall it later. What she would have answered, or whether she would have answered at all, she will never know, for just then her brother Tom turned towards them. "You had better come in and dine with us, Ralston. We can go over to see Flaxman afterwards, and settle that matter to-night."

Ralston stepped forward to reply, and after that there was no chance for a word apart. At their door, when the others of the party had dropped away at various turnings, Lizzie and Gem renewed the invitation to dine. He hesitated; Tessa was silent.

"Not to-night," he said, brightly. "But, if you like, some other time, please!"

Tessa knew he listened for her voice in the ready chorus of cordial assent. At the last moment, she turned and smiled at him shyly, but oh, so prettily. He went off light at heart.

It is doubtful if he had any special cause for light-heartedness. Tessa went bravely through the evening, but she felt her heart growing heavier and heavier as she neared the hour of quiet self-examination which had always closed her day since her First Communion. The result of it was well-known to her from the first. Hers was one of those blessed natures to which disobedience is simply inconceivable. To them the voice of the Church is the voice of God, in deed and in truth; not the expression of opinions that may be cavilled at, questioned, and grudgingly accepted. Harry Ralston was not a Catholic. Oh, he could never, never be more to her than her childhood's friend! She must forget what he had said; she must never let him speak to her again—of—of. It must all be over from that very hour. And yet, she loved him—yes, dearly!

To say she was not sorrowful in this first hour of her love and its abnegation is, of course, impossible, but there was no struggle. Looking onward into her future, there was a strange and sad confusion before her innocent gaze, but for it all there was perfect trust. She would be guided, she would be helped,

and she *must* do right. And one sure comfort was hers, growing and deepening already with her saddest thoughts: it was her right to pray for him. She had done so already, but now, from that day forward it should be her special work to plead for his conversion. It might not come for years,—not until long after he had forgotten her, perhaps, but it would surely come, the promised answer. And when the morning dawned after the first wakeful and unhappy night of her life, she rose hastily and went all eagerly to lay her sorrow and her petition where she had so often found the answer to the minor perplexities and girlish anxieties of her vanished peace. The Cathedral was still dim with the night shadows, but the Altar glowed all fair and welcoming. Tessa rested at its feet.

Even as the life of a heart may be lived in a few short hours, so may the story of a life be told in a few words. Tessa's prayers were granted, indeed, and soon. The next Sunday, after Vespers, Harry stepped from the shadow of a pillar, and walked silently out of the Cathedral by Tessa's side. It was Gem who exclaimed at his presence; it was Lizzie who questioned him as to the impression made upon him by the music, but it was Tessa's eyes that made his heart bound when she looked at him. Such earnestness of entreaty, of solemn tenderness, of half-awed, half-triumphant hope, spoke their own language, although her lips were silent. He walked home with them and remained for the evening, but he never lost the thought of that soft glance. He did not see much of her, for she was out of the room waiting on her mother, who was not very well, but he felt strangely content. He was sure she loved him, and there was all life before them. All of a long life!

"She is such a little saint!" he thought, as he strode homeward in the still night. "It is quite natural she should wish a fellow to have something of the kind for himself. I rather think she's in the right. At all events, I believe I'll just take a look into the matter. It won't do me any harm. The very wisest people I ever heard of think as she does."

It was not a bad conclusion for a young fellow. He kept his half-formed resolution with the energy and truthfulness that belonged to him. He said nothing about it, for he had the pride of a man who hates to court favor where he stands

in need of it, and he felt sure they all knew of his feeling for Tessa. With equal sensitiveness he shrank from urging anything upon her, while he was in a state of doubt upon a subject which daily seemed of more solemn import to him, and which he now recognized as of paramount import to her. Tessa and he talked as ever when he came, but he never lingered now for the one last word that seemed worth so much, and he never joined her on the street. But with the consciousness of watchful affection, she knew that "it was well with him," and she was content to wait, always praying.

More than two months had passed since that walk home in the Park. May drew near its close. Tessa was keeping the month more devoutly than ever in her life. One lovely morning, as she crossed the Square to early Mass, a quick step on the gravel paused at her side. It was Harry. She knew it without looking up.

"You are early," he said. "May I go with you, Tessa?"

"I am going to Church," she answered, softly.

"And don't you wish me to go, too?"

"You know I do—wish it more than anything in the world!"

She looked up at him then, all her heart in her eyes. But this time he scarcely saw the look. Other thoughts were his. Other thoughts that surged and swayed his whole being, sweeping the things of earth far, far into unheeded depths.

"I am going to Mass, Tessa," he said. "And after, I am to make my First Confession. Pray for me!"

He was gone as he spoke. The emotion of his voice, the hurried departure,—what did they not mean to Tessa! With what a thankful spirit, with what a loving and yearning heart she knelt in her accustomed place that morning! How short the time since that sad dawning which ever remained to her as the dreariest, the least hopeful of all her life! And yet she gave no thought to what was to come for her out of this great change. That came later.

That, and all things else of sunshine. The days flew by on rosy wings. Ralston lost no time in securing an earnest of "all these things" promised to those who seek first the Kingdom of God. Everything seemed blessed for them. His family-

gay and thoughtless people of no particular faith—let him go his own way unchecked, satisfied that the choice he had made was to be laid at Tessa Verney's door. It was no wonder he was ready to win her by any means. As to the real meaning of the change for him,—they only laughed. "It will not last," they said. "All young men will do that when they are in love with a little pious goose, but it wears off. Harry will come out all right. And she is so sweet." The Verneys read him better. They welcomed him gladly, and they gave him Tessa with all high charges and all fond hopes. Tessa blossomed into new beauty and sweetness day by day. Business, too, took on a new face,—a most prosperous one, and all did, indeed, "go merry as a marriage-bell."

(*To be continued*).

THE RISE OF THE NOVEL.

EDWARD J. MAURUS.

THE origin of the common moss is a minute spore. This increases in size for a certain time in one direction, and then begins to send out branches. From these spring the tiny green plants which are called moss. The history of literature is much the same. Arising as poetry in the epic, it gradually began to form divisions which, becoming more and more distinct, were again divided, until all the different classes of to-day were formed.

In this way the novel, a child of yesterday, descended; nurtured in its infancy by Richardson, taught to walk by Fielding, Smollet, Sterne and Goldsmith, and followed in its manhood by such writers as Scott, Hawthorne, Thackeray and Dickens.

The first important English novel was Richardson's *Pamela*, published in 1740. The author had struck a chord hitherto unknown, and its tone immediately aroused admirers. People were becoming tired of the drama and the romances then so much in vogue. They longed for something new and they found it in *Pamela*. Accordingly several editions were sold

the first year. It became fashionable for young ladies to parade the streets with the ponderous volume under their arms. And why should they not appreciate the tribute paid to them by that picture of womanly virtue in *Pamela*? Every woman admired her; every young man was in love with her; parents recommended her to their daughters as a model. The name of Mr. B. became synonymous with the lowest vice. Ministers from their pulpits advised the reading of the new book, and the idea prevailed that it would do more good morally than ten volumes of sermons. Now it lies on the book-shelves, covered with the dust and cobwebs of years. Almost all its interest is lost for us, and it is considered too coarse for general reading.

Two years later Richardson found a rival in the author of *Joseph Andrews*, a satire upon *Pamela*. This became fully as popular as *Pamela*. In it Fielding sketched at least one great character in the Reverend Abraham Andrews, from whom Goldsmith is supposed to have borrowed the immortal Dr. Primrose. As with all the early English writers, coarseness is Fielding's great failing.

Soon afterwards Richardson again appeared upon the stage with *Clarissa Harlowe*. This was his masterpiece, and it was proportionally greeted. All England was wild over it. It was immediately translated into several other modern languages, and Richardson became famous throughout Europe.

The narration in *Clarissa Harlowe* and in *Pamela* is carried on entirely by means of letters. This way of writing novels has almost gone out of fashion. It is not real enough for the average English reader of to-day. In *Clarissa* we find another such type of feminine excellence which Richardson delights to represent.

Smollet was the next great novelist. *Roderick Random* is even more licentious than the works of the two previous authors. The incidents of the novel are taken almost entirely from Smollet's own life, and hence they are very true to nature, but possessive of little interest.

When Fielding had married Tom Jones to Sophia Weston, his masterwork was finished. Despite its length, *Tom Jones* is one of the most interesting novels ever written. Its style is

clear and bright, and its characters are very realistic. But all these qualities cannot conceal—cannot surmount the coarseness which stands so boldly forth. For this reason *Tom Jones* is a book seldom mentioned, less read. The novel is divided into eighteen parts, each of which is introduced by a short essay. Many of these essays are in themselves works of art. *Tom Jones* was very popular in its day ; it was translated into almost every European language, and made the fame of the author.

The first part of Sterne's *Tristram Shandy* appeared in the same year with a loud huzza and a blast of trumpets. Sterne was honored by noblemen, waited upon by church dignitaries, and received his fill of flattery from all classes. His narrative is very dry. He sacrificed everything to character-painting and to moralizing.

Here closes the period in which the four great founders of the English novel flourished. They were succeeded by another who wrote in a much different strain. Goldsmith produced only one novel, but that will live forever. He tells but a simple tale, but within it he has placed an irresistible charm. The naturalness of the Vicar, his heavenly wisdom, his deep sense of wrong, and his fortitude in affliction are so well portrayed that, once known, he will never be forgotten. The double-dealing of 'Squire Thornhill and his final exposure are also well represented.

Goldsmith also proves himself master of the plot. After having followed Dr. Primrose through all his misfortunes, pitted the innocent frivolity of his wife and daughters, admired Moses for his manly frankness, and finally mourned the death of Olivia, what a surprise it is to find everything turn out so well ! Who would have thought to discover Sir William Thornhill in so plain an individual as Burchell ? Who would have looked for such a friend in Jenkinson ? No trifle has been forgotten. Goldsmith well merits the name of a novelist. Would that his genius had prompted him to write more in this line ! His style is classical and his composition is of virginal purity. He never wrote a line for which he might afterwards have blushed, or which he might have wished unwritten.

Why the novel, as a department of literature, gained its

popularity so rapidly, is easily understood at a glance. To the author it is an art-gallery in which all his talents may be displayed. Besides, it always brings him a good recompense for his labor. A good novel, on account of the large number of intelligent readers, is always well received. It affords its readers a double pleasure: while appreciating the style and the art of the author, they are also amused by a train of interwoven incidents. They can read in the work the temperament of the author, and they can see their own traits reflected in its characters.

The principal quality of a novel is delineation of character. If all the characters be natural, the novel is a good one; to make it perfect, style and plot are necessary. Most of the novels of to-day lack everything *but* plot, and are almost as dangerous to the minds of the young as an immoral book. They cannot be scribbled off-hand as are too many of these. They require deep knowledge of human nature, and are the result of long and minute observation, combined with expression and imagination.

WITH OTHER YOUNG FOLKS.

THE young folks' department of *The Catholic Citizen*, in the issue just received, contains a few of the many beautiful legends told of St. Francis Assisi. There is perhaps no holy one, not classed among child saints, who can give such delight to the young as the gentle St. Francis.

Among the many interesting contributions that come with every issue of *The Sacred Heart Messenger*, there is one on some boy saint. We commend these sketches to our young people. We know too little of the brave young heroes who, in their happy youth, bravely suffered cruel torture and death for the same faith that we profess to-day.

"To mourn a mischief that is past and gone,
Is the next way to draw new mischief on."—*Shakspeare*.

THE SCOURGING AT THE PILLAR.

Words by MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD.

Music by LOUISA MORRISON.

Slow and sad.

1st Sop.



2d Sop.

1. Bound to the Pil - lar, lo ! He stands, Love's Captive for His people's woes,
2. His Moth-er weeps, such tears of grief, Should heaven's vengeance on us call,
3. She pleads for us whose sin-ful lives De-serve the scourge, the gyve, the pain ;

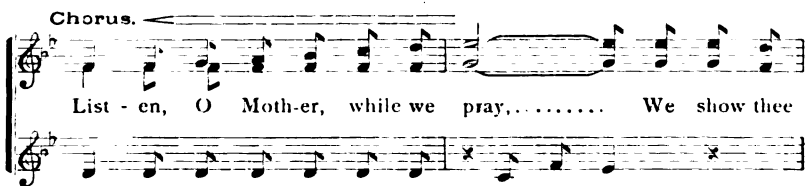
ALTO.



And 'neath the scourge in cru - el hands, His Precious Blood to cleanse us flows.
But suffering with her Son she pleads As He for mer - cy on us all.
More cru - el than those cru-el men, We wound His sa - cred Flesh a - gain.

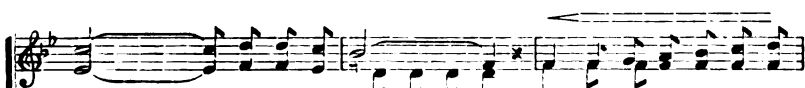


Chorus.



List - en, O Moth-er, while we pray,..... We show thee

while we pray,



all..... our cares and needs,..... As pleading for thy aid we

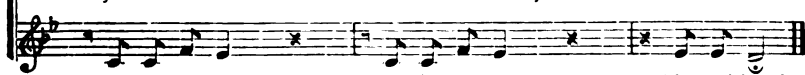
We show thee all

our cares and needs,



say..... The A-ves on..... thy blessed beads.....

bless-ed beads.



thy aid we say,

The A - ves on

blessed beads.

Notes.

THE ROSARY.

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To ensure prompt attention, persons giving notice of change of address should send old and new address.

NOTES.

To all Rosarians we extend our best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

To make their Christmas holidays truly enjoyable, our dear delinquent subscribers will please forward us the amount of their subscription.

We bespeak for our collector, Mr. J. V. Leap, a cordial reception from Rosarians in Boston and vicinity.

We hope that none of our Milwaukee subscribers suffered by the awful conflagration that visited that fair city last month.

Frs. Splinter, McKenna, and Kernan, in one band, at St. Mary's, Boston, and Frs. Daly and De Cantillon in another band at Bristol, Pa., concluded two very successful missions on Oct. 29, 1892. Both bands are now laboring hard in Boston and vicinity.

Our Rosarians throughout the country are invited to send us reports of their meetings. The following is a very interesting account of how the work of the Rosary is transacted in one of our Rosary churches:

St. John's Church, Utica, N. Y.

REV. FATHER:—

Our pastor, Very Rev. Dr. Lynch, wishes me to write you a short account

of his method of conducting the Rosary Society in our church.

Meetings are held the first Sunday of each month after vespers, opening with a procession of Sanctuary boys and members of the different sodalities, in honor of our Queen of Most Holy Rosary.

A new feature has lately been introduced into our meetings which serves to encourage the members to recite the Rosary frequently: Blank tickets like the enclosed are distributed at each meeting, and are returned filled out at the next meeting.

To avoid confusion, we have different colors for the different sodalities: blue for children of Mary, yellow for St. Agnes' Sodality, white for the Angels', and rose color for those who do not belong to any sodality.

This practice of making reports dates back to October, 1891, when the total number handed in was 39, and of beads reported said, 5,260. In March, 1892, we find reported 213 reports and 49,998 Rosaries.

This great increase is, we think, in a measure due to the fact that each month THE ROSARY is offered free to the ten reporting the greatest number of beads said. Many of the members in their desire to obtain one of these magazines, make extraordinary efforts, sometimes reporting as many as three or four thousand.

After the procession in the church, the general report is read, and the members of the sodalities adjourn to their respective separate rooms, hand in reports for the past month, and receive blanks for the coming month.

Those not belonging to any sodality make this exchange in the church. After the meeting the general secretary collects all the reports, counts them, records them in books provided for the purpose, selects the highest ten, and makes out the report to be read at the next monthly meeting.

The perpetual Rosary has not yet been thoroughly established here, but our pastor hopes that it will be before long, and with this end in view has had reserved, on one corner of the ticket, a place where the time chosen by the members may be recorded. This acts as a reminder to Rosarians to accustom themselves, even now, to devote an hour each month to prayer.

Hoping, Reverend Father, you will find space for this article in your next

issue, and that others may be incited to adopt a practice which we have found so fruitful in its results, I remain,

Very cordially yours,

SECRETARY OF ROSARY SOCIETY.

Next month we will begin a very interesting and instructive series of articles from the accurate and facile pen of Rev. J. A. Rooney, O.P., on "The Living Rosary." The history and the liturgy of this very acceptable devotion will be clearly and succinctly given. These articles will be especially welcome wherever the Living Rosary is established. As there is great dearth of information on this subject in English, our zealous parish priests who have the Living Rosary established in their parishes, will find Fr. Rooney's work replete with suggestions and directions. They may be certain, too, that every position taken by the author, every statement advanced, has been carefully inspected and weighed. Fr. Rooney's articles are exhaustive and complete.

It is our intention to follow up the articles on the *Living Rosary* with another series on the Perpetual Rosary, and finally, to declare the glories of the Arch-confraternity of the Most Holy Rosary.

THE ROSARY extends a cordial greeting to the young levites whom Rt. Rev. Bp. Watterson of Columbus, Ohio, raised to the exalted dignity of the priesthood on All Saints' Day, at St. Joseph's Convent, Somerset, Perry Co., Ohio. May their ministry be a prosperous one, and may God send other workmen into His

vineyard, for the fields are white unto the harvest.

"Chicago Priest" will please read 320,000 days' indulgences instead of 10,320,000, in the article on the Fifteen Saturdays.

A subscriber in Newton, Kansas, renewing his subscription, writes: "I like THE ROSARY very much, and could not do without it in my family. I wish it every success, and will try and get you some subscribers here." This is a sample of many such cheering letters that come our way. It has the true ring. He who admires a good sermon or book will speak of it to others. If your papers or magazines suit you, you will be sure to let your neighbors hear about it. We wish that all of our readers would each resolve to secure a new subscriber, and speak a good word for THE ROSARY.

CALENDAR FOR THE MONTH.

Dec. 4th. 2d Sunday of Advent—Partial Indulgences.

Dec. 8th. Immaculate Conception B. V. M. Partial Indulgence of seven years and seven Lents C.C. Visit Chapel. Prayer.

24th. Christmas Eve.	} Indulgences of the stations, 30 years and 30 Lents.
26th. St. Stephen's Day.	
27th. St. John Evang.	
28th. Holy Innocents.	
25th. Christmas Day.	Partial Indulgence for each of the three Masses—15 years and 15 Lents. Third Joyful Mystery of the Rosary—Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians and Tertiaries. C.C.

OUR EXCHANGES.

In reply to a correspondent who wishes information through our columns, we would say that the work of the Summer School will be continued through the Winter. We would refer her to Mr. Charles Warren Mosher, *Catholic Reading Circle Review*, Youngstown, Ohio.

"Keep your eye on Godey's," is the imperative command in which is announced a new Godey's magazine, evolved from the older Lady's Book of the same name. Judging from the prospectus sent us, we gladly "give the precious baby a boost." But what means the command heading this prospectus? We trust it isn't suggestive of a need of watching the new baby.

The Current Literature Department of the *Sacred Heart Review*, East Cambridge, Mass., is one of the best among such departments that appears in our many exchanges, not many of which have such a department. This sixteen-page weekly, issued at the low price of \$1.00

a year, is well adapted to the wants of Catholic homes. It needs but one more feature to make it complete—a children's department. It has done a good deal in the line of school work, and in this line we shall look for it to do much during the present scholastic year. In looking at this question the *Review* stands more or less on neutral ground, surveying, as it were with a field-glass, the strong and the weak points of all engaged in the educational field.

The *Annals of St. Joseph*, West De Pere, Wis., devotes many pages in the November issue now at hand to the devotion to the Holy Souls. In keeping with this devotion is all that relates to a happy death. A true sketch entitled "A Sailor's Faith," by Florence Mary Kilkelly, touchingly illustrates the powerful mediation of St. Joseph, shown forth by the miraculous summons of a priest to a sailor who had invoked the saint for this favor when dying alone.

Among the many fine contributions to the November issue of the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* we specially notice "For Regard to the Ways of Grace," a story by Ignatius Anthony. This is a heart story touchingly told,—a love story, but one of divine love burning in a young girl's heart, and impelling her, by a sweet, resistless "force," out of the cold regions of Presbyterianism into the warmth and light of Catholicism. The name of the author, Ignatius Anthony, is not a familiar one to Catholic readers; this graceful sketch might well serve as a passport into Catholic journals. "Founders of Houses of Retreat," is the caption of a series of articles under which is concluded the life of Father Vincent Huby, S.J. This article deserves the special attention of those who would mitigate the evils of the day by lifting souls from trouble to peace, from sin to God.

The *Independent* sets on foot a movement for making a "Parliament of Religions" one of the features of the World's Fair. Rev. Dr. McSweeney, of Mount St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, takes the question up in the *Literary North-west* and treats it ably. We find a good synopsis of his paper in the *Catholic Mirror*. He strikes a grand key-note when he says: "Let us put away all uncatholic narrowness, and be up and doing! Let us put on the Apostles, and taking this opportunity, grander than Peter or Paul ever had, reason with our fellow-men and preach the gospel to all nations!" The learned and zealous doctor cites the example of those sturdy pioneers of the Faith of the early days of our own country, Cheverus, and England, of Father King, and of Father Hicker in later days, "Who hired a theatre in the city of Chicago, the very heart of the Republic, to begin the work," that of making the Faith known to the American people. Citing the examples of others among the episcopacy and priesthood, he advocates entering "wherever the Lord makes an opening for the Truth, whether in ocean steamers, universities, or the World's

Fair." And these, he sets forth ably, are but following methods tested by the Apostles and by Christ Himself. The Rev. writer makes a good point when he cites the example of St. Paul when addressing the Athenians, who began "by congratulating his hearers on the amount of religion they possessed." The proposed "Parliament of Religions" certainly deserves thought and prayer on the part of the Catholics of America.

The *Church News*, Washington, D. C., in a brief editorial on the threatened epidemic, condenses a good deal of sound common sense, setting forth "the danger of publishing sensational reports concerning the cholera," it being "a very important fact that all diseases are helped on their work of destruction by nervousness." One cannot but notice the difference of treatment which the subject receives from the pens that edit our various dailies, and fear for the consequences among timid ones who are reached only by blood-freeing reports and prognostications.

The *Ave Maria* voices the feelings of all when it expresses gladness that the work of the Summer School will be continued throughout the year by the formation of classes of study. A correspondent, who sends us no name or address, desires information upon this point. Trusting that this notice will reach her, we simply refer her to Mr. Charles Warren Mosher, *Catholic Reading Circle Review*, Youngstown, Ohio.

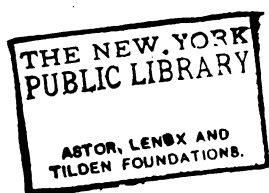
The *Catholic Citizen*, Milwaukee, Wis., in its issue of September 3d, gives the place of honor to a sketch entitled: "At Durward's Glen." It is Eliza Allen Starr's account of the unique home of Prof. Durward, and of the golden wedding of the professor and his wife. The description of the place is a beautiful piece of word-etching, and all that she tells of the family there makes one wish that if our country holds many more such, that the same gifted pen may present them to us. We need more pen-portraits than we have of Catholic life in American Catholic homes.

OCTOBER ROSARY.

INTENTIONS FOR DECEMBER.

The prayers of Rosarians are asked for our Holy Mother the Church, for our Holy Father the Pope, and for the following intentions: For a father addicted to immoderate use of intoxicants; for a good Catholic husband; for the repose of the souls of Patrick and Margaret Duffy; for means to pay off a debt; for a very special intention; for two sorely afflicted and threatened with loss of eyesight; peace in a family; for a widow in need of employment; for the grace of a

good confession; for two sick children; for a man neglecting his religious duties; for the health of a mother; to decide a religious vocation; for the temporal welfare of a religious institution; conversion of a husband, and his speedy reconciliation with his wife; conversion to the faith of one; the restored health of three; the means to succeed in an important undertaking; the return of an absent brother neglecting his religious duties; for one who is heart-broken and disconsolate.





SALVATOR MUNDI.



VOL. II.

JANUARY, 1893.

No. 9

MANUAL OF THE LIVING ROSARY.

Containing an exact account of the origin of the Devotion and of its relations with the great Rosary of St. Dominic ; also the Constitution, Hierarchy, Statutes, Rules, Customs and Indulgences of the Sodality.

Carefully compiled from documents of the Holy See, Statutes of the Supreme Moderators of the Sodality, and Decrees of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences

BY A DOMINICAN PRIEST.

CHAPTER I.

ORIGIN OF THE LIVING ROSARY AND ITS SODALITY.

By reason of the horrible revolution of the last century in France, the Confraternity of the Most Holy Rosary was destroyed in that country, and consequently faith became weakened and the holy practices of religion much neglected. The Dominicans were driven from their Convents, robbed of their just possessions, and the people were thus deprived of the assistance of the Apostles of the Rosary. Heaven, however, did not intend to leave France without assistance, for even before the re-establishment there of the Dominican Order by the immortal Lacordaire, pious and learned ecclesiastics became inflamed with the desire of seeing established among their people a devotion which had served St. Dominic and his sons

so powerfully in destroying heresies and in uprooting scandals, and therefore earnestly stimulated all under their care to have recourse to the "Queen of the Most Holy Rosary through the queen of all prayers."¹

Eager as these zealous ecclesiastics were to have the Rosary as delivered to the world by St. Dominic recited by their spiritual children, they felt that it would not be wise to exact all at once the recitation of the whole Rosary, or even of a chaplet of it from persons who had lost the spirit of prayer and who had manifested so much indifference for spiritual things. Those prudent pastors aimed to draw their people, as if insensibly and by slow steps to the love of the great Rosary, by dividing its parts amongst them. For these reasons the clergy of France introduced everywhere what are called "Living Rosaries"—they were so called because each circle was composed of fifteen persons, each of whom was to recite every day for a month a decade of the Rosary, and meditate on the particular mystery which had been drawn for him by lot and assigned to him by the president of the association. Thus the whole Rosary was recited every day by each circle or band of fifteen members, and each circle constituted a Living Rosary.

PAULINE MARIE JARICOT WAS THE FOUNDESS
OF THE DEVOTION.

It must not be forgotten that the pious ecclesiastics just referred to were moved to introduce into their dioceses, or parishes, the association of the Living Rosary, through the zeal and energy of a holy virgin named Pauline Marie Jaricot. This pious woman had such great love for the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin, which she grieved to find abandoned by almost everybody, and which she despaired of seeing, under the untoward circumstances of the times, restored or revived, that she became determined in 1820, under an inspiration of Heaven, it is believed, to have the Living Rosary established everywhere in France.²

The Holy Church of God, our tender Mother, who knows well, because always illumined from on high, how to conde-

¹ B. Alanus de dignitat. Psalterii.

² Annales de la propagat. de la foi, Vol. xv., page 73.—Narbonne, S.J., Journal religieux de Palerme.

scend to our needs, for the purpose of animating us with the spirit of religion and charity, approved those associations. The supreme Pontiff, Gregory XVI., formally pronounced his apostolic benediction upon them in his Brief *Benedicentes Domino*, issued on January 27th, 1832.

Like all other great works, the Living Rosary devotion had to pass through the ordeal of fierce opposition, and like all other great servants of God, Pauline Marie Jaricot had to endure various species of persecution. In her efforts to propagate this devotion, she was charged with laboring from self-interest, because she distributed religious books among the people, and with endeavoring to destroy the true and great Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary by the novelty of the Living Rosary. This last charge pained her to the innermost depths of her soul; first, because her whole heart was filled with the love of the great Rosary: it was precisely on account of her exalted appreciation of it that she devoted herself to the propagation of the Living Rosary; second, because she had the greatest regard for the sons of St. Dominic on account of their zeal for the glory of the Mother of Our Lord.

Deceived by false reports, the Most Rev. Master-General of the Dominicans addressed her a severe letter in which he reproached her with wishing to destroy or change the devotion of the Rosary by an imprudent innovation. The humble virgin replied immediately to the Most Rev. Général in a manner altogether satisfactory to him and his brethren. The children of St. Dominic at once understood and gave their blessing to Pauline's views. From that time they never ceased to show the highest regard for this servant of God, which followed her to the tomb and even beyond it, for they were the first to glorify her memory.

THE LIVING ROSARY SODALITY AND THE CONFRATERNITY.

The manner of reciting the Living Rosary is different from that employed in the great Rosary. In the Confraternity each member recites the whole Rosary once a week, in order that he may satisfy his obligation and gain all the benefits conceded by the Church and the Dominican Order to faithful members; whereas, in the Living Rosary association, the fifteen decades

are divided out among fifteen persons in such a way that each person recites daily only one decade, and meditates on the mystery assigned to him, and so continues for the space of a month, when the mystery is changed for him. The fifteen members of the Living Rosary form, by the recitation of their respective decades, a group of a definite number of persons, each of whom represents a particular mystery of the Rosary, and hence each circle is called a Living Rosary, or a *rose*, and eleven bands, or circles, a *rose-bush*. The Living Rosary is not a Confraternity, it is only a Sodality.

IT WAS NEVER THE INTENTION OF ANY AUTHORITY, IN OR OF THE CHURCH, THAT THE SODALITY SHOULD IN ANY MANNER INTERFERE WITH THE CONFRATERNITY.

The Living Rosary is a highly sanctioned institution of the Church, and therefore it ought to be regarded by all Christians with reverence, and earnestly propagated and preached by those who desire to draw certain souls to the protection of the incomparable Mary; yet, it should never be so preached or propagated as to make it interfere with either the Confraternity of the Most Holy Rosary, or with the association of the Perpetual Rosary, which are institutions incontestably better and more complete than the Sodality. Furthermore, the Rosary Confraternity and the Perpetual Rosary are organizations far more conformable to tradition, more rich in indulgences, more abundant in heavenly illuminations, and more fruitful of merit.

It is well understood that it was never the intention of any authority in or of the Church that the Living Rosary was to be substituted for, or take the place of, the complete Rosary of St. Dominic, and that it is not allowable for any one to labor to such a purpose. According to its very spirit from its establishment, and according to the intention of those who introduced it into the Church, the great object of the Living Rosary and its Sodality was to "revive among the people love and zeal for the devotion of the great Rosary and its Confraternities."¹ All this is made clear from the authentic document preserved in the archives of the Dominican Convent of

¹ "Pour faire revivre, seconder, favoriser les Confréries des Rosaire."—Vide Leikes, O.P., *Rosa aurea, nota*, pp. 502, seqq.

Lyons,¹ These documents demonstrate, 1st: that Pauline Marie Jaricot, the foundress of the Living Rosary, recited the whole Rosary, viz., the fifteen decades, every day, and continued this practise to the very last day of her life.

2.—The pious organization of the Sisters of the Living Rosary, which was called into existence by the same foundress for the purpose of propagating the devotion of the Living Rosary, daily recited, according to rule, the whole Rosary.

3.—A Confraternity of the Most Holy Rosary was, at the request of the foundress herself, and as a special favor to herself and her associates, erected by the Most Rev. Father Cipolletti, Master-General of the Order of Preachers, on the 7th of November, 1835, in the chapel of St. Philomena, near the celebrated sanctuary of our Lady of Fourvières, and on the very grounds of Pauline Marie Jaricot.

Furthermore, Cardinal Lambruschini, on the 8th of April, 1833, answered in the following manner a question put to him by Canon Betemps, the first Director of the Living Rosary Sodality: "It is evident that the Bull of Clement VIII. is not opposed to the establishment of the Living Rosary in a church in which St. Dominic's Rosary exists, and the reason is plain, for, as you have very well remarked, there is no question of any other Rosary than that of St. Dominic, the difference being only as to the mode of saying it, and not as to the essence." In other words, the Dominican Rosary and the Living Rosary are as to their essence one and the same Rosary. This answer had already been given to a Bishop who proposed the same question.² In the same year (1833), the first Director, Canon Betemps wrote in an opusculè with the title *Manuel du Rosaire Vivant*: "In approving the Living Rosary the Holy Father has not altered the nature of the ancient Rosary; he has only rendered its recitation more easy, frequent, and efficacious; he has thereby bound faster and multiplied more the bonds of charity."³

¹ Acta Sanctæ Sedis, necnon Magistrorum et Capitulorum Generalium Sacri Ordinis Prædicatorum pro Societate SS. Rosarii... Sodalitiis que Rosarii Viventis. Vol. 1. pag. 163 in notis.

² Ex ipso originali in archivo Prædicatorum Lugdunensium asservato.

³ Manuel, 1^{re} edition, 1833.

CHANGE OF GOVERNMENT OF THE SODALITY.

This devotion took deep root in France, and has become popular and widespread over the whole Christian world. Pius IX. of holy memory, finding that its primitive hierarchy had undergone alterations that had disfigured it, and that tendered even to jeopardize its indulgences, as he himself has declared, placed it by his brief *Quod jure hæreditario*, issued on the 17th of August, 1877, entirely and for all times to come under the exclusive control and direction of the Order of the Friars-Preachers. By placing it completely in the hands and under the government of the Superiors of the Order, the Pope has shown his ardent love of the devotion, and his earnest desire to preserve it in existence according to its primitive character. He has placed it where it rightfully belongs; he has united it to the great Rosary as a branch to the trunk which is to nourish and support it.

BRIEF OF PIUS IX., BY WHICH HE PLACES THE LIVING ROSARY ASSOCIATION EXCLUSIVELY UNDER THE CARE AND GOVERNMENT OF THE DOMINICAN ORDER, AND CREATES ITS NEW HIERARCHY.

FOR A PERPETUAL MEMORIAL OF THE EVENT.

"The illustrious Order of the Friars-Preachers has possessed, even in France, by hereditary right, the privilege of propagating the holy devotion of the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary and of erecting Confraternities of the same devotion, and this right has been repeatedly confirmed by the Holy See. Therefore, the Provincials of the three Provinces of France earnestly request that their Order may be put in possession of all its rights in this matter (*post liminii jure*).¹

By the piety and zeal of Marie Jaricot of holy memory, a society was instituted at Lyons under the name of the Living Rosary, the members of which, distributed into groups of fifteen, draw by lot every month one of the mysteries of the Rosary, on which they meditate every day of the month whilst they recite a decade of the Rosary, this being repeated every month. This society, which already embraces a considerable number of members, was approved and enriched with indulgences by our Predecessor, Gregory XVI., of holy memory, who gave to it as Protector, the Most Eminent Cardinal Aloysius Lambrus-

¹ Juxta Ferraris Postliminium est "jus amissæ rei recuperandæ ab extraneo et in Statum pristinum restaurandæ."

chini, Apostolic Nuncio to France, and as Chief Director Father Betemps,¹ Canon of the Metropolitan Church of Lyons, giving him power to institute local directors in the different dioceses and to appoint zelators for the care of the various sections of the society.

At the present time both the Protector and the Chief Director are long since dead, and the Order of the Friars-Preachers has been re-established in France, where it is now divided into three Provinces. Therefore, our beloved sons, the present Superiors of these three Provinces, seeing that the Living Rosary no longer enjoys its original constitution and government, and that it is thus in danger of losing the indulgences granted to it, earnestly entreat us to confide by our authority the supreme direction of the Living Rosary to the Master-General of their Order, and the government of the Sodalities to the various directors of the Confraternities of the Most Holy Rosary in all places where Confraternities are established. Desiring to fulfil the wishes of the three Dominican Provincials of France and to grant special marks of good will to all those who are favored in this letter : We absolve them for this purpose only, and We declare them absolved from every excommunication and interdict, and from all other ecclesiastical sentences, censures, and penalties of whatsoever character, in case they have incurred such, and by our Apostolic authority, We commit for all future times the supreme direction of the Living Rosary to the above-named Master-General of the Order of the Friars-Preachers our Very dear Son, and the government and care of the various Sodalities of the Living Rosary, We, in like manner, confide to the care of the directors of the Rosary Confraternities in all places in which they are established.

Ordaining," &c.

Given at Rome, near St. Peter's, under the ring of the Fisherman, on 17th of August, 1877, in the 32d year of our Pontificate.

L. + S.

F. CARD. ASQUINIUS.

CHAPTER II.

The Chief Director of the Rosary in all its forms declares how important it is for all Sodalists of the Living Rosary association to follow strictly the decrees enacted for their benefit by the Holy See and the Supreme Moderators in the following letter of the Dominican General to all Sodalists :

" We, Brother Joseph, Mary Larroca, humble Master-General and servant of the whole Order of the Friars-Preachers, to all the associates of the Living Rosary, greetings and the spirit of prayer :

As it belongs by hereditary right to the office with which we

¹ The right name is Metemps, and not Betemps : it is rather singular that the name Betemps occurs in all the Documents of the Living Rosary.

are charged, to promote the interests of the association known by the name of the Living Rosary, we have concluded that we could do nothing better or more advantageous for the well-being of the organization than to collect together all the decisions given until now by the authority of the Holy See and of the Supreme Moderators in favor of this association, and to publish them with the authenticity to which they are entitled.

Besides the fundamental laws just referred to, Directors, each for the associates confided to his special care, may frame particular local regulations according as they may deem it expedient in the Lord to do so ; for, in order that this devotion may flourish, it is necessary that all the associates follow strictly their Superiors in everything ordained by them for the good government of the local organizations, provided that such local legislation does not openly conflict with the Decrees of the Holy See, or with those of the Supreme Moderators. It is our will that, in all books, opuscles and leaflets, which are to be published hereafter on the devotion of the Living Rosary, whether by Religious of our Order or by persons outside of it, the Decrees of Supreme authority, viz., those now published by us, and which have for all Sodalists of the Living Rosary legislative force, be carefully distinguished from all regulations which are only local, that is, those framed or enacted by the authority of directors, and which have only directive weight. No Sodalist who keeps in mind the distinction that must be made between the two classes of rules just described, can, in any serious degree, fail to possess the knowledge required for the performance of duty.

If, then, there should be found any obscurity in books heretofore published on the association of the Living Rosary, that obscurity must be interpreted according to the light imparted by the *Authentic Documents* ; but, if anything contrary to these same documents should be found in those books, it must be rejected, and in its place be substituted the teaching of the *Legislative Decrees*. As we are well aware that quite recently certain doubts have arisen among the faithful in regard to this devotion, we expressly declare : 1. That there is but one Living Rosary ; 2. It is exclusively under the care of our Order ; 3. We do not permit it to be joined to any other Sodality of

whatsoever name, as for example, to the Association of the "Rosary of the 'Apostleship of Prayer,'" or to that of the "Rosary of the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus," or any other similar organization, lest the indulgences of the Living Rosary should be exposed to the danger of being lost.

And in order that our will in regard to this matter may be clearly understood by all, we deprive by these presents all Zelators, Zelatrices, Counsellors, Presidents, and even Directors, who propagate the Living Rosary as joined to any other association of all faculties, and we declare them so deprived, and we take from them all opportunity of interfering with the legitimate propagation and government of the Living Rosary.

Nevertheless, members of any other association may belong to the Living Rosary, and, in like manner, the associates of the Living Rosary may join any other pious organization, but on this express condition, that the obligations assumed are distinct from each other, and are not to be mingled or confounded together.

Furthermore, we hope that this devotion, now established on its own basis, and circumscribed within its own limits, may become a vigorous offshoot, though the latest, of the great Dominican Rose-bush, and we earnestly exhort all the associates, the more so, because just now grave calamities afflict our holy Mother the Church, to implore piously with their whole heart the Queen of the Most Holy Rosary—the Help of Christians, and not to cease their fervent supplications to her, 'so that by means of this prayer' as of a most powerful war-weapon, the enemies of Christianity, being at last vanquished and routed, may be compelled to abandon the criminal audacity of their impiety.' "

Given at Rome, from our residence, 22d of April, 1887.

BR. JOSEPH MARY LARROCA,

Master-General of the whole Order of the Friars Preachers.

DECREES OF THE HOLY SEE.

As soon as the Vicar of Christ, Pius IX. of happy memory, had, by his Brief *Quod jure hæreditario*, placed the Living Rosary exclusively in the hands and under the government of

¹ Leo PP. XIII. *Supremi apostolatus*, I. September, 1883.

the Dominicans, the Most Rev. Father Joseph Maria Sanvito, being then the Vicar-General of the whole Order, commenced the work of the re-establishment of the Sodality. The late Most Rev. Master-General, Father Joseph Maria Larroca, added some new declarations to those enacted in 1877 and 1879 by his worthy predecessor. The following are the decisions of the Holy See and of the Supreme Moderators:

1. Directors of the Living Rosary, all and each, whether general or diocesan, who held office by legitimate title on the 15th of November, 1877, have been confirmed for life in office, and are empowered to appoint new prefects¹ or promoters over circles already established, and even over new associations or circles.

2. In like manner, all prefects or promoters who held office on the 15th of November, 1877, have been confirmed therein for life.

3. All persons hitherto received or to be hereafter received into the Sodality by those prefects, are to be regarded as lawfully admitted members and as being in a condition to share fully in all the graces and indulgences of the Living Rosary association.

4. Directors, even diocesan, thus confirmed in office, cannot any longer, as formerly, appoint or select new directors.

5. New directors cannot be appointed by any one but the Most Rev. Master-General of the Dominican Order, or through his delegators, by the Provincials in their respective Provinces.

6. All directors of Confraternities of the great Rosary, which have been canonically erected with the authority of the Master-General of the Order, and with the consent of the Ordinary of the place in which they are established, or which shall be hereafter so erected, are to be regarded as legitimate moderators *pleno jure et ipso facto* of the Living Rosary Sodality, as is clear from the Brief of Pius IX., *Quod jure hæreditario*.

¹ In the documents of the Church and also in those of the Order, the officer of a band or circle is called *zelator*, *zelatrix* and *promoter*. In the English language the term prefect or promoter admirably expresses the whole meaning of the functions intended by the office, and can be conveniently applied to persons of either sex.

7. But in as much as the association of the Living Rosary can by no means lay claim to the title of Confraternity, for it does not possess a Confraternity register in which the names of its members are to be inscribed, nor are its members obliged to public exercises, but are divided into bands of fifteen, each of whom meditates daily for a month on a certain mystery and recites his decade of the Rosary, it is, in no sense, to be regarded as bound by the usual laws that govern Confraternities, and hence several Living Rosary associations may exist in the same place under their various legitimate directors. Since, then, laws have no retractive force, directors appointed previously to 1877, and confirmed with a personal title in office for life, may continue their work of zeal as before, even in places in which a Confraternity of the Most Holy Rosary or a Convent of Dominican Fathers exists. It is quite otherwise, however, with directors or presidents who have received their appointment since November 15th, 1877.

8. Provincials of the Dominican Order, each within the limits of his own Province, may appoint local directors, but not those termed general or diocesan. Should it be found necessary to have in certain places general or diocesan directors, recourse must be had in every case to the Most Rev. General of the Order.

Hence, as a director now receives faculties only for a certain and specified place, if he is moved from that place, or if he is transferred from the pastorship of one church to that of another, *ipso facto* the faculties formerly conceded to him cease. In like manner, a new parish priest who finds that in the parish committed to his care there is a duly established Sodality of the Living Rosary, ought, before assuming the government of the Sodalists, to obtain for himself the faculty of local director in his new parish, and this, though he had already discharged the same office in other parishes.

9. By special delegation of the Master-General of the Order, Provincials may appoint directors in places in which at the present no Dominican province exists, as in Switzerland, Algiers, &c.

10. Provincials cannot appoint directors of the Sodality in places in which the Confraternity of the Most Holy Rosary is

canonically established, for in those places the directors of the Confraternity are *de jure et ipso facto* the directors of the Sodality. But should special reasons exist for instituting additional directors in certain places, recourse must be had in each case to the Most Rev. Master-General of the Order.

11. If a Confraternity of the Most Holy Rosary should be at any time erected in a place in which there has heretofore existed only the Sodality, and if that Sodality is governed by a director or president who has been appointed to office since the 15th of November, 1877, by the very fact of the erection of the Confraternity, the faculties of the director or president of the Living Rosary, whether granted to him by the General or by the Provincial, expire, and the director of the Confraternity enjoys with full right all power in all matters relating to the Living Rosary in the place referred to and under the circumstances stated.

12. In places in which the Confraternity of the Most Holy Rosary is not established, Provincials may appoint local directors of the Living Rosary, either for life or for a limited time, as they may judge most prudent in the Lord.

13. The following formula, at least in substance, is the one used by Provincials in imparting faculties to priests who desire to establish the Living Rosary Sodality in their parishes :

"We, Brother.....Prior Provincial of the Province....of the Sacred Order of Preachers....consider it as one of the chief duties of our office to labor most zealously for the daily propagation and increase of devotion to the Most Holy Mother of God and her Rosary, which has been repeatedly declared by the Apostolic See to belong by hereditary right to our Order.

As, therefore, our Most Holy Lord, Pope Pius IX., by his Brief dated 17th of August, 1877, has committed the supreme government of the Living Rosary to the Most Rev. Master-General of the Order, by the authority delegated by him to us, we appoint and institute you.....the director of the Living Rosary Sodality in the city or place commonly called....and we decree and declare that you are appointed to, and are in full possession of all the rights and graces which are known to belong to that office, provided, however, there does not exist in the place named a Confraternity of the Most Holy Rosary canonically established, that is, with the authority of the Master-General of the Order and the consent of the Ordinary of the diocese. But if, at any time in the future, a Confraternity should be erected in the place in which you are now the duly appointed director of the Living Rosary Sodality, *ipso facto* the faculties now conceded by us to you shall expire : for every director of a Confraternity of the Rosary possesses *de jure et regulariter* in his own district or territory,

the government of the Living Rosary Sodality and of its prefects and associates."

Given.....day.....month.....Year.

14. Although local directors can no longer appoint other directors, they may, however, commission one or more men or women with the title of president or president's prefect, or any similar title, whose office it will be to preside, under the authority of the director, over the several prefects of the place.

15. This, too, Provincials may do in places in which the Rosary Confraternity is not established, and in which the local clergy may not feel inclined to assume the responsibility of directorship.

16. Although, as a rule, there should not be more than one director of a Sodality in any city or place, yet, if for some special reason or reasons two or more are needed there, permission to institute them can be obtained by having recourse to the General of the Order.

17. Although there ought to be no other director of the Sodality besides the director of the Confraternity in places in which both associations exist, nevertheless the Master-General of the Dominicans can permit, *ex gratia speciali*, Superiors of Religious Communities, as well of men as of women, to institute independently of the Provincials of the Order, and of the directors of Confraternities of the Most Holy Rosary, circles or bands among the members of their Congregation (*alumni* or *alumnae*) and to perform other functions of director.¹

18. By a declaration of the Most Rev. Father Joseph Maria Sanvito, the first Supreme Moderator of the Living Rosary association after the promulgation of the Brief of Pius IX. *Quod jure hæreditario*, all Sodalists are informed that "all and each of these associations must have the one selfsame name of Living Rosary without any additional title, and that the greatest care must be taken that no novelty be introduced into the method of reciting the usual mysteries of the Most Sacred Rosary, by which the *authentic* Rosary so dear to God and the Blessed Virgin might be interfered with." ² The second Su-

¹ Leo PP. XIII. Ex decreto S. C. Indulg. 18 Maii, 1889.
Decret. de lib. prohibit. in Indice, iv. 8.

preme Moderator made the foregoing declaration far more full and explicit. ¹

19. "Since the devotion of the Most Holy Rosary, as it was established by the blessed Patriarch St. Dominic, chiefly aims at nourishing the minds and hearts of the faithful by their assiduous meditation on all the mysteries of the infancy, sufferings, and glory of Our Lord Jesus Christ, and the prerogatives of His Most Blessed Mother, therefore let the directors of the Living Rosary and, indeed, all who labor for the propagation of this pious Sodality, most earnestly encourage and keep before the people the form of prayer which Our Father St. Dominic valued so much as a remedy for the evils of his own times, and which is to-day so powerful to increase faith and charity in the hearts of the faithful, and let them ever carefully bear in mind that the Living Rosary devotion is only, as it were, a noviceship for the complete Rosary established by St. Dominic, and that its Sodalities are only a preparatory school for the perfect practice of the Rosary, an avenue leading to the great confraternity, whose spiritual fruits are so much more abundant and whose treasury of indulgences is immeasurably greater." * *

20. When a pious priest wishes to establish the Living Rosary Sodality in a parish or place in which there is no Confraternity of the Rosary, he need not apply to the Ordinary for testimonial letters, nor for his approbation of the Statutes. The reason is plain: there is question only of a Sodality, and not of a Confraternity.

21. Prefects should have regularly, every month, meetings of their bands or circles, so that the mysteries may be distributed by lot to each member. The Supreme Pontiffs have, in their

¹ See Father Larroca's letter to the Sodalists, chapter II. near the beginning.

² "Acta Sanctæ Sedis necnon Supremorum Moderatorum pro Sodalitate a Rosario-Vivente nuncupata," pag. 19-20. No. 20, Romæ, 1887, et Append. X. No. 5, pag. 46.

* Father Larroca says: "The Sodalists can gain only the indulgences granted to their pious association, but by no means those conceded to the Confraternity, though some persons erroneously maintain the contrary."—Instruct. ad Provinciales, anno 1884.

approbations of the Sodality, called attention to this point. If, however, the aforesaid meetings be not feasible, the prefect of each band, with two of his or her associates, may proceed to the drawing by lot of the mysteries for each member of the circle. This method has been authorized by His Holiness, Pope Gregory XVI., through his Eminence Cardinal Lambruschini, Protector of the Sodality of the Living Rosary.

22. If, however, the associates agree together or privately (after the distribution of the mysteries among the members of the circle had once been made by the drawing of lot),¹ each to take the next mystery after the one before recited by him, according to the natural order of the decades or mysteries,² the devotion may be thus maintained and the indulgences equally secured, according to a declaration *vivæ vocis* of the same Gregory XVI.

23. Bands or circles in which the mysteries are changed for the members by the usual manner of drawing by lot, may postpone the distribution for fifteen days beyond the month from the last drawing, whenever a reasonable cause presents itself: for example, the occurrence of some particular feast. So Gregory XVI. declared, 7th June, 1839—*Oraculo vivæ vocis*.

24. In order that any one may become a true Sodalist, and gain the indulgences already conceded or yet to be conceded to the Sodality, he must necessarily be admitted into the organization by some lawful prefect. (*Summar. Indulg.*).

25. In order to gain all the indulgences conceded to the Sodality, Sodalists must recite their daily decade on beads blessed by a Dominican Father or some other priest who has received from the Most Rev. General the faculty to bless rosaries.³ Directors of the Living Rosary have not, by reason of their office, the faculty to bless rosaries: for their powers consist simply in appointing presidents, counsellors, and prefects, and in presiding in certain localities over their respective Sodalities.

¹ Some mistakes have occurred from not comprehending the full meaning of No. 22.

² This manner of receiving the mysteries is called *rotation* or *succession*. Those who receive their mysteries by *rotation* or *succession*, cannot use the privilege specified in No. 23.

³ S. C. Indulg. 2. Febr. 1877.

Hence directors who have not sought for and specially obtained the faculty referred to, should apply for it either to the General of the Order or to the Provincial of their territory or district.

26. Every priest who receives what are called the " 'Personal Faculties' of the Rosary," either from the General of the Order or from the Provincial of his district, may freely use those faculties without having them visaed by the Ordinary, for they are conceded by Apostolic authority, and in the rescript of concession there is no mention made of the necessity of showing them to the Bishop of the diocese in which they are to be used. ¹

27. Sodalists of the Living Rosary are by no means members of the Confraternity of the Most Holy Rosary, and therefore do not share in the privileges, graces, or indulgences of that Confraternity. ²

28. Members of a circle, from which one or more persons have been removed by death or any other cause, do not cease to gain the indulgences, if the prefect substitutes within a month from the day of his notification of the event, new members in place of those removed. (Gregory XVI.).

29. If one or more of the members of a circle fail through negligence, or from any other cause, to recite their decades, the other Sodalists by no means lose the indulgences: of course, those who fail to comply with their obligations suffer the penalty of their infidelity to duty in their loss of graces and indulgences. (Gregory XVI.).

(To be Continued.)

"THINK—think what you do when you run into debt; you give to another power over your liberty. If you cannot pay at the time, you will be ashamed to see your creditor; you will be in fear when you speak to him; you will make poor, pitiful, sneaking excuses, and by degrees come to lose your veracity and sink into base, downright lying, for the second vice is lying, the first is running in debt."—*Franklin*.

¹ S. C. Indulg. 5. Febr. 1841.

² On this point many writers in the past have egregiously erred.

THE ROSARY OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

MARGARET E. JORDAN.

PRELUDE.

Salvator Mundi,—"Saviour of the World!"

'Twas in eternity's ne'er ending span
Thou, in the Father, hadst eternal birth.
In Mary's life Thy human life began,
When came time's fulness for the gift to earth.

Life joyful, sorrowful, and glorious!
On Mary's beads adoringly we tell
Its mysteries, renewed each day for us
In the sweet Eucharist where Thou dost dwell.

THE MYSTERIES.

Sweet Jesus, Thou for us didst take
A human form in Mary's womb;
So in the Eucharist for our sake
The form of bread Thou dost assume.

O Jesus dear, O Food divine!
Be Thou our strength till toil is o'er;
True Friend, for whom each heart doth pine,
Stay with us ever, we implore;
Fill Thou our hearts with love of Thine—
Aid us to thank Thee ever more.

Borne, Jesus, o'er Judean hills,
Heav'n's joy and peace Thy presence brings;
So Thy sweet Eucharist e'er thrills
Hearts at Thy coming, King of kings!
O Jesus dear, etc.

In Bethlehem's stable Thou dost rest,
Thy Mother's arms Thy chosen place ;
So in the Eucharist each breast
May fold Thee in a fond embrace.
O Jesus dear, etc.

Thy light to Simeon doth reveal,
Dear Jesus, Thy divinity ;
So near the Eucharist we kneel,
And Faith's pure light revealeth Thee.
O Jesus dear, etc.

Dear Christ-child ! Sages gaze on Thee,
And hear Thy teaching wonder-stirred ;
So from the Eucharist oft we
In the heart's temple hear Thy word.
O Jesus dear, etc.

* * * * *

Alone in dread Gethsemane,
With none, dear Christ, to watch and pray !
So in the Eucharist oft we
Leave Thee deserted, night and day.
O Jesus dear, etc.

Scourged, dearest Lord, by cruel thong
In that dread night of agony ;
So in the Eucharist the throng
Of man's ingratitude smites Thee.
O Jesus dear, etc.

Mocked, Dearest Lord, and crowned with thorn,
A reed the sceptre of Thy sway ;
So in the Eucharist is borne
Insult as keen by Thee each day.
O Jesus dear, etc.

Thy shoulders, Jesus, Thou dost bow,
The heavy cross is laid on Thee ;
So in the Eucharist art Thou
Burdened with man's iniquity !
O Jesus dear, etc.

The immolation is complete—
 Death holds Thee, Jesus, in his power ;
 So doth the Eucharist repeat
 In mystic death that last dread hour.
 O Jesus dear, etc.

* * * * *

Dead wast Thou, Lord, yet from the dead
 Life takest—Victor in the strife !
 So in the Eucharist doth bread
 Lifeless, become Thine own true life.
 O Jesus dear, etc.

Thou dost ascend, dear Lord, to Heaven,
 Bearing Thy loved ones' hearts with Thee ;
 So through the Eucharist 'tis given
 Our souls upraised with Thine to be.
 O Jesus dear, etc.

Thou sendest Him, Thy Spirit Dove,
 Dear Lord, to be our guide each day ;
 So from the Eucharist of Love
 He cometh forth to us always.
 O Jesus dear, etc.

Thy Blessed Mother, dearest Lord,
 Thou dost assume to reign with Thee !
 Still, round the Eucharistic board
 She keepeth watch, how lovingly !
 O Jesus dear, etc.

Heav'n's crown is placed on Mary's brow,
 Queen of thy Heart is she, dear King !
 Before the Eucharist we bow,
 With her, *Magnificat* to sing.
 O Jesus dear, etc.

“THE insolent civility of a proud man is, if possible, more shocking than his rudeness could be ; because he shows you, by his manner, that he thinks it mere condescension in him ; and that his goodness alone bestows upon you what you have no pretence to claim.”—*Chesterfield*.

SANDA MUHUNA'S PALACE.

A Legend of far India.

JOHN A. MOONEY.

INTRODUCTION.

THE Acts of the Apostles make no mention of the part played by St. Thomas in the spread of the Gospel. A tradition, however, says that he established the faith among the Medes, Persians, Caramanians, Hyrcanians, and Bactrians; and that, having suffered martyrdom, his body was entombed at Edessa. A second tradition transports him to Ceylon, and thence along the coast of Southern India. In the 16th century, the Portuguese located the place of his martyrdom, in the neighborhood of Meliapur, (Madras). There, as they piously believed, they found the Apostle's bones, and a part of the lance with which he was killed. In his honor they forthwith built a church, and a new town that still goes by the name of "St. Thomas."

Following the second tradition, we have placed the scene of our legend in Tambrâparni or Ceylon. Some of the incidents here narrated are suggested in a "religious novel" that dates from the first century: "The Acts of the Apostle Thomas." This work was not only imaginative, but also heretical. In the early days, Christians and heretics used the novel as an effective means of conveying their doctrines to the people. Nowadays the heretics have the novel almost wholly to themselves. Inasmuch as it is a work of fancy the legend here narrated bears a resemblance to the older one. There the resemblance ends, the writer's purpose being to make the story serve the cause of Christian truth, and not of heresy. Buddhism is fashionable just now, and there are choice souls who are happy in thinking they understand its philosophy. Poet, novelist, essayist, tire not in expounding its mysteries, and in glorifying its precepts. We have been satisfied with a sketch of the outer covering of Buddhism, and of the shameful idolatry and childish superstitions that made and make it repellant to right-thinking men.

The descriptions of monuments, dresses and customs, have been drawn from the *Mahawanso*, or Sacred Books of Ceylon; from the travels of Fah-Hian and Sung-Yun; from the remains of Arrian, the works of Tennent and Wheeler, and the valuable publications of Cunningham, Fergusson, and Birdwood. Haeckel's agreeable account of a journey in Ceylon has been of service in acquiring a knowledge of the flora and fauna of the island. The language used in the conversations has been taken in great part from the Gospels and Epistles. No reference is made to the texts, lest the frequent repetition of foot-notes should tire even the kindly-disposed reader.

CHAPTER I.

BARGAIN AND SALE.

At the very time that Paul and Barnabas were chosen to be among the twelve, Judas Thomas, the Twin, came to Jerusalem, bringing good tidings of the Gospel from Edessa, beyond the Euphrates, and from King Agbar, who was filled with zeal for the faith of Christ. Thomas consulted with Peter, and with James, the bishop of Jerusalem, and with the new Apostles, as to where he should next carry the cross. Neither prayer nor council had enlightened his mind, when Paul and the beloved Barnabas took leave of him on the morning they set out for Cyprus.

Now as they two went through the gate of the city, there entered by the same gate, a stranger, dressed after a fashion they knew not. He stopped them, asking the way to the market-place. And when Paul had instructed the stranger as to what streets he should follow, he hastened his steps, peering once and again into the faces of those whom he passed. As he entered the market-place, he came up with a young man, cleanly built, having a pure eye and a most winning expression. The stranger was drawn to the youth, and made bold to address him. "I come from a far distance," said he. "My name is Abinissa. I am of good birth and serve a great master, Sanda Muhuna, king of Tambrâparni, that floats on the sea. By his orders I have journeyed to your famed city in search of a master-builder; one skilled in the planning of monuments

and of palaces, and in the artful use of precious woods, and of rare metals, and of costly stones ; for my master has conceived wondrous works, and he seeks a hand fit to execute them. Could you help me to fulfil my commission?" The youth made answer that he could ; and lifting up his right hand, and pointing a finger across the market-place, he said : " See you him who stands by the pillar, the well-formed man, tall, with brown, curly hair, and a close-cut, rough beard?" " I see," replied Abinissa. " Go you to him, then," the youth said, " and tell him your business. He will accompany you. I promise you he shall do better work than your master dreams of." " It is well," Abinissa made answer ; " but I would buy the man from his master. Where shall I find him?" " His master hath gone a long journey," the other said. " Yet is he not far away ; for, indeed it is not a great while since he took his departure. However, you need have no care. This matter he has left in my hands." " Thirty pieces of silver " will I give," quoth the stranger. " It is my master's price," the youth promptly answered. " The bargain is made. I will leave you now," he added. " Thomas Didymus is the name by which you will address him whom I have sold to you. Say to him that Michael who was sent, hath sent you ; and say that I said it is the Lord's will that he do as I bid." Then, smiling, the handsome youth disappeared in the crowd.

Quickly crossing the market-place, Abinissa went up to the man with the brown, curly hair. A beautiful man he was ; smooth-skinned, broad-browed, fresh and vigorous. " Thomas Didymus?" he asked. " So men call me," was the answer. " I have purchased you," said Abinissa, " for my master, King Sanda Muhuna, king of Tambrâparni that floats on the sea." " Pray, from whom did you purchase me?" exclaimed Thomas, with an air of astonishment. " From one Michael, who claimed to stand in the place of your master," answered the stranger. " I know him not," said the Apostle. " Then I am undone!" cried Abinissa, raising his hands above his head. " This Michael told me to say to you : ' It is the Lord's will that you do as I bid.' Foolish man that I was ! I believed him, and paid him—thirty pieces of silver—and I took no receipt." Hearing the words, Thomas started. He had the stranger repeat them.

And then the Apostle knew that Michael was the Angel, and that the Lord had chosen this way of showing His will, and of pointing out the people to whom He would have His servant carry the glad tidings of the Gospel.

The message took Thomas by surprise; but he showed no further sign of feeling. "The bargain is a safe one," said he to Abinissa. "It is indeed my Master who has given me to you. What is your pleasure?" "To-morrow," the stranger replied, "I shall set out for my own land. Do you meet me here on this very spot, at the beginning of the second hour after the sun's rising; and bring with you what things are needful for the journey! First of all, though, tell me this. Michael reported that you were a skillful designer and builder. Did he speak true?" "Surely," said Thomas. "Monuments will I build, to outlast the Egyptian; strong walls and gates; and palaces reaching into the heavens, whose foundations neither thunder, nor evil spirits, nor the quaking earth, shall disturb; and jewelled thrones, the like of which no man hath seen, and whose beauty shall forever endure." Abinissa heard with delight. "My master will be glorified," said he. "I pray it may be so," answered Thomas, "for to that end shall I labor." Thereupon they parted.

The next morning, on the minute, Abinissa was at the appointed place, and there he found Thomas awaiting him. The stranger brought helpers and asses; and, when all things were ready, the whole party set out. And they departed by the same gate wherein Abinissa had entered the previous day. And Abinissa rode first; but Thomas was the hindmost. Now as he passed through the gate, a youth came silently from behind one of the stone piers; and, seizing the reins that Thomas held, he placed a purse in the Apostle's hand, saying: "Here are thirty pieces of silver, even the same for which thou wert sold! Thy price is as great as thy master's; and thy work shall be blessed; and thou shalt suffer for the truth, after the manner of Him who chose thee. And do thou remember the Lord's words: Having faith like to a grain of mustard seed, you may say to the mulberry tree: Be thou plucked up by the root, and be thou transplanted into the sea, and it shall obey you." And when Thomas would have answered, the

youth had disappeared. Then the Apostle knew that it was indeed Michael, the angel, who had taken his hand, and given him the silver, and spoken these encouraging words.

Now not one of the party had noticed the youth, nor had any one remarked that Thomas was not with them. And he hurried the pace of the not unwilling animal that bore him, and ere long he came up with the others. And then, for the first time, he inquired whither they were going; and he was told that they were bound for Elath, on the Arabian *Gulf*.

CHAPTER II.

A SEA VOYAGE.—THE DOVE AND THE BOOK.

In due time the caravan reached Elath, safe and sound. No adventure worthy of recounting had befallen them by the way. The vessel of the Singhalese merchant rode at anchor in the port, and Abinissa lost not a moment in sending word to the captain to draw into the pier. Amid shouts of welcome, the baggage was hurried on board. Quickly the anchor was lifted, and, before nightfall there was joy in every heart as the trim ship sped on her way. Day after day the wind blew fair; the white sails, full-spread, recalled the wings of the sea-fowl; gently the waters opened before the curved prow. Abinissa was much occupied with the direction of the course, and with the maintenance of order, and thus Thomas was left to himself for hours at a time; though, occasionally, the merchant came to him and discoursed to him of Africa and of Arabia, and of the geography and of the inhabitants of those countries.

Now Thomas had a habit of seating himself on the deck, about midway of the vessel; and thus seated he looked out on the rolling waves, or read, and meditated over a book which he carried with him everywhere. The sailors, who heard that he was a great architect, and who looked upon him with a feeling of awe, were much exercised about this book; and those whose duties brought them near him, often looked over his shoulder and peered wonderingly at the strange characters that filled the pages. Abinissa's curiosity was also excited and he questioned the Apostle concerning the book. It was, Thomas said, a history of his nation, and of the great Kings

that had ruled the Hebrews, and a record of the words of their holy and inspired men, and, besides, a record of the teachings of his master. And Abinissa examined the book, which was made of parchment, and which, when it was rolled up and fastened, seemed to be quite small, but which, indeed, when it was unrolled, displayed a great deal of writing. And Thomas explained the characters to Abinissa, and told him the name of the language in which the book was written; for the writing was strange to Abinissa. Now the book was written in Greek. Thomas did not think it a becoming time to speak to the merchant about Jesus, and about the great mystery of His coming into the world, and about His glorious life and death; and therefore he referred to Him always as "the Master." And they had passed out of the Gulf and were beating their way along the southern coast of Arabia, in the open sea, when, for the first time since they had set sail, a sudden squall came up, without any warning. And the waves lifted up their heads angrily, and the wind whistled through the cordage and the strong masts were bent down, and the sails were stretched as though they would break away. But Abinissa and the captain were prompt; and the men reefed the sails, and the vessel, which had lurched, soon righted herself. And now Abinissa noticed that Thomas was no longer by the rail in his accustomed place, and he feared, because the thought came to his mind that perhaps the architect had been thrown into the sea. And hurrying forward with some of the sailors, he found Thomas lying on the deck, in the middle of the vessel, and somewhat stunned, though not otherwise injured. And lifting him up Abinissa besought him to go below; but the Apostle would not. And, after a few minutes' rest, he looked about him and exclaimed: "The book! Has it gone?" And to Abinissa he explained, that, when the squall struck the ship, he had the roll in his hand, and that, being flung forward violently, the roll, no doubt, was loosed from his grasp. And while some looked about the deck, a sailor cried out suddenly and pointed with his finger, and there, in the distance, they saw the roll high up on the very point of a wave. Even the sight of the book brought joy to the soul of Thomas. And he said to Abinissa: "Can you not recover it for me?" But the

merchant shook his head, answering: "The wind is furious and the sea is mad. To chase the book with my ship is impossible, and to put a small boat in the sea would be to condemn the sailors to death. If I could allay the wind and the waves, I would bring back the roll; but only the all-powerful Buddha himself could perform such a miracle." Then Thomas bent his head, and lifted up his two hands and prayed aloud saying: "O my Lord and my Saviour! Thou who didst quiet the raging waters and even walk upon the sea, help me now in my distress and deprive me not of the comfort and the power of Thy word." Abinissa did not understand this prayer, but he wondered much at the action and the manner of the Apostle, and presently turning his eyes in the direction where he had last seen the book floating, he pointed with his finger, and exclaimed: "As I live, there it is, dancing on the crest of the wave! Can you perceive it?" And Thomas looked and saw. After an instant the book disappeared, and then suddenly came in sight again, rising and falling as the great waves mounted on high or swept down into the deep. And while they, and as many of the sailors as dare, watched the roll ascend and descend, a cry of amazement went up from the sailors. For lo! a white bird was seen to struggle with the wind, and then to dip down to the very surface of the wave; and then, rising up in the air, the bird seemed to be winging its way to the sky. And thereafter, though Thomas and Abinissa and the Captain and the sailors looked sharply, they could not see the book. And the word went around that it had sunk; though one man claimed that he had seen the white bird carry off the roll in his beak.

Now the bird had hardly disappeared in the air, when the wind ceased, and the sea became quiet, and it was as if there had been no storm. And they were both amazed and rejoiced; and at once the sailors began to let the sheets free again. And as they were at work, suddenly, all hands were surprised by a strange sound like the fluttering of wings, and, looking, they perceived a white bird; and, still more were they astonished when they saw that the bird was a dove. Now Thomas was standing somewhat forward, and looking toward the prow; and he was unaware of the coming of the

bird. And he was startled when he felt a weight descend upon his head, and he thought that a piece of the sail had fallen upon him. And before he could raise his hand to his head, he heard a noise on the deck at his feet, and looking downward, he perceived a book; and in his excitement, he bent down and lifted the roll, and cried out with great joy. And as he cried out, he became aware that the weight had been lifted from his head. At the same moment he heard strange sounds in the air and the voices of the crew shouting loudly: "The white bird! the white bird!" and looking up quickly, Thomas saw the dove flying away toward the coast. Then he knew that the Lord had heard his prayer. And he gave thanks silently and devoutly.

And after Abinissa and the sailors had strained their eyes, following the course of the white dove until they could no longer distinguish it from the atmosphere, the merchant came to Thomas and said to him: "You are a magician. What was it you said when you stretched out your arms and bent your head? Did you pray to a spirit?" "You surmise aright," was the Apostle's reply. "I prayed to the Spirit of spirits, to Him who controls the wind and the sea, and who masters all things except the unwilling wills of men." "Some Spirit heard you," muttered Abinissa. "The wind and the sea abated as if by magic. And the bird—but show me the book!" Then Thomas handed him the roll, and Abinissa examined the exterior, wonderingly; and then he unrolled the parchment, expressing astonishment again and again. And when he had unrolled it fully, he raised the book up as high as he could reach, and he cried out with a loud voice, so that all might hear him: "A wonder! a wonder! the book is the same that ye all saw in the sea; and I bear testimony that it is as dry as if it had been in the cabin. And there is no stain upon it, nor is it swelled, nor is it shrunken, but perfect even as it was this morning." And calling them one by one, he showed them the parchment; and when every man had seen it, he rolled it up and fastened it and returned it to Thomas, saying: "You have the greatest book in the world." "I have indeed," replied Thomas, "and it is open to all men." "I would almost give my life for that book, were it mine," Abinissa said, with

feeling. "Not for the book indeed, would I give my life," the Apostle answered; "but for Him whose wisdom inspired the book, and whose works and life are written therein, I would give my life joyfully." Now Abinissa understood him not; but thereafter he and all those aboard looked upon Thomas as a man favored by some god; and they were reverent to him, and considerate of him, because he bore himself so modestly for a man who was evidently so gifted.

CHAPTER III.

LAND.

From this day forth the weather was as mild as it had been before the squall struck the ship. Gentle winds wafted them onward. Each day the sky was clear blue, and the sun shone bright; and each night the moon and the stars danced in the glittering sea. Gaily the good ship hurried her precious freight to Ceylon's rocky shore. When, early one morning, Thomas, who had not yet gone up on deck, heard the sailors shouting and singing, he guessed that the land was in sight. And going up above, he saw, in the distance, a great mountain climbing toward the clouds. "Joy! joy!" cried Abinissa. "We are near home. There you behold the monarch of the hills of my country, the Peak of Adam. Never have your eyes rested on a more glorious sight. See you not how beautifully it is clothed with green velvet from base to crown? And should it not be beautiful beyond compare? Did not the blest Buddha press its soil with his holy feet? In the hollow of the great rock that tops the summit, you may still view the mark of his footsteps. There pious pilgrims climb from morn till night, to worship at the sacred shrine; and there three thousand monks care for the temple that covers the imprint of the holy feet."

Soon the precipitous coast came in sight. Leisurely the sailors took in sail. Men were sent forward, to be on the lookout lest the vessel should strike some hidden ledge; for the channel was dangerous and many a richly laden craft had foundered within sight of land. All went well; and at length the vessel turned into a broad harbor. From the deck,

Thomas could see the houses rising one above another on the rocky slope, and he could look into the narrow, winding streets. Flags and streamers floated in the air; and on the wharves, and in the streets, crowds of men and women marched back and forth; and the sound of happy voices and of gay music was carried on the wings of the breeze to the ship.

"A day's journey hence, by land," said Abinissa to Thomas, "and we shall be in the capital of my master's kingdom, at Anuradhapura, the sacred city. Here we are at Mahawatte-totte. They are joyous to-day; but why I know not. It is not one of our festival days." And while he was speaking a number of small boats gathered about the vessel; and the men in the boats welcomed the sailors and offered them fruits, the like of which Thomas had never seen; and Abinissa questioned one of the boatmen, whereupon many answered him. And they told him that the reason of the crowds and the music, was, that the king's only daughter was to be married, and that the king had declared a great festival, lasting a whole week.

Now Abinissa knew how tender a love the king had for his daughter; and he was rejoiced that the vessel had reached home at so fortunate a time. He determined to hasten his departure for Anuradhapura, so that Thomas and he might see the wedding celebration. Therefore he called unto him the captain, and gave him instructions about the handling of the cargo, and about the payment and the discharge of the sailors. And having fixed all things aright, he ordered that a boat be made ready; and, amid the cheers of the sailors, Thomas and he entered the boat and were rowed to the quay. And no sooner had they landed than Abinissa busied himself, seeking swift bearers to carry Thomas and himself to the capital.

CHAPTER IV.

THE WONDERS OF CEYLON.

It was past mid-day when all things were ready. Abinissa had not neglected the inner man, and he brought Thomas a refreshment of cooling fruits and of delicate sweets. And when the slaves had lifted the men into the litter, Abinissa said to the Apostle: "We shall not journey far to-day. We have time enough and to spare. Three hours' journey from here we

shall encamp on holy ground, and there you can, for the first time, form a notion of what my master expects from you ; for you will see some vast buildings constructed by our architects, in the past ; and your eyes will be delighted with the sight of wonderful statues hewn out of hard stone, and moulded out of rare metals."

Now the bearers were swift-footed and lithe, and, though the road was steep and rough, they carried the travellers with so much ease that they soon fell into a doze. And both Thomas and Abinissa were surprised when they were awakened by the bearers and informed that they had reached the sacred place where they were to halt for the night. Descending from the litter, Abinissa ordered the bearers to meet him and the Apostle at a certain great rock in the woods, and there to have the evening meal prepared for them, an hour after sundown. And then, beckoning Thomas, he led him to the right, by a path cut in a grove of mango trees. "Here you will see a famous monastery," said Abinissa. "Even now you may perceive the shining dome. The name by which the building has been known is that of the Great Brazen Monastery. It was not designed by human hands. Heaven sent down the plan of the building to our pious King Duttagamuni, who died more than one hundred and fifty years ago." As he spoke they came into a great court, and Thomas looked upon a tall structure that reminded him of the renowned tower of Babel. Nine stories climbed one above the other, and high above the topmost story a dome of brass leaped into the air. And the dome was gilded, and ornamented with sculptures and with jewels. "Within," said Abinissa, "there are nine hundred rooms, and a monk in every room. And the building is two hundred and twenty-five feet on every side, and the same in height to the base of the dome. How many pillars think you are on the exterior? I knew you dare not guess. There are twelve hundred of them." And now they went around about the exterior, carefully, and examined the carvings. And on the first story were sculptured elephants, and on the second, lions, and on the third, horses, and on the fourth, oxen, and, above this there were doves, and next above, geese, and then pigeons ; and, higher up, there were figures of giants, and, last

of all, of mighty bulls. "Mark the columns!" Abinissa said. "See how richly they are carved! And the interior is still more beautiful. The wooden beams are colored like unto the rainbow; and the rafters are covered with sculptures, and there are curious panels, all pierced, some of wood, and some of metal, and others of precious jade. The forest of mango trees, as you can see, spreads away towards the East. In its cool shade the monks pass many hours, daily, contemplating the mysteries of the blessed Buddha." Now Thomas looked at all these strange sights, and he was sad; and his hand sought the roll of the Scriptures that had been so miraculously preserved, and, as he pressed the sacred book, he bethought him of his Lord's command to teach all nations, and of the vast undertaking that had been committed to twelve poor and simple men; and of his own weakness; and of his being alone in a strange land, where idolatry had so long held sway, and where centuries of power and of riches and of misdirected will had established falsehood so firmly. And then he remembered Michael's words to him as he passed through the gate at Jerusalem, and faith inspired him with a great hope and with a great love.

And he turned to the westward; and Abinissa, who was standing near by, addressed him, saying: "You were reflecting, and I did not wish to interrupt you. But now, if you will turn your eyes a little more to the right, you will see a most holy place. On the hill beyond, do you perceive a small dagoba, in the shape of a bell?" "I do," replied Thomas. "Within that sacred shrine, rests the right jawbone of the Buddha," Abinissa said proudly. "The holy Buddha himself sent it down from the skies, during the reign of Deveniampatissa, who ruled the land in the time of the wise Asoka. The most sacred jawbone descended mysteriously, and placed itself on the very top of the king's crown. And the king honored it with this shrine, under whose dome, though it measures only fifty feet in diameter, there are one hundred and eighty columns.

And now they descended to a lower level, and continued their way through an alley, lined on either side with spreading trees, noble teaks and talepot palms. And between the trees stood painted figures of a man, each figure differing

from the other. Thomas questioned the merchant as to the meaning of these paintings, and was told that they represented the five hundred bodily forms of the Buddha. Now when they had reached the end of the alley, they found themselves looking upon a long and wide court, whose limits they could not determine from the place in which they stood. And the whole square was crowded with buildings and with statues. "Yonder great tower," said Abinissa, "is three hundred feet high; and the building that adjoins it is six hundred feet long. Viswakarma, the architect of the gods, designed the building and the tower; and the drawing came down of itself from heaven, and alighted on the very spot where now stand the great structures. Do you see the water sparkle in the sun?" And looking, Thomas saw that a stream of water wound around the tower from story to story, and that, below, at the foot of the tower, there was a rivulet that flowed out of the mango grove. Then Abinissa said to him: "I wonder you do not take note of these strange things. Think you that you can rival these works in grandeur and in beauty?" "In the book," answered the Apostle, showing the scroll that had been saved from the sea, "my Master hath laid down all the rules for attaining strength, and grace, and beauty. The things you show me, are, indeed, great in their way, but they shall pass away. In the last days it will not be of what has been done before now that your children shall discourse, but of the things that I did in my Master's name."

"If you design as well as you boast," was the response of Abinissa, "you will certainly gain great fame in our land of Tambrâparni. Enter the temple with me, and perhaps you will cease your boasting thereafter." So they entered in. The beams were of ebony and of satin-wood, and from these hung curtains of painted and woven stuffs that covered the spaces between the stone columns. And towards the farther end of the building, on either side of the centre, there arose two giant statues of the Buddha. And the smaller of the two was twenty-five feet in height; and it was carved out of jasper, and encrusted with jewels; and in its right hand was a pearl the size of a melon. And the second statue was, according to Abinissa's story, ninety-four feet high, and the foot thereof

was nine feet and four inches long. "This statue was carved by a holy monk," said Abinissa. "Before he began the work he was twice carried up to the fourth Rupa heaven, where the thirty-three Devas reside; and there he studied the size and color and appearance of Maitreya Bodhiswata; and as the monk saw him, so you now see him. And this one will return to the earth in 5,670,000 years. It is a long time," sighed Abinissa. Then he lead Thomas hurriedly around the temple, pointing out to him the inscribed plates of gold, and the golden trees with roots of coral, and the golden creeping plants, and the flowers made of gems, and having stems of silver.

And when they had gone out from the temple by a door leading away from that side by which they entered, they saw a monk watering a tree. "Now this tree has a wonderful history," exclaimed the merchant. "When the holy Sakya-Muni was on earth, he threw on the ground a splinter of wood with which he used to pick his teeth. And lo! on the next morning the splinter had grown into a tree—even the same that the monk is watering."

Now the monk perceived them, and he recognized Abinissa and made a sign to him: and they approached one another and conversed. And immediately the Singhalese merchant became interested, and he asked many questions, and showed a more than usual curiosity and excitement. So when Abinissa had left the monk, Thomas was not surprised to learn that the monk had news of importance. What it was, Abinissa would not tell. "I will show you in the morning," he said, "even a greater wonder than you have yet seen. Ask no questions; but return with me to the wood, and there we shall eat and drink. And after that I shall leave you for a while; but do you take a long sleep, for you have travelled much, and walked a good distance, and your mind has been exercised with strange sights."

And when they reached the place which Abinissa had selected, they found the evening meal ready, and they regaled themselves; and when the meal was ended the merchant departed; but Thomas lay down on the couch that the slaves had prepared for him, and soon he fell into a deep sleep.

(To be Continued.)

LOVE'S EMBASSY.

JOHN JOS. MALLON.

WAS it the hymn of angels, choir on choir,
 That joyful told Christ's coming from above,
 That echoed clear the largess of his love
 In fruitful hearts, and thrilled with rapt desire?
 Was it the star, whose light and peace conspire
 On high, that silvered white the straw-couched Dove?
 Yea, hymn and star His love-commission prove,
 Uplift men's souls and tardy wills inspire.
 With mercy flowing as a loosened stream
 For sin-steeped souls that darkling pine and mope,
 A victim Love became and ransom won;
 The sins were ours, credentials His beseeem
 A ministrant divine, blest fount of Hope,
 Humble and poor, yet God's eternal Son!

THE INDULGENCES OF THE ROSARY.

REV. J. A. ROONEY, O.P.

Rosarians may gain every time they recite a chaplet of the Rosary, 120,000 years, and as many quarantines; and for each invocation of the divine name of Jesus in the Hail Marys of the Rosary, ten years, and as many quarantines; and 200 years and 200 quarantines once a day for carrying their beads.

In the Bull *Splendor paternæ*¹ of Innocent VIII., dated 26 of February, 1491, we find the following three concessions to the members of the Rosary Confraternity:

1. "We mercifully concede in the Lord an indulgence of 60,000 years and as many quarantines to each and every member of the Rosary Confraternity as often as he or she recites

¹ Bullarium Ord. Præd. tom. iv. pag. 67.

with contrition and after confession ¹ five decades of the Rosary."

2. "Again We renew our wish that the members of the Confraternity diligently carry ² through reverence for the Blessed Virgin Mary their beads, and at the end of each Hail Mary pronounce the name Jesus...Relying on the mercy of Almighty God and the authority of His holy Apostles, Peter and Paul, We ordain and concede by Our Apostolic authority to all members of the Confraternity who, being truly penitent, carry their beads, an indulgence of one hundred years, and as many quarantines once a day."

3. "Furthermore, We concede an indulgence of five years and five quarantines to the aforesaid members who pronounce the name Jesus at the end of each Hail Mary."

It should be carefully borne in mind that the indulgence of five years and five quarantines is granted to each invocation of the name Jesus in the *Ave Marias* of the Rosary, and hence that 750 years and as many quarantines may be gained by the recitation of the whole Rosary, for the divine Name occurs one hundred and fifty times in a full Rosary. Of this indulgence we intend to speak more at length later on.

In order that no doubt may exist in the mind of any of our readers in reference to the authenticity of the three sets of indulgences just described, we judge it both wise and opportune to present in this article some documents and reasons that will irrefragably demonstrate their genuineness, and at the same time point out how certain, well guarded and reliable are all the indulgences of the Confraternity.

The above described indulgences of Innocent VIII., are quoted, recognized and confirmed in the Summary of Innocent XI., ³ the most complete and approved of all the Rosary Summaries. Innocent XI. expressly says of it: "We approve and confirm the Summary inserted in Our Bull, &c., and each and

¹ Those who have the habit of confessing once a week can gain, whenever confession is a condition, all the indulgences occurring within the week.—S. C. I., 12. Mart. 1855.

² By no Pope has it been declared that the beads must be carried openly or publicly.

³ Nuper pro parte, 31. Julii, 1679. Cap. iii. No. 3.

everything contained in it, &c., and We add to it the force of inviolable Apostolic permanency, and We cure, if a cure be needed, each and every defect, both of law and fact, if any such should possibly exist in it."

I.

INDULGENCE OF 60,000 YEARS, AND AS MANY QUARANTINES.

The indulgence of 60,000 years and as many quarantines, granted by Innocent VIII., must be admitted, for it is, beyond question, authentic.

It belongs to the Pope alone to revoke indulgences as well as to grant them. Clinging steadfastly to this principle, and conscious that the above mentioned indulgence is authentic and unrevoked, we maintain that it must remain in the list of the indulgences conceded to the Rosary by Apostolic authority until it has been formally and expressly revoked by the same authority.

We are fully instructed as to all that able writers say in opposition to indulgences of several thousand years, and we know perfectly well that the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences has shown an unwillingness to admit such indulgences except as apocryphal or suspected. Indeed, we are well aware that the common verdict on such indulgences in general is that "they have been abrogated by custom." Of course, then, we freely admit that "all other indulgences of a thousand years and over," which are not in the same category as the one for the recitation of the Chaplet, that is, which are not surrounded with the proofs and evidence of authenticity, recognition by the Church and possession of a special privilege, should be regarded at least as apocryphal, and this is precisely all that the weighty testimonies alluded to prove.

Theologians explain in a most satisfactory manner that such indulgences are in themselves perfectly admissable; for, they argue, they cannot be rejected on the ground that they are too large, since they are only partial, and as such are always below the plenary, which no one dares to call into question and which every one admits. ¹

¹ Vide Guillois, Explication du Catechisme, tom. 3. Legon xxv.

Who does not know that St. Alphonsus urges priests to preach the astounding number of plenary indulgences (432) that may be gained by all who wear the Immaculate Conception (Blue) Scapular every time they recite with contrite hearts Six *Paters*, *Aves* and *Glorias* in honor of the adorable Trinity and of the Immaculate Mother? The same indulgence is granted to all the members of Religious Orders, Tertiaries and to the associates of the Rosary. Who, we ask, will dare to criticise these plenary indulgences, or call them in question when it is acknowledged on all sides that the Sacred Congregation has decreed that they are authentic and authorized, and that Pius IX. has approved and confirmed the Decree?¹

What, too, of the Franciscan Portiuncula and of its Dominican equivalent, the "Great Pardon of the Rosary" on Rosary Sunday?² Learned and pious authors of Rosary manuals, notwithstanding that they were fully cognizant of all the objections to such partial indulgences, and that they most closely examined and sifted the case in point in all its bearings and from every quarter, still persistently and energetically defended and registered in their books the particular indulgence of which we are speaking.

For four hundred years and more books written by those eminent authors; books approved by Bishops of every nation and by the chief superiors³ of the Dominican Order have expressly and unqualifiedly presented and taught this indulgence as authentic to the faithful, and for the same length of time the faithful have continued to believe that it was genuine, and have striven to enrich themselves with its blessings. This great partial indulgence is also to be found in books quite lately approved by the Sacred Congregation itself, but especially in the celebrated works of Collomb,⁴ Pollard,⁵ &c. Benedict XIV. urged all those of his time who desired to know the au-

¹ Gardellini: Decret. Authent. S. C. I., 14. April, 1856.

² See THE ROSARY for Oct. '92.

³ The late General of the Order Larroca, gives in his great work *Acta Sanctæ Sedis* this indulgence. Lugduni. 1890. Vol. 1. pag. 96. nota b.

⁴ Collomb: Petit traité ou exposé clair, court et nouveau des indulgences, Paris, 1861.

⁵ Pollard: Recueil de Tiers Ordres, Archiconfréries, etc., Paris, 1869.

Innocent XI., and in the subsequent concessions of other Supreme Pontiffs. That this was the intention of Pius IX. becomes at once clear on comparing his Summary with that of Innocent XI. Furthermore the decree referred to of the Sacred Congregation unequivocally acknowledges that the Summary of Pius IX. is only an incomplete and very brief compendium of the indulgences and other favors conceded by the Holy See to the Confraternity of the Rosary. This statement is confirmed by the fact that there is no mention made in it of certain important and new favors decreed and granted by Pius IX. himself to the Confraternity. Finally, the 1862 Summary cannot be understood on certain points except by the aid of that of Innocent XI., for example § vii. No. 1. Nevertheless, the Summary of 1862 is useful and most precious by reason of its declarations on the *Toties-quoties* indulgence of the Rosary Feast, § iv, the privileges and indulgences of the Rosary Mass, etc., etc.

DUPLICATION BY ALEXANDER VI. OF ALL THE INDULGENCES
GRANTED BY HIS PREDECESSORS IN THE ROMAN
PONTIFICATE TO THE ROSARY.

It is well known to Rosary writers that there is only one Bull of Alexander VI. on the Rosary, and that its title is *Illius, qui*.¹

In this Bull, Alexander VI., after approving and confirming to the Dominican Order and to the Confraternity of the Rosary, all the privileges, indults, and indulgences granted by his predecessors in the Roman See to each and to both, says: "Moreover, relying on the mercy of Almighty God and on the authority of His blessed Apostles, Peter and Paul, etc., and We, by the tenor of these presents, duplicate all the indulgences granted by Apostolic authority to the members (of the Confraternity of the Most Holy Rosary) by our predecessors, the Roman Pontiffs, and We wish the indulgences now conceded by Us to remain valid forever." He then defines that he admits to special participation in the spiritual blessings of the Church Militant all Rosarians who, when they cannot comply with the Confraternity obligations, have, in compensation, a

¹ 13 Junii, 1495. Bullar. Ord. Præd. tom. iv. pag. 115.

Mass celebrated once a year. Finally, he authorizes the members of the Confraternity to have the names of their dead relatives and other deceased persons recorded in the register of the Rosary, and promises that the dead thus registered, as well as the living who, in having them enrolled, show charity for them, shall thereby receive great spiritual aid.¹

The Bull of Alexander VI. was not quoted nor referred to in the Summary of Innocent XI., most likely because—like some other Bulls—it could not just then be found; certainly there

¹ IMPORTANT NOTICE :—The late learned and pious General of the Dominicans, the Most Rev. Joseph Maria Larroca has expressed a wish and even gives a command that all Dominicans who may hereafter write on the Rosary, observe in their manuals, lists of indulgences, leaflets, etc., the same profound silence which he himself has so carefully displayed in the great work planned, directed, and approved by him (*Acta Sanctæ Sedis*) in regard to certain controverted and minor points which have caused some confusion in the past. For the future, therefore, there will be no mention made by Dominican writers in their books or tracts on the Rosary of the duplication of indulgences made by Alexander VI., nor of the privileges conceded and sanctioned by him to Rosarians to have the names of their deceased relatives and friends recorded in the Register of the Confraternity. The practice of recording the names of the dead in the register of the Rosary began with St. Dominic himself and is believed to have been introduced by him under the influence of inspiration. The Constitutions of the Dominican Order and Manuals of the Confraternity have always maintained its legitimacy and usefulness. For two reasons at least the Saintly General has thus ordained: 1. in order to promote uniformity in all Rosary Confraternities, and, 2. in order that the "Order of the Rosary," the Custodian and chief propagator of the devotion and its indulgences and graces may be in touch—in perfect accord—with the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences, which has at all times observed deep silence in regard to the concessions of Alexander VI. to the Confraternity. A few moments' reflection on the second reason will at once point out the wisdom and propriety of the late General's regulation.

But surely no one will infer from the action of the General of the Dominicans that doubts are thus thrown on the Bull itself, that the favors conceded by it may not be gained, or that the General presumes to annul, revoke or reject graces conceded by the Vicar of Christ. It has been clearly shown from irrefragable authority and invincible reasons that no omission on the part of the Sacred Congregation or silence on the part of Popes in regard to Summaries or Bulls of Supreme Pontiffs can ever interfere with or invalidate concessions once granted *in perpetuum* by any Pontiff and in any manner to the Rosary Confraternity. Wherefore, Alexander's concessions remain *in statu quo* and must so remain until they are formally and expressly revoked by the same Apostolic authority that conferred them.

never has been, nor is there now any serious doubt in regard to its authenticity. Benedict XIII. confirmed in his Bull *Pretiosus*, and, as far as it was needed, granted anew all the graces and favors mentioned in the Bull of Alexander VI.

The following are the precise words of Benedict XIII.: "Moreover, we confirm, renew, and as far as may be needed, *concede anew* all the indulgences that have been granted to the Confraternity by any Supreme Pontiff in any manner whatsoever, but especially those accorded by St. Pius V., *Innocent VIII.* and *Alexander VI.*

Benedict XIII. ¹ therefore ratified the Bull of Alexander VI., and as far as it was necessary (that is, if any doubt could possibly exist as to its authenticity), conceded anew from himself as Pope the indulgences and favors contained in that Bull. Sixtus V. ² had already done the very same thing that Benedict XIII. did, for he says: "And for greater security, we concede anew by Apostolic authority each and every indulgence, even the plenary granted by our predecessors in the Apostolic See, and especially by Urban IV., John XXII., Sixtus IV., *Innocent VIII.* and *Alexander VI.*, etc., etc., and we declare and decree that they (the members of the Rosary Confraternity) can use and enjoy them for all time to come."

Now even admitting that the Bull of Alexander VI. is apocryphal, the concessions contained in it, being ratified, confirmed, and *granted anew* by Sixtus V. and Benedict XIII., have the same value as if they had been authentic from the very beginning.

II.

ROSARIANS MAY GAIN IN THE RECITATION OF THE ROSARY FIVE YEARS AND FIVE QUARANTINES FOR EACH INVOCATION OF THE NAME JESUS.

With regard to this great favor bestowed upon the members of the Confraternity by Innocent VIII., doubled by Alexander VI., and confirmed first by Innocent XI., and afterwards approved and confirmed by Pius IX. and Leo XIII., two serious

¹ *Pretiosus*, 26 Maii, 1727—Bullar. Ord. Præd. tom. vi. 615.

² Sixtus V.: *Dum ineffabilia*, 30 Jan. 1586.

doubts as manifested in the following questions arose in the minds of some of the faithful: 1. Is the indulgence granted to each invocation of the divine name; in other words, can Rosarians gain the five years and five quarantines as many times as they pronounce the divine name in a Chaplet (50) or in a full Rosary (150 times)? 2. In order to gain this indulgence, in what part of the Hail Mary is the divine name to be invoked?

To the first question the Sacred Congregation answered on the 14 April, 1856, that the indulgence is *toties-quoties* and can be gained at each invocation of the divine name in the Rosary, and on the same day Pius IX. approved and confirmed¹ the decision given by the Congregation. To the second question proposed, the Sacred Congregation gave answer that the divine Name must be invoked just after the words "blessed is the fruit of thy womb." This response was approved and confirmed by Leo XIII.²

It may be well to state for the benefit of many of our readers that the indulgence specified can be gained only by members of the Rosary Confraternity, and only in the recital of the Rosary: it is not gainable by invocations of the divine Name out of the Rosary, nor by non-members, even when reciting the Rosary.

As some of our readers may not know that an addition has been made to the *Hail Mary* since the time of Innocent VIII., and that it was this very addition that occasioned the second doubt above referred to, we judge it in place to give a brief account of the development of the Hail Mary until it reached its present form.

In the time of Innocent VIII. the concluding words of the *Hail Mary* were "blessed is the fruit of thy womb," and the whole form consisted of just the Scriptural words as recorded in the first chapter of Luke's Gospel, viz.: "Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee" (words of the Archangel); "blessed art thou among women" (words of the Archangel and of St. Elizabeth); "and blessed is the fruit of thy womb" (words of St. Elizabeth). This was the form used by the whole Church

¹ Decret. Authent. S. C. I. Ratisb. 1883. pag. 544.

² Decret S. C. I. 29 Mart. 1886.

from the beginning down to St. Pius V., who prescribed the form which is now everywhere in use, and who first inserted it in the Roman Breviary.

Many persons more zealous than instructed, being entirely ignorant that the "Holy Mary" was not in use, at least generally, at the time of Innocent VIII., continued for many years to add the name Jesus after these words of the Holy Mary, "now and at the hour of our death. Amen," believing that it was necessary to do so in order to gain the indulgence granted by Innocent VIII. and doubled by Alexander VI. The Sacred Congregation of Indulgences, being consulted by the Most Rev. Procurator-General of the Dominican Order as to the precise place in the Hail Mary in which the Holy Name was to be placed, gave the response already recorded by us. According to a tradition in the Order, St. Dominic had the habit of terminating the Angelic Salutation with the adorable Name, Jesus. In no book of prayer anterior to the year 1500 do we find the "Holy Mary" as a part of the Angelic Salutation. In the Breviary of Chartreux, edited in 1521, we meet for the first time, just before the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin, these concluding words of the Hail Mary: "Sancta Maria, Mater Dei, ora pro nobis peccatoribus, Amen—Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners. Amen." But the closing words of the actual Hail Mary "now and at the hour of our death. Amen," are still more recent, and owe their origin to the piety of the spiritual children of St. Francis of Assisium.

MAGNITUDE OF THE INDULGENCE FOR THE INVOCATION OF THE HOLY NAME.

A moment's reflection will suffice to make us comprehend the largeness of this indulgence, 2,025 days for each Hail Mary in the Rosary; 101,250 days for a Chaplet of the Rosary, and 303,750 days for the full Rosary! As this indulgence is *toties-quoties*, it may be gained as often as the Rosary is recited. The celebrated indulgence of St. Bridget consists of only one hundred days for each Our Father and each Hail Mary. This indulgence, also, beads blessed with the Dominican benediction possess. The solitary indulgence of five hundred days for each stone or grain on beads blessed by the Canons-Regular

of St. Augustine—the Fathers of the Order of the Holy Cross, is highly and justly commended, but let it not be forgotten that the indulgence granted to the members of the Confraternity for the invocation of the Divine Name is over four times greater than that of the Holy Cross beads, and that the latter indulgence is available only for *Our Fathers* and *Hail Marys* recited out of the Rosary, and by no means for those recited in it.

A HOME.

M J. MALLOY.

ENTER in peace and dwell within.—

Upon this hearth there rests no blight
Of sun by day, of moon by night :

Here stars drift o'er with sweeter shine,
A reflex of the Home Divine :

Here, golden hours tie fast above
A thousand chains of captive Love.

Here dwelleth Love, unknowing end ;—
The brother-love, the love of friend :

Here, holy marriage-love doth bide,
The dearest of all earth beside.

Strength on this hearth doth lift Desire,
And Chastity doth light pure fire.

Here ope alike, at heavenly breath,
The gates of Life, the gates of Death.

Here Sorrow sits, a transient guest,
By Hope and Patience dispossessed.

—Enter in peace and dwell within ;
This hearth is foe alone to Sin.

“ FRUGALITY is founded on the principle that all riches have limits.”—*Burke*.

LIFE OF ST. DOMINIC.

CHAPTER XIX.

BY REV. MOTHER AUGUSTA THEODOSIA DRANE, O.S.D.

PORTRAIT OF ST. DOMINIC.

WE have now reached a period in the life of St. Dominic when it may be well to pause for awhile and bestow a more careful study on his character, one so little known and so grievously misrepresented in our age and country. Fortunately there is no need to appeal to the imagination in order to place before us the true portrait of that dear and venerable Father, every line and lineament of which has been drawn by the hands of those who lived with him and watched him day and night, who were trained by his instructions, who were the companions of his apostolic journeys, and who after his departure from this world, gave their united testimony to the incomparable sanctity of his life.

Of all faithful Christian souls, it is safe to say that they must reproduce in one way or another the likeness of their Divine Lord. If no feature of that likeness is to be found on a human soul, it can surely be none of His. But if this be in its measure true of the humblest disciple of Jesus Christ, much more may it be asserted of those great servants of God who stand as lights of the Church. In the meekness of St. Francis of Sales, in the charity of St. Vincent de Paul, in the wonderful conformity with the Sacred Passion exhibited by the Saint of Assisi, and in the thirst for the salvation of souls which formed the noble passion of St. Catherine of Sienna, what do we see but reflections of that Divine Exemplar in one or another of the perfections of His adorable Humanity? Let it not, then, be thought irreverent, if we say of the holy Father St. Dominic that the special stamp which marks his character as a saint was his likeness to Our Lord. It was indicated in his name, it is said even to have been impressed on his very features. If there was less of human passion and personality about him than distinguishes

many other great saints, it is because he stands amongst them pre-eminently as the minister of the Divine Word. Thus St. Catherine says in her Dialogue, "He took on him the office of the Word, the only-begotten Son of God, and appeared in the world as an apostle, scattering the darkness of error and giving light." The ray of light indeed, which shines through thickest darkness, contracting thence nothing that can stain its transparent purity, is a fit emblem of him whose Order was to earn the glorious title of "The Order of Truth." "Like the light itself," says Père Danzas, "he represents the Word; he passes over the earth, but to the earth he seems not to belong; he passes everywhere like the Word of God, bringing men grace and truth; his existence is in some sort immaterial: if he speaks the language of men, it is only to reveal to them the things of heaven."¹ Nothing had power to disturb that matchless serenity which was his peculiar grace. The lives of some saints present us with a history of trials and temptations, of early struggles and the final victory of grace. But in the life of St. Dominic, from the first moment when the star shone on his forehead as he was held at the baptismal font, down to the last sigh which he breathed in the presence of his brethren, we find no single moment when he did not belong to God. The evil one attacked him indeed, but had no power over him. Never during his life of fifty-one years was he once seen troubled or disturbed. Full of a tenderness which found its expression both in word and deed, he would yet seem to have been a stranger to passionate emotion of any kind; it was always the ray of light which kept its purity unstained. Theodoric of Apoldia says that "in his efforts to attain the perfection of sanctity, it seemed as if the flesh were always in harmony with the spirit, for the latter was so constantly led by the spirit of God, that the lower nature was completely under its dominion. Hence such peace reigned in his conscience that it was reflected on his very countenance, which always shone with a serenity that penetrated the hearts of those who beheld it." To the same effect are the words of Blessed Jordan, who says that "nothing

¹ *Dialogo*, c. 158.

² *Études sur les temps primitifs de l'Ordre*, tom. i. p. 272.

ever disturbed his tranquillity but compassion for others, and that if the interior peace lost by Adam were to be found restored in any human soul, it was in that of the blessed Dominic."

Yet was there one sentiment within him to which may almost be given the name of a passion: it was his ceaseless, burning thirst for the salvation of souls. As his Divine Master had come into the world to save sinners, and loved them even unto death, so he too gave up all that was most dear to him in this life to win souls to Christ. He was always giving himself, it was the very key-note of his existence. He would have sold himself as a slave; he would have been cut to pieces by the heretics; he would spare himself neither by day nor night if by any means he might save some. The source from which sprang this love of souls, is to be found in that other deeper love which reveals to us the secret of his heart. Before all things, and above all things, St. Dominic was the lover of Jesus Christ. The Sacred Humanity of his Lord and Master, as made known in the Gospels, was the subject of his daily meditation and the theme of all his discourses. He preached nothing but Jesus Christ and Him crucified, delivering to men the mysteries of His Life and Passion; and after studying in the book of charity, all his care was to make known to the world the incomprehensible mystery of Divine Love. Hence the glorious title by which he was known amongst his own children was that of the "friend of Jesus Christ," a title to which Blessed Jordan touchingly alludes in the prayer which he composed to the holy Father.¹ If by friendship we understand an intimate knowledge and close union of hearts, it must be manifest that by prayer alone can such relations be acquired and maintained between the soul and God; and it is precisely as a man of prayer that St. Dominic stands pre-eminent. The habit of prayer knit his heart so closely to God, that nothing had power to move him from that centre, wherein, says Castiglio, "he reposed with marvellous

¹ "I hope out of thy great familiarity with Jesus Christ thy Beloved, chosen out of thousands, that He Who, though thy Lord and God *was nevertheless thy Friend also*, will refuse thee nothing, but that thou wilt obtain from Him whatsoever thou mayest desire. For what will not the Beloved grant to His beloved one?"

and undisturbed tranquillity." We may say that his prayer was in a certain sense continual. There was neither place nor time in which he did not pray, but especially in those night-hours which he spent with God in the church. Very often his brethren watched him, unknown to himself, and saw how, when he believed himself entirely alone, he would pour out all the fervor of his soul without reserve. Blessed Humbert tells us that John of Bologna watched seven nights in order to observe him at these times. Perhaps of no saint have there been preserved more minute particulars of the methods of prayer which he practised himself and taught to his brethren. These form the subject of a distinct treatise, which is added by Theodoric as a kind of appendix to his Life of the saint, but which is supposed by the Bollandists to have been written by Father Gerard, provincial of Lombardy, who gathered his information from the familiar companions of the holy Father, and specially from Sister Cecilia.¹

"There is a manner of praying," says the author of this treatise, "in which the soul makes the body itself serve as an instrument of devotion, and this method was often used by the blessed Dominic. By it the soul acts on the body, and the body again upon the soul. . . . Besides that devout exterior which he constantly exhibited, whether in the celebration of Mass, or the chanting of the sacred psalmody, at which times he was often seen wrapt in extasy, he had various habits of prayer," nine of which the writer proceeds to enumerate.

The first was to humble himself before the altar, as though Jesus Christ were there, really and personally present, remembering the words, "The prayer of the humble shall pierce the clouds." Nothing was so dear to him as humility, for which reason he would often repeat to the brethren those words of Judith, "The prayer of the meek and humble is always pleasing to Thee, O Lord." "It was by her humility," he would say, "that the woman of Canaan obtained her desire, and so

¹ Not to overload our pages with references, it will suffice to say that the contents of this chapter are almost entirely drawn from the Life of the saint by Theodoric of Apoldia, and from the testimonies of the witnesses for his canonization, commonly called the Process of Bologna, which are given as far as possible in their own words.

also was it with the prodigal son. But as for me, O Lord, I am not worthy that Thou shouldst come under my roof—humble my spirit even to the very dust.” And as he pronounced such words the saint would bow his head and his whole body, inclining profoundly before his Lord and Master, and so expressing the reverence that was His due. He taught his brethren to do the same whenever they passed the crucifix, that before that image of His great humiliation our Divine Lord might behold us also humble ourselves. And in the same way he desired that they should do homage to the Holy Trinity whenever they solemnly repeated the *Gloria Patri*. In training his disciples indeed, there was nothing for which the saint cared more than to form them to these habits of reverent devotion. He would often invite them to this in the words of Holy Scripture, saying, “Come and let us fall down before God and adore Him, and let us weep before the Lord who made us.” “It was thus,” he would say, “that the Kings of the East entered the house where they found the Holy Child with Mary His Mother. And we, if we do the same, shall never fail to find God made man, with the Blessed Mary, His handmaiden.”

He often loved to pray in imitation of our Lord in the Garden, kneeling with his face bowed down upon the ground; and he would remain in this posture for a long space, repeating passages from the Psalms of the most profound self-abnegation, and shedding such an abundance of tears that the place where his face had leaned was often wet. Or he would prostrate himself at full length upon the ground, and at such times his heart would be torn by compunction, and he would repeat aloud the words of the Gospel, “O God, be merciful to me a sinner!” or weeping and groaning bitterly he would exclaim “I am not worthy to behold the height of heaven by reason of my iniquities, and because I have done evil in Thy sight;” or those other words of the Psalm, “My soul is humbled to the dust: quicken me, O Lord, according to Thy word.” Then rising from the ground he would take the discipline with the iron chain which he always wore, or he would receive this terrible chastisement from the hands of others. Another of his favorite devotions was to stand before the crucifix either in the

church or in the sacristy, looking at it fixedly, genuflecting before it as many as a hundred times, praying aloud for himself, for sinners, or for the brethren he had sent out to preach, and repeating verses from the Psalms or other portions of Holy Scripture. Sometimes, however, he would pray silently, and then he might be seen to pause from time to time as one surprised and overwhelmed by some great revelation of Divine love, which drew copious tears from his eyes; or he would kneel as if unconscious of aught save the presence of God, and then it seemed as if he would penetrate the distance that separated him from his Beloved, his countenance now beaming with joy, now bathed in devout tears. Then with renewed ardor as one wholly out of himself, he would recommence his genuflections which, however rapid, were always performed with wonderful reverence and dignity. He was so accustomed thus to bend his knees in prayer, that when he stopped at wayside inns, after the fatigues of a long journey on foot, he always performed this devotion when his companions were resting, as though accomplishing a kind of office.

Another of his customs was to stand upright before the altar, with his hands clasped before his breast, as though holding a book, out of which he had the air of reading; then he would press them over his eyes, or raise them above his shoulders. In these postures he had the appearance of a prophet, now listening or speaking with God and the angels, now thinking within himself on what he had heard. He would stand also with his arms stretched out in the form of a cross, and would so pronounce steadily and at intervals sentences like these: "O Lord God of my salvation, I have cried before Thee day and night. I have cried unto Thee, O Lord; all the day long have I stretched out my hands to Thee. I have stretched out my hands unto Thee: my soul gaspeth to Thee as a land where there is no water." This was when he prayed for any special grace or miracle, as on the raising of Napoleon, when restoring to life the widow's son, and also when he saved the English pilgrims. At such times his face breathed an air of indescribable majesty, so that the bystanders remained astonished, without daring to question him of that which they beheld with their own eyes. Often, in rapture, he was seen raised above the ground; his

hands then moved to and fro as though receiving something from God, and he was heard exclaiming, "Hear, O Lord, the voice of my prayer, when I cry unto Thee, and when I hold out my hands to Thy holy temple." At such times, says Theodoric, he seemed to obtain special favors from the Holy Spirit, and to enter into the very Holy of Holies.¹ But, above all, his devotion when celebrating the Holy Sacrifice is spoken of as something which kindled a like sentiment in all who beheld it. Bonviso of Placentia, who often served his Mass, says that he would sometimes look at the countenance of his beloved Father as he then prayed, and "that the tears flowed down his face so copiously, that one tear did not wait for another." His favorite prayer was the Our Father which he loved above all others, as having been given to us by our Lord Himself. He never wearied of repeating it, not hurrying over it hastily, as is too often the custom, but dwelling upon every word and syllable, as though he would draw out all their hidden sweetness, and this was specially observable when he recited it in the Mass. Next to this devotion he prized the *Ave Maria*, "for indeed," says Castiglio, "there was no name after that of our Lord so welcome to his ears, or so constantly on his lips, as the sweet name of Mary. He never undertook anything of importance without invoking her aid, and left it as a charge to his brethren to do the same."

Nor was his devotion less apparent during the sacred psalmody in choir, at which he assisted with so much recollection that no noise or disturbance had power to distract his attention. As soon as the hours and the grace after dinner were ended, he would retire alone to some secret place, where, sitting down and making the sign of the Cross, he would meditate on those things which he had heard read. Then taking out that book of the Gospels which he always carried, he would kiss it reverently and press it to his breast, and those who observed him could mark how, as he read, he would seem to fall into arguments with another, smiling or weeping, beating his breast, or

¹ In the library at Carcassonne is preserved a very ancient MS. of Father Gerard's treatise, in which all the above methods of prayer used by the saint are illustrated by figures, showing the different positions he assumed at these times.

covering his face with his mantle, rising and again sitting and reading, as the passing emotions of his soul sought for expression.

Even on his journeys his habits of reading and meditating were never neglected, but, as his companions testified, he prayed as he walked along; and they would see him make the sign of the Cross, or use gestures as if brushing away flies, or driving from him all troublesome or distracting thoughts. These habits of prayer were accompanied by practices of penance that were never relaxed. Thrice every night he disciplined himself to blood, the first for his own sins, the second for the sins of others, and the third for the souls in Purgatory, John of Navarre describes his discipline as made of an iron chain having three branches, and says that it was well known among the brethren that besides taking this penance himself he often caused others to inflict it on him. He never laid aside his hair-shirt, or the iron chain he wore around his loins, even when he took his scanty repose, lying on the floor of the church or some other equally incommodious place. Rodolph of Faenza, in his deposition, declares that never had he known any one who gave his body so little sleep or food. "Though he willingly dispensed others when they needed it," says William of Montferrat, "yet he would never dispense himself." At table, having finished his repast before the others, he often fell asleep, being wearied out with his long vigils. In his journeys he slept on a heap of straw or on the bare ground, in his clothes and stockings, just as he had been walking; and if he happened, as was often the case, to be more than usually ill-provided, ill-lodged, or ill-received, he never complained, but seemed rather to rejoice at it.

In the above account of the prayer of St. Dominic, two things cannot fail to be noticed, the profound humility that penetrated his heart, and his deep compunction, whether for his own sins or those of others. Not one of those who gave their testimony concerning him, drawn from the most intimate daily intercourse, have failed to record that in the grace of humility he surpassed all men they had ever known. How could it be otherwise with one who placed his whole idea of sanctity in the imitation of his Divine Lord? "Never did I know a man so

humble," exclaims one witness. Others describe him as "patient, humble, merciful, and benign," and declare that he counted himself as nothing, and rejoiced most when receiving indignities or contempt. Preserving unstained his robe of baptismal innocence, he abased himself to the very dust before the majesty of God: whilst the thought of sin by which that majesty was offended caused him not merely horror, but an unutterable sorrow. We speak often enough of zeal for souls, but it must be remembered that there are many kinds of zeal. That which moved the heart of St. Dominic was the zeal of an intense compassion. He hated sin because it offended God, but he loved and had compassion on the guilty ones, purchased by the Blood of Christ; and during his long night-watches, he was heard again and again repeating with bitter tears, the words, "O Lord! have mercy! What will become of sinners?" He often exhorted his younger brethren to cherish in their hearts similar dispositions. "If you have no sins of your own to weep for," he would say, "think of the multitude of unhappy souls who stand in need of mercy, over whom our Lord Jesus Christ Himself shed tears, and of whom the prophet David said, 'I have beheld sinners and have withered away with sorrow.'" This loving compassion he manifested in correction, imposing penances with such sweetness and benignity, that even when most severe the brethren patiently accepted them. It was the same fund of compassionate charity that made him, to use the words of Paul of Venice, "the sovereign consoler of his brethren." "If any one," says the same writer, "whether of his own or another Order, had a temptation or trouble, and went to ask his counsel, his words were so full of sweetness that none ever left him without being consoled." Others call him "most affable and compassionate," "not rendering evil for evil, or cursing for cursing, but blessing those who cursed him." Never did any one behold him angry or disturbed. Rodolph of Faenza, after saying that he was always joyous and cheerful, adds that if he saw a Brother doing anything amiss, he would pass it by at the time as though he saw it not, but afterwards, with a pleasant countenance and gentle words, he would say, "Brother, thou hast done wrong, confess thy fault," and by his kindness he would lead all to confession.

Nevertheless, he never failed to punish the faults of the brethren, and that even severely, yet always with so much humility that they departed from him consoled. To the same effect are the words of John of Navarre, who says that when he corrected an offence he compassionated the offender, and grieved much when he had to punish. And not to multiply these testimonies, we may conclude with the words of Theodoric, that, "as he could show himself a father in giving correction, so as a mother he could administer the milk of consolation, for he watched over the souls of his brethren as though they were his own." He had a mother's tenderness for his children, which he showed even by his care for their bodily comfort, trying by every means to alleviate the hardships they endured, and to encourage them to perseverance. In the midst of his long night-watches he would sometimes leave the church and visit the dormitory to see how it fared with the brethren, and if he found any who were without a covering, he would cover them up with his own hand.¹ Nor was his compassion manifested only to his brethren, for "he showed himself loving and amiable to all men," says John of Navarre, "to rich and poor, to Jews and Gentiles, of whom there were many in Spain;" and Ventura adds that "he was a true lover of souls, extending his compassion not only to the faithful, but also to heretics and unbelievers, and even to the lost souls in hell, over whom he wept bitterly."

This tenderness of heart, however, he knew how to unite with a singular firmness of purpose, for his humility was allied to no touch of weakness. In times of doubt or difficulty, before determining on any course, he always said Mass, and then having maturely taken his resolution, he adhered to it without passion or anger, but with a constancy that nothing could

¹ The author of the *Recognitions* says that he received from St. Peter certain particulars concerning our Lord's life with His disciples, which that holy Apostle could never relate without tears. "He usually passed his nights in prayer," he would say, "but He often thought of us even then. That Divine Master Who had not where to lay his head, watched to see that we wanted for nothing. During the day He thought of our food, and of our sleep by night. More than once I have seen Him come up to the room where we were sleeping, and fearing lest we might suffer from the cold, He would deign to strip off His own mantle and lay it across our feet, and then He would go back to His prayer."

move. Closely allied to this firmness was the courage which gave such a stamp of nobility to his character. He feared God too much to fear anything that man could do to him. Amid the plots of his enemies or the perils of his solitary journeys, he showed himself wholly indifferent to danger. It is too little to say that he did not fear death ; to obtain the grace of martyrdom was the most ardent desire of his heart, a grace of which, in his humility, he counted himself unworthy. "Often have I heard him confess," says John of Navarre, "that he longed for nothing so much as to be scourged and cut to pieces for the Faith of Christ." And this desire not being granted to him, he supplied for it by the severity of his penances, and by the constancy with which, in the midst of his immense labors, he never in any way spared or dispensed himself, but followed community life most exactly in the choir, the refectory, and all other things.

(To be Continued).

MARY, THE TYPE OF IDEAL WOMANHOOD.

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH, BY R.

THE union of man with God, there is the inmost essence ; there the beginning, the middle, and the end of religion. This union is effected in two ways ; either God descends unto man, or He raises man up to Himself. The Incarnation is the sublimest term of the descent of God unto humanity. The raising up of man to God touches upon apotheosis. In Christ was realized the Incarnation ; to become God-like is the portion of the members of Christ, the saints, of whom the first and the queen is Mary.

Mary is the woman wholly regenerate, the celestial Eve, in whom the terrestrial and culpable Eve is absorbed as in a glorious transfiguration. With this apotheosis of woman began the era of her enfranchisement.

It has been remarked, and rightly, that the original curse has lain particularly hard upon woman, although Eve, on giving ear to the seducer's words, had sinned, says St. Ambrose,

less out of heart's malice than by mobility of spirit. But, seduced, she became a seducer. She brought evil into the terrestrial world by corrupting the primordial and universal man, in whom was contained the whole human race. The old antique idolatry took its rise with her; her imperious caprice became Adam's idol, and its worship he substituted for the adoration of the Divine Will in the sanctuary of his conscience. Hence woman's greater part in the sufferings which constitute humanity's long and enduring penitence. For having set herself up to be adored by man, she became his slave, and during the long term of expectation which went before the appearance of the Christ, woman's servitude, public and private, a servitude which public opinion, legislation, and custom had pitilessly sealed with their triple seal, was for the most part the corner-stone of what was called the social order, just as it is to this day in those lands where the law has not been received which gives freedom to the world.

Christianity, which struck at the roots of slavery by its doctrine of the divine brotherhood of all men, fought against the slavery of woman in a special manner by its doctrine of the divine maternity of Mary. How could the daughters of Eve still be slaves of the fallen Adam, once the rehabilitated Eve, the new Mother of the living, had become Queen of the Angels? On entering a chapel of the Blessed Virgin, to which devotion has lent a peculiar celebrity, we observe, with a pious interest, the *ex-voto* offerings, hung up there perhaps by the hands of a mother whose child was cured, or by a poor sailor who was saved from shipwreck by the patroness of mariners. But the eyes of reason and of history see, in the cult of Mary, an ideal temple which Catholicity has built for all times and for all places, and that in it there is hung up an *ex-voto* of a higher, social, and universal meaning. For forty centuries man had put the weight of a brutal sceptre on the head of his help-meet. He removed it the day he bent his knee at Mary's altar. He removed it then with grateful recognition; for the oppression of woman was his own self-degradation, and woman's emancipation was deliverance also from his own tyranny.

The reinstatement of woman, so closely bound with the cult

of Mary, is singularly and profoundly in harmony with some of the mysteries which this cult contains. Since Mary is the typical woman in the order of regeneration, as Eve was the typical woman in the order of the fall; that which, with the concurrence of Mary's will, was accomplished in her for the reparation of human nature, was likewise accomplished, though in proportions less high, in the regeneration of woman under the benign sway of Christianity.

The first sin, under one of its aspects, was a sin of pride. "Why hath God made you this command? If you eat of this fruit you shall be as gods, knowing good and evil." There was there an announcement of the mysteries of death which the angel of darkness veiled under the false promise of a divine re-birth, just as there was later an announcement of the mystery of life, made to Mary by an angel of light—the mystery of a divine life hidden under the veil of a human child-birth. The pride of Eve who, in consenting to the words of revolt, had taken them upon herself, was expiated by the infinite submission and by the supreme humility of Mary's response: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it done unto me according to thy word."

Under another aspect, the first sin was a sin of voluptuousness; for "the woman saw that the tree was good to eat, and fair to the eyes and delightful to behold, and she took of the fruit thereof." These words, interpret them as you will, indicate that the attraction of the senses predominated and brought the spirit under the yoke of the body. As the remedy against pride was humble submission, so the remedy against voluptuousness is found in voluntary suffering. But the suffering which possesses the greatest expiatory virtue, is the suffering of which charity is the soul, the suffering of others which charity makes its own to relieve it. Mary expiated the fault of Eve's voluptuousness by her intimate participation in the sorrows of Christ, and so, too, in the sufferings of all humanity. This second act of expiation is commemorated in the feast of the Compassion of the Virgin, as the first is in the feast of the Annunciation.

The expiation once effected, the old Eve is destroyed, the new Eve is formed. The fall gives way to the glorification,

of which the feast of the Assumption of the Virgin is the monument and the symbol.

These three feasts then reproduce the three fundamental monuments which witnessed, in the concurrence of the human will of Mary with the Divine Action, the complete formation of the celestial Eve, the Mother of the Christian woman. With these typical monuments correspond the three degrees, the three solemn phases of the rehabilitation of woman, which also, in a way, has its annunciation, its compassion, and its assumption.

History observes that when the Gospel is announced to a people, the women always manifest a special sympathy for the word of life, and are habitually ahead of the men in their religious haste to accept and propagate it. It seems that the docile response of Mary to the Angel, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord," awakens in their souls a more generous and responsive echo. This, from the very origin of Christianity, was prefigured in the sainted friends of the Virgin, who outran the well-beloved disciple himself on their way to the Saviour's tomb, and so were the first to know the resurrection, and to announce it to the Apostles. Woman's mission has always been a high one in the preaching of Christianity. At the beginning of all great religious epochs, there is seen, hovering about, a heavenly, mysterious form under the figure of a sainted woman. When Christianity came forth from the catacombs, the mother of Constantine, Helena, gave the new-found cross to the old Roman world, while soon after, Clotilde planted it on the French cradle of the world of modern times. In great part, the Church owes the most beautiful works of St. Jerome to the generous hospitality which St. Paula offered him in her peaceful retreat in Palestine, where she had founded a Christian Academy of Roman women. Monica, by her prayers, gave birth to the true Augustine. In the middle ages, St. Hildegarde, St. Catherine of Sienna, and St. Theresa kept up, better than the greater part of the doctors of their times, the tradition of a mystic philosophy, so good at the core and so vivifying, that in our own age, more than one soul dried up by torturing doubt has been recruited therein and brought to enter into the truth by the way of love.

Generally speaking, woman's mission is not so much to explain the truth as to make it felt. Mary did not reveal the Divine Word, but she brought Him forth by the power of the Holy Ghost. Here we discover yet another type of woman's ministry, and of the ministry of man in the preaching of the truth, which is but a perpetual annunciation of it. Truth, to lay hold upon us, must first be revealed to our intelligence, and this is the special function of man because the rational faculty predominates in him. And as reason, which "enlightens every man coming into this world," is that which least depends on the intimate diversities constituting each individuality: as it is the common, patent, and radical bond of all human society, man's ministry, in the teaching of the truth, is a public ministry addressing itself to the masses. To him belongs the pulpit, preaching in the church, and the magistracy of doctrine. In woman, the affective power, or sentiment, predominates. St. Paul seems to recognize this, on two different occasions recommending men, as he does, to love their wives as Christ loves His Church; and he believes it useless to give an analogous precept to women, contenting himself with the prescription for them of submission to their husbands. This predominance of sentiment determines the proper mission of woman. It is for her to bring the truth home to the heart and to convert it into love. Sentiment does not teach. It works by the way of gentle insinuation. Love in man, as in God Himself, does not spring up by the way of revelation; it proceeds by the way of inspiration; and this inspiration depends on what is most intimate in the soul, which it seeks to make love the truth. It depends on moods infinitely delicate, on a thousand almost imperceptible circumstances, on the invisible network of emotions, of memories, of dreams, of hopes, which distinguish heart from heart. That is why the inspirational mission devolving upon woman is a hidden, secret mission. It is accomplished especially in the sanctuary of the home circle; in the confidences, in the outpourings of the soul, which are stimulated by family intimacy, and by that next of kin which we call friendship, and by the distress which seeks relief and consolation as secret as its own plaints. Woman's preaching does not aim at moving human nature, but at laying hold on each

individuality in the quick. It is less resonant, perhaps, but it is more penetrating. The grand voice which proclaims the truth adown the ages is made up of two voices; man's, bursting forth into strong and major tones; woman's, gently breathing minors, low and tremulous with emotion. Without the latter the first would be but an exhibition of rude strength. Together they produce a majestic and soul-soothing harmony.

Let not woman complain of her part. If she is not charged with the direction of men, she is charged with their formation. As was remarked by the Christian Plato: "The moral man is perhaps formed at ten years. If it has not been at his mother's knees, that will always be a great misfortune. Nothing can take the place of that education. If the mother above all has made it her duty deeply to impress the Divine Seal on her infant's brow, it is almost sure that vice will never efface it." (*Soirées de S. Pétersbourg*).

The reinstatement of woman, under the influence of Christianity, begins with the functions she has to fulfil in the annunciation of the truth. The second act of this reinstatement consists in the charity in which she devotes herself to the relief of the sufferings of all humanity—charity which has its special type in the compassion of the Mother of Sorrow, standing at the foot of the cross and weeping. A Christian poet, Klopstock, supposes that at the moment of Christ's death, the souls of Adam and Eve were released from Limbo and led to Calvary, there to contemplate their work. All is not fiction in this beautiful idea. The first man was represented on Calvary by St. John, the future Apostle of charity, and so he was the first man of the new human race created by Christ. Eve made her appearance in Mary. But St. John, abandoned by his fugitive companions, bore to the cross the solitary sorrow of one man. Not so Mary; she had companions there who wept their sympathizing tears with her. The first association of charity was founded by women, under the inspiration of the last sighs of the dying Redeemer. We witness here the prophetic foreshadowing of a fact which has appeared throughout all the ages of the Christian era. The number of women, in a notable degree, has always exceeded that of men in works of charity and devotion. It seems they have reaped a greater abundance of

compassion along with the tears of the sainted women of Calvary. Men have inherited the sole tears of St. John.

I cannot here unfold the scene which presents itself to my mind's view ; for the history of charity is a great history, and I am astonished that it is perhaps the only one left unwritten. I shall limit myself to a single observation. Catholicity, with its inexhaustible fruitfulness, has produced religious communities of women who are devoted to the relief of all human ills. These societies of self-denial, who say to poverty, " You are our daughter," and to all sufferings, " You are our sisters," are the spiritual posterity of Mary. They all look up to her as to their patroness. They all set themselves to imitate her virtues, and, indeed, their absolute devotedness were not possible but by the belief which is the basis of the cult of the Virgin. How—it cannot be too often asked—how could those admirable women devote themselves to their charitable offices at all times and without stint? how could they use up their lives in the sufferings they have taken upon themselves, if, wives and mothers, theirs was the bounden duty of devotion first and chiefly to their families? But the vow of virginity, that divine charter which guarantees them the highest of all liberties, the liberty of absolute, self-sacrificing devotedness, stands in close and eminent connection with the apotheosis of the virginity of the Man-God's Mother. In the hymn on Good Friday at the tomb of Christ, the Church sings:

" Holiest of the Virgin train,
Do not thou my prayer disdain."

What is the meaning of this petition? For what is it proffered? Likely for some great grace, for she puts it as if she would ingratiate herself into the favor of the Virgin by words of praise, I had almost said of pious flattery. The great favor, this is what it is:

" Come and share thy griefs with me."

These words are graven in the heart of the heroines of Christian charity. If they are ever ready to console the suffering, it is because they have known how to deprive themselves of almost every earthly consolation. They could not so plaintfully weep with the unfortunate if they had not first learned to weep with the Virgin.

Helpmeet and image of man in the ministry of the truth, guide and model of man in the ministry of charity, that is woman such as Christianity has made her. There you have the two bases of her glorification even here on earth. For, in some respects, the mystery of the Assumption is already wrought in her on earth; and to be convinced of it, it is enough to compare the state of abjection, of physical and moral captivity, to which even the most intelligent people reduced her at the most famed epochs of the ancient world, with the marvellous transfiguration which she owes to Christianity. In the Assumption of the Virgin, the character of her heavenly soul wrought a transfiguration in its corporal tegument, investing it with the qualities of a glorified body, incorruptibility, glory, agility. This change, it is true, will not come to pass for the daughters of Mary until the day of the resurrection; but it already begins to be reflected in their social condition, which is the body, as it were, or the tegument of their spiritual life.

Christianity established the incorruptibility of woman by branding with its condemnation the thought of adultery, the use of polygamy, which is but adultery legalized, and the fallacious right (so-called) of divorce which is nothing else than successive polygamy. The sanctity, the unity, the indissolubility of marriage, raised, to use an expression happily current, to the dignity of a sacrament, could alone efficaciously hinder a return to the manners of paganism. This dread possibility is moreover guarded against by a mass of other provisions in the Church's matrimonial legislation, all of which seek but to safeguard the moral protection of woman. On another hand, Catholic Faith associates, particularly here, the minutest details of positive and practical morality with most elevated ideas. Christian marriage is not alone an image of Christ's union with His Church. Since this mystical union is itself an image of the eternal union of the Divine Persons, according to the expression of the Word made flesh, "Let them be one as we are one," the sanctity of marriage mounts step by step and seeks its source in the mysterious splendors of the Saint of saints. Thence, too, comes the aureola of respect and honor which surrounds woman among Christian nations; an aureola which is as an earthly shadow of the garment of light and

glory which enveloped the virginal body of Mary. The third attribute of a glorified body, agility, which is the greatest liberation from the laws of matter or the freedom of self-transportation in space at the will and wish of the soul, has its prelude, on earth, in the liberty which Christian manners, and they alone accord to woman; for this liberty, which seems to us so natural, is, in the eyes of people, strangers to the Gospel, a wonder as astonishing as the phenomenon of ice is to the inhabitants of the torrid regions.

Yet more intimately do the three phases of woman's rehabilitation correspond with highest mysteries. In concurring with man in the propagation of truth, woman is united to the Divine Word, the Light of all intelligence. She participates in the Spirit of consolation, in the Spirit of love, by the charity with which she lays hold on the Divine monopoly of all the sufferings that can be relieved; and the high degree of power and liberty which characterizes her earthly assumption is a gift of the Father from Whom all power in heaven and on earth emanates. Thus it is that Christianity, out of the ruins of a primitive state broken up by sin, forms a new Eve; and although her radical regeneration is not accomplished in this world, it yet renders her something of the vanished Eden.

In the first ages of Christianity, woman's reinstatement, standing, as has been seen, in close and evident connection with the cult of the Virgin, was menaced by those sects who denied Mary her title of Mother of God. A general council was assembled to vindicate her right to it. If the question then agitated was one directly and fundamentally concerning the mystery of the Incarnation of the Word, so also, though subordinately, it affected the social miracle of the condition of the Christian woman. The divine character, set on her brow by Christianity, would have been dimmed the day the name of the Mother of God had been suppressed in the Apostolic symbol. The Morning Star could not have suffered eclipse without forever casting a fatal shadow over the destiny of woman.

Her lot ran great dangers at the time of the crusades. Europe in arms, going into Asia, was brought to see the spectacle of Mussulmanic customs, and of a religion of the senses. It was to be feared lest it be overcome by them,

even in the height of its victories. It might bring back strange ideas, and unknown and threatening temptations. It was just at this epoch that devotion to the Virgin was given a new impulse and a revival of fervor, a fact in which there was something clearly providential. The grand man of that age, he whose thundering voice hurried the nations towards Syria, found words of unspeakable sweetness to celebrate Mary, and his persuasive language—one could say the mystical songs of St. Bernard—awakened a response in millions of souls; like as if a higher light had revealed to him that, at the moment when Christianity went forth to find itself exposed to the fascination of the old serpent of the Orient, he must needs arouse enthusiasm for the Divine Virgin who had crushed the serpent's head, and oppose to his impure seduction, the chaste magic of her cult.

In these our own days, woman's ears may yet catch some of the words which the crafty serpent uttered to Eve with such disastrous effect. She may be told that the knowledge of good and evil is yet to be revealed to her, that she may become possessed of the secret of transforming herself into a god.¹ But these culpable extravagances will not exercise any great seductive power or influence on her. Woman will be the first to understand whence they come. With that intelligence of the heart, which outstrips the less rapid progress of reasoning, she will know that there is no real progress except in the route traced out by Christianity; that her future, if she wanders far from that route, will be rather a backward movement, not only towards the manners of paganism, but to something worse; that there is only deception, slavery, fall, outside the mysteries, at once severe and sweet, which give her Mary for her Mother.

O Mary, I offer you these lines which I have written on this day of your Immaculate Conception, and I pray you to pardon me them. I feel that what I have written is but the feeble expression of an inferior part of the divine mysteries contained in your cult. I have essayed to show but some of its effects here on earth, and to say that the daughters of Eve, touching even the hem of your mysterious garment, will experience a

¹ "Ye shall be as gods."—Gen. chap. III. V. 5.

going out therefrom of those sweet perfumes of which the Spouse speaks in the Cantic of Canticles.

O Mother of men, you are, as was said of old, the first daughter of the Creator. Your brow is hidden high over the stars, while the fringe of your garments trails on earth. To those of purer vision than mine be it to interpret your crown of twelve stars. Others will better recount your glories than I—glories as yet untold, whether in the marvellous windows of our old Cathedrals, or in the Madonnas of Raphaels, or in the strains of a Pergolese. O Mary full of grace, your place is prepared. It is high and beautiful. You will ascend the throne of a poetry spiritualized. It will celebrate the mysteries of life and death, the sorrows of old, and future joys, and you have the secret of those things and of their inner harmony, O Mother of sorrows and of benediction.

The incense is pure, and beautiful are the flowers scattered by virgin hands over the pavements of your chapels; but the voice of every soul, the sacred poetry which feels itself fettered on this earth, which has presentiments of a world yet more beautiful, which must breathe the Infinite, whose every utterance is a hidden prayer, rises yet higher than the perfume of flowers and the incense clouds fuming from golden censers. It penetrates thither where you are, and whence you see the stars shining at your feet like flowers of light in the boundless fields of space, and all creation swinging as a censer everlasting.

THE THIRD ORDER OF ST. DOMINIC.

MARGARET E. JORDAN.

II.

WE have seen in Mother Drane's Life of St. Dominic the origin and early aims of the Third Order. In the article on the subject in the December issue of THE ROSARY, its form of organization, and its adaptability to the needs of our day were presented. In the present paper we will look upon it as it exists to-day in a country where it is flourishing, and bearing fruit in the lives of its members, and of those among whom they live and labor.

It is to a zealous son of St. Dominic in France, one who for many years has governed houses of his Order, that thanks are due for the interesting facts here given concerning the Third Order in the Outer World.

At the time of the replanting of the Dominican Order in the soil of France, where first it had taken root seven hundred years ago, tertiaries preceded the foundations of Convents of the Fathers in various places. Numerous and fervent members were found in the central parts of France, dressing simply, faithful to their rule, and devoting themselves to works of mercy in their various parishes. They exist in their fervor to-day, under the direction of the parochial clergy, aided by Dominican Fathers, when duty leads them into the neighborhood.

From the very beginning of his Dominican life the great Lacordaire devoted himself to young men, and many societies were the result of this devotion, out of which later were drawn into the Third Order many souls standing high, not only in virtue, but in worldly fame.

He formed a society for young artists, another for medical students, still another for musicians, and yet another for young writers.

On the feast of St. Mary Magdalen, July 22, 1844, in the Church of Our Lady of Victories, he formed his first Third Order Congregation of young men, drawing his subjects, thirty in number, from these four societies. At the miraculous altar of Our Lady he himself offered the Holy Sacrifice, assisted by the Abbé des Gennettes, the pastor and the founder of the celebrated Archconfraternity of the Immaculate Heart of Mary for the Conversion of Sinners. Twenty-seven of these young men were to make their full year's novitiate; three he admitted to profession. What was the surprise and holy delight of all when the saintly Abbé, at the close of the investiture and profession of the others, presented himself at the foot of the altar and asked to receive the Habit of the Third Order from the hands of Lacordaire. He had long been the spiritual father, guide, and friend of all these young men; he now united himself to them by a new and stronger tie, and became the first director of the Third Order, a boon indeed owing to the frequent absence enforced upon Lacordaire by his many laborious and far-reaching duties.

Forty-eight years have elapsed since that day. Death has opened the portals of eternal life to nearly all of this devoted band. Perhaps the only one among the musicians that remains is Gounod, whom the world knows so well by the celebrated opera of "Faust and Marguerite," and whose Masses and Benedictions resound through many a sacred temple in praise to Him whose gift is that masterly genius.

Among the physicians who became sons of St. Dominic that day were Drs. Gabolda and Gourand, and another who became the chief of the homeopathic school in France. Among the artists was Cabot, a celebrated painter, who afterwards reached the high position of the director of the French Academy of Fine Arts; Claudius Lavigne, a famed artist of stained windows; Imlé, a painter; Frederic Bion, who was likewise a painter, while his brother Eugene was a celebrated sculptor, specially known by his *Christ*. Among the writers was Etienne Cartier, translator of the Life and Letters of St. Catherine of Sienna, and author of the Life of Father Besson, O.P., his friend. Later to the Third Order were admitted Mgr. Gay, author of "The Christian Life and Virtues;" Mgr. Ségur, the blind prelate, the devoted friend of the poor and of workmen; Emile Keller, the great Catholic orator of the French Chambers; General Fillope, and many others.

Still later, as an annex of this fraternity, was formed a brotherhood of young soldiers who every day said their little office of the Blessed Virgin at the barracks, and thrice a month went to the Convent for their regular meetings.

In various places associations of secular priests, members of the Third Order, were formed. In one place thirty priests met regularly once a month, said office in common, acknowledged faults against the rule; in another place twenty-seven priests met once a month, for the same regular exercises and for the purpose of a monthly retreat.

There is scarcely an important city in France where there are not many private tertiaries, and even Chapter tertiaries. And in those cities where Convents of Dominican Fathers exist, there are flourishing congregations of Chapter tertiaries, in several places two congregations existing, with separate government, one for men and one for women.

In every city in France where Convents of Dominican Fathers are established, the Sisterhoods of the Third Order in the world are very flourishing. They hold meetings regularly, have regular councils, with Prioress, Mistress of Novices, and all the other officers of government under the Father Master. In the city of Marseilles there are even two sessions on meeting days, the one in the morning for Mass, instruction, admonitions, and receptions, and professions; the other in the afternoon, when Vespers, Compline and the *Salve Regina* are sung.

Several of these congregations have undertaken various good works, according to their own capabilities, or the needs of time or place. For instance, in some places, in addition to the regular monthly meeting required by the rule, the members meet once a week to sew for the poor or for poor churches. In Marseilles whenever a member is ill, her Sisters in the Third Order take turns in watching through the night; several also devote themselves to the patients in the hospitals; especially do they devote themselves to those whom they find in the maternity hospital, encouraging the poor women of worthy lives, uplifting the fallen ones, to all giving not only spiritual help, but helpful counsel of worldly prudence and wisdom to guide them when they go out again to take up the work of life. In other places these Chapter tertiaries devote themselves to the sick poor in their own homes.

In the diocese of Montpellier, there is a little town of four thousand inhabitants,—St. Chinon. In the beginning of the last century a congregation of Chapter tertiaries was formed there. Its papers and books attest the fact that it has never been interrupted since its foundation. The Sisters meet once a week; they have their own chapel attached to the parochial church; they visit sick people in their own homes, and specially devote themselves to preparing the dying for a Christian death.

In France tertiaries do not wear the Dominican habit, even at their meetings. In the present state of affairs there it would be slow work to obtain episcopal sanction for such a privilege, and apparently, no one thinks of re-establishing an old time custom that would be looked upon, as things are now, in the

light of an innovation. However, in some of the central dioceses, notably in Auvergne, a country of living faith, tertiaries in the world who have made a vow of chastity, and are banded together for works of mercy, wear a black dress peculiarly their own, which they hold to sacredly.

It would seem, therefore, that in the matter of the public wearing of the full habit lies the only difference between the life of the Third Order of St. Dominic in France to-day, and in Italy during the period which gave to the Church and to God its most marvellous model, St. Catherine of Sienna.

Black and white are the colors of the Dominican habit for tertiaries in the world as well as in the Convent, but this refers to the habit, not to the secular dress of tertiaries. As previously stated, in the December article, all the indulgences are obtained by wearing either the little white scapular, or the leather cincture. Many members in France, who are at full liberty in the matter, wear only black; simplicity in accordance with prevailing customs and one's station in life, should be and is the rule with tertiaries in France. But to be robed in death in the full habit is the desire of nearly all of the children of St. Dominic, and hence this desire, united to their devotion to the cherished livery of their Father and Founder, leads them to possess the full habit in life.

As to the exactitude with which the constitutions are followed, we would say that fidelity is the rule tempered by prudence. Circumstances of health, surroundings, employments, opportunities, all need to be considered by the tertiary whose cloister is the recollection of his own heart. Flexibility does not presume laxity. Humility exercised through obedience preserves the former from inroads of the latter. In all places where Congregations of Chapter tertiaries are formed, all who are able, follow the rule; all who are not able, are preserved from the danger of laxity by the humiliation of seeking dispensation from the requirements of any article to which they cannot conform. The rule creates its own safeguard in this, that dispensations are not given in perpetuity.

In places where the Chapter tertiaries fall to the directorship of a secular priest, they cannot perhaps do so well, as it is found that one not a religious does not grasp as a religious does

the different effect produced upon the soul in the way of giving a dispensation.

Profession in the Third Order of St. Dominic does not necessitate membership in the Chapter Congregation; all are free to remain as private tertiaries from the beginning of their Dominican life.

However, if they have once joined a Congregation, then they should not withdraw therefrom without grave reason. Hence is the entering of a Congregation of Chapter tertiaries a matter of deep spiritual import, even though it does not take anyone out of the bosom of his or her family. We cannot with impunity tamper with God's graces. And rich in grace must a state be that satisfied to the full, the craving of a soul that could hold God to the degree of fulness that St. Catherine of Sienna could.

Let it be thoroughly understood that in speaking of Sisters, and of Congregations, we do not here refer to those who are living a Community life in convent walls, or under conventual vows, but rather to a great body of men and women in our own day, in a country but six days' journey from us, who are nobly responding to the call of God's Church for organized lay action.

EXPLANATION OF THE OUR FATHER.

FROM ST. THOMAS AQUINAS.

FOURTH PETITION, CONCLUDED. Let us cite an instance: Here is a man of great wealth, but he derives no advantage from it, only spiritual and temporal loss. For some have perished on account of riches. "*There is also another evil, which I have seen under the sun, and that frequent among men. A man to whom God hath given riches, and substance and honor, and his soul wanteth nothing of all that he desireth, yet God doth not give him power to eat thereof, but a stranger shall eat it up.*"—Eccles. vi. 1, 2. And again:—"There is also another grievous evil which I have seen under the sun: riches kept to the hurt of the owner."—Eccles. v. 12. We ought, therefore, to ask that our wealth be turned to a good

use; this we ask when we say: "Give us our bread," that is, make our riches useful. There is another vice in the thing of the world,—superfluous solicitude. Some there are who are solicitous about temporal things, making provision for a year's time. They are never at rest: "*Be not solicitous, saying what shall we eat,*" etc.—St. Math. vi. Hence our Lord teaches us to ask for our *daily* bread, that is, sufficient for our present needs. There are two kinds of bread: the sacramental bread, and the bread of God's word. We ask, therefore, for our sacramental bread which is every day prepared in the Church, that as it is given to us in the Sacrament, so may it be given for our salvation. "*I am the living bread that came down from Heaven.*"—Joan. xi. "*He who eats and drinks unworthily, eats and drinks judgment to himself.*"—I. Cor. xi. So likewise, there is the bread of the word of God. "*Man liveth not by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth from the mouth of God.*"—St. Math. iv. We ask, therefore, for his bread, that is, for his word. And from this proceeds that beatitude which is, the hunger after justice. For once that spirituals are possessed, they are the more desired, and from this desire springs hunger, and from this hunger the fullness of eternal life.

"There are many more shining qualities in the mind of man, but there is none so useful as discretion; it is this indeed which gives a value to all the rest, which sets them at work in their proper times and places, and turns them to the advantage of the person who is possessed of them. Without it learning is pedantry, and wit impertinence; virtue itself looks like weakness; the best parts only qualify a man to be more sprightly in errors, and active to his own prejudice."—*Addison*.

EVERY man is a living member of society. He owes a duty to that society. What is that duty? It is a duty of truthfulness to our friends, a good example to those around us, a respect and veneration for every one with whom we come in contact, especially the young. Even the pagans acknowledge this in the maxim: *maxima debetur puero reverentia*.—*V. Rev. Thos. N. Burke, O.P.*

After having listened to the story that the beads tell, the constant refrain seems to be : "God's ways are not as man's ways !"

Let us, then, rejoice with our Crowned Queen. We accompanied her in loving reverence through the joyful Mysteries. We sympathized with her when we beheld her Son scourged, mocked, and nailed to the cross. With holy eagerness and joy then, we will contemplate her seated beside her divine Son in Heaven, and humbly implore her assistance, so that imitating what her blessed beads contain, we may obtain what they promise, through Christ our Lord. Amen.

A CHAT WITH THE LITTLE ONES.

THIS is the time of the year when the command to love our neighbor seems easier to keep than at any other time. We are not content with possessing good will to every one, but we tell each other of it, many, many times, in wishing, with hearty words and merry smiles, "Happy New Year."

Why is it, children? Have you thought about it?

It is because we have been thinking more of God's great love for us all.

You have made many visits to the churches, and have been told the beautiful and true story of how our Lord came into the world, a little, loving Child. I know your hearts are full of love for the Divine Infant, and you have made up your minds to be very good. Now, dear little girls and boys, you must be practical in everything, if you wish to keep "in earnest," and in nothing more so than in striving to keep resolutions.

Children have so many trials that grown people call trifling. They do not seem trifles to you, I know; but did you ever think what good use you can make of these little troubles? They are lessons to teach you to be brave and unselfish, and if you bear them with patience, they will many times turn out to be joys in disguise. Then there is this to think of always: our Lord became a little Child, and sympathizes and understands all children, in everything.

I read a pretty legend, in an old magazine, that I think you will like. It is about the time when St. Joseph had returned to Nazareth, with Jesus and Mary, and was working quietly at his trade, that of a carpenter.

One day he received an order to make a cabinet, for which he would need a particular wood. He did not have it, but Canis, a soldier who lived near by, had a tree that would just make the piece needed. St. Joseph went to him, bargained for, and bought the tree. When he went to cut it down, Joseph took with him the Child Jesus. The soldier's wife had not been pleased when Canis told her the tree was sold, and when she saw St. Joseph coming to cut it down, she went to prevent him from doing so. He reasoned with her, and after seeing how just his claims were, she stood by to watch the cutting down.

• Just before it fell, her little daughter, who was only five or six years, came from the house, carrying in her arms a little lamb, which she could hardly hold. As she saw Jesus, she stretched out her arms to Him, saying: "See the Lamb!" Her little playmate, being released so suddenly, ran towards the falling tree, and was crushed lifeless under it.

The little girl cried bitterly, whilst her mother heaped reproaches on St. Joseph as she lifted the lifeless little creature in her arms, saying not for a thousand such as he would she have had her child's lamb killed.

Jesus went to her and asked her to give the lamb to Him. At first she was about to refuse, but the pleading power of His wonderful eyes was resistless, and she laid the lamb in His small arms.

He bent over it tenderly, and there He stood, a figure of the Good Shepherd.

After breathing into its nostrils, He spoke to it, and lo! He gave it back to its youthful owner, living.

So you see, children, you can always go confidently to our Lord with all your plans, hopes, sorrows, and resolutions. Do not make too many plans or promises. I know one that you will not find hard to keep, and will make, not only yourselves, but all around you happier. It is, to be *always* cheerful. If you are disappointed, or cannot do as you would like, find the next

best to it, and even on a rainy day be cheerful. Your Happy New Year will last then, a very long time, and God and your neighbor will love you.

TESSA'S BLOSSOM TIME.

SARAH TRAINER SMITH.

(*Continued.*)

Tessa and Harry had been engaged three weeks. It was June,—a June evening of moonlight. Out on the balcony, with the green shadows of the Square lying deep and cool before them, the night was beautiful as in the open country. The room behind them was all aglow and astir, for there were guests, of course, but they were alone on—the balcony. From laugh and jest and “fond, foolish nothings,” they had passed to serious conversation, and, little by little, he had told her more than ever before of his very inner self, his thoughts and their fruits, his doubts and their passing. With a deepening and widening of all her girl nature as she listened, she “beheld and gave thanks,” at the brave, true, generous unfolding of an unquestioning and reverent faith.

“And how everything has turned out!” he exclaimed, after a silence had fallen upon them in their happiness. “I almost fear to believe sometimes in my own good fortune,—my blessed future rather. It seems very unlike all I have learned so recently of self-denial, mortification, renunciation. Do you ever think of it? Were you ever anxious and troubled in your life, you small Serenity?”

“Yes!” she whispered. “I was once—that first day. I have told you of that.”

“And never since?”

“Not exactly troubled or anxious. I knew it must be right. But sometimes, when I thought the answer might not come until it was too late for me—it seemed a little hard to bear it well,”

“Poor little girl! Then you are never troubled now?”

“No. Why should I be?”

"I do not know. Only—it is all so unlike the Cross-bearing."

"Oh, Harry, it is the same dear Lord who sends the sorrow and the joy. The sorrow and the Cross must come, but He means us to remember then these happy days."

"You are right!" he said, rising. "We are walking in the light now that is to shine on the darker road. I will not forget that. I must go now. Gem has closed the piano, and your Mother is putting up her work and books. Good night, dear little Tessa!"

In a moment he was gone. She sat where he had left her, leaning a little forward and watching him pass out of sight. Then she rose, and bending over the iron rail, looked up into the clear sky where the Cathedral Cross rose black and high.

"The Cross!" she murmured, recalling his thoughts. "It must come! But Thou wilt be there, even as thou art here. Help me to remember Thee, always the same!"

At what hour of that night was Harry Ralston roused from deep and quiet slumber by a voice at his door? What was it saying? Fire, and where? His scattered senses were all alert almost before the question thronged upon him, and he joined his father and brothers in hurrying toward the red glare. It was evidently in the centre of the business portion of the city, and must be near their own place. A very few minutes sufficed to convince them that both the Ralstons and Verneys were threatened with serious loss.

The horrible confusion, the sense of immediate and unavoidable destruction, the consciousness of helplessness, seemed at first to paralyse them, but by the time they reached the cordon of police already drawn around the engines at work, they were all ready for such action as remained.

The upper floors of the Ralston place of business was already in flames. The great doors were open, and crowds of men busy removing whatever they could lay their hands upon. The moment they came in sight, a blackened and tattered workman made his way towards them, crying out. "Mr. Ralston, the office door is locked and I cannot get at the books. I've done my best."

"Stop, Father!" cried Harry, "don't you attempt it! I will go. Stand back!"

The next instant he had disappeared. The roaring and surging crowd, the hissing and screaming of the fire engines, the indescribable and awful noise of the flames filled the night for one brief instant. Then, suddenly, a strange silence as of suspended breath, fell on it all, and, in the twinkling of an eye, the great walls went down.

A cry,—that mighty human voice heard only when the souls of men are stricken, rose to the Divine Ear. Confused questions, wild exclamations, fierce imprecations followed. The police force stood firm against the rush, but out from their ranks burst the same figure, more tattered and begrimed, utterly wild and horror-stricken in face and voice.

“Mr. Ralston! O God have mercy on us! he’s in there!”

In there!

The wretched father fell as one dead. The two sons left to him, struggling to protect and bear him away, were mercifully deadened to the full horror of the thought. The crowd around caught up the words and echoed them far and wide.

“A man in the ruins! Young Ralston killed by the walls! Somebody crushed in the building and burning to death!”

(*To be continued.*)

A GOOD OPPORTUNITY.

BOYS and girls, here is news for you! Every one of you may write a letter to THE ROSARY, and ask all the questions you want to about everything, and tell what kind of stories you like best; in fact, this department is *yours*, and it is for you to prove yourselves interested proprietors. The very little ones, as well as the nearly grown-up children, are all welcome to write and get acquainted with THE ROSARY so well that we will become the best of friends. The letters you write will not be printed, unless one comes along that is very interesting, but every one will be answered, so as to make interesting reading for all. Now children, THE ROSARY will expect a very large mail; do not disappoint. Direct your letters to

CHILDREN’S DEPARTMENT.

Notes.

THE ROSARY.

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Happy New Year, '93.

Of course, we are glad to learn that our December number was so favorably received on all sides as to elicit kind words of encouraging praise. To our many friends and well-wishers—yes, to all our Rosarians, we make this grateful acknowledgment of heartfelt thanks.

With this number we place a beautiful legend in our readers' hands. It is from the pen of Mr. John A. Mooney, and as called "Sanda Muhuna's Palace." Capable critics declare that the author's style in this oriental descriptive narrative is not unlike that of Ben Hur. We are confident that the readers of THE ROSARY will be entertained as well as instructed by Mr. Mooney's sketch.

We are in receipt of a letter issued by the Most Reverend Archbishops, prepared at their meeting in New York, in the interest of the "Catholic Educational Exhibit." It is as follows:

NEW YORK CITY, NOV. 18, 1892.

To the Clergy and Catholic Laity of the United States.

REVEREND FATHERS: DEAR BRETHREN:—The Superiors and Directors of our schools have begun the preparatory

work for holding a Catholic Educational Exhibit at the Columbian Exposition, and we have received assurance from them that ample material will be provided to illustrate our educational work and methods. The holding of this Educational Exhibit involves a considerable outlay of money. The various institutions which take part in the exhibit will, it is true, bear a portion of the expense, but if the project is to be entirely successful, we must have a fund upon which we may draw to provide whatever may be necessary to make the exhibit worthy of our zeal and labors in the cause of Christian education. The Secretary and Manager must receive pay for his work; a bureau of information, with salaried clerks, must be kept; circulars, pamphlets, and catalogues of the exhibits must be published and distributed, and the rooms in which the exhibit will be placed must be adorned and made attractive. It is also the intention to make a complete collection of all books written in English by Catholic authors, and to publish a souvenir volume, giving a history of Catholic education in the United States. In fact, the managers are anxious to make this exhibit so complete and so interesting that it will become and remain a memorable event in the history of American Catholic education.

But to do this they must have sufficient means at their disposal, and since this is a private enterprise, they are compelled to appeal to the Catholic clergy and laity to come to their aid. The Holy Father has sent his apostolic blessing to all who take part in the work, and we feel confident that arguments are not needed to induce the Catholic clergy and laity to contribute what will be amply sufficient to make our Catholic Educational Exhibit, which will be the only distinctively Catholic feature in the World's Fair, one of its most important and valuable departments. Not in our day shall we again have such an opportunity to bring our educational work, which is so intimately associated with all our highest interests as Catholics and Americans, to public attention and inspection. For multitudes this exhibit will be the standard, whereby they will measure the worth and efficiency of our system and methods. Let no one remain indifferent where such interests are involved. If the exhibit is what we have reason to believe it will be, it will awak-

en new zeal, and give a fresh impulse to the cause of Catholic education in the United States. We confidently believe that this appeal will meet with a generous response from rich and poor, and that multitudes of the faithful shall have the satisfaction to know that they have part in this work.

Contributions may be sent to Right Rev. J. L. Spalding, President Catholic Educational Exhibit, N. E. corner 35th Street and Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

- ✦ JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS,
Archbishop of Baltimore.
- ✦ MICHAEL A. CORRIGAN,
Archbishop of New York.
- ✦ WILLIAM HENRY ELDER,
Archbishop of Cincinnati.
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Archbishop of Philadelphia.
- ✦ JOHN B. SALPONTE,
Archbishop of Santa Fe.
- ✦ JOHN JOS. WILLIAMS,
Archbishop of Boston.

NOTES.

Our separated brethren, with a few notable exceptions, are endeavoring to create a public opinion in favor of a total Sunday-closing of the World's Fair. Every groggery in Chicago, and low dive and gambling-den as well, is likewise anxious to have the Fair closed.

As a rule, Catholic prelates and journals are in favor of seeing the doors open on Sunday after the people have had an opportunity to attend divine service in their respective places of worship.

If the party who sent us money last month had had the thoughtfulness to send us his name and address, (we could not even make out the post-mark), we would have been able to place the amount of his remittance to his credit.

We gladly give space to Miss Kilkelly's note of explanation here appended :

In my sketch of Dominica, in the September number of THE ROSARY, I remarked "that the Nuns of the Faithful

Virgin who so hospitably entertained me during my visit to that island, had been prevailed upon by the present Bishop of Roseau, Monsignor Naughten, to leave their Mother House in Kensington, England, cross the seas, and devote their lives to the instruction of the negro and Carib children in the Island of Dominica, for which field of *onerous* labor Monsignor Naughten had just been consecrated Bishop.

I now embrace this opportunity of rectifying my error. The Mother House of the Nuns of the Faithful Virgin is situated at Delivrande, near Caen in Normandy. They have a large and flourishing house at Norwood, near the Crystal Palace on the outskirts of London.

It is to Monsignor Vesque, first bishop of Roseau, who was consecrated by Cardinal Wiseman in 1859, to whom is due the credit of having prevailed on the Sisters to come to Dominica, and he, at his own expense, built them a Convent.

Eight of the English speaking Sisters accompanied Monsignor Naughten from their Convent at Norwood, near the Crystal Palace, Surrey, England, to join their French and Creole Sisters already established in Dominica.

The newly-ordained Dominican priests have been assigned to posts of duty, as follows :—Rev. Hyacinth Justa to Memphis, Tenn.; Rev. Louis Kelly to Kansas City, Mo.; Rev. Clement Kernan to Zanesville, Ohio.

The prayers of our Rosarians are asked for the repose of the souls of Rev. Fathers Martin Pius Spalding, O.P., and James Vincent Edelen, O.P. The former died in Kansas City, Mo., on Nov. 16; the latter in Memphis, Tenn., on Nov. 18, 1892. Both were born in Kentucky; both entered the Dominican Order at St. Rose's, Ky., in their tender youth; but while Fr. Edelen was privileged to see forty years of priestly life roll by and himself actively engaged in arduous labor at the various posts of duty in the province, Fr. Spalding's career, full of promise, was cut short while he was still young. Seven years ago he was ordained with a zealous band of other young Dominicans, whose number, sad to say, the grim reaper keeps lessening every now and then. After ordination Fr. Spalding was sent to Washington, D. C.; afterwards to New York City. His health failing, he was transferred to Holy Rosary Convent in Minneapolis.

For a while he was intrusted with the grave and responsible position of novice-master, for which his gentleness of disposition and fidelity to duty, together with the other virtues of heart and head ad-

mirably fitted him. The germs of a stubborn and remorseless disease were, however, all these years steadily undermining his health, rendering it necessary for the bright young priest to be released from active work.

Neither the balmy atmosphere of the South, nor the invigorating and much sought climate of the Western highlands, could stay the slow but sure encroachments of death. It came at last, to find him calm and peaceful, resigned and ready. His brethren in Kansas City comforted him in his last agony, and his mortal remains await the resurrection call in the little old graveyard close beside St. Rose's Convent Church, near Springfield, Ky.

Father Edelen was until the last few years an active, zealous, whole-souled, popular priest. Entering the Order in the '30s when sturdy pioneers were needed, and found, to break the bread of life to God's faithful and scattered flock in the South, and West, and North, Father Edelen's name became a household word, and his affable manners attracted around him life-long friends in every place. Most of his time was spent in the South. In Memphis he was stricken with paralysis two years ago, and remained an invalid, cheerful and resigned to the day of his death. His body rests beside the mouldering remains of his dauntless brethren who, during the awful plague that visited Memphis in '76, succumbed to the ravages of the yellow fever.

OUR EXCHANGES.

"ON THE MISSION IN MISSOURI FROM 1857 to 1868," by Rt. Rev. John Joseph Hogan, Bishop of Kansas City. John A. Heilmann, Publisher, Kansas City, Mo. Price, 75c.

The most interesting and entertaining little book that we have read in a long while. It reads like a novel, is brimful of wit and humor, while at the same time there flows along a strong and steady under-current of solid instruction reflected from the experiences of a hard-working, zealous pioneer missionary who is now the beloved bishop of that young giant city of the West. The story of his labors is admirably told. Of special interest, however, is the genial bishop's account of his arrest for refusing to take the infamous "test oath."

"THE SACRAMENTALS OF THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH," by Rev. A. A. Lambing, LL.D., author of "A History of the Catholic Church in the dioceses of Pittsburg and Alleghany," the "Sunday-School Teacher's Manual," "Masses for the Dead," "Mixed Marriages," etc.,

INDULGENCES FOR JANUARY.

New Year's Day.—Feast of the Circumcision.—The feast *by dignity* of the Holy Name Society. To members is given the privilege of gaining a Jubilee Indulgence, C.C., Prayers. Also First Sunday of the month. The usual three plenary indulgences:

a) C.C., Prayers.

b) If after C.C., Visit Rosary Altar and Prayers.

c) If after C.C., attend Rosary Procession.

Jan. 8. Finding of the Child Jesus in the Temple. Plenary Indulgence, C.C., Prayers.

Jan. 23. St. Raymond Pennafort, O.P. Plenary Indulgence, C.C., Visit and Prayers.

Jan. 28. Translation of the Relics of St. Thomas Aquinas. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Angelic Warfare. C.C.

Jan. 29. Last Sunday of the month. Usual Indulgence for those who say the Rosary three times a week.

Jan. 31. Prayer of Our Lord in the Garden, 1st Sorrowful mystery. Plenary Indulgence, C.C., Prayers.

A. B. A partial indulgence of 30 years and 30 Lents for visiting five altars, or one altar five times, on Jan. 1, Feast of the Circumcision; Jan. 6, Epiphany; Jan. 29, Septuagesima.

etc. Benziger Brothers, New York, Cincinnati, Chicago. Price, \$1.25 net.

As the author declares in his preface to this volume, nearly all the articles originally appeared in the *Ave Maria* or in the *American Ecclesiastical Review*, but they have been subjected to a careful revision, and, as they now appear in a goodly sized book of 356 pages, they form a very acceptable collection of the principal sacramentals in use among the faithful. A book for the people, treating subjects with the use of which the people are familiar, it is written in a clear and entertainingly instructive style. It is a book with which, we hope, every Catholic family will be provided, and every Catholic school should be supplied. The necessarily brief account of the sacramentals given in our catechisms might very profitably be supplemented with readings from this book; for example, on the *Treasures of the Missal, Ritual, and Breviary, The Sign of the Cross, The Rosary, The Scapular, The Angelus, Blessed Palms, and Candles,*

—these are a few of the topics explained. Our love, our devotion increased in proportion to our knowledge. The day is not past yet when no malicious "fling" is hurled at Catholics for their "inane mummeries," their religious "charms" and "talismans." One perusal by any intelligent and honest non-Catholic will give an insight into the true nature and idea of the sacramentals, and allay all his fears. This book is sure of an extended circulation, and it deserves it. The publishers, too, will have contributed not a little to the welcome with which this book will be received by reason of the substantial and artistic manner in which it is prepared.

"INSTRUCTIO SPONSORUM, LINGUA ANGLICA CONSCRIPTA AD USUM PAROCHORUM." B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo.

This is the third edition of a very useful little book. Every priest to whom is entrusted the care of souls will find it an invaluable aid. To be sure, the subjects discussed are found in his moral theology, but it will be worth his while to review them, as he is very well enabled to do so in this *Instructio Sponsorum*.

"PRACTICAL GUIDE FOR CATHOLICS." B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo.

Much solid and practical information is found within the covers of this little book.

"THE ANNALS OF THE TABERNACLE SOCIETY," Convent of Notre Dame, Philadelphia, Vol. 11, No. 2, has reached us. It states the incorporation of the society has taken place. It gives a splendid record of work done for poor churches. "Jubilee Lamps of Notre Dame," is the title of a beautiful poem by Eleanor C. Donnelly, composed on the occasion of the presentation of fifty lamps to our Holy Father as a Golden Jubilee offering. When the Jubilee was over he distributed them among poor Missions in many places. Some burn now in the East and in Australia.

"ANALYSIS OF THE GOSPELS"; from the Italian, by Rev. L. A. Lambert, author of "Notes on Ingersoll." Benziger Bros., New York Cincinnati and Chicago.

The fact that this translation is done by Fr. Lambert is sufficient guarantee that it has been well done, and the fact that the well-known author of "Notes on Ingersoll" has thought fit to devote his time to this translation is antecedent proof that the book is timely, and so it is, as a glance at it will readily show. It explains the gospels of the Sundays of the year, and in this last respect is not unlike Goffine's well-known work on the same subject. It will, we think, be found serviceable as a manual of spiritual reading for individual use. A book for the people, it unfolds with admirable simplicity the beautiful narrative of the evangelists.

We miss the citation of chapter and verse from the passages of scripture that are adduced with generous and apt frequency.

From the same energetic publishers, we have

"A PRIMER FOR CONVERTS"; by Rev. J. T. Durward. Price 25c.

As a primer this well-intentioned little book contains not too much, but much that is amplified at too great a length. The facts of Christianity and the motives of credibility, should, we think, be presented to our non-Catholic friends in clear-cut, short, incisive sentences. This is an age of brevity. However, Fr. Durward writes with a patient, charitable pen and his zeal is sure to be rewarded.

"BIRTH-DAY SOUVENIR," is an artistic little collection of quotations and mottoes from the sayings of saints and wise men in every age, by Mrs. A. E. Buchanan. There is blank space reserved to receive the daily jottings of those whose fancies urge them to keep a diary. The book is more ornamental than useful. Benziger Bros., publishers. Price, 50c.

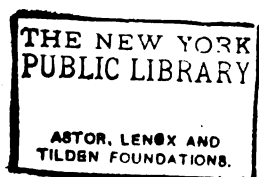
"PUBLIC SCHOOLS OR DENOMINATIONAL SCHOOLS"—Pastoral Letter on the Separation of the School from the Church, issued in 1873; by Rt. Rev. W. E. von Ketteler, Bishop of Mentz. Benziger Bros. Price, paper, 10c.

JANUARY ROSARY.

INTENTIONS FOR JANUARY.

The prayers of Rosarians are requested for the needs of Holy Mother Church, of our Holy Father the Pope, and for several special intentions; notably the following: Two persons in great spiritual danger; for John Farrell who died at New Britain, Conn., Nov. 7, '92; for Margaret Blanche who died in Ansonia, Conn., Oct. 28, '92; for a husband and a son who have grown careless in the

practice of their religion; for the souls in purgatory; for means to pay three debts; for health in a family; for the repose of the soul of a mother; for her orphan children to have the grace to live piously and well; for one to obtain employment; in thanksgiving for favors received; the grace of a vocation; for the repose of the soul of Cath. Tobin who died July 10th, '92; for success in studies; for the worthy reception of the Sacraments by four careless persons.





LA VIERGE AUX CANDELABRES

THE VIRGIN OF THE CANDELABRA.



VOL. II.

FEBRUARY, 1893.

NO. 10.

'TIS THINE, O LORD!

J. ELMO BERRY.

BELOW the western gate it holds its sway,
The ever-burning sun with shafts that fly
Athwart the steps of night : the muffled sigh
Of melancholy woods rolls out the day,
And o'er its path the startling night-birds stray;
And like a fading ruby in the sky,
Antares trembles in his seat on high,—
A scorpion's heart along the stellar way!

'Tis Thine, O Lord! this old world still in youth,
The bird that sings the praise of nature's soul,
The rose that breathes Thy holy love and word,
The star that trembles at Thy mighty truth,
The glittering night that casts her sombre stole
O'er Thy created love; 'Tis Thine, O Lord!

SANDA MUHUNA'S PALACE.

JOHN A. MOONEY.

CHAPTER V.

THE STRANGERS IN SEARCH OF THE TRUTH.

EARLY in the morning, as the first rays of the sun pushed their way between the entwined leaves of the palms and mangoes, Thomas arose, and went down to a well, near by, and bathed in the clear waters ; and thereafter he meditated on what he had seen and heard, and he besought the Lord heartily to aid him in his perilous undertaking. Now he knew that Jesus, when on earth, had a particular affection for him, because he alone had offered to go with the Lord when the other Apostles feared, lest the Jews might stone Him if He went again among them. And it was to him that Christ gave the sum of His doctrine, in the simple words: "I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life. No man cometh to the Father but by Me." And though Thomas had, indeed, for a moment, doubted the resurrection of Christ, yet the loving charity that He showed unto the obstinate Apostle was a wondrous proof of the Lord's affection. And, in prayer, Thomas was wont to address the Saviour in the very words he used when he so fully expressed his repentance and his faith: "My Lord and my God!" Now, after he had prayed for guidance and for courage, he retraced his steps; and, meeting Abinissa, he saluted the merchant, and, at his request, hurried back to the camping ground. And there, while they ate a light meal, Abinissa told him this story.

"Shortly after my departure from Ceylon, seeking out your country, a party of strangers reached this land, of which they knew only by hearsay. This it was that I learned yesternight from the monk. My master, the king, received the strangers kindly, according to our custom, and gave them permission to journey from one end of the island to the other; and having made the circuit, and being now on their way homeward, they bade the

king farewell yesterday; and to-morrow, or the day following, they will sail away. And hearing that they had arrived here yesterday, and that they were housed with the monks, I made bold to approach the chief monk, and to ask to be permitted to see the strangers this morning. They agreed to receive me, and I desire to have you with me. Now they are a very wonderful people, and they claim to be of the oldest nation in the world. Two of these men are very learned, and they have inquired into our religion, and have found it to be the one they were seeking; and the monks tell me that when these strangers return to their own country the Lord Buddha will be made the divinity of that land. How rejoiced the good Asoka will be!" Thomas listened attentively; neither could he help wondering who this people could be; nor could he restrain himself from pitying the nation whose mind and heart were to be debased by the senseless worship of the idols he had seen in the temple; a people whose credulity was so great that its learned men could accept the childish stories that Abinissa had repeated to him. However he spoke none of his thoughts to the merchant, assuring him merely that he would willingly accompany him.

When the third hour of the day had passed, they started once more for the monastery, and there they learned that the strangers had gone out with the chief of the monks, and that they were even now at a neighboring dagoba, celebrating the feast of the bowl. And Abinissa led the way and brought Thomas to the sacred dagoba; and, as they walked, he explained to Thomas that when the blessed Sakya-Muni was on earth he was accustomed to void his sacred spittle in a stone bowl, and that this holy bowl had been vouchsafed to the Singhalese by the good King Asoka, who had placed therein a scraping from the Buddha's toe-nail. So that the bowl and the dagoba that contained it were twice blessed. And when they reached the dagoba, it proved to be of great size—two hundred and fifty feet high, with a dome two hundred feet in diameter. And on this day the dagoba was a most charming sight; for it was covered from base to dome with garlands of flowers trained so closely about the whole structure that it seemed to be built of flowers. And seated on the grass, in front of the dagoba, was a group of men, talking and amusing themselves. And Abinissa, leaving Thomas, advanced towards the group; but the chief monk met him half way. After

a moment's converse, they called Thomas, and when he had been introduced to the monk, the three went up to the strangers. And there were a number of them, but two who were evidently the leaders of the party. These two were dressed in silks of rich colors, while all the others wore coarse stuffs. Abinissa and Thomas wondered at the men, for their features were unlike those of any people that the Apostle, or the merchant had seen in their journeys. More especially were they interested in the fashion after which the strangers dressed their hair; for their heads were clean shaven, excepting at the crown, and there a roll of braided hair rose up in a conical form. Some of the men wore the braid so that it hung down between their shoulders. Now the strangers were much interested in Thomas, and they wondered greatly at his features, and at the shape of his face, which differed greatly from the shape of the faces of the Singhalese. And when the chief monk informed the strangers that Thomas was an architect, they treated him with extreme consideration.

When, at a sign from the two leaders, their attendants had withdrawn a little distance, the strangers sat down on the grass, and Abinissa and Thomas and the monk did likewise. And there-upon Abinissa asked them to explain to him whence they came, and their purpose in visiting Ceylon; and they politely made answer, seeking the right word, now and then, from the chief monk. And this is their story, as it was told by the elder of the two men.

"We are natives of Tchoung Koue, the great Middle Kingdom, which the foreigners, with whom we trade, also call Thsin or Sin, (China), after our ruler Tsing. And it was our first king, Hoen-tun, who created the world, ninety-six millions of years ago; but our present rulers are of the family of Han. And the name of the great man who sits beside me is Tsou-chang; but your most abject servant, who addresses you, is You-ki. And many suns have risen and set since our illustrious king, Ming-ti, the son of God, called us before him and said: "Tsou-chang and You-ki, having served me well, and being men of virtue, and well skilled in the book of transformations, and in the book of the way of reason, and in the canonical books, and having drunk deep at the fountain of wisdom of the inspired Kong-fou-tseu, and of Meng-tseu, I have selected you for a most important mission. Now, as you well know the venerated Kong-fou-tseu, (Confucius) repeated again and again that his doctrine was not the whole

truth, and that his mission was merely to re-establish the primitive doctrine, from which men had fallen away. And you, like myself, must have been troubled by his saying that he was only the forerunner of a most illustrious personage who would after several centuries appear in the West, and who would offer men the complete truth concerning God, and virtue, and religion. Now the spirits of my ancestors have long moved me to learn whether this illustrious person has come into the world; and, if he has been born, where he is, or was; so that, if his doctrine has been given to men, my subjects may have the benefit thereof; for though the prayer which Kong-fou-tseu offered up on the mountain, amid his disciples, and with his face turned to the North, has been heard, and his work has not been sterile, yet, if his work was incomplete, and we have not the whole truth about the Lord, we are indeed unfortunate men." And when the king had ceased speaking, we, his servants agreed with him and encouraged him. whereupon he addressed us once more saying: "Ye are men of good hearts. Now therefore make you ready, quickly, and I will give you vessels, and a retinue, and money and jewels; and do you set sail, making your course to the West, and the Immortal One will guide you, and you shall learn the truth and return therewith; and my heart and the hearts of my people shall be rejoiced." And we, making haste, set sail; and having no seamen who knew the ocean ways beyond our coast, we journeyed long amid the waves, and suffered many hardships, and lost one of our boats in a terrible storm; and when we had given up hope, suddenly we came in sight of this land. And here we were kindly received, and, mean as we are, a great favor has been done to us, for we have found the truth. Now, therefore, we are returning to our country, bearing back the most precious of all jewels to the king and to our people."

And when they halted in their narrative, Thomas asked them how they knew they had found the truth; and they answered, that, more than four hundred years before, certain strange books had found their way into the Middle Kingdom, and that no man knew whence they came. The doctrine contained in those books had pleased many; and some wise men claimed that the new doctrine completed the old. During a hundred years this new doctrine had taken root and flourished; and only since their arrival in Ceylon had they learned that the strange books had come out

of this land, and that the people of Thsin had received only a small portion of the teachings of the promised reformer, the blessed Buddha. Here they had learned his whole doctrine, and they had seen all his wonderful works, and they were convinced that at length they possessed the truth.

Now Tsou-chang, who had not heretofore spoken, turned to Thomas, saying: "Of your people we have never before heard. Have you also the truth?" "We have indeed," Thomas answered. "Whence did you receive it?" asked the Chinaman. "From the Son of God himself," the Apostle replied. "That is from your king," said Tsou-chang; for the Chinese called their king the son of God. "Yes, and no," was the response of Thomas. "From no earthly, but from a heavenly king." Then the others were silent; and You-ki at length asked Thomas to explain to them the doctrines of his teacher. This the Apostle did in few words. And while they listened, they frequently broke forth in exclamations, as they noted a resemblance between the Apostle's doctrine and the teachings of Buddha; for there were many resemblances. But suddenly, while they were questioning Thomas, and were seemingly most anxious to gather from him all possible knowledge, the chief monk, who was evidently not pleased with the course into which the conversation had been turned, arose, saying to his guests: "Please, my masters, remember that you have much to see, and only a short time before you, and that you promised me that this very morning you would show me the warrior's game." Whereupon with many low bows, the two Chinese stood up, and withdrew among their attendants, and presently returned and invited their host to come with them. And, going up, Thomas found a number of the strangers seated, with a small board between them; and the board was divided into squares, colored alternately black and red. And on the squares were carved figures in wood or in ivory. After they had watched the curious game for a time, You-ki spoke thus: "This game, called the game of chess, was invented by the great king Yao, who reigned 2,400 years ago, and who compiled our first sacred book, and who knew the stars, and turned the course of the rivers to irrigate our lands, and who was filled with all wisdom. And he devised this game for the instruction of his son, that from it he might acquire the art of governing, and also of making war; for you will remark that from this game a man should learn the value of patience,

and of prudence in action, and also the necessity for reflection in all human things." And then he added: "But I shall not hide from you that this game has been abused, and that many wise men claim that it leads only to a waste of precious time, and that all it does is to sharpen a man's wits so that he may the more readily mislead, and take advantage of his adversary." Just at this moment there came a message from the monastery that the mid-day meal awaited them; and Abinissa and Thomas prepared to take their leave. And Thomas, who hoped to have an opportunity of leading the strangers to the knowledge of the true, God and who looked upon the meeting as providential, suggested to Tsou-chang that he should visit the land of the Hebrews; but when he had inquired the distance, and learned that they would have a long sea-voyage, fear came upon him; and though he expressed his regret that they had no time to learn more of the new doctrine, he promised to tell his royal Master what they had heard, and to suggest to him to send messengers to study the new religion. So Thomas was compelled to part with the Chinamen, without leading them to the truth they were seeking. And he went away with a sad heart; and as he walked silently along the path, Abinissa caught up with him; and presently they came upon a number of slaves who were rolling a great box down the hill, and, making inquiry, Abinissa learned that the box held a statue of the Buddha, and that it was to be carried on ox-carts to the port and there placed on the Chinamen's ship.

When the merchant and the Apostle reached their camp, they found their meal prepared. And having eaten, they mounted the litters and pursued their journey.

CHAPTER VI.

FIRST FRUITS.

Though the carriers tarried not, yet the sun had set before they came within sight of the city of Anuradhapura. And when Thomas had dismounted, Abinissa said that they had been unfortunate, because now the gates were closed, and they could not enter until the morrow. However there was a guard-house without the gates, and, Abinissa making himself known to the officer of the guard, arrangements were made to provide them with food and with beds.

After they had supped, Abinissa went among the officers to learn the news; but Thomas, going out of the house, took a path that ran around the ramparts—great, tall bulwarks of earth, twenty feet high. And the moon was at the full and the mountains in the distance were alight with a soft grey light, and the air was sonorous with the song of a myriad of insects. And Thomas walked leisurely, singing to himself psalms in praise of the Lord, and commending to Him both his person and his mission, when suddenly he saw a shadow cast upon the ground in front of him and covering his own shadow. Turning about he perceived a man, who, when he was discovered, threw himself upon the road, and bowed down his head, and then, lifting up his face, uttered sounds of joy and of reverence. And Thomas did not know the man; whereupon he said to the Apostle: "I was on the ship with thee; and it was I who saw the dove carry away the book from the crest of the wave." And then the Apostle recognized the man, and bade him arise, and questioned him; and the sailor pointing to his right arm, which was clumsily bandaged, spoke thus: "Holy man! I have pursued thee without resting by the wayside, for I have a great trouble, and I know thou canst help me if thou wilt. Now, the other morning, after thou hadst left the ship, we drew in the anchor, according to orders, and shifted our ground. And when we came again to anchor, I was one of those at the chain; and how it happened I know not, but, while we were playing out, this arm was wrenched by the chain, and I could hear the bones crack, even at the very joint of the elbow. And I fainted away; and when I came to, some of my fellows bandaged the arm, and I hurried ashore. And my first thought was to find thee. I know thou canst heal me; for I have seen thy power. And I believe in thy God, and in the book." These words surprised Thomas. "Do you know the true God?" asked Thomas. "I believe I do," replied the simple man; "and yet I cannot say. What I do know is, that when the dove flew over the deck of the ship and I looked upon its white plumage, there came a strange thought in my mind; and it was a speaking thought, having a voice; and the voice pursues me night and day, saying: 'Would you be white like the dove? If so, follow me!' And when I try to think what may be the meaning of these words, again it occurs to me that since the dove came to thee, as though thou wert its master, it is thee whom I should follow." And

Thomas looking upon the man, kindly said to him: "Indeed the seed has fallen upon good ground;" but the sailor did not understand. Then Thomas spake no more, but he walked silently along, until suddenly they heard the sound of running waters; and then the Apostle, as if moved by a new thought, turned from the path, and gathered some broad, green leaves, and going to the little stream he lifted up some water in the leaves which he had folded into the shape of a cup. And then he blessed the water; and when he had blessed it, he bade the sailor to remove the bandages from the broken arm, and in their stead he placed the wet leaves, and tied them there. Then he said to the man: "Go you, and take rest; and in the morning the break shall be healed. And do you come to me, after to-morrow, in the city, and if you keep in the same mind, I promise you that I shall put a white dove in your heart; and the dove shall rest there, forever." And then Thomas taught the poor sailor to make the sign of the Cross; and he had him to repeat the Lord's prayer, many times, until he knew it well. And after this he cautioned the man that he should worship no idols, and that he should tell no man, for the present, of his meeting the Hebrew architect, nor of what had just been done for him, nor of the story of the dove. And the man promised; whereupon the Apostle blessed him. Thereupon they parted; now when Thomas returned to the guard-house, he found Abinissa gambling with the officers. Thomas did not disturb them, but went to his room, and, there, praising God for the blessing of the first fruits, he lay down on the coarse bed and slept.

CHAPTER VII.

THE BO-TREE AND THE TREE OF LIFE.

And when they awakened in the morning, and Thomas had returned thanks to the Lord for preserving him during the night, and had begged God's blessing upon this his servant's first day in the king's city, he determined within himself that he would, hereafter, when the occasion favored, try to direct Abinissa's thoughts in the way of the truth. And after they had broken their fast, they went out and passed through the gate. As they entered, they fell in with a great crowd of people; and slaves were serving all the people with cakes, and with perfumes, and

with garments, or with spices, and betel, as they chose. And Abinissa explained that these were the gifts of the king, who desired that all his subjects should be happy during this time of rejoicing.

Having watched the crowd for a while, Abinissa took Thomas by the arm and led him away, saying: "To-day we have many things to do, and we may not tarry long anywhere. On account of the marriage-feast we shall not go before the king; but I will bring you to see some of the wonders of the Capital. For you must know that, since Mahindo and Sangamitta, the son and the daughter of the blessed Asoka, revealed unto us the doctrine of the great lord Buddha, Sakya-Muni, this city has been sacred to him; and this revelation was made unto us three hundred years ago. Now the works of the single-minded Asoka in this our land are many and beautiful. In his kingdom of India, that lies over against us, to the North, he built 84,000 topes and dagobas, all holding relics of the blessed Buddha. And to us he sent many rare gifts. Here, to the right, is the sacred dagoba of the blue hair." Thomas turned, and saw a circular building of solid masonry, surmounted by a dome. At a distance of ten feet from the walls, two rows of stone columns were ranged, and they ran around the whole circumference of the building. The capitals were also of stone; but the beams supporting the roof were of wood, and the roof was of metal; and the whole made a covered way about the dagoba. And in niches in the outer wall of the building, there were statues of gold and of bronze. "Within this dagoba," said Abinissa, "the monks placed a hair that grew on the divine forehead of the Buddha, just over his left eyebrow. This indeed is a very holy place. Come with me now, by this narrow path, and I will show you a wonder no less great." And when they had gone a short distance they found themselves facing a hill of hard rock, and the rock was curiously hewn, and there were statues cut out of it, and entrance ways that led into the hill itself. And at the main doorway there was a statue of the Buddha, sixteen feet high; and the nails of the fingers and toes, and the whites of the eyes, were inlaid with precious stones. And leading Thomas directly in the centre of one of the entrances, Abinissa said to him: "Look now intently, and then tell me what you see!" And after Thomas had looked a while Abinissa questioned him as to what he saw, and the Apostle answered that he saw

naught but gloom. Whereupon the merchant informed him that, if he were truly holy, he would see the shadow of the Buddha; but that no man had ever touched it, for it fled as one approached. "I myself have never seen it," added Abinissa; "but how could I, since I am not even as holy as you are!"

Having returned to the main road, they proceeded hastily. "Very soon," said Abinissa, "I will show you the holiest place in the world." "Then my Lord has preceded me," was the Apostle's reply. "What has your lord to do with the matter?" asked the merchant. "Fear not! here He can do you no harm." "My Lord is mighty," Thomas answered; "yet harms He no man." "Why think you He is here?" said Abinissa. "Did you not tell the Chinaman that He was a Hebrew, and that He lived and died in your country?" "Nevertheless," said the Apostle, "my Lord and my God is here now. And, before long, you shall hear His voice." The Singhalese merchant looked at Thomas with a curious expression, as though pitying him; but spoke no further.

Suddenly the street grew broader, and Thomas found himself walking between fields green with grain and pulse and rice, and framed within dark woods of sweet-smelling sandal, and of palm and pine and cypress and mango. The well-watered roads were edged with scarlet-flowered pomegranates, and with orange and lemon trees heavy with glowing fruit and with fragrant blossoms. And beneath these were yellow-berried guavas, and oleanders, ablaze with rose-colored flowers; and twining jasmines, red and yellow mixed; and violets, and many tinted roses, shedding the odor of musk, and of tea, and of numberless sweet spices.

The Apostle was admiring these beautiful works of God, and thanking Him for His goodness to man, when, all at once, he noticed that Abinissa was no longer at his side. Looking to the right, he saw the merchant prostrate on the ground. Thomas wondered at this action, and still more at the strange sight that met his eyes. And as Abinissa did not rise, and as there were many others kneeling, the Apostle crossed the road and took a place on the platform of a small domed building that enclosed a clear spring, whose waters plashed musically against the stone walls of the well, and mingled agreeably with the voices and the laughter of a never ending crowd of women, bearing on their shoulders graceful jars of unglazed pottery.

The sight that Thomas looked upon was stranger than any he

had hitherto seen. In the centre of a great square, arose a pyramid of sodded earth, wide and long at the base, and, narrowing as it grew upward. And the grass was embroidered all over with gay flowers. Three terraces divided the earthen pyramid unequally, the lower section being the taller of the three. Full forty feet above the level of the top of the pyramid, stood a majestic tree, its huge trunk fantastically twisted, its wide-spread crown of heart-shaped leaves, ever trembling, and ever whispering to the silent air. Over the tree, forty feet higher still, extended a vast dome of brick, covered on the under side with colored plaster, but, exteriorly, with plates of gold. The diameter of the dome was at least twice greater than the space between the roadway, on which Abinissa knelt, and the crown of the vault. A forest of bell-shaped columns of stone, all monoliths, whose capitals feigned elephants and lions and angry snakes, bore the mighty weight above. Between the columns, binding one to another, were wooden beams, gaudily painted with flowers and geese and pigeons, and with frightful human forms. From the roadway there sprung a stairway of carved stone ; the risers ornamented with serpents' heads, and with scrolls and rosettes and running vines. And at the foot of the steps, on either end, were two stone statues, one having a head formed of seven serpents, and the other having a man's head, hooded like a cobra's. Some distance back from the edge of the upper step, there was a stone rail, standing higher than the tallest man, and carried around the four sides of the place. Carved posts were set in this rail, every few feet apart, and the panels were lavishly ornamented with carved disks, and with the leaves of the lotus flower, and with figures of dwarfs, and with garlands, and fig-trees, and the frightful snake-heads. In the centre of each of the four faces of the rail, there was an opening at least twenty feet wide, flanked with great pillars, whose height equalled the width of the gateway. The four sides of these pillars were delicately carved with figures of idols ; with scenes of men and women eating and drinking and making merry ; and with scrolls and tridents and flowering trees and wreaths. On top of each pillar were four elephants, facing the angles, and joined where their bodies met, in the centre of the pillar. These elephants were life-sized ; their trunks were variously twisted, simulating life, and their trappings were richly engraved. On their backs they carried a great lintel that stretched across the gateway ; and

above this lintel were two others, the space between one and another being equal to the height of a man. Immediately over the elephant capitals, there were sculptured figures of kneeling cows, and above these again of tigers crouching ; and, still higher, were slight-limbed deer. And on the faces of the lintels, strange stories were carved. The crowd of men and women and chariots and animals had a meaning. In the open space between the lintels were statues of elephants, and of horses with their riders full armed ; and surmounting the great scrolls at the ends of the lintels, winged lions sat on their haunches, their fore-feet firmly planted, and their glittering eyes and erect ears telling of watchfulness and of courage.

Abinissa had risen from the road and entered the gate. Within the rail, a line of worshippers filed to the right, and, prostrating themselves from time to time, made the circuit of the temple, burning incense meantime and strewing flowers. Thomas was wondering still, as the Singhalese merchant, coming down by the left side, descended the steps, crossed the road, and entered the house at the spring. "Why knelt you there?" asked the Apostle. "To honor the lord Buddha," answered the other. "This you must know is the holy place of the Bo-Tree. When the ever blessed Sakya-Muni received complete enlightenment, he was reclining under a tree of which this is not the offspring, but indeed a holy and miraculous part. During the reign of the powerful and religious king, Asoka, who honored the gods about three hundred years ago, a branch severed itself from the original tree, at Buddha Gaya, and, falling down, planted itself in a golden vase that dropped from the skies. To his pious son and daughter, Asoka entrusted this branch that they might carry it to our city ; and they, having safely conveyed it here, planted it where now you see it. We have their holy word for it that this tree shall be always green, never dying nor even decaying. The same has proved true within the memory of man. Have you a sacred tree in your country?" asked Abinissa. "We have indeed," said Thomas, joyously. "By whom was it set up?" inquired the merchant. "By my Lord and Master," replied Thomas. "Did he receive complete enlightenment under it?" asked Abinissa. "No," answered Thomas; "but we received complete enlightenment from it." "From a tree!" exclaimed the Singhalese. "Even so," said the Apostle. "My Master died on this blessed

tree, and, dying, left it as a sign, a beacon of hope and of light, and a symbol of love. It has been and will be forever watered with nourishing blood, and fed with patient sighs. For all time will it grow. It is ever in blossom and flower, and ever bears refreshing fruit, and ever gives out sweetest odors." Abinissa heard with astonishment. "Now," he protested somewhat hastily, "I do not understand you. Your Master is dead, you tell me, yet heretofore you have claimed that He was living. Is He dead and alive?" "Having neither beginning nor end," Thomas answered, "He died yet living, and lives though dead." "Your words are mysterious," exclaimed Abinissa. "I hope you are not a magician, as I still fear you are. My master, the king, will test you. He hath knowledge of these matters."

Evidently troubled by the words of the Apostle, the merchant went out on the roadway, and Thomas followed him. Then Abinissa said: "I have still other duties to perform, and I must leave you. Soon the wedding procession will move, and I would have you see it. You may go anywhere safely, but, when you hear the sound of music in the distance, do you make your way across the fields to yonder high ground where the little house stands alone; and there you will find me; and if I be not there, do you rest till I come; for I shall not delay." And so they parted.

(To be continued.)

MANUAL OF THE LIVING ROSARY.

BY A DOMINICAN PRIEST.

CHAPTER III.

DUTIES OF OFFICERS AND MEMBERS.

THE supreme head or moderator is the Most Rev. Master-General of the Order of the Friars-Preachers, and his delegates throughout the world are the Very Rev. Provincials of the various Provinces of the same Sacred Order. The local Rev. directors are, first, by right, the directors of the Canonical Confraternities of the Most Holy Rosary; second, by privilege, all priests who have received special powers for this purpose, either from the

General himself or from his delegates, the Provincials. On the 15th of November, 1877, the powers of the local directors who then held office were validated and confirmed for life.

After the directors,¹ both provincial and local, come the presidents of divisions and the prefects or heads of circles. A president² of a division is at the head of eleven circles, or has charge of eleven Living Rosaries. A prefect is at the head of a circle and is one of the fifteen persons who constitute it a Living Rosary. A prefect ought to have his or her name inscribed either on the list of the president of his or her division, or on that of the director. The names of simple members ought to be registered on the list of their prefect, president or director. The inscription just mentioned is highly proper, and, in a certain sense, indispensable for the protection of the association, but rigorously speaking, the simple selection by any one of the officers named suffices.

OFFICERS AND MEMBERS OF THE SODALITY.

I.—OF DIRECTORS.

1. Directors, as has been already stated, are appointed either by the Most Rev. General or by his delegates, the Provincials.

2. Directors need not keep a general register of the names of members, nor are they strictly bound to hold public exercises for their sodality.

3. It is their duty to preside over their respective sodality, and it belongs to them alone to examine and approve the various circles and to appoint prefects and presidents.

¹ "The office of diocesan director has been entirely suppressed, and therefore diocesan directors no longer exist, and cannot exist unless by the special permission of the Most Rev. General of the Dominicans. This decision extends even to all the diocesan directors still living who received their appointment before the 15th of November, 1877."—Larroca, "*Acta Sanctæ Sedis*," *uti supra*.

² Berault explains why a president presides over eleven circles, by saying that there are just one hundred and sixty-five grains or beads in a full Rosary, viz., one hundred and fifty to represent the Hail Marys, and fifteen to represent the Our Fathers, and that there are just one hundred and sixty-five sodalists in a division, or eleven circles. In other words, every eleven circles constitute a division or a number of associates corresponding or equal to the number of grains or beads in a full Rosary. The late Supreme Moderator, Jos. Maria Larroca, gives in substance the same explanation. So, too, Abbé Girard and Leikes, O.P.

4. It is their duty to call at convenient times the presidents alone or with the prefects, for the purpose of instructing them in respect to their office, of arousing their zeal, and, in general, of treating with them on such points as concern the increase and propagation of the organization.

5. Directors are most earnestly urged to take care that the feasts of the sodality be celebrated with the proper solemnity.

II.—OF PRESIDENTS.

1. In those places in which there are many circles, a president is appointed over every eleven circles, and even over a smaller number: a man must be appointed for the men's division, and a woman over the women's division.

2. It is the duty of the president to see that each circle of the division has, as far as possible, its own regularly appointed prefect.

3. Likewise, that each prefect attend faithfully to the obligations of office.

4. It belongs to the president to make known to the director the wishes of the prefects in reference to the sodality.

5. He should carefully watch that every circle has its requisite number of members, and transfer to other circles members that are not numerous enough to constitute a new circle.

6. The president may form new circles, but in every case the appointment and confirmation of the prefects must be made by the director. He may propose one or more names for the office of prefect to the director.

7. He should transmit to the director a properly made out list of the new circles, and each year for the feast of the Most Holy Rosary, a complete list of all the circles.

8. In fine, if the sodality loses its director, the president (or presidents) should take measures to have a new director appointed within a month.

III.—OF PREFECTS OR PROMOTERS.

1. Prefects or promoters are appointed only by the director; they have the right to receive new members into the sodality; even the absent can be admitted by them to membership through letters.

2. The prefect should keep a list of the members of his or her own band, and every year should send, for the feast of the Most

Holy Rosary, a copy of that list to the president of the division, or if there be no president, to the director.

3. It is the duty of each prefect to see that his or her circle has the full number of associates, that is, fourteen others besides himself or herself.

4. Members constituting a band or circle should, as much as possible, be selected from the same neighborhood. This arrangement presents many advantages.

5. To accomplish this end prefects may transfer sodalists from one circle to another, and the director can, for the same object, institute a general reorganization.

6. It is the duty of prefects to distribute by lot every month the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary to the different members of their respective bands, and to deliver or transmit to each one, even the absent, the mystery described on the sheet and drawn by lot for him or her.

7. If it happen that a certain circle has not the requisite number of sodalists, it is the duty of the prefect to recite the vacated decades himself, or have them recited by others, and endeavor to have within a month the full number of sodalists in his circle.

8. Should circles have more than fifteen associates, it will be the duty of the prefect to transmit the names of the supernumeraries to the president, so that a new circle may be formed from them. But if a new circle cannot be formed from those supernumeraries for the reason that there is not the requisite number, the prefect may still retain their names on his or her list, and may, after the ordinary distribution of the mysteries among the regular members of the circle, also divide out by lot among the supernumeraries their mysteries, yet in such a way that the decades which have no members to represent them, be altogether omitted.

9. In fine, prefects should most carefully watch over the morals of the members of their bands, and with charity report, through the president to the director, unworthy or misbehaving members.

IV.—OF MEMBERS AND THEIR DUTIES.

1. All persons legitimately admitted into the sodality by a duly appointed prefect, president or director, are to be regarded as true members.

2. All members should earnestly labor to fulfil faithfully and piously every day their obligation of reciting their respective decades, so that no portion of the Most Holy Rosary may be, through their negligence, omitted; for without doubt, it is no small matter to be deprived of the graces and blessings which this devotion, holily attended to, brings. Moreover, let them endeavor "whilst meditating on the holy mysteries of the Rosary, to imitate what they contain and obtain what they promise." Hence sodalists should give good example to one another by the practice of Christian virtues, especially by brotherly love, modesty, solid piety, and the frequent use of the Sacraments, and thus become the means of drawing others into their pious organization. The incorrigible should be excluded from the sodality, but with all prudence and charity, and only after the Rev. director has so decided.

V.—RULES FOR THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE MYSTERIES.

1. As a rule, the mysteries are to be distributed by drawing every month among the members.

2. The drawing by lot of the mysteries must be made in each circle by the prefect and at least two assistant associates. All the members of the band should endeavor to be present at the drawing. The mysteries drawn for the absent are to be sent to them by the prefect or given to them by some member of the circle who was present at the drawing.

3. In extraordinary cases or difficulties the drawing can take place for the whole division or eleven circles with the consent of the director, by the president and two assistant prefects.

4. The distribution of the mysteries should be made in the beginning of each month, or at least within the first half of it.¹ Whenever it can be, the first Sunday of the month, which is specially consecrated to the Rosary, should be selected for the drawing of the mysteries.

5. Sodalists who have been absent for a long time, and also those who can be informed only with much difficulty about the new distribution of the mysteries, may take the mystery following in the natural order the one they had in the month just elapsed. But in these cases the prefect should be notified in due time in

¹ Decision of Rome, 7 June, 1839.

order that the mysteries thus taken may be excluded from the drawing.

6. At every drawing, each sodalist of the band receives a new ticket, which he does not return, but keeps, and should read over often.

7. As has been already stated,¹ there are two approved modes of distributing the mysteries to the members of the sodality: the first and usual way is by drawing, and the second is by rotation or succession after the drawing by lot has once been made by the band. The first method is sufficiently plain. In the second method,² once the mysteries have been assigned to the members by the way of drawing, they may be changed ever after for each member without resorting any more to the system of drawing; for example, the associate, who receives by drawing the first mystery for this month, will receive without drawing the second mystery for the next month, the third for the month after, and so on until he has received the whole fifteen mysteries, when he shall begin again with the first mystery and continue on as before. But a member who receives an intermediate mystery, for example, the fourth, should receive for the next month, the fifth, and he who receives the last, or fifteenth mystery, should receive for the following month the first mystery. This method, besides being more simple than the first, has the advantage of guaranteeing all the mysteries without exclusion and without chance to each associate. Furthermore, it enables the members of each circle to meditate in due order on the mysteries, and this, it should be remembered, adds much to the beauty and power of the Rosary.

8. Some pious prayers should be recited in common, both before and after the drawing of the mysteries, to the Holy Ghost and to the Queen of the Most Holy Rosary.

VI.—PERSONS FOR WHOM THE LIVING ROSARY IS INTENDED.

As a rule, the Living Rosary ought not to be proposed but to persons who are too weak to accept at once the obligations of the great

¹ See Chap. 2d, pp. 20-21. Nos. 21, 22, 23.

² Those who adopt the second method of receiving their mysteries should be most careful to receive them in the commencement of the month, for they do not possess the privilege granted to members who follow strictly the first method of the distribution of the mysteries.

Rosary of the Confraternity. To this category belong generally, 1st, children, with whom short prayers go well; 2d, the sick, who have a dread of long prayers; 3d, persons who are very much occupied, or who believe that they are very much pressed with business, and who therefore might discover mountains of difficulties in the performance of the obligations of the great Rosary; 4th, persons who, although they can conveniently enough assume the obligations of the Confraternity, would be apt, by reason of their want of fervor, to neglect them.

It is more prudent to lead all such persons, as if by gradation and slowly, through the noviceship and along the avenue of the Living Rosary to the Confraternity. Besides, it is well known that wherever the Living Rosary has been properly practised and carefully and intelligently propagated, the greatest love for the Dominican Rosary has been the result. 5. There is no rule to prevent the members of the Confraternity or the associates of the Perpetual Rosary, who fully comply with their respective obligations, from joining the association of the Living Rosary, should they feel inclined to do so, particularly when they intend to make the mystery of the daily decade the subject of their meditations. 6. The Living Rosary ought to be established in all those places in which the Confraternity or the Perpetual Rosary cannot be introduced, but the people of those places should be at the same time instructed and admonished to practice often the great Rosary.

VII.—THE VITALITY OF THE LIVING ROSARY DEPENDS ON ITS
OFFICERS.

The whole vitality of the Living Rosary depends entirely on the directors, presidents and prefects. Monthly meetings of the sodalists have everywhere proved to be most beneficial for promoting this devotion among those for whom it is specially intended. Great interest should be taken and zeal manifested by all the officers of the association in spreading in the right spirit this beautiful devotion, for through it the people will be drawn eventually to the practice of the great Rosary. But even if some should not ascend so high, it is accomplishing a great deal to succeed in getting them to recite one Our Father and ten Hail Marys a day for their souls' sake, particularly when we reflect that the Most Blessed Virgin Mary never forgets even one Hail

Mary said with confidence to her and in her honor. May Jesus and Mary bless the association of the Living Rosary, and through it lead many souls to the great Confraternity and to the association of the Perpetual Rosary. All sodalists who have carefully practiced this devotion for some time, or who have passed through the novitiate of its pious exercises, ought to ascend higher, that is, enter into the Confraternity of the great Rosary. Indeed, there will be very little difficulty experienced in passing from the sodality to the Confraternity. For since Pius IX. has granted to the members of the Confraternity the permission to divide the fifteen decades of the weekly task into more than three parts, sodalists who pass over to the Confraternity will have but little more to do than they have already been doing, and will receive far greater graces and indulgences. Let all the associates, both of the Confraternity and of the Living Rosary, endeavor to cultivate and propagate with the same zeal one and the same devotion of the Rosary, and let all unanimously praise and exalt the Most August Queen of the Rosary.

(To be Continued.)

THE DOMINICAN NUNS AND THE LEPERS OF COCORITE.

FLORENCE MARY KILKELLY.

THE day previous to our departure for America we paid a visit to the Leper Asylum of Cocorite.

We were evidently expected, for as we approached the Institution, and before we had evinced any intention of stopping there; the iron gates swung open, and responding to the polite bows of the performer of this kindly service and one or two of his companions, we drove up the broad path, under the saman-trees, across the savanna, towards the plain white-washed building which stands on slightly rising ground, at the further side. As we reached the porch, and passed through it, a bell rung by the portress announced our arrival, and we found ourselves in a large quadrangle on gradually rising ground, in the centre of which was a well. Alighting near the latter we walked towards the chapel and dispensary, which are on the further side of the square, and

where we could see standing a sweet-faced, white-robed daughter of St. Dominic.

She welcomed us most kindly, and was evidently aware of the object of our visit.

"Would you like to visit the woman's ward first?" she asked in French.

We intimated our readiness, when the nun, having apologized for being unable to speak English, somewhat inconsistently began to converse in that tongue with a purity of accent which was delightful, and which it would be well if every one could imitate, but with an occasional hesitancy which gave her an additional charm.

"I learned English in France," she said, "and afterwards I spent a year in England before I came here."

"How long has that been, Sister," we asked, looking into the bright, happy face that looked up at us from under the black veil, a face furrowed and worn with long watching and self-sacrifice, but full of a happy calm which can only be experienced by those who make a complete annihilation of self for the good of others.

"Twenty years ago," was the reply. "I left my native France to labor among the poor, black lepers of Trinidad."

And here she stood, still steadfast in the path of duty, quietly performing with her sisters a work for which she sought no earthly reward. A work grander, nobler far than that performed by the impetuous soldier, who in cause of freedom, storms, sword in hand, the fire-belching battery, whose guns deal death and destruction all around; nobler than that of the statesman, who devotes his energies to legislation, which will increase the happiness of the people, will procure for him the plaudits of the populace, the favors of his sovereign, and an honored grave; a work nobler than even that of the most eloquent preacher, for their whole existence is a life-long sermon; nobler even than the work of their *consœurs*, the Sisters of Mercy and Charity, for while the latter spend a large portion of their time in prisons and hospitals, these Dominican nuns spend, not a portion of their time, but their whole lives living and sleeping amongst the lepers, devoting every moment of their existence to their care.

But we must return to the sad details of our inspection. In passing through the building we paused to gaze for a moment on the wonderfully beautiful scene presented to our vision—a



DOMINICAN SISTERS IN THE LEPER ASYLUM OF COCORITE.

great wall of verdure-covered hill-side. Thousands upon thousands of the most luxuriant and rarest tropical plants stretching up and up in waves of many hues and shades towards the azure sky.

As the eye gradually ascended, each second it stayed to rest on some rare and beautiful tree, and then looked higher and yet higher, until a thousand feet above us the signal post of Fort George was visible, its ropes and spars looking like delicate tracery against the deep blue of the sky which met the ravished sight. In front of us, on the right hand and on the left, was a magnificent wall of foliage, forming an amphitheatre, or rather an auditorium, which looks down upon one of the saddest and one of the noblest dramas ever played in the world's history.

On the small stage at the foot of Fort George, three hundred and eighty human beings, old men and children, young men and maidens, white, black, brown, and yellow, lying fast bound in the clutches of Living Death.

For them there is no hope in this world.

The dread, mysterious, loathsome monster, of whose origin or cause nothing is known, whose deadly grip science has never yet been able to do more than slacken for an instant, but which has always afterwards tightened with a closeness which neither the wit nor science, power nor device of man has ever been able to relax, has seized upon them, and is surely, slowly, relentlessly devouring their unfortunate bodies.

For these poor wretches, these victims of the most horrible disease with which this world is afflicted, there is no hope ; they either die in a few months, or years, when the disease has eaten into their very vitals, or they live for long years, watching the slow dying away of their members, piece by piece, joint by joint, as the body wastes and wastes away in what can only be called a living death. Shunned, despised by all, revolting to the sight and smell, from whom men fly in pitying horror, whose very shadow is avoided, whose very name is a reproach, the lot of the leper is the most awful that can be conceived.

Dead to the world, yet of the world, denied association with all but lepers, like themselves, the leper might well doubt the existence of a merciful Providence or the reality of Christianity, or anything that is good, noble, or pure.

In past years no doubt, they did, for they were cut off more completely than they are now from their fellows, driven from

their homes, unable to approach places of public resort, compelled to live in tombs, in hedges, in fields and woods; to cry unclean! unclean! when anyone approached, denied even the privilege of entering God's house, forced to look through a slanting window to see the elevation of the Host—the lot of the lepers in times past was infinitely worse than now, although Holy Church, our merciful Mother, has always exhibited her wonderful charity towards them. In the middle ages the will of one of her noble sons, Louis XIII., who died in 1226, shows that there were two thousand richly-endowed leper-houses in France at the time.

The Equestrian order of St. Lazarus¹ was specially devoted to the lepers, and to-day self-sacrificing sons and delicately-nurtured daughters of that Church founded by Him around whom the lepers flocked to be cleansed, have devoted their lives to alleviating the lot of these unfortunates, and, by kind and gentle teachings are endeavoring to point them out the way which will lead to that place from which leprosy and sin alike are banished.

Having admired the lofty hill-side, we followed the Sister to whom the sight, however charming, had probably lost its freshness, along a winding path, across a little bridge, spanning a tiny ravine now quite dry, which helps to drain the hill above, and found ourselves confronted by a large, wooden building raised on lofty supports.

A number of women and girls were sitting about the steps, some of them, apparently healthy and strong, but all somewhat diseased. Others bore on their faces, hands, and feet the unmistakable mark of one form or other of leprosy, for it has two forms, the anaesthetic and the tubercular. The one is a gradual dying away and disappearance of the parts, the other horrible-looking

¹ The Equestrian Order of St. Lazarus was founded about the year 1119 at Jerusalem. It had this peculiarity, that it admitted lepers into the order, in fact, the Grand Master was always taken from among the lepers. This custom existed until the time of Pope Innocent IV., who made a change in this regard. These Knights were also Hospitaliers, and followed the rule of St. Augustine. About the year 1572 it was united to the order of St. Maurice, and the Duke of Savoy became the Grand Master. The Order of St. Lazarus as a religious order ceased to exist at the end of the last century, but the Equestrian Order of Saint Maurice and Saint Lazarus has continued.

tubercles, which eat into the flesh. In Trinidad there is apparently a slight variation in the disease which is known as the nodular.

Some of the women in the veranda appeared to have their faces covered with these nodules, or tubercles, so disfiguring them that one can hardly recognize in the hideous masses beings created in God's image.

Passing into the ward on the right side we saw a white woman lying on her bed, her eyes closed, with such a ghastly expression on her face! No sign of disease that we could see was present, but the white leprous girl at her side clasping the sick woman's neck had all the symptoms.

There were several patients in this ward. One poor creature held up a withered looking claw; it could not be called a hand, although it might have been one once; only the whitening stumps of fingers remained now, and a piece of bone which she touched as if soliciting the relief which men can never give, and only comes with death. She had entered the asylum in 1871.

Another poor, gray-haired old creature with her feet bandaged, was lying on the floor and crying in spite of the efforts of the nun to soothe her.

Our guide informed us quietly that she was of weak intellect, and immediately began her task of soothing the weeping unfortunate.

We passed through the long lines of beautifully-kept beds, forty-four in all, remarking the admirable cleanliness of the dormitory, which is lofty and airy, and then down the steps, curiously watched the while by the groups of leprous women; and then out into the sunshine, relieved at knowing the first portion of our task over.

Next we visited the chapel, which appeared to us sadly too small for the number of lepers in the asylum. Passing through the dispensary we were introduced to the infirmarian.

The two nuns then accompanied us across the quadrangle to the northern side, where we entered the second ward, the inmates of which presented even a worse appearance than the women had done: mouths, noses, chins, fingers, toes, eaten away by the foul disease. The smell was most unpleasant; we just entered the ward and looked around; it was smaller than the other one, and very close, although it was scrupulously clean, and all the windows were open.

We stood close to the bed on which a seven-year-old boy sat. He was sitting cross-legged eating his mid-day meal, and under his plate was an old newspaper.

As the nuns entered he looked up with a bright smile of recognition; he was fearfully disfigured with the foul disease, but the odor was unbearable, and we retreated to the open quadrangle with very much the feeling that one would have on leaving a charnel house.

We passed near the kitchen where the food was being cooked, and saw it conveyed to the various wards on trays carried by the lepers. We saw the wash-house, and crossed the bright greensward underneath a large saman-tree, where a number of leper lads sat. One poor little fellow, whose face was horribly disfigured, endeavored to conceal it with his leprous hands. It was singular how anxious some patients were to exhibit themselves, while others endeavored to hide their faces with their hands or hats, in order that the ravages might not be seen.

Having arrived at the Creole boys' ward, we entered it, and as we did so, a terribly mutilated brown lad slipped off the bench on which he was seated, and drawing his poor, tortured body as erect as he could, gave us a regular military salute, then looked with curious wondering eyes at the strangers, for visitors are rarely seen at the asylum.

As at that moment the rain came down in torrents, and we were temporarily weather-bound, we stayed there to converse with the Sisters upon the place in general, and this is what they told us:

Before 1869, the care of the lepers was confided to mulatto nurses of both sexes, in this Island, which has been called the *Paradise of the Antilles*, on account of the delightful climate and picturesque scenery.

Their case was most deplorable: their sores were so neglected that deaths were numerous, their state of morality was at the lowest ebb, so much so that the doctor after making one visit, refused to enter the Lazaretto a second time, and remarked to one of the officials "that the Cocorite Lazaretto could well be compared to hell."

This remark having been repeated to the Protestant Governor Gordon, he conceived the plan of appealing to the devotion and charity of Catholic nuns, and called on Monsignor Gonin, O. P., Archbishop of Port of Spain, who with the co-operation of five

fathers of the same order, were evangelizing this far-off isle.

The English Governor explained to His Grace the sad condition of the poor lepers, abandoned without assistance to all the miseries of soul and body.

The latter, who had himself been devising means to improve the condition of these unfortunates, immediately volunteered to write to the Very Rev. Master-General of the Order of Friars Preachers, asking him to enlist the sympathy of the heroic daughters of St. Catherine of Sienna in behalf of the neglected sufferers.

These pious nuns, whose Mother House is at Bonnay, in the diocese of Autun, France, eagerly availed themselves of this opportunity to imitate the charity of their Divine Master towards the lepers.

The first detachment of six Sisters set sail on March 8th, 1868, from Saint Nazaire, on the steamer *La France*, to go and commence the work to which obedience had summoned them.

Mother Mary Dominic Bonnardel, prioress of Bonnay, asked permission to accompany the Sisters on their voyage to the Antilles. The Venerable Curé d' Ars, who was her director in her youth, before her vocation had been decided on, had predicted the glorious mission which would crown her religious life by exclaiming once after she had left his confessional: "O! my God! what a grand work there is in store for you! So many souls to be rescued from the abyss."

While listening to these mysterious words the young girl told her mother that she felt as if there was great suffering in store for her, but she was willing to undergo every species of anguish to fulfil the designs of God. She fell a victim to the yellow fever scourge six years after her arrival in Trinidad, and died as she lived—a saint.

The nuns arrived at their destination March 26th, and were received by Monsignor Gonin, O.P., who installed them at the Lazaretto.

The Sisters expressed a desire to hear their first Mass in the Island of Trinidad in the chapel of the Rosary, in order to place their mission under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin, venerated under the title which is most pleasing to her.

They found the Lazaretto in a filthy condition,—the beds were without sheets, there was no laundry in the whole establishment, and the lepers' apparel was both ragged and dirty.

To the putrefaction and uncleanness of their bodies was added amongst these unfortunates, pollution of soul. The majority were in a state of profound depravity. What a vast field for cultivation was offered to these heroines of charity!

When His Grace asked them what impression their patients had made on them, and if they were not discouraged at the aspect of such wretchedness, both spiritual and corporal, they unanimously replied "that they feared nothing, and that they knew that Almighty God would sustain them, for they had undertaken the work for Him alone."

Two days after their arrival, on Good Friday, at three o'clock in the afternoon they commenced washing the lepers' sores. The day and hour could not have been more appropriate, and just as they had finished this sickening ordeal, the physician to whom we referred above, was announced.

He had never seen a nun, and was anxious to interview "these ladies from Paris" who had come to Trinidad to devote their lives to the care of the obnoxious lepers, in whose company he could not remain for half an hour.

He expressed his amazement to the Mother Prioress, and said:

"I told the Governor that this was no place for you ladies. I can only compare the Lazaretto to the infernal abyss. Two of these wretched beings lately lost their reason on account of a frightful crime which they committed."

"Well," replied the heroic Sister, "we intend to stay, in hopes that by remaining *at the gate of hell* with these abandoned unfortunates, we may be enabled to gain some souls for heaven."

The Doctor, now a very old gentleman, told the writer that, when listening to these words he could with difficulty refrain from kneeling down and worshipping Sister Mary Dominic Bonnardel.

Their patients consisted of Catholics, Protestants, and pagans; they had to teach the Catholics the truth and duties of our holy religion, to bring the Protestants into the fold of the true Church, and to evangelize the infidels by causing the admirable light of faith to shine on their benighted souls.

Soon all was changed at Cocorite, and those who were hitherto only Catholics in name became fervent Christians. Several, who had not yet made their first communion, fulfilled this duty with marked piety.

The apostolate of the Sisters towards their Protestant patients

was more difficult. They received a message from the Governor, shortly after their installation, requesting them not to mention religion to their non-Catholic charges. And the ministers watched with a zealous care the observance of this prohibition.

Before the arrival of the Sisters these preachers never entered the asylum; but the day after their arrival there was a perfect influx of spiritual directors, and from that time to the present they pay regular visits. Notwithstanding their offensive interference, however, grace does its work in these poor hearts; the Sisters have no need to exhort them to be converted, the daily spectacle of their devotion, and motherly care of their poor, decayed bodies are the means of attracting many to embrace the faith which they profess.

One young man about eighteen years old, made his profession of faith before all the authorities with charming frankness and simplicity. He had been told that in order to become a Catholic it was necessary to have the Governor's permission; with admirable patience he waited until His Excellency paid his quarterly visit to the Lazaretto, when requesting an interview, he fearlessly entered the sitting-room: "Governor," he said, "I want to become a Catholic; I have but a short time to live. I see Catholics and Protestants die here every day, and I want to die in peace like the Catholics."

Two ministers and fourteen prominent citizens of Trinidad who had accompanied His Excellency, were present, as well as two of the nuns.

One of the ministers stepped forward and asked: "Who told you to make this speech? one of these ladies I presume," pointing to the nuns. "I see you every Sunday at my meeting."

"You will never see me there again," unflinchingly answered the poor martyr; "these good nuns take good care of what remains of my poor body; they have never asked me to enter their chapel; it is my conscience, my heart," placing the palm of his hand on his bosom. The fingers of both hands were eaten away; he had to be fed and waited on like a baby. "My heart keeps telling me to ask leave to die in the same religion as these holy Sisters. Do, Governor," he continued to plead; "it will be my last request." After a whispered consultation between the Governor and the ministers the former said:

"You are free to follow your own inclination." "Oh! thanks,

thanks, sir," replied the elated sufferer "I will pray for you both here and when I go to heaven."

Several of the other patients who were confined to their beds, and who had also intended to ask the same permission of the Governor, availed themselves of the sanction extended to *one* of their number, and they all received instructions the next day.

The Coolies soon followed the example of the Protestants, and several asked to be baptized. They are the Indians of Calcutta and Madras, and form the majority of patients in the Lazaretto; they are buried in the blackest superstition. They will not eat beef, because they believe that the cow is the consort of one of their gods; they have many revoltingly filthy customs too horrible to mention; they adore the sun; when it rises they turn towards it and open their mouths as wide as possible, then kneel and mumble their invocations. They celebrate many feasts, and make horrible looking figures out of soft clay, before which they kneel for hours.

The process of instructing these people is a very trying one.

The number of Sisters soon became insufficient for the spiritual and temporal care of the lepers, so four more joined them. On the 8th of November, 1868, just one year after the arrival of the second detachment, in less than twenty days that frightful scourge, yellow fever, swept away nine of the Sisters. Ah! surely it is in trial and sacrifice that the works of God germinate! Only under the shadow of the cross can they prosper and increase! The priest who assisted at the death-beds of these martyrs of charity told the writer how salutary and edifying it was for him to witness the death of these saints so precious in the eyes of God. One after the other they were taken off, consoling their bereaved Sisters to the last. If the work at Cocorite had been a purely human institution it would undoubtedly have fallen with the Sisters who seemed to be its indispensable supporters.

But death has no control over God's works; on the contrary, it consecrates, increases, and perpetuates them by planting them in heaven. These nine martyrs of charity are living in the bosom of God, and to-day are showering blessings on the scene of their martyrdom.

Some new Sisters arrived from France to fill the void made by the deaths at Cocorite, and walked in the steps of their predecessors.

Thus the Dominican Nuns live and die at Cocorite, all denominations unanimous in praising and admiring them. The follow-

ing are the terms in which an English Protestant journal spoke of them recently: "If the nineteenth century has its honors, it also furnishes many examples which would have made the Apostles weep with joy. How divine is this religion which preserves such vigor throughout a period of nearly two thousand years! The world asks in astonishment how these frail women can summon the courage to live among such repulsive creatures. They would be more astonished if they reflected that the Sisters have this spectacle ever before their eyes, that from the windows of the Lazaretto they overlook the savanna, where the lepers who are able to work are employed. Still this does not prevent them from being happy, joyous, witty conversationalists. This is a mystery for the world, but for them the solution is very simple; under these obnoxious exteriors they see souls and they know that Jesus loved the lepers."

Thus it is the love of Jesus which inspires this heroism. So supernatural that the Sisters have need of no other miracle in order to convert sinners and infidels. And from what source do they draw this love? From the Sacraments, especially the Blessed Eucharist; from prayer, especially from the recitation of and meditation on the Rosary: for the Dominican Convent at Cocorite is called the Holy Rosary.

It is then to the Rosary that we owe the marvels of charity which astonish pagans and Protestants as well as Catholics, and are the best manifestations of the Divinity of our holy religion.

A CHILD OF THE BASILICA.

EUGENE DAVIS.

I.

"FOR God and for Rome!" she cried enthusiastically, as she pinned a tiny cross on the breast of a tall, stalwart youth who looked to the best advantage in the uniform of a Papal volunteer.

"For God, for Rome, and for the Pope-king!" she added in that sweet, Tuscan tongue, which rang over the piazza like the chime of a silver bell. Hundreds of the Pope's soldiers, some of whom were veterans, whose faces had been bronzed by the

hot southern sun, and prematurely furrowed by the toils and privations of many a forced march and the brunt and anxiety of many a battle, were gathered in the piazza of St. Peter's, Rome, awaiting orders to fall into line for the defence of the city.

"Pray, who is that enthusiastic little girl?" asked a zouave of one of the Pope's guards; "how handsome she is! If she were in France she would make an excellent *cantinière*."

"Everybody here knows her," exclaimed the guard, looking at the girl with evident admiration. "Her name is Paola Rudini. Ever since she was a child in bib and tucker, she has lived in this locality, and is a favorite with everybody—she is so amiable and so good!"

"And who is the cavalier to whom she is speaking?"

"Well, he is a certain Giovanni Cavallotti, a young artist by profession, to whom she is betrothed. Paola is proud of him. You can see it in her face that she is—can you not? Other women parting with lovers who are going to the battle-field, and whom they may never see again, blubber and whine a good deal. They sometimes even become hysterical; but Paola is made of sterner stuff, I tell you. She is a brave and intrepid little girl—is Paola. And with all that there is no more womanly heart in all Rome than hers. *Ecco!*"

"Fall into line! Present arms!" shouted the commander's voice, and all the soldiers formed at once one complete battalion on whose serried ranks the autumn sun shone brilliantly down, reflecting its golden rays on their burnished helmets and gleaming scabbards.

As they marched with military precision in the direction of the old fortifications, Paola raising herself to her full height in the crowd of spectators, nodded farewell to her lover, who smiled a cordial acknowledgment in return.

Meanwhile the groups of civilians, mostly aged men, who could be of no use in the present crisis, waved their hats in the air, and cheered the departing soldiers.

"May the Madonna guard your banners!" exclaimed one. "Long live the Pope-king!" shouted another. "Down with Victor Emmanuel!" ejaculated a third.

And the cries were taken up and repeated till the square in front of the church rang with their echoes, as the multitude swayed hither and thither around the fountain, and at the base of the big

Egyptian obelisk that looked down on the scene with a mute grandeur peculiarly its own. Women, wearing variegated head-gears, and holding Rosary beads in their hands, stood under the colonnades invoking the benediction of Heaven on the defenders of their homes.

When the soldiers had disappeared on the other side of the castle of St. Angelo, and the crowd had dispersed, Paola entered the cathedral, and knelt for some time in prayer before an altar in one of the side-chapels. A solemn silence reigned through aisle and transept, contrasting vividly with the clamor of the excited crowd that had but a few moments previously made the welkin ring on the square outside with its enthusiastic plaudits.

In front of the high altar which gleamed rich with gold and lapis lazuli, the sacred lamps lay burning around the marble balustrade, beneath which was situated the tomb of the apostles. The massive roof of stucco overhead seemed to the maiden, as she gazed upward, a vision of perfect loveliness ; while the statues of saints, looking from their niches on the side walls, seemed to her to be sentinels who kept watch and ward over the Holy of Holies. She glided noiselessly from the chapel up the aisle, and having knelt for a moment in front of the bronze figure of St. Peter, she left the basilica, and penetrated into one of the quaint, narrow streets that are to be found in the vicinity of the Vatican.

Her step was light and graceful as that of a fawn. There were no traces of tears on the long lashes of those dark eyes, large, round and liquid, but with the light of innocence, full of candor, and hallowed with a certain mystic gleam that spoke the innate holiness of her heart. Her jet-black tresses were half covered with a striped red kerchief ; her sun-brown features were ruddy with the hue of health, and her neat trim figure was a model of perfection.

On one of the side walls of the narrow street into which she penetrated was a niche containing a statue of the Madonna holding in her arms the child Christ. The figures were from an artistic point of view unpretentious and ordinary. The clay was rough and uneven, and the rain, and Tramontana winds, that swept down from the Alban hills in the winter and early spring-time, had given it a weather-beaten appearance ; but it was all the more dear on that account to Paola, who out of her own little earnings as a seamstress purchased regularly, week after week, the

oil that fed the lamp which was perpetually burning at the Virgin's feet. Every morning, going to her work, she would murmur a fervent "*Ave Maria*" as she bowed to the statue, and the same reverence was paid it by her on her return home in the evening. She lived close by in an attic on the sixth floor of a tenement.

Paola had at this time neither father nor mother. Her earliest recollections went back to a picturesque little hamlet on the banks of the Arno where the turquoise sky of Tuscany shimmered over her head, and a sward of the richest emerald lay at her feet. She remembered how, when a mere child, she used to pass the hours away, gazing dreamily on the wide canopy of heaven : creating in imagination so many battalions of armed knights out of the occasional fleecy clouds that used to assume very fantastic shapes on the western horizon, particularly at sunset ; seeing the glitter of angels' wings in the golden sunshine ; hearing the mystic voices of cherubs in the low, sweet zephyrs that played as on an *Æolian* harp through the blossoming mulberry groves ; listening with a rapt and infinite wonder to the rustling of the vine leaves on the hill-side, and the swish of the rushing river as it half dived its way along the valley, under the wild flowers that bloomed in profusion on its banks. The piping of the shepherd's reed in the dim twilight broke, betimes on her ears, like the shrill cry of a heavenly choir. The roses that grew in such beauty by her old homestead, the ivy that sheltered its walls, the balmy fragrance of the air, impressed her with a keen sense of pleasure and delight. A child of nature, she actually revelled in nature's choicest treasures.

There was, however, a rude awakening from this Juliet day-dream. Somewhat lazily she remembered her mother, a fragile, delicate woman, the widow of Carlo Rudini, who had died a month or so before little Paola was born. After her husband's death, Paola's mother did her best to make a living out of the vineyard. Fortune favored her the first year, but owing to her want of practical knowledge of vine-dressing the second year's crop was a failure. A laborer, who was formerly in the employment of Carlo Rudini, came along about this time, and after some weeks easily induced her to become his wife, for the poor woman was quite helpless to look after her property, and Ricardo Rienzi—such was the name of her second husband—was a skilled hand in taking care of the vines. That was, however, his only good quality. Once he had become the master of what was once the

Rudini farmstead, he showed himself in his true colors. He was a big, brawny brute. His features were red and blotched, due to the copious libations of alcohol in which he used to indulge ; and his manners were as uncouth as those of any denizen of the city slums, in the purlieus of which he had spent the early years of his life.

He maltreated his delicate wife to such an extent that she sickened and died; and he afterwards turned his rage on his step-daughter, who, however, being of quite a contrary temperament to that of her mother, rebelled against him, and eventually fled from the Tuscan vineyard, and walked on foot to Rome. The journey took her two months to accomplish, and she received kindly shelter and good, plain food at the various houses along the route.

She was twelve years old just then. A good and charitable lady, a cousin of her mother's, took charge of the child, and taught her a trade—that of a seamstress—in which she was earning a livelihood at the time this story opens. All Paola's spare moments since her arrival in Rome were spent in the Basilica of St. Peter's, or in bringing oil and flowers to the base of the statue of the Madonna in one of the neighboring streets. She soon became so well known to the sacristan and the other officials of the church that at the former's suggestion they, by unanimous consent, called her a "child of the Basilica."

II

Those were dark days for Pius IX. and the government of the Church. The French garrison, which had been the only bulwark of the temporal power of the Pope against the encroachments and intrigues of King Victor Emmanuel, was withdrawn from Rome. The Papal authorities had, owing to this perfidious conduct of Bonaparte, to fall back on their own resources which, of course, proved utterly inadequate to cope with the overwhelming forces commanded by the usurping Piedmontese. The conflict was brief, but sharp. Despite the daring attitude and brave intrepid conduct of the Pope's troops, Rome was captured by Victor Emmanuel's soldiers, and thus the capital of Christianity was handed over to men who had no respect for religion of any kind, and who immediately commenced to put their theories into practise by exercising a fierce despotism over the Catholics of the

city, and by levelling to the ground many of its proudest Christian memorials.

On the evening after the entry of Victor Emmanuel's troops into Rome, Paola, sad at heart, left St. Peter's, and subsequently gathered a bouquet of roses to lay at the feet of the Madonna. She had just twined the flowers around the pedestal in the niche, and was about to offer up her usual evening prayer to our Lady, when she saw a group of men staggering down the laneway in her direction.

"*Contadini!*" shouted one of the group who seemed to have less control of his legs than any other of his companions, and who spoke in thick guttural accents, "*contadini*, see you that monument of superstition yonder? Suppose we go and send that Madonna's statue shivering into atoms to the ground! '*Vivva il re!*' We are all soldiers of the King—are we not?—and we can do just as we please," he continued, looking stupidly at his friends, who did not appear so anxious as he was to outrage a memorial to the Mother of God.

No matter how anti-religious the Italian revolutionist may be, there is still a sentiment of respect for the Virgin lurking somewhere in one of the nooks or corners of his bleak and desolate heart.

The men turned pale on hearing the abominable suggestion of their comrade. Their fear was, however, only momentary. The few score of bottles of white wine which they had emptied at a neighboring *trattoria* some short time previously, had mounted to their heads, inflaming their worst passions, and letting loose that insane and bigoted hatred of everything that reminded them of Christ and His Church.

Moreover, their chief, in the shape of the tempter, was still shouting in their ears:

"Are you cowards—you others? You who have driven Pio Nono's battalions from the walls of Rome—you who scattered the Papal zouaves before you, as the tempestuous Tramontane scatters the chaff from the meadows—are you—are you, I say, going to let all your courage ooze out through the pores of your caitiff heels at sighting a mere statue of clay? Ah! if Garibaldi could only see you now, how he would curse you for poltroons! Well, if you will not do the job, *contadini*, my faith! I must only do it myself!"

His invective lashed them with all the stinging force of a knotted whip. Their eyes glared like those of wild animals in quest of their prey, their hands were clenched in anger, and their voices rang uproariously through the winding laneway:

"We are with you, Ricardo!"

"With you to the death, Ricardo!"

"Long live the King, and down with the Pope and his Church!"

Staggering up to the wall from which the statue, lit with an oil lamp and decked with flowers, overlooked the street, they indulged in a peal of brutal laughter prior to making an assault on the memorial.

The man called Ricardo, a tall, rough herculean monster, drew the sword from its scabbard, exclaiming in mock-heroic accents:

"With this blade shall I slay her! Word of honor, I shall!"

"You shall not!" cried a shrill voice, that of a girl whose presence had, owing to the dense darkness of the evening, escaped the attention of Ricardo and his friends. In the yellow flickering light of the oil lamp that lay at the Madonna's feet they saw the lithe, slender form, the resolute face, and the gleaming dark eyes of the child of the Basilica. She stood with folded arms before him, proud and dignified as a daughter of the Vikings.

At sight of the determined girl they awoke from their semi-drunken stupor. Her audacity took their breath away.

Ricardo, however, was the first to speak.

"Who are you, woman?" he asked; "what right have you to interfere with the King's troops in their destruction of yonder statue? If you do not answer me at once this blade shall pierce your bosom."

He held the point of his sword to her breast as he spoke. Not a nerve moved in the girl's face. She looked at the big, burly soldier with the contempt of a noble woman who defies and despises any or every punishment she might suffer for the principles which she cherishes.

"Lower that sword, and then I will answer you!" she exclaimed; "otherwise you must only carry out your threat, if you are cowardly enough to do so."

There was such a strange ringing significance in the accents of her voice that he removed the blade and put it back in the scabbard.

"My name," she said, "is Paola Rudini, the daughter of your

deceased wife, Ricardo Rienzi, the wife whom you drove to her grave by your brutalities!"

Ricardo fell back as if he had been dealt a blow straight from the shoulder.

"As for my right to interfere in your ghastly work to night," she continued with flashing eyes, "I am a child of the Madonna, and sooner than see her statue profaned, I would die a thousand deaths! So, come on now, and strike. By doing so, you will prove at least that the soldiers of the King are the cowards that Ricardo represented them to be."

"She is a brave girl, my faith!" exclaimed one; "I think we had better leave her alone. What say you, Ricardo? It would not look well for soldiers such as we are to kill a defenceless woman."

"You are right, Leone," whispered Ricardo. We had better leave the minx alone. I used to be able to manage her mother years ago, but the daughter is a tartar. Let us be off, *contadini*, I know a wine-shop hard by where we can quench our thirst! *'Vivva il re!'*"

They filed back to the square of St. Peter's, shouting still for the gallant King, Victor Emmanuel.

All that night Paola stood guarding the statue of the Madonna, telling her beads, and repeating her thanks for having been able to save the holy figure in clay from the desecration of vandal hands.

When the news of the attempted profanation of the statue got bruited about next day, it excited almost general indignation, and Paola, the child of the Basilica who had bravely faced a group of drunken soldiers in defence of the Mother of God, became the heroine of the hour. She accepted the ovation tendered her with the best of grace, and with a modesty truly edifying.

Many, even of those who had taken sides with Victor Emmanuel against the Pope, condemned the conduct of Ricardo and his confederates; for the Madonna was still the queen of the Roman populace, their refuge in moments of affliction, their joy and their comfort in days of prosperity.

Once the excitement was over, Paola's thoughts reverted to her lover. She had known, of course, that the brave band of men, who defended the Holy Father, had been defeated by the army of the Piedmontese.

"What has become of Giovanni?" she asked herself. "I should so much like to know. Perhaps he is a prisoner in the hands of the King's brigands, or perhaps he is——"

A sudden tremor shook her frame at the bare possibility of his death. She decided on searching for him that very night.

"I must find him whether he is dead or alive!" she murmured.

III.

She searched hospital after hospital for Giovanni. His face was not among those of the sick or wounded; nor did his name figure on the books of these institutions. An almost overwhelming sense of fear took possession of her. She trembled with grief at the thought that her lover might be found among the slain; yet with a curious inconsistency she smiled a moment afterward when the idea occurred to her that, dead in the service of the Church, Giovanni Cavallotti would have sealed his faith with the blood-red signet of martyrdom. In that case she would become a Little Sister of the Poor; she would tend the aged and infirm; she would devote her whole life to works of charity, and pray for the soul of Giovanni.

Still the woman's nature in her yearned for the presence of the man to whom she had pledged the troth of her young, generous heart. As she walked along the corso—it was now the grey dawn of the autumn morning, and Roman peasants from the Campagna riding on horseback to the market, were already arriving in the city—she uttered a silent prayer to the Madonna, asking her help in the search that she, poor little Paola, was making after her soldier lover.

Just as she was approaching that portion of the corso, off which the present Chamber of Deputies is situated, she was suddenly confronted by one of Giovanni's brothers-in-arms, whom she recognized immediately.

"What, might I ask, has lured the dainty Signorina out of doors so very early in the morning?" he cried, grasping both her hands in his, and looking inquiringly into her anxious eyes.

"Just a morning promenade, and nothing more, Signor Vettuccio," she replied, compelled by an innate modesty to conceal the truth. "It is not exactly the time for young women like myself to be about, but Paola, as you know yourself, is a little eccentric now and then. I suppose I might ask you, too, why you are such an early bird?"

"You might, indeed, Signorina Paola," he exclaimed; "one of my friends is ill, and I am going to the nearest apothecary's to get him some medicine."

Her heart throbbed violently beneath her corset.

"Is it Giovanni Cavallotti who is ill?" she asked in trembling accents.

"Word of honor!" he observed "you must be a witch to have guessed the truth. Yes; it is Giovanni. He fought bravely against the Piedmontese on the fortifications the other day, but in doing so received a severe wound on the right arm."

The brown, ruddy cheeks of Paola grew white as snow. A look of consternation overspread her features.

"Be reassured, Signorina," he exclaimed, noticing her agitation, "the wound is not too dangerous, but the patient is still a little weak, and requires some quinine to pull him together."

Her large, round eyes were raised upwards in gratitude that her lover was neither dead nor dying.

When Vettucio had provided himself with the quinine, he said:

"Will the Signorina accompany me to see Giovanni? Giovanni is the Signorina's friend. He often speaks of her. Instead of his being taken to an hospital, I had him transported to my home, where my mother is nursing him. The very sight of you, Signorina, will, I am certain, ensure his speedy recovery."

Paola blushed. She was glad to know that Giovanni thought of her in his illness.

A few minutes afterward Paola and her companion entered a small apartment in a narrow street off the corso. Giovanni looking somewhat pale, was reclining on a lounge, his right arm swathed in a bandage. Beside him sat an aged lady, Vettucio's mother.

The greeting of the lovers was most cordial. She told him of all the adventures that had befallen her since she pinned the cross on his breast on that day in the Piazza San Pietro, from whence he marched with his regiment to the fortifications. He in return recounted, but with characteristic modesty, the part he had taken in the defence of Rome.

Then she persuaded him to allow her to help Signor Vettucio in nursing him, and after she had spent several hours in his society, she rose to leave.

"Paola," he murmured, as Vettucio and the old lady retired to an inner chamber, you know we are *promessi sposi*—are we not?"

"Yes, certainly," she said, not quite understanding why he should have put her such a superfluous question.

"Well," he observed, while a sweet smile lit up his wan features, you will have to relieve me of my promise to become your husband. My days are numbered. A higher destiny awaits you, Paola, than any that you could have with your poor Ricardo. You shall become a spouse of Christ."

She looked in silence at her lover, and with a sudden intuition she saw that he was dying. Then bowing her head with sweet resignation she murmured:

"God's will be done, Ricardo. May He find me prepared to do His bidding in all things."

Then she left him for a while, and proceeded in the direction of St. Peter's. As she reached the Tiber, she saw a group of people standing around the macerated form of a man whose uniform was dripping with water. One of the bystanders, assuming a dramatic attitude peculiar to most Italians, was exclaiming, as he pointed to the prostrate figure:

"I saw him plunge headlong from the battlements of the bridge. His head must have got fatally hurt in the fall. I boarded a boat immediately, and rescued him."

An ambulance wagon was soon on the scene. As the body of the suicide was being lifted into the vehicle, Paola recognized in the blood-stained features those of her step-father, Ricardo Rienzi, the chief of the gang who had attempted to profane the statue of the Madonna. He had evidently attempted to put an end to his life in a moment of drunken debauch.

She was at first horrified at the spectacle that had just presented itself to her gaze. Then a sweet glow of pity stole like sunshine over her face, and she only remembered that the dying man was at one time the husband of her own mother. Her first momentary hatred of the brute had changed into commiseration, and she begged to be allowed to accompany him to the hospital.

"Who are you that you make such a demand?" said one of the hospital officials, addressing her somewhat gruffly.

"The claim of a daughter," replied Paola firmly.

When one-half hour afterwards she knelt by his bedside in the Hospital of St. Anthony, he opened his eyes and recognized her.

"Do not fear," she murmured, as she saw the scared and haunted look in his eyes; "I have not come here with any evil intent. I for-

give you, Ricardo—yes, I forgive you for the savage treatment that you once dealt my mother and myself. I shall try, too, to forget it. And, listen; if God forgives you, so shall I your conduct of the other evening, when you wanted to outrage the statue of the Madonna. But you, Ricardo, must repent. You have little time to lose. The doctors have pronounced your wounds fatal, and in a few brief moments more you shall be dead.”

The dying man whose features from which the blood-stains had been wiped away, still gleamed red with the alcohol that had been for years fermenting in his system, looked up at her with tearful eyes. Her wondrous pity, her sweet, Christian forgiveness had touched even the heart of this wretch to the core. It was on her part, a charity that knew no bounds, which prompted her to forgive everything, so that the soul of her former persecutor may appear laved in the regenerating waters of penance before the great, white Throne.

“I do repent,” he whispered huskily, with the death-rattle in his throat; “Paola, I have been the worst of sinners. Oh, I fear God cannot have mercy on such a malefactor as I have been.”

“Hush,” she said; “the mercy of God is infinite; I shall ask the Madonna to intercede for you with Him. Shall I bring you a priest to shrive you of your sins, Ricardo?”

A priest! he hissed, with an expiring gleam of anti-clerical passion in his eyes. “Well, child, let him come.”

Paola’s face was a picture of content. The chaplain came, and heard Ricardo’s confession, after which the dying man sank back on his pillow and expired.

After having completed the funeral arrangements and assisted at the burial of her step-father, Paola proceeded at once to the house of Signor Vettuccio, the door of which was muffled with crape. Noiselessly, and with beating heart she entered and saw the face of Ricardo grey in the shadow of death! Her lover was no more!

* * * * *

For the past twenty years, Sister Veronica has been the friend and comforter of the poor of St. Peter’s parish in Rome. She has grown old and grey in the service of her Spouse, though her face looks almost as young and fresh as ever; for as she enters the church morning after morning, the by-standers still whisper: “There goes the child of the Basilica!”

A LEGEND OF THE LILIES.

MARY A. CONROY.

ONCE, 'tis said, the dainty lilies,
 (Not St. Joseph's lilies tall)
But the lilies of the valley,
 Purest, sweetest flowers of all,

Once, the heads now shyly bending,
 With the wealth of snowy bells,
Were in conscious beauty lifted;
 So at least the legend tells.

Said the lilies, one day whispering:
 "Earth has nothing half so fair,
Half so pure, as we white lilies,
 And the spotless robes we wear."

"Every fragrant chalice litted,
 Holds an incense sweet and rare,
And within our hearts deep hidden,
 Is a perfume like a prayer."

So the lilies, low communing,
 Spake in arrogance and pride,—
When among them walked a maiden,
 In her beauty glorified.

Glorified beyond all telling,
 And the purity she shed,
From her gentle, modest glances,
 Made each lily hide its head.

It was Mary, Jesus' Mother,
 Who among the lilies went,
Since that day, in silent homage,
 Every lily's head is bent!

LIFE OF ST. DOMINIC.

BY REV. MOTHER AUGUSTA THEODOSIA DRANE, O. S. D.

CHAPTER XIX.

(Continued.)

His life was almost equally divided between prayer and labor, and it was one of his maxims that we should give the day to our neighbor, and the night to God. Blessed Jordan says that he taught this maxim both by word and work. "By day no one was more accessible and cheerful among his brethren, and by night no one was more watchful in prayer. In the evening weeping had place, and in the morning gladness. Thus he gave the day to his neighbor and the night to God, knowing that in the daytime the Lord hath commanded mercy, and a canticle in the night." In his active work for souls he had to discharge the duties both of a confessor and a preacher. As a confessor he possessed a singular grace for drawing souls to true penance, and devoted himself with unwearied patience to this office, for which he received plenary faculties from the Pope, enabling him to hear confessions in all places, and to absolve from all offences, whatever they might be. His extraordinary skill in the tribunal of penance, drew large numbers to seek his assistance, over whose sins he wept tears of compassion, moving them to weep for themselves. It is said that our Blessed Lady was known at various times to help her devout servant in this ministry, and to suggest to his penitents the sins they had forgotten. But his labors in the confessional never prevented him from daily breaking to the multitude the bread of Divine doctrine. God having called him to be the dispenser of the Word, he devoted himself to this duty with unremitting ardor. In this respect, as in so many others, we behold him treading closely in the footsteps of his Master. As we study the Life of our Lord in the holy Gospels, we seem to follow Him passing from town to town and from village to village, preaching the Word of God to all classes and to all listeners. On the mountain and on the plain, in the synagogue of Nazareth and by the sea-shore of Tiberias, regardless of fatigue, and allowing Himself no repose,

it was His daily labor to teach the multitude. And Dominic, His faithful servant and disciple, followed closely in His track. "He preached," says Blessed Jordan, "by night and by day, in houses, in the fields, and by the roadside." Stephen of Bourbon tells us that his sermons "abounded with examples" drawn for the most part from Holy Scripture. "He was most assiduous in preaching," says Rodolph of Faenza, "and when he spoke, his words were so touching that he often moved both himself and his hearers to tears, nor did I ever listen to any man who had such power to touch the heart with compunction." Unfortunately, no fragments of his discourses are preserved, but we know that he constantly explained the mysteries of the holy Rosary; in other words, that the favorite topics on which he dwelt were the Life and Passion of Jesus Christ, and it is said that he never preached without preparing by a previous meditation. Not content with this public ministry of the Word, he gave himself with unwearied diligence to the instruction of his own brethren, to whom, unless prevented by some great necessity, he every day gave a spiritual conference.

The courage of which we have spoken above, as so conspicuous in the character of St. Dominic, had its root in his unshaken confidence in God. Rodolph of Faenza, who for several years filled the office of procurator, said that whenever bread or wine or any other food was wanting, he used to go to the blessed Father, saying: "Father, we have nothing to set before the brethren," and he would reply, "Go and pray, my son, and God will provide." Then he would go to the church, and the blessed Dominic often went and prayed with him, and God always brought it about that they were supplied with all that they required. At other times the saint would bid him put upon the table such scraps as were in the house, and in one way or another they always had enough. He taught the same unwavering confidence in the goodness of God to those amongst the brethren who through ignorance or timidity feared to undertake the work of preaching. "Not only did he constantly preach himself," says John of Navarre, "but he used every means to induce his brethren to do the same; and he would send out even the unlearned to preach, saying: "Go securely, my children, for our Lord will put His words into your mouth. He will be with you, and nothing shall be wanting to you," and it always happened to them even as he had said. In like manner he

encouraged those whom he sent out to new foundations, to endure with courage and patience the hardships of their first beginnings, assuring them that in due time God would abundantly provide; and it never failed to turn out as he had promised. This confidence was the more admirable from the conditions under which it was seen to be exercised. For he gradually established in his Order a poverty so absolute that the brethren depended on alms alone for their daily support. To many of his best friends and advisers the rules of human prudence seemed thus to be unwisely transgressed ; but nothing moved the saint from his determination, nor did his sublime confidence ever fail of its reward. He knew in whom he believed, and the trust of that perfect friendship was never disappointed.

In his own person he gave an example of the poverty which he taught to others. "Everything about him," says Gerard de Frachet, "breathed of poverty;" his habit, shoes, girdle, knife, book, and all like things. You might see him with his scapular ever so short, yet he did not care to cover it with his mantle, even when in the presence of great personages. Summer and winter he wore the same tunic, which was very old and patched, and his mantle was of the worst." He not only required his brethren to live on alms, but himself very often went on the quest. Yet he knew how to unite the practice of poverty with that of liberality, and liked the brethren to be well provided. Poor as he was, moreover, he was a lover of hospitality, always ready to share what he had with others in greater need than himself. In the same spirit of large-hearted generosity he showed a great love and respect for other religious Orders, among whom perhaps the first place in his affections was held by the Franciscans and the Cistercians. With the latter he had been on intimate terms even in his boyhood, and afterwards in maturer years had shared with them the labors of the apostolate.¹ If such were the qualities of his heart, those of his intellect were not less admirable. In the controversies held with the Albigensian heretics he exhibited a profound knowledge of sacred science, as well as a singular skill in argument. Most rich must have been the resources of that mind that

¹ In the *Menologium Cisterciense* many notices are given of the friendship existing between St. Dominic and various members of the Cistercian Order, and of the assistance given by them to the Order of Preachers, when it was newly instituted.

could pour forth day after day such an abundant store of instruction, whether in his sermons, his lectures, or his spiritual conferences, without ever betraying the least token of exhaustion. It was as though there were an ever-flowing fountain within him, the waters of which were never dried up. Whilst he encouraged even the unlearned among his brethren to preach, trusting in the Divine assistance, he was careful to supply them with the means of instruction, and to guide them in their studies, insisting chiefly on their acquiring a thorough knowledge of Holy Scripture. Theodoric says that he constantly urged on them the study both of the Old and New Testaments, but that as for the fables of philosophers and poets he made no great account of them. For himself, he always carried about with him the Gospel of St. Matthew and the Epistles of St. Paul, which he read so constantly that he knew them almost by heart. The very idea on which he founded his Order was that of supplying to the Church a body of religious men, qualified to defend the faith by their learning and eloquence. With the keen eye of a master-mind he fixed on the sites of the great European universities as suitable for his principal foundations; and so trained the brethren whom he placed there, that they drew to their ranks men of learning and ability in great numbers. When he himself appeared in any of these great seats of learning he was recognized as a master, and many of the wisest doctors of his time were proud to give him this title, and to reckon themselves his disciples.

This, then, is the outline of his character as we gather it from the testimony of those who knew him best, and who had held him company "going and returning, eating and sleeping, by day and by night, in sickness and in health." There is no sort of disagreement in the witness that they bear; one and all present us with the same portrait of a man "most perfect in humility," "zealous beyond all other men for the salvation of the human race," "who was never known to speak an idle word, or one that savored of distraction," "wise, discreet, patient, and benign," so that as one witness says, "though he had known many holy persons in many parts of the world, yet he had never seen one so perfectly adorned with all virtues as the blessed Dominic."

And it pleased God that this richly-gifted soul should inhabit an earthly tabernacle which by its beauty and majesty seemed a worthy temple of the Holy Ghost, "for truly," says Theodoric,

“may we so call that holy body which was never stained by mortal sin or sullied by the least touch of concupiscence.” It is the constant tradition of the Order, that even in his exterior he bore a certain resemblance to our Divine Lord. We have first the description left us by Sister Cecilia, who says: “He was about the middle stature, but slightly made; his face was beautiful, and rather sanguine in its color; his hair and beard of a fair and bright hue, and his eyes remarkably fine. From his forehead and between his brows there seemed to shine forth a radiant light, which drew respect and love from those who saw it. He was always joyous and cheerful, save when moved to compassion by the afflictions of his neighbors. His hands were long and beautiful, and his voice was clear, noble, and musical. He was never bald, and he always preserved his religious crown or tonsure entire, mingled here and there with a very few white hairs.” Père Réchac adds a few particulars gathered from other authorities, who described his forehead as broad and majestic, and his eyes as possessing a singular beauty of expression which attracted the heart of those on whom he looked with kindness, while they were capable of striking terror into those of evil-doers. His head was generally a little inclined, in an attitude of thoughtfulness and humility. “His voice,” says Theodoric, “was very powerful and musical, like the sound of a silver trumpet.” His chestnut hair and sanguine complexion were probably derived from his northern ancestry, and correspond with the description given by Nicephorus¹ of the appearance of our Lord; another trait of supposed resem-

¹ The description given of our Lord's person by Nicephorus Callistus, the Greek ecclesiastical historian, bears a striking similarity to that of St. Dominic as drawn by Sister Cecilia. It is as follows: “The countenance of Jesus Christ was beautiful and full of life. He was somewhat above the middle height. His hair was a light chestnut, not very thick, and somewhat curled at the extremities, His eyebrows dark and slightly arched. From His eyes there shone forth a marvellous grace of expression; His nose was long, His beard brown, but moderate in size. His hair was rather long, for no razor had ever passed over His head, nor had the hand of any person touched it, save that of His Mother in His infancy. His neck inclined slightly forward, so that there was nothing stiff or haughty in His bearing, and His complexion was the color of ripe wheat. His face was neither round or sharp, but rather long, like His Mother's, and was slightly tinged with a ruddy hue. Gravity and prudence shone therein, joined with great sweetness and serenity. To conclude, in all respects He greatly resembled His Holy Mother.”—(Niceph. Callis. lib. i. c. 40).

blance being the shape of the beard, which in St. Dominic was cleft in twain, similar to that with which our Lord is commonly represented. Although several so-called portraits are preserved, yet none of them can be regarded as the *vera effigies* of the saint, though that preserved at Santa Sabina probably presents us with a kind of traditionary likeness. If we compare this with the engraved gem which professes to be the true portrait of Jesus Christ, a certain resemblance may be traced between them, specially in the straight line of the nose and forehead, which according to the rules of Greek art, was deemed to belong to the highest type of humanity. St. Antoninus has dwelt on the resemblance, as well interior as exterior, existing between the Master and His disciple, and has drawn out the parallel at some length, which Réchac sums up by saying that in the heart of St. Dominic, as in that of our Lord, next to the sovereign love of God, three other loves reigned paramount: the love of the Blessed Virgin, the love of souls, and the love of the Cross. But the most remarkable passage which touches on this subject, is that which occurs in the Life of St. Catherine of Siena: "On the eve of the feast of St. Dominic, in the year 1370, she was praying in the church, and meditating on the glory of the saint. Seeing her confessor, Blessed Bartholomew Dominic, enter the church, she begged him to hear her, as she had something to communicate. Then she began to speak to him of the holy Father, St. Dominic. 'Do you not see him, our blessed Father?' she said. 'I see him as distinctly as I see you. How like he is to our Lord! his face is oval, grave, and sweet, and his hair and beard are the same color.' Then she went on to declare how in a vision she had seen the Eternal Father producing from His mouth His beloved Son, and as she contemplated Him, she beheld St. Dominic coming forth, as it were, from His breast. And a voice declared to her, saying, 'Behold, daughter, I have begotten these two sons, one by nature, the other by adoption. For as this My natural Son in His Human Nature was ever most perfectly obedient to Me even to death, so this My son by adoption was obedient to Me in all points from his childhood to his dying day, and directed all his works according to My commandments, and kept that purity both of body and soul, which he received of Me in Baptism, clean and unspotted to the end of his life. And as this My natural Son spoke openly to the world, and gave a most clear testimony to the truth that I put into His mouth, even so

did this My son by adoption preach the truths of My Gospel, as well to heretics and schismatics, as among My faithful people. And as this My natural Son sent out His disciples to publish the Gospel to all creatures, so does this My son by adoption send out his children and brethren under the yoke of his obedience and discipline. And so for this cause it is granted to him and to his, by special privilege, that they shall have the true understanding of My word, and shall never swerve from the same. And as this My natural Son ordained the state of His holy life in deeds and words to the salvation of souls, even so did My son by adoption employ himself wholly both in doctrine and example to deliver souls from the snares of the devil. For it was his principal intent when he first founded his Order, to win souls out of the bondage of error and sin, and to bring them to the knowledge of truth and the exercise of a godly life, for which cause I liken him to My natural Son.'"¹

With this quotation we may fitly conclude the present chapter, for none would care to add to the words with which a saint in ecstasy proclaims the glory of a saint.

(*To be Continued.*)

"TRIMMING A LAMP."

A SKETCH IN BLACK AND WHITE.

LAURA GREY.

THERE is nothing which brings so forcibly before my mind the flight of time as the trimming of a lamp.

Why?

Just as the scissors each morning snip away the blackened wick, so has Time with his shears taken off so much of my life—moments *never* to return.

The same meditation may apply equally to any recurring event which reminds us of the flight of the hours, but the trimming of the lamps has always had an attraction for me which other daily duties lacked.

How was I employed whilst the lamp burnt brightly on the previous evening?

¹ Process. 1330. *Life of St. Catherine* (Fen's translation), part 2. c. xxv.

Talking, laughing, perhaps reading or writing; my time was spent in various ways, and nothing remains but the memory of these pastimes, symbolized by the blackened wick.

I am speaking now of actions which have not been sanctified by the *pure intention* of pleasing God.

The Christian's every-day life may fitly be compared to a lamp which sheds around a mellow light, when fed with the oil of an upright intention.

When oil becomes impregnated with water, the flame grows dim and flickering, and finally ceases to exist.

In like manner when inferior motives warp our actions, the light of our good works casts a momentary halo, but the oil has been vitiated, and the wick of the Christian's lamp dies down.

Once I witnessed an incident which led me to take another view of my "picture."

Perhaps I soar too high when I apply the term—"picture" to my hazy outline in neutral tints, flecked here and there with crude shadows.

All the same, it may produce telling effects. Some ardent painter may be stimulated to seize his brush and flush the canvas with dashes of ruddy coloring, and re-touch the ashy greys of a leaden sky.

Who can foretell?

I am but a sorry artist, and my effort "Trimming a Lamp" will never decorate the walls of any Academy. But to continue.

I was once engaged in prayer before an altar of Our Lady of Good Council, and the votive lamp was burning low. In the morning it had been replenished, and I marvelled why the oil was growing exhausted. Presently I saw a mouse scale the sides of the ruby bowl, deftly push aside the wick, and quaff the oil. For some seconds he slaked his thirst, and then withdrew, leaving the wick parched and dead.

Now for my meditation.

This mouse, I mused, typifies the devil, who saps our spiritual strength (signified by the oil) and leaves our actions burnt and withered like this wick.

How does he attain his end?

By inducing us to omit our *Morning Offering*, and thus rendering our daily duties null and void for eternity. It is of great importance to give God our first thoughts on awaking.

St. Nilus teaches that there are demons whose office lies in collecting the first affections of the morning. These he terms "preventing devils," because they strive to surprise us the first moment we open our eyes, by insinuating frivolous or sinful thoughts.

St. Leonard of Port Maurice advises us to counteract these wicked fiends by raising our hearts to God, and calling on the Name of Jesus with that sweet ejaculation: "My Jesus, mercy." (100 days' indulgence is attached to this aspiration).

Or, we can join in that simple prayer uttered every morning by the Associates of the Sacred Heart of Jesus: "O Jesus, through the most pure Heart of Mary, I offer Thee the prayers, works, and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Sacred Heart."

During the day when we find our lamp on the wane, we must replenish it with fresh oil. This can be done by raising our heart to God in ejaculatory prayer. In Latin, "jaculum" signifies a dart, and from this word ejaculatory prayer springs.

Like a keen dart cast from a distance, this form of prayer pierces the oil-glands of God's mercy, and a plentiful supply of unction flows into our souls.

Let all who read this short treatise strive to practice what it inculcates—The Morning Oblation.

Few of us are asked to perform heroic acts of virtue in our journey through life. Our duty for the most part is centred in performing our *ordinary actions* through a pure intention of pleasing God.

A steady, uniform pace is ordained to be the common lot, and the generality of Christians are never asked to break into a canter along the road to sanctity.

The Morning Oblation trims our lamps at the start, and when the race of the day is over we place our burnt-out lights in the Sacred Heart of Jesus, there to be renewed for the coming morrow.

When life is ebbing fast away, what a consolation we shall experience in recollecting that our most trivial actions have been long ago stored away in God's treasure-house! We have learned the secret—The Morning Oblation !!

"NOTHING more detestful does the earth produce than an ungrateful man."—*Ansonius*.

REV. SAMUEL CHARLES MAZZUCHELLI, O.P.¹

SEVENTY-NINE years ago, on the 4th of November, the Feast of St. Charles Borromeo, in the city of St. Ambrose, the city of princes, historic Milan, a fair child opened his eyes to the light, in whose tiny hand lay that day all the destinies that have ever clustered, or will ever cluster, around St. Clara.

It was a rich and ancient family, whose name had been written high in the city records on that day when Barbarossa battered down its walls and drove the ploughshare over its ruins; and the proud father's heart beat high at his own glowing visions as he wove dreams of greatness over this unconscious little one, such illusions as only a fond parent can create.

And his wildest dreams were surpassed, but not as the proud father had planned. The child's future *was* bright, but not with the glitter of those ambitious visions. The shining of that future, could it then have unrolled itself, would have been bright with Heaven's light.

At the baptismal font, according to the reverential custom of the wealthy Italians, they gave the child the Old Testament name of Samuel; was their prophetic instinct in the choice? And of the Saint of his nativity, their own San Carlo Borromeo.

And the child grew in beauty and in grace, and as the father watched the dawning of the precious intellect, how his heart swelled at the thought of the shining future opening to his boy! What a glorious career should be the lot of this favored child! What promise did not lie in that broad, clear brow, and those deep, thoughtful eyes! Every help that gold could buy should wait his bidding, and he should yet raise the proud old name higher than it had ever shone before. Might not the Banker of Milan write his name as high on the roll of fame as the "Banker of Florence?" Was not the Milanese Mazzuchelli as proud a title as the Florentine Medici? Wealth and intellect can do all things in the race for honors; then shall this favored child have every help in the struggle. With his own God-given powers, and the family gold, where need he stop?

¹ An address delivered by Miss Mary Geraghty, at St. Clara's Convent, Sinsinawa Md., Wis.

So time fled, and because the childish intellect flowered so early, so parental ambition anticipated school-training, but not to stranger-hands was his darling to be entrusted. Education must be carried on under his own eye, for the father's jealous love could not suffer the boy out of his sight; and as the boyish traits showed themselves, the keen, clear judgment—the strong, fiery spirit, tempered by that sunny sweetness that all his life won hearts as if by magic, the serenity of mood that made the child a king among his fellows, the quick, intellectual grasp that made school-tasks but play, might not the father be pardoned for believing all earthly prizes to be within the reach of this child of his love?

Pure as a lily, gentle in his cheerful obedience as his holy namesake in the Temple, the parents, glad at heart that the boy's unusual mental powers brought not the usual defects in their train, rested in their thankfulness till all at once as his childhood fled past, their loving pride took alarm; a vague uneasiness settled down upon them. Where was the restlessness, the chafing at home restraints natural to his age, that one would look for in so strong and ardent a nature? His very content alarmed them. Was it content? Within the depth of such a spirit, who could tell what ambitions were slumbering? What was there in the young face, so childish in its purity, so manly in its strength, that roused vague anxieties? Better that he were not so perfect—better, perhaps, that his intellect were not so sparkling and so deep, if *they* might not fathom it!

But a father's authority is supreme in Italy, among the upper classes at least, and who could question this gentle spirit's submission? He was but fifteen, but mentally and physically stronger than his age, and he must begin his career now; with a father's wide experience to guide him, what but brilliant success awaited him? So the decree went forth to the household to be met by the announcement that the youth had already chosen his life-work, and that was—what? To be a religious. O cruel awakening to their ambitious dreams! Their best beloved had elected to submit to a stranger's guidance. The world was to have rung with the renown of his name, and he would bury himself in a Convent, where none could distinguish between the scion of that proud house and the beggar's son. The disappointment was insupportable, but a father's authority was powerless in this case, and a

father's love rose up in a mighty torrent to bear down the child's decision. The proud, grave father, whose lightest word had ever been law in the household, took his boy in his arms as if he were an infant, pleading with tears that his best-loved child would not fail him—that he would not leave his father to grow old in grief and disappointment—and the pale boy, for the first time in his life crossing his father's will, his young heart bleeding at the sight of the first grief he had ever given, more faint, and worn, and agonized, as he told a friend in after life, by this trial than by all the others of his checkered existence, upheld only by the strength of his purpose, could only pray and wait in silence—and he not sixteen.

Christian faith at last conquered paternal pride, and in a year's time, with bitter grief, the father gave reluctant consent and let the boy go.

At seventeen the youth entered the Dominican Convent at Faenza; thence advancing rapidly in his studies, was sent by his superiors to Santa Sabina, of holy renown, in Rome, and just before, as a concession to his poor father's tenderness, was the portrait painted (by order of his Prior) of which that in possession of the Sisters at St. Clara's is a copy, sent with its companion portrait a few years ago by his sister, Signora Rachele Mazzuchelli, still living in the ancestral home, the alms-giver of half the city. But it is not as we knew him, and no persuasion could ever win Father Samuel's consent to have another likeness taken, spite of all the many stratagems that loving friends could devise—no one, to his knowledge, ever secured his portrait.

At Santa Sabina, St. Dominic's old home, occurred one of those events which the wise term coincidences—which the simple, in love and gratitude, call Providences—the dear Providence that gave Father Samuel to this Western world, and to us. Rt. Rev. Edward Fenwick of Cincinnati, who with his brother, Father John, was a Dominican, visited Santa Sabina, and one day, as the ardent American told of the broad regions estranged from the faith there sprang up in one young heart among his listeners, a flame that never went out, but burned up higher and yet higher, till it burned his earthly life away in the little Parish House at Benton, Wis.

Such a vision arose as only the Apostolic soul can call up—a vision born of the hunger and thirst for souls—of holy envy of the lot of the few laborers in that far-off neglected vineyard, and if

the crimson flame of martyrdom glowed through the picture, was it not what his secret soul most longed for? (He *had* his martyrdom, every fiery pang, but it was not the swift anguish that ends with scorching the flesh).

He asked, and at last received what he coveted—leave to go to America—and after strong opposition from his family, who hoped yet to win him back to themselves—from his Order who wished not to lose a subject of such brilliant promise from a field where his powers would best show themselves—he gained the privilege of exile, and after an interview with the reigning Pontiff, Leo XII., who gave the young Levite every encouragement and loving benediction, he set out by Bishop Fenwick's appointment to meet him at Paris. Arrived there, finding that the Bishop had been suddenly and imperatively summoned home by the needs of his diocese, he set out alone and reached New York on All Saints' Day, 1827. He knew not one word of English, his inexperience had left him nearly destitute of funds, but that wonderful personal magnetism, so often the glorious gift of the missionary, won him friends at once, and with one of these newly-found friends, he made the long journey overland, through what hardships to the delicately-reared Milanese one may imagine; and presenting himself to the Bishop, who welcomed him with a father's love, was sent to dear old St. Rose's in Kentucky.

Very soon ordained, for the need of priests was sore, his boyish dream was realized and he was sent to the Indian tribes in Michigan. They drew him as a magnet draws the steel; and with his extraordinary gift for languages, soon mastering their dialect, he was for five years their constant associate and guide. He wrote and published an account of these tribes, their condition and needs, which was printed at Milan. And how they loved him, the simple children of the wild! How they grieved when the needs of his own race drew him away from them! The wondrous things they have told of him since, these converted Indians, in their crude simplicity betray the secrets of the Saints. This is not the time or place to repeat them. For years he was the only priest between Detroit and St. Louis. To satisfy his own spiritual needs, he had to undertake a painful journey on foot to the Great River, and one of his faithful Indians paddled the frail canoe down to St. Louis. In 1834 game was scarce, and his people wandered farther west than usual, and thus the winter of that

year found him at Fort Crawford, near Prairie du Chien, at the invitation of Gen. Zachary Taylor, then stationed there.

In the Spring of 1835, on his way to St. Louis, he found the two-year-old village of Dubuque, and a flock without a shepherd.

He sped south to his destination, laid the facts before the Bishop, hastened back armed with the necessary faculties, and on the Feast of the Assumption of that year he laid the corner-stone of what is now the Cathedral, that is of a little church 78 feet long and 41 feet wide, of which he was the architect as well as builder. The church was dedicated to the Archangel Raphael, and two years afterwards, through his representations to the Council then sitting at Baltimore, Dubuque was erected into a Bishopric, and its mitre offered to him, which he humbly refused. When did Father Samuel ever accept a distinction? Honors would but fetter his quick, darting spirit; he could lend himself more entirely to his people in those pioneer times as a simple priest, could see and supply their needs as they showed themselves; and never till the day he died did he accept an honor; and not till after he died did his dearest friends know that the highest dignity his Order could bestow, lay concealed within his grasp, its dignity unused, but its cares and labors wrought out to the letter, all the harder that he hid his authority; and none saw or knew the existence of the document till he was dead. Missioner Apostolic was title enough for him, and that only when it opened the door more quickly to needy souls. He built churches and schools everywhere. The young Italian seemed a veritable man of adamant, so varied, so incessant, so enormous were his labors.

From a letter of a loving friend of his, an honored judge of San Francisco, writing to the New York papers on hearing of his death, we take this extract:

"He built a church at Galena and secured extensive grounds for Convent and grave-yard purposes; he did the same at Mineral Point, Shullsburg, Potosi, and various other places in Wisconsin, and at Davenport, Burlington, Iowa City, Bloomington, and in Iowa, till he became celebrated, not only as a church-builder, but as an architect. The first Legislature of Iowa engaged him to draw a plan for their new capitol. The Supervisors of Daviess county employed him to plan and superintend the building of a large stone court-house, and, even on matters of legislation his advice was sought by the leading men of the county. He was

never known to miss an appointment in the duties of his sacred ministry. Rain, hail, or sunshine, whether the thermometer stood at 90 degrees above or 30 degrees below zero, he was always present at the appointed hour, whatever the distance or the object. There he is high up in the scaffolding of a church, industriously at work in brick and mortar. In the evening you see him in the pulpit discoursing on some abstruse question of Christian philosophy, and to-morrow he lectures before the governor, judge, and legislators on the science of political economy, but always and everywhere present where his sacred duties call.***There are now (1864) on the field where he once stood alone, thirty years before, 5 Bishops, 350 Priests, 645 Churches, 11 Colleges, 60 Convents, and Academies and Schools innumerable."

It was in the Fall of 1841 that he rode past our beloved Sinsinawa Mound, and at a glance marked it out for God's service. Turning quietly to its owner and his dear friend who sat beside him, and calmly assuring him that "this beautiful hill was made for Religion and Science," he then and there made the bargain, and *next morning* set off home to Italy, and coolly asked his wealthy relatives for funds wherewith to buy it. His own rich patrimony had long since disappeared. When the great reckoning-day comes, we will find it built into the Church walls of these four States of Wisconsin, Iowa, Michigan, and Illinois, scattered among the old cemeteries and in the hands of Christ's poor. Who could refuse him anything he asked for? Not even his aristocratic relatives—shocked as they might be at his threadbare clothing, and hands as toil-worn as a peasant's. So he soon hurried back to the New World, bought our Sinsinawa Mound, built the College (you are the fortunate dwellers there now, Juniors) had it incorporated with University privileges, gave it over to his Order, and then, ah! *then*, he went where we best love to think of him, and picture him; he is *ours* there at Benton; thinking, and planning, and building for us, at the home of his heart, Old St. Clara's, at Benton, whence he sent us back to the Mound two years after he went to Heaven. The place at Benton was an unsightly spot enough, then, honeycombed with mineral holes—but the touch of his hand made the desolate spot a thing of beauty, and he lived there the rest of his mortal life, and his holy grave is there. He called the Sisterhood of St. Dominic, the crowning work of his life; there was his home, if that could be called a home—the

poor little cabin now attached to the rear of the Parsonage. Yes; a poor little cottage it was—but would you hear how it was glorified? Have we not heard of the wondrous light that bathed the poor old walls when he thought he was alone, and how his rare severity silenced the questions of awe-stricken beholders?

But St. Clara's was not his only care. He had his wide parish with its attendant missions, and the temporal as well as spiritual interests of half the Northwest in his hands. And how his friends loved him! Was ever man or priest so loved! How the hard-hearted, the wordly and irreligious—how their hearts wound round him in spite of themselves! How they watched for his coming! And how he loved men—all the souls for whom Christ died! His soft Southern tongue alone marked a nationality, but if there was a cosmopolite in the holiest sense of the word, that man was our Father Samuel. He knew no race distinction, no narrowness, no clannishness. He loved but souls, and souls he would have. He craved for them; he hungered and thirsted for them.

He planned and began to build the new Convent, and the magnificent plan he drew is a wonder to American architects, now. And the lightning-like rapidity of his designs seemed even surpassed. Some mighty aim seemed urging him to haste. What was it? Only he knew, and he went home too soon to tell it.

One night of pitchy darkness and driving storm, the dying sinner's call reached him; he struggled through the dreadful night to that bed of pain and terror, and when, drenched with rain and bitter sleet, he turned back to his weary pillow, death went with him, and in a few more days Father Samuel was with his God.

He knew it, and rejoiced at his deliverance as only the soul homesick for Heaven *can* rejoice—but true to his natural self-forgetfulness, tried to hide his joy from his sorrowing children; and true to the instincts of the Saints, he fought delirium off long enough to remove and hide the terrible chain that had so long eaten into his flesh, and they found it afterwards, blood-stained and rusted, and the scourge with its cruel points.

I am but a voice—a child's voice, telling in stammering speech of far-off things of beauty and of truth that you have on record, but the record has been faithfully conned and the child's voice is true. We are Father Samuel's own as well as you, my Sisters, and a Saint's life belongs not to you, but to the world. But well.

was it for those who loved him best that the oblivion of the deadly fever saved for them these treasures, for he thought to destroy them, and died believing that he had.

And he died that fearful night without a priest—he who in the wigwam of the savage, in the miasmatic mineral shaft, on the prairie in midwinter, on the angry river at midnight, in the loathsome pest-house, had risked life thousands of times for strangers, deliberately offered up his last sacrifice, prepared himself for death, blessed and comforted his sorrowing children with one last promise, and then went home. It was on the 23d of February, 1864. His last words, "*O Quam Dilecta*," we hear them chanted every Father Samuel's Day.

DOMINICAN SAINTS OF THE MONTH.

By J. D. F.

ST. BERNARD OF ICAMMACA, 9TH OF FEBRUARY.

IN the life of St. Bernard of Icammaca we have an instance of the wonderful effects of grace in a soul in which God pleases to act. St. Bernard, like another Augustine, was for a long period of his life wholly given up to the world and its vanities. No thought of his eternal concerns ever entered his head, until suddenly enlightened by grace, he began to reflect, and to the surprise of all, soon became a model amongst men. He joined the Order of St. Dominic, and from that moment he began to ascend higher and higher in the way of perfection until he was recognized and honored as a saint by his fellow-men. In reward for his zeal and piety, God favored him with supernatural visions, which frequently had the effect of transporting him some distance in the air, to the surprise and delight of his brethren in religion. As he lived he died, praising and loving God, and offering to Him a most acceptable gift—his immortal soul, purified and cleansed by a penance at once salutary and atoning.

ST. CATHERINE OF RICCI, FEBRUARY 13TH.

St. Catherine of Ricci was born in Florence, of noble and pious parents. At an early age, although surrounded by all that was calculated to lead her thoughts from God, she earnestly sought to devote her life to the service of God in holy religion. Ac-

cordingly, without a moment's hesitation, after having satisfied herself that she was called to a religious life, she sought admission to the Order of St. Dominic. Having been received, at the age of 13 she made her profession, and from that time her history is but one continued series of the punishments endured for the sake of her Model and Master, Jesus Christ. Every Thursday and Friday she suffered the torments of Christ's passion, while during life she bore the sacred imprints of the stigmata. She died in the 69th year of her age on the 4th of November, 1590.

ST. NICHOLAS OF PALEA, FEBRUARY 14TH.

St. Nicholas seems to have been one of those saints who from his very birth was highly favored of God. From his tenderest years he displayed a piety that was truly marvellous. He had a constant desire to suffer for Christ's sake. He could conceive of no more effectual way of serving God than by consecrating himself entirely to Him in holy religion. He was stimulated to this the more strongly after he had listened to a sermon delivered by St. Dominic. Accordingly, after obtaining permission of the saint to become a member of the order of preachers, he began to practice the most heroic and saintly virtues in the Novitiate. After he was ordained priest nothing could daunt his zeal in the work of saving souls. He labored much in bringing about reforms in various Convents where discipline had grown lax, and after spending a life devoted to the interests of God and religion, he went to receive his reward about the year 1270. He was afterward beatified by Pope Leo XII.

BLESSED JORDAN OF SAXONY, FEBRUARY 15TH.

Blessed Jordan was a descendant of the noble family of Eberstein. He was especially noted for his great charity to the poor, and it is related of him that on one occasion, when he had nothing to give, he took off his girdle and handed it to a poor beggar. Some time afterwards he went to the church to pray, and to his amazement and delight beheld the very same girdle encircling the crucifix. Abandoning the world he became a member of the Order of St. Dominic, and after the death of the venerable Founder became his successor in the capacity of Master-General. He was afterwards shipwrecked and drowned with some companions who were on their way to the Holy Land. When his body

was cast on shore, a miraculous light was seen to shine about his head, thus giving evidence of the great sanctity of his life and the purity of his motives. Many miracles were performed after death through his intercession, and he was accordingly beatified by Leo XII.

BLESSED LAWRENCE OF ETRURIA, FEBRUARY 18TH.

Blessed Lawrence, of the Order of St. Dominic, was born in Etruria and from early youth was gifted with a most wonderful piety, charity, and humility. His life exhibits but one uninterrupted series of good works performed for the glory of God and the good and edification of his neighbor. He was charged on account of his great zeal and virtue, with the reformation of several communities which had grown lax in the province of Etruria. He did this so effectively that in a short time he rendered them models of religious observance and discipline. Having labored steadily in the vineyard of the Lord for sixty long years, he died a most holy and edifying death, exhorting his brethren to the last to be faithful to their rule. He was buried in a church in Pistorium, Etruria, and is revered as patron saint of that place. The late Pope Pius IX. beatified him.

BLESSED ALVARUS, FEBRUARY 18TH.

This saint was born in Cordova, and entering the Dominican Order quite young he persevered until the time arrived when he was to be ordained priest. This was the greatest desire of his heart, for he felt that he could accomplish much towards the salvation of souls. After building a new Convent in Cordova, he set about regulating it in such a way that his subjects became thoroughly—while not reluctantly—imbued with the spirit of religion. He himself was ever their guide and spiritual comforter. Night after night he remained in the chapel with no other rest save what occasional respite he afforded himself during the long hours of the night by lying down on the altar-step. It is related that one day he chanced to meet a man who was one mass of disgusting ulcers. Moved to pity for him he conveyed him to the Convent on his shoulders. But while engaged in administering relief, the body of the poor cripple assumed the form of a cross, and to this day the same crucifix is venerated in a chapel of the Convent. He died at Cordova, 1420.

BLESSED AIMO, FEBRUARY 21ST.

Gifted with many gifts of nature and of grace, Blessed Aimo early gave signs of an extraordinary piety. When he came to the age when he must choose his state of life he preferred to embrace the rule of St. Dominic to any other, and was accordingly admitted to the Order on due application. Ever faithful to his high vocation, he cultivated the practise of the most exalted virtues. After some years spent in the Order he was elevated to the high dignity of Provincial, and succeeded in winning all hearts to him by the mildness and gentleness of his disposition. After having attained the remarkable age of 100 years, worn out with a lifetime of unceasing labor in the vineyard of our Lord, he went forth to receive his reward on the feast of the Assumption, 1495.

BLESSED VILLANA, FEBRUARY 28TH.

Blessed Villana was born in Florence in the 14th century. Her parents, though gifted with the faith, were somewhat worldly-minded, and when Villana sought to emancipate herself from the cares and vanities of the world by taking refuge in a Convent, she was followed and reclaimed, and afterwards, much against her will, compelled to marry. For awhile she sought to serve her divine Model by assiduous prayer, but as time went on, she became a little indifferent. At this crisis our Saviour intervened to save her, and one day as she was admiring herself in the mirror, instead of her own reflection she beheld to her horror the repulsive visage of a demon of hell. From that moment she began in earnest the life of a saint, and each day she mounted higher and higher in perfection until God was pleased to visit her with the sweetest interior consolations, affording her thus a foretaste of the joys of heaven she was soon to enjoy in their fulness.

‘WHEN on our best railroads we travel at the rate of sixty miles an hour, the rumbling noise is heard afar, the sight of our speed is startling to every spectator, and we cannot divest ourselves of apprehension. But ever since we were born we have been riding on a world moved by God at the rate of more than sixty-two thousand miles every hour. And yet who has been afraid? Who has heard any startling sound?’

EXPLANATION OF THE OUR FATHER.

FROM ST. THOMAS AQUINAS.

FIFTH PETITION.—“*And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them who trespass against us.*”

There are men who are wise and courageous, and yet because they count too much on their own abilities, do not act wisely in affairs that they undertake, nor bring them to completion. “*Designs are strengthened by counsels,*” says the Book of Proverbs, XX. 18. But it is to be noted that the Holy Ghost who gives courage, also gives counsel. For every good counsel concerning the salvation of mankind is from the Holy Ghost. And it is when one is in distress that he needs counsel, just as in sickness a physician is to be consulted. Hence when we become spiritually infirm by sin we must seek counsel to be cured. That counsel is necessary for the sinner is shown from this text from the book of Daniel, IV., 24 : “*Wherefore, O King, let my counsel be acceptable to thee, and redeem thou thy sins with alms.*” The best counsel then for avoiding sin is alms and mercy ; and therefore the Holy Ghost teaches sinners to ask and pray : “*Forgive us our trespasses.*” We owe God what we have taken of His right from Him ; now God's right insists on our doing His will, preferring it to our own. Therefore we have made away with God's right when we preferred our own will to His, and we sinned. Sins, therefore, are our *debts*, our trespasses. Hence the Holy Ghost counsels us to ask God's forgiveness for our sins, saying : “*Forgive us our trespasses.*” In these words we may consider three things : first, why this petition is made ; secondly, how it is answered ; thirdly, what is necessary on our part to have it answered.

The Children of the Rosary.

OUR LITTLE CORRESPONDENTS.

THE very first letter received is from a “little boy” in Connecticut, and he wants a “new story of George Washington.” Well, that is not easy to give you, young man, but your request is so appropriate to the month that we have hunted up a very *old*

story that has not been told often—at least not so often as the story of the hatchet, and it is quite a pretty story too.

George always wanted a reason for things he was taught to believe in, and when his father was talking to him very seriously one day, telling him of God, and how near He was to every one all the time, George interrupted with the remark :

“ Well, but, Pa, I have never seen Him ! ”

Some one calling just at that time prevented this good father from answering his little son then, but he planned a surprise and an answer that would satisfy the bright little child.

One day the father of George went into the garden, and prepared a bed of finely pulverized earth, on which he wrote George's name in full. Then strewing in plenty of cabbage seed, he covered them up and smoothed all over with the roller. This bed he purposely prepared close alongside a gooseberry walk, which happening at this time to be well hung with ripe fruit, he knew would be honored with George's visits pretty regularly every day.

Not many mornings after, George came in, with eyes glistening.

“ Oh, Pa ! Come here—come here.”

“ What's the matter, my son, what's the matter ? ”

“ Oh, come, and I'll show you such a sight as you never saw in all your life-time.”

The old gentleman suspecting what it was, gave George his hand, which he seized with eagerness, running as fast as he could to the garden, till they came to the bed whereon was inscribed in large letters, and in all the freshness of newly-sprung plants, the full name of

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

“ There, Pa ! ” said George, quite in an ecstasy of astonishment ; “ did you ever see such a sight ? ”

“ Why, it seems like a curious affair, sure enough.”

“ But who made it there—who did make it ? ”

“ It grew there by chance, I suppose, my son.”

“ By chance, Pa ? Oh, no, no ! It never did grow there by chance ; indeed *that* it never did ! ”

“ Heigh ! Why not, my son ? ”

“ Why, Pa, did you ever see anybody's name in a plant-bed before ? ”

“ Well, but, George, such a thing might happen, though you never saw it before.”

"Yes; but I never did see the little plants grow up so as to make one single letter of my name before ; now, how could they grow up so as to make all the letters of my name, so exactly ! and all so neat and even too, at top and bottom ? Oh, Pa, you must not say that chance did this. Somebody did it, and I dare say, now, you did, just to scare me, because I am your little boy."

His father smiled and said : "Well, George, you have guessed right. I indeed did it, but not to scare you, my son, but to teach you a great thing which I wish you to understand. You never see God, but He is always with you. You did not see me when ten days ago I made this little plant-bed, where you see your name in such beautiful green letters; but though you did not see me here yet you know that I was here."

"Yes, Pa, that I do know, that you were here."

"Well, and as my son could not believe that chance had made and put together so exactly the letters of his name, (though only sixteen), then how can he believe that chance could have made and put together all those millions and millions of things that are now so exactly fitted to his good ? That my son may look at everything around him, see what fine eyes he has ! And a little nose to smell the sweet flowers, and pretty ears to hear sweet sounds, and a lovely mouth for his bread and butter, and, oh, the little ivory teeth to cut it for him ! and precious little hands and fingers to hold his playthings, and beautiful little feet to run about upon. And when my little rogue of a son is tired with running about, then the still night comes for him to lie down, and his mother sings, and the crickets chirp him to sleep; as soon as he has slept enough, and jumps up fresh and strong, there the sweet golden light is ready for him ! When he looks down in the water, there he sees the fishes, and up in the trees, there are the apples, and peaches, and many sweet fruits for him; and all around him, wherever my dear boy looks, he sees everything just to his wants and wishes.

Now these, and all the ten thousand other good things more than my son can even think of, and all so exactly fitted for his use and delight, how could chance ever have done all this for my little son ? "

This was a very impressive lesson, and I am sure George never forgot it.



"Doggie came very near, then settled down, as much as to say he would wait awhile."

HOW JIMSY TRAVELLED.

MARY AGNES GANNON.

"TAKE good care of Jimsy," mamma said, "and I will be back as soon as I can with something nice for both of you."

Mamma was going away for the afternoon on business, and Nellie was feeling very important for being left in charge of Jimsy and the house. The little brother was named James, but

once he called himself Jimsy, and the name suited him so well that every one else called him so too. Nellie promised to be very careful, and mamma kissed them good-bye and hurried away.

Then Nellie sat down to look at pictures with Jimsy. They were very much pleased with a book that had pictures of large buildings and bridges. Jimsy asked questions about them so fast that Nellie was kept very busy answering him.

"How did they get to *this* place, Nellie?" he asked, putting his hand over a picture of Brooklyn Bridge.

"Why, they travelled there," said wise Nellie.

"What's travelled?"

"Just going away, but while you're going, it's travelling."

"Oh—travelling," repeated Jimsy, slowly.

"Yes; mamma's gone a little travelling to-day." Then Nellie thought of something she could do, and Jimsy was left to his own thoughts for awhile.

There was a little knock at the door soon after, and Nellie opened it a tiny bit at first, but when she saw it was Annie Hill she opened it very wide.

"Nellie! we are having a doll party down in Etta Brown's yard, and I came after you."

"I can't go," said Nellie ruefully; "mamma's out, and we have to mind the house—Jimsy and me."

"Oh, come, you needn't stay long; Jimsy can mind the house."

"I must mind *him*."

"Well, just come a minute, and see how we are playing."

"Then I'll take Jimsy too."

"All right."

But Jimsy had other plans, and wouldn't go. When Annie tried to take him in her arms and carry him by force, he kicked and screamed so she had to put him down.

"Leave him, Nellie, he won't come, and nothing will happen in a little while."

"Do you want to stay alone, Jimsy?" Nellie asked him. "If I go with Annie will you be good and look at pictures till I come back?" And Jimsy said yes, shaking his head up and down. Nellie hugged him and said he was a good boy. Annie looked as if she didn't think so, and then the two little girls went out.

Nellie felt she was doing wrong, but she kept saying to herself: "Nothing will happen; he'll be good."

There were so many dolls to be admired, and some change in arrangement which suggested itself to Nellie was made while she was there to tell if it was right, that quite twenty minutes had passed before Nellie got home.

In the meantime Jimsy had made use of full liberty, and had gleefully gone "travelling."

When Nellie returned he was nowhere in sight. She searched every possible and many impossible places in the house to find him; at last she ran to the girls she had left, and with tears and sobs told them Jimsy was lost.

"We must look for him," Annie Hill said; "and I'm so sorry, Nellie."

Etta Brown ran in to tell her mother, and Mrs. Brown came to the children, telling them to go quickly in different directions and they would be sure to overtake little Jimsy.

"You are quite sure, Nellie, he is not in the house?" she asked.

"Oh, yes, ma'am. I looked *everywhere*."

"Then hurry off, children." The three little girls started on the search.

Jimsy had watched Nellie go, and when she was out of sight he had opened the door and gone down the street as fast as he could. There were not many people passing, and he kept on his way unnoticed. There was a bakery on the street, with four steps leading down to a basement, where the bread and cakes were made, and Jimsy paused here to take breath, and admire the steps, which were of stone. He walked nearer and nearer to the edge, until he ended by tumbling down, just as the baker was coming out.

"Halloo, youngster; what are you doing here?" he asked, as he put Jimsy on his feet again, not much the worse for his fall.

"I'm travelling," Jimsy answered, forgetting to cry.

"Oh, you are. How far are you going?"

Jimsy didn't know what to say, so he put his hands behind his back, and knocked his toes on the stones.

"I think you're lost," the baker said, and then Jimsy shook his head very vigorously. "Well, you had better stay here awhile and rest, traveller; and I think you could eat a cake, couldn't you?"

Jimsy agreed that he could, and the baker, taking him in, gave him a large piece of cake. Thinking he'd ask his wife what to do with the little boy, he took him to the back of the bakery, where a door opened into a paved court-yard, telling him to stay

there till all the cake was eaten. Jimsy promised and sat on the door-sill quite content. Not very long, however, for a large dog that had been resting in a corner of the yard, seeing the new comer, started towards him.

At first doggie came slowly, and Jimsy thought if he moved very close to the side of the doorway there would be room for doggie to walk past. Closer and closer he pushed to the wall, his little fingers holding the cake firmly, on which he could see the dog's eyes were fixed. Doggie came very near, and then settled down as much as to say he would wait awhile, and Jimsy watched him, a troubled look in his dark, bright eyes.

Doggie made a motion forward with his head, and Jimsy could bear it no longer; he got on his feet as quickly as he could, and ran into the bakery, doggie following. The baker was coming in and Jimsy rushed through the door as he opened it, while poor distracted Nellie was passing by. "Nellie! Nellie!" called Jimsy. Nellie nearly followed her brother's example by falling down the steps. She never quite knew how she did get down, and, oh! how she hugged Jimsy. The baker caught and held the dog by the collar, and was very glad the "*traveller*" had been found. Nellie explained as well as she could, she was so breathless with laughing and crying, and then she hurried away to tell the other searchers the good news.

Before mamma came home the excitement was nearly over, but Nellie told her all about it. She looked very grave at first, but when Nellie told her how sorry she was, she kissed her, and said she had been punished enough to make her careful all her life long.

Then mamma took tired, sleepy Jimsy in her arms, and smiling at him, said he'd had quite an adventure.

"Ad-ven-ture? Was that the dog, mamma?" he asked, and was asleep almost before mamma, laughing, answered: "The dog was a great part of it."

"EMPLOY thy time well if thou meanest to gain leisure; and since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour. Leisure is time for doing something useful. This leisure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man never; for a life of leisure and a life of laziness are two things."—*Franklin*.

TESSA'S BLOSSOM TIME.

SARAH TRAINER SMITH.

(Concluded.)

BACK and forth flew the words until they reached the Verneys, father and sons busy in their own quarters, as yet untouched. They looked each other in the face dumbly, then parted and rushed away to verify their fears.

"Who is it? What are they saying?" cried Mr. Verney, fighting his way through where the crowd was greatest. Twenty voices shouted in reply: "Young Ralston! Harry Ralston!"

"Harry!" he gasped. "What are they doing? Something *must* be done! A thousand dollars to the man that will help me find him!"

"Hold up, old gentleman!" cried a rough voice, while its owner struggled to keep the excited man in safety. "Your money is worth nothin' here. Stand back! Don't you see you're in the way? The fellows 'll do their best, you bet your life! They're not agoin' to see another roast,—if there's anything left to roast," he added, half horrified, half wild himself with excitement. Mr. Verney felt every nerve thrill and tremble like a woman's. The next instant another cry rang out. A cry exultant, deliriously glad.

"He is found! They see him! He is alive, but fastened down."

It was even so. Through the smoke and dust, the wreck of stone and brick, of beam and rafter, the keen eyes of the practised firemen had discovered him, alive but completely hemmed in; chained like the martyrs of old within a circle of fire.

From that time, who could tell the way in which they worked. What wonders of endurance, what prodigies of daring, what utter disregard of life and limb! The noble fellows! Rescue—rescue for one whom many of them had never seen—rescue for a fellow-creature must be had. They fought the flames away from him with torrents of water; they rushed into the very midst of the flames, it seemed, to wrench with giant strength at the jagged and ponderous timbers; they scaled the still tottering walls to get near enough for the one cheering word, one hearty shout of sympathy.

At long intervals, they caught his feeble answers and gave them, with cheers, to the weeping, praying, maddened crowd of lookers-on. In such a time, the image of the Living God stamped on poor clay shows clear and bold. The likeness,—aye, the likeness!—of the One Unselfish stands out in fine relief against the miserable background of every-day meanness, cruelty, and hardness of heart.

And Harry. He was perfectly conscious after the first shock. He was hurrying out of the building, finding advance impossible, when a quiver in the air, a rushing, heaving sound, broke out on all sides of him, and before he knew what had happened, he was half sitting, half lying in a dreadful dusky glare, crossed and broken by ragged black lines. It was some time before he could realize his awful situation. The first few moments of that certainty were horrible beyond words. He tried to move, but in vain. So intricately yet so exactly had the debris fallen around him, that while he was unhurt, he could neither move hand nor foot. With no distraction of bodily pain, within hearing of men's voices, almost within reach of the hands outstretched to aid him, he must lie helplessly awaiting an unspeakable, awful death. His brain seemed on fire; he called wildly for help, but his own voice mocked him. He tried again and again to struggle, but all in vain.

Suddenly, softly and clearly, a voice spoke within him. Comfort came to him, he knew not how. Vividly and wonderfully there flashed upon him the Presence of the Lord. All the teachings of his new Faith rushed to him, and their meaning was clearer than ever before. The thought of one brief moment of the last Sunday at early Mass rose sweetly and tenderly out of the despair that clutched him, and the strength, the patience, the love of the Blessed Sacrament were all his.

After that, he was perfectly calm. He noted his position carefully. The flames were not near enough to touch him as yet, but they were gaining, and the time could not be long. The smoke rose above him. He could see directly before him a ragged fragment of the only wall left standing, and in it a window through which two stars looking down on him from a tiny bit of cloudless sky,—the same sky he and Tessa had so blithely praised so few hours since. Tessa! But not even that thought had power to trouble him, so wonderfully his Lord was with him. He loved her at that moment more than ever; he was happier than ever in

the thought that she had been given him for those short bright weeks. He could not even sorrow for her sorrow when he felt the Everlasting arms so close around him. "A very Present Help," he repeated, almost as though another spoke the words.

It was just then he heard the shouts of those who had discovered him, and almost immediately the water fell around him. A deep thankfulness filled his heart at the sound. He did not hope for rescue, but oh, it took from him the agony of death to feel that his fellows were near him as he went down into the shadows, even thus supported. He heard them call to him. Now and then he could see a dark figure waving to him and cheering him, and he answered as loudly as he could, but strength was failing from the strain. At shorter and shorter intervals the shouts were repeated, and they came nearer, but still there was no hope of rescue. He knew too well his position. The first ecstasy of Heavenly Comfort was over, but it had left peace and strength enough to bear him through. At first his mind was very active, and he strove to keep it fixed on the last dread moment, but he could not. Things the most incongruous came between him and it, but when he left off looking forward, and just yielded to the thought that God was with him, all was well again. He prayed constantly, and he remembered so many for whom to pray, and so much for which to give thanks. Still there was no hope. Again and again the flames rose unsubdued after they seemed effectually quenched; again and again they bent towards him, reaching out long arms of fierce desire, sweeping above him, and streaming between him and the calm stars. Again and again they were beaten back, and the cool water fell splashing and dropping close to him. How long,—how long *could* it go on!

He grew faint at last, and numb from the imprisonment. He fancied he almost slept. Slept and dreamed, for he saw again the loveliest scenes of beauty and freshness in his past. How cool and green so many of them were! But, instantly, he was wide awake once more, and the cruel flames came nearer and nearer. He thought his hour had come, and he called—called loudly and clearly and joyfully on his Lord. Darkness fell as he called—utter darkness for him.

But a voice beyond the darkness—a voice he knew well said:
"Thank God, the day is breaking!"

He opened his eyes. The red glare was gone; the noise was

stilled. A cool, gray mist seemed all around him. Then the same voice, now nearer to his hearing, close at his side, indeed, but strangely tremulous and broken, spoke again:

"Harry, my dear boy! Harry, my brave, brave lad!"

He tried to turn towards the voice; he tried to answer, but it all faded away into such rest.

The men who had reached him at last,—Mr. Verney among them now—stood looking down on the poor, young face, so ghastly white and worn, so pathetically aged in the gray dawn light.

"Too much for him," said one of them, laconically. "He'll never rally. If he'll only last till we get him out!"

It was slow work, and but for the day that soon burst upon them in its full glory, it would have been impossible to remove him in safety, and without injury to his helpers. But it was done at last. Mr. Verney looked back on the narrow crevice where he had lain in wondering thankfulness too great for words.

Harry was still living when they bore him into his saddened home, where care and sorrow never came until that day. He was living, but scarcely more, late that night. He was alive and actually better the next morning. The physicians had a ray of hope to offer. Tessa had been in the house since early the first morning, when his mother had sent for her. She stood looking at him with devouring eyes she had before feared to satisfy, for she felt her long agony was over. But he shook his head feebly with a smile that had no sadness in it. The hours wore until night came again to its quietest. Tessa and his mother were with him; Tessa reading softly the prayers that are so full of comfort, and to which her gentle voice was so adapted in such solemn seasons.

"Thank you!" he whispered as she rose and bent over him. Love! pull the curtain up—all the way—and come nearer to me. Very near me, please! I cannot speak loud, you know."

She obeyed, and bent close to his pillow. His mother, resting on the couch at the bed's foot, could hear the soft murmur of his failing tones.

"I want to see the sky as I saw it that night through the one shattered window," he said.

"Oh, why speak of that night! I cannot—cannot bear it!"

"This once I must. It will not hurt me. I am past that, and it will comfort you some day. You will be glad to know it was not all unspeakable darkness and horror to me."

Tessa felt her heart grow chill. But he was so calm—and, oh, so weak!—she would not distress him by word or movement. She laid her head on his cold hand and listened in silent awe, while he told her, with wonderful touches of sublime pathos, such as his trial, his submission, his faith triumphant in weakness, could add to the simple recital—the story of that night as he had lived it. The night which closed his cloudless day! The night to which his time of peace and rest had so surely led! The night on which had dawned for him the morning of Eternal Day.

Yes, Tessa knew it before his weak voice failed. All the sorrow she had feared had come upon her, but, as he had intended in his loving thought for her, he had lightened its darkness. Already she felt the bitterness was all hers. Her “dearer than self” was spared forever the worst pangs of death, since he had passed in such tender keeping through such an ordeal. Kneeling beside him in the silence that followed his recital, she told him that she could thank God with loving heart for his goodness, and blessed him for comforting her so truly. He was too exhausted to do more than look his love and blessing, but she knew his heart. His clasped hands, and often uplifted eyes told her he was praying, and still kneeling, her prayers went Heavenward for him, without one shadow of earthly longing or resistance to the Divine Will.

Gradually he sank into weakness that was almost stupor. Motionless and almost breathless he lay waiting, and they waited with him. The hours went slowly but all too fast for the watchers. The evening of the next day had come. Oppressed and restless, he roused for the last time to some knowledge of earth. The last Sacraments were given him. The good priest, with words for the sorrowing and holy help for the dying, remained at the bedside throughout the night. As the sun of a June morning rose once more on the earth, God once looked upon and pronounced it “good,” the dear face on the scarcely whiter pillow changed and quivered as with pain. The dark eyes opened in terror and the lips moved piteously. Mr. Verney raised him in his arms. Suddenly his face grew calm, his breath came easily. He sank a little in those kind arms as to complete repose.

“Mr. Verney,” he said in a voice wonderfully clear and strong, and looking up at him with speaking eyes from the very mists of death. “The day is breaking! I see it there—on the Cross! It is all—all—light!”

His hands fell, his eyes closed,—a smile, faint, sweet, awful, yet tenderly welcoming settled round the lips that moved once more, forming, not uttering, the Holy Names.

Mr. Verney laid the dark, silken head gently down.

"Come to his assistance, all ye Saints of God; meet him, all ye Angels of God; receive his soul and present it now before its Lord," said the priest's solemn voice.

Through the wide open window, far up against the cloudless and radiant sky, the Cathedral Cross shone in holy beauty above the lifeless clay, sanctified so short a time before beneath its very shadow.

Tessa's flower of love had blossomed out into fullest beauty before the Eternal Throne. There remained for her the sheltered labors and lily-hidden thorns of that earthly garden where the Spouses of the Lamb await His coming. The Verneys saw their darling gathered into it, and knew she was safe, but "saved as by fire." Not kept from sorrow, but purified by it. Not ignorant of life's sweetest and saddest, but in tender sympathy forevermore with the bereaved and desolate who are without death's Comforter, who know not the looking forward to that blissful "forever with the Lord."

"WE strive as hard to hide our hearts from ourselves as from others, and always with more success; for in deciding upon ourselves, we are both judge, jury, and executioner; and where sophistry cannot overcome the first, or flattery the second, self-love is always ready to defeat the sentence by bribing the third; a bribe that in this case is never refused, because it always comes up to the price."—*Colton*.

"THE most discontented, unresting class of men in the world are those who give themselves to the pursuit of pleasure on system. As they grow older they almost always become cynics, as we say—that is, they sneer and snarl at everything and everybody. They go through the world with a curled lip, spitting the venom of their bitterness all around them with a beautiful impartiality."

"To be convinced of our false steps is in some degrees an advance towards wisdom."

Notes.

Will "Fin du Siecle" please give his name to THE ROSARY? His confidence will be sacred with us, but we require as an earnest of good faith the names of those who honor us with their communications.

Dominican Missions during the month of December, '92, were given in Worcester, Mass., in St. Stephen's Church, Fr. Burke, pastor, by Frs. C. A. Splinter, O.P., and A. M. Daly, O.P.

A two weeks' mission in Boston, by Frs. Splinter, McKenna, M'Feeley, Decantillon, Daly and Kerman. These indefatigable missionaries have also given missions in Peabody, Mass.; St. John's Church, Rev. M. J. Masterson, pastor; in South Boston at Holy Rosary Church, Fr. McNulty, pastor; and in St. John's Church, Philadelphia, Fr. O'Reilly, pastor; and in the Church of St. Thomas, Apostle, this city, Fr. Keogan, pastor.

Priests and people have evidenced the esteem in which the missionaries are held, by the urgent invitations from all parts to come to them. And the missionaries have labored zealously and faithfully during the year that has closed. God has blessed their work most signally. The return of the prodigals to the practice of their once forgotten faith, the renewal of fervor and devotion in the parishes visited—all these encouraging signs more than repaid the arduous toil of the missionaries. The distressing thought was that the invitations of many had to go unheeded for lack of laborers. "Pray ye, therefore, that God may send zealous laborers into His vineyard."

On New Year's day, a two weeks' mission was opened by Fr. Splinter, O.P., in St. Dominic's church, Washington, D.C., Rev. W. F. Linahan, O.P., Prior; another mission was opened by Fr. McKenna in Wilmington, Del., Rev. G. J. Kelly, pastor.

The daily papers report full accounts of the charges and countercharges against one another, made by prominent Catholics, lay and ecclesiastical, to the great disedification of the faithful who are not in touch with the petty grievances, real or fancied, which trouble the embroilers, and with the narration of which they surprise, they sadden and annoy those who are unfortunate enough to come within their range.

They must rush into print forsooth to declare their views, and incidentally, too,

their ignorance about the settlement of questions that do not concern them, and for the settling of which it would be a silly stultification to consult them. If our "prominent Catholic laymen" would severely mind their own business, they would be doing their duty and their neighbors a service. If our ecclesiastical guides would only practice some of the charity they preach, instead of indicting manifestos and protests, they would not wittingly or unwittingly be fomenting discords that perhaps the long lapse of years will not be able to heal. Peace and good will we must individually labor to procure and preserve. "By this shall all men know that you are my disciples, if you love one another."

In the meantime, the daily press that interviewed and obtained all this uncharitable crimination and recrimination is laughing at the embroglio to which it gave publicity. What does the press care for consequences? It relates what is alleged to be the facts. If these facts add fuel to the flame, it will have its trained representatives on the ground to record and depict the dire devastation spread by that flame.

When our Ecclesiastical Superiors speak, it will be time for us to take sides. Then and always with charity to all, with malice to none, let us serve God and have charity to our fellow-men, especially as St. Paul puts it, "to those who are of the household of the faith."

We will begin in March, on the 25th of which month is kept sacred the feast of the Annunciation, with laying before our readers the Old Testament types of the mysteries of the Rosary, in appropriate illustrations, with short commentaries taken principally from the choicest writings of Saints who have spoken in praise of who was overshadowed by the prophets and patriarchs of old.

We are credibly informed that Our Holy Father, Leo XIII., will signalize his episcopal jubilee, which is celebrated this month, by declaring the beatification of ten martyr-heroes, five Dominicans, and five Jesuits. The Dominicans are: Peter Danz, bishop of Mauricastro and apostolic vicar of Fo Kien in China; Francis Serrano, bishop-elect of Tipasa; Joachim Royo, John Alcober, and Francis Diaz, missionaries. All were put to death in the sixteenth century by the Chinese after enduring the most barbar-

ous and inhuman treatment. Their case had been favorably considered at the time of Pius VI., as we learn from the examination concluded on the 8th of June, 1777.

The Jesuit martyrs are: Rudolph Aquaviva, Alphonsus Paceco, Anthony Francisci, Peter Barno, and a lay-brother, Francis Aramo. These worthy servants of God were martyred for the faith in Goa, India, about the same time as their Dominican co-laborers were shedding their blood in China.

CALENDAR.

Explanation of the abbreviations of the conditions prescribed for gaining the indulgences.

C.C. Confession and Holy Communion.

Visit chapel: a visit is to be made to the chapel or the altar of the Rosary.

Prayers: prayers (equivalent to five Our Fathers) are to be said for the intention of the Pope.

Stations: that an indulgence, which formerly was granted for visiting certain churches of the stations in Rome, is granted.

Feb. 2. Feast of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin. Five Plenary Indulgences:

- 1) C., or the purpose of C., and visit chapel from first Vespers to sunset of feast;
- 2) C., or at least purpose of C., assist at procession;
- 3) Visit chapel and prayers;
- 4) Visit any church and prayers;
- 5) Fourth Joyful Mystery of the Rosary.

C.C. Visit chapel.

Feb. 4. Anniversary of the deceased fathers and mothers of members of the Dominican Order;

Plenary Indulgence.—C.C. Assist at office of the dead; prayers.

Feb. 5. First Sunday of the month.

Three Plenary Indulgences.

- 1) C.C. In Rosary church; prayers.
- 2) C.C. Visit Rosary church.
- 3) Assist at procession; prayers.

Sexagesima Sunday.

Feb. 13. St. Catharine of Ricci, O.P.;

C.C. Visit Dominican church; prayers.

Feb. 19. Third Sunday of the month.

Plenary Indulgence for Living Rosary.

OUR EXCHANGES.

Maurice Francis Egan begins what promises to be the best, or among the best, of his stories in the first number of the *Ave Maria* for Jan., '93.

The Colored Harvest is the significant name of the paper published by Rev. J. R. Slattery, St. Joseph's Seminary, Baltimore, Md.

With the proceeds (20 cts. yearly) of this paper, Father Slattery is enabled to do something towards the grand mission he has undertaken, namely: the evangelization of the negro race in the United States. His noble efforts are worthy of the moral and material support of all Catholics.

The Catholic World for Jan., '93, comes to us with a new cover, so different from any the book has ever had, that one looks twice to be sure it is our old friend. It has sixteen articles of varied and deep interest, and many illustrations. "Louis Pasteur and His Life-Work," by Rev. J. A. Zahm, C.S.C., is cleverly written, and accompanied by a very good portrait of Pasteur, who is "a devout Catholic."

"A Famous Convent School of the South-West" follows, and is interesting as well as instructive and descriptive. "The Ancient Polar Regions," by William Seton, gives much food for thought. "America's Workmen," by Rev. John Conway, is forceful and earnest. One

sentence—"Moral force is the chief reliance of the workmen of to-day," gives the key-note to the spirit of the writer in this sketch, but every sentence in it should be read to be appreciated. For lighter reading there is a charming, if sad, little story, "At the Tournesal," "The Land of the Sun," by Christian Reid, and many other good things. Altogether it is a very creditable number.

"*Our Young People*" is the unpretentious, yet truly apt and proved title of a bi-weekly illustrated Catholic paper that comes to us from Milwaukee. The genial and erudite editor, Rev. Francis P. Reilly, of St. Francis' Seminary, Wis., knows just how to catch and hold the young folks' fancy, the while he speaks to them in clear, distinct tones that are as exhilarating as they are elevating and instructive. "Our Young People's" articles are written by well-known Catholic writers, and the illustrations are charming specimens of the best pictorial art. We hope that our Catholic fathers and mothers who have not done so will hasten to secure the acquaintance and friendship of this veritable Catholic youth's companion for their children.

"*Der Marien Psalter*," published in the interests of the Rosary and for Rosarians, in Dülmen, Westphalia, enters upon its sixteenth year with the promised assurance of a long life of usefulness

ahead of it. Among the interesting papers for January are: "Mary in the Catacombs," and "The Rosary and the Upper Classes."

The "*Carmelite Review*" is the name of a new monthly magazine published by the Carmelite Fathers in the interests of the Hospice at Falls View, Ont.

The initial number shows that its advent is timely, and that a periodical of its scope will be of much service to the Catholics of America. Chief among its aims will be to narrate the glories of Our

Lady of Mt. Carmel. We give it cordial welcome. Its subscription price is one dollar a year.

The "*Ave Maria*" for Dec. 17, under the title of "Farmer Thompson and his Lawyer," gave its readers a happy little story as full of merit as an egg is of meat. We remember reading and re-reading this same story in the days of our youth, and always with new relish. It is found in Sander's Second Reader, if we are not much mistaken. We wonder if our bright contemporary thought it was original.

BOOK NOTICES.

SPIRITUAL CRUMBS, by Mary E. Richards, price 40c. net, is a collection of short treatises on the virtues, and seventeen short stories from the Bible, for children. It is thoughtfully written; printing and binding are very neat.

LITTLE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON, AND OTHER TINY RHYMES FOR TINY READERS, by Eleanor C. Donnelly, price 50c. net, is a collection of "Verses and Rhymes, original, selected or translated." There are 128 pages and sixty-seven quaint pictures, so old-fashioned that the book will surely carry Grandma back to the days of her childhood.

HOW THEY WORKED THEIR WAY, AND OTHER TALES, by Maurice Francis Egan, LL.D. price \$1.00, is a very bright book for young people. There are eight stories in all, and the scenes are laid in Philadelphia, New York City, and Cincinnati; there is one with the charm of a German story, and about the rest it is not easy to tell their locality, but they are all very pleasant reading. The binding and printing are very good.

HARRY DEE, by Francis J. Finn, S.J., is a book for boys, and those who have read other books by the same author will find some of their old friends in this story. It is very interesting, and will make a great many boys happy, for a time at least.

Benziger Bros., New York, Cincinnati and Chicago, are the publishers of these four charming books.

"**A DAY IN THE TEMPLE**"; by Rev. A. J. Maas, S.J., Professor of Oriental Languages in Woodstock College, Md. B. Herder, publisher, St. Louis, Mo. Price 75c.

This book is a valuable addition to biblical studies, and will be read with avidity by all scholars.

"**SOCIALISM EXPOSED AND REFUTED**"; by Rev. Victor Cathrein, S.J. A Chapter from the Author's Moral Philosophy—from the German—by Rev. James Conway, S.J. Benziger Bros., New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago. Price 75c.

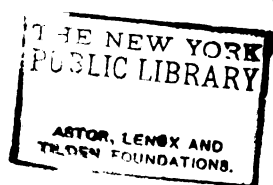
A timely book, lucidly written, on a subject that is attracting the attention and provoking the anxiety of all modern nations.

FEBRUARY ROSARY.

INTENTIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

The prayers of Rosarians are asked for the welfare of our Holy Mother the Church, of our Holy Father the Pope, and for several special intentions: For a mother addicted to the use of intoxicants; for a position for two; for success in finishing two paintings to obtain means of support; for the conversion of one to the faith and the settlement of a business matter; for the conversion of two; perseverance in a holy life; happiness in a family; the means to make an honest living; the recovery of one afflicted, and a suitable life-companion; for a young man addicted to intoxicants; for the conversion of a father; for a young man careless about the practice of his faith; that a vocation for the convent may not be interfered with; peace of

mind for a mother asked to make a great sacrifice; for the repose of the souls of Patrick and Margaret Duffy; for Howard McDonald who died in Seton Hall College, Newark, N. J., in Dec., '92; that a mission may be given in two country parishes; for the spiritual progress of a country Sunday-school; for perseverance of seven partially-reformed inebriates of good will; for the reformation of a persistently depraved young man in whom there is occasionally a weak desire to reform; for the repose of the soul of Augustus Owen (this poor soul seems to have made known its desire that the Rosary be said for its relief); health for a young woman; 58 departed souls; 115 conversions to the faith; 88 sinners; 36 clergymen; 135 special intentions; 39 temporal favors; 81 spiritual favors.





"HAIL, FULL OF GRACE!"



THE ANNUNCIATION.

MAGDALEN ROCK.

THE almond trees with bloom were pearled,
The buds broke on the sycamore
That gently waved by Mary's door,
And bright and gay was all the world.

And the acacia's sweet breath
Came from its flowers half hid in leaves,
The young birds twittered in the eaves
That fair, spring day at Nazareth.

When, brighter than the radiant sun,
And wrapped in clouds of light and flame,
God's angel spoke our Lady's name,
And man's redemption was begun.

And angels from their heavenly place
Bent low to hear that Angelus,
When Gabriel's voice spoke softly thus:
"Hail, Mary, ever full of grace."

ST. JOSEPH.

J. D. F.

OF all the high gifts that God is constantly bestowing in unstinted profusion on the human family, both in the spiritual and in the natural order, there is none that can compare with that high and ennobling grace which is called sanctity. Unquestionably it is the first and fairest ornament of the human character, because it is the chosen attribute of the Deity Himself, and while it would seem that the blessed in heaven are silent on the other boundless perfections of the Almighty, their songs of joy, of praise, and exultation go up before the eternal throne in unceasing harmony, proclaiming Him "Holy, Holy, Holy God of Sabaoth!" What wonder then, that sanctity should, above all other qualities, exalt and beautify the human character, when throughout the lengthened hierarchies of saints and angels there is paid a never-ending act of homage and praise to this the grandest of God's gifts. It is this that exalts the creature to a position most like to God, for it imparts to his character something divine. It so elevates him that he reflects in his spiritual nature something of the beauty and loveliness of the angels of heaven.

It is ever the delight of Holy Mother Church to do honor to the memory and virtues of her saints. Day by day she chants the praises of her heroes, and exults that after a long and relentless struggle they have been deemed worthy of the eternal crown of life. We enter on a month that is in a peculiar manner dedicated to the saint who seems among all the great saints of the Church to hold the first place next to the virgin Mother of God—the foster-father of the Redeemer, St. Joseph. Surely God must have bestowed upon this saint such rich gifts of virtue and grace that his sanctity rivalled all that had been seen in angel or man, for the dignity of his office transcended every other save that of the Mother of God. There is no higher glory that the Father of heaven possesses than that of His divine paternity, for, as theologians say, in this special quality He is the Fountain, the Principle, the Source of the divinity. In a manner most mysterious, from the ages of eternity, He communicated His glory to two other per-

sons. For the glory of the Father is the uncreated Word, because He is the perfect image of His substance—the Word which publishes all His divine attributes, this glory the Father and the Son share with the third person of the Adorable Trinity. But the incarnate Word is likewise the glory of St. Joseph, because, as the wise man says, “the glory of the Son redounds upon the Father.” St. Joseph was the father of the Son of God not only, says St. Chrysostom, by reputation, but by delegated authority. He held such a position in the economy of God’s providence that it may truly be called unique, unparalleled. He is the father, says Gerson, by the operation of the Holy Ghost; a father by the adoption and voluntary choice of the Son; a father, in a word, not by his own generation, but by that of Mary his spouse. What higher privilege, what greater commission, what more honorable occupation was it possible for the Heavenly Father to bestow upon His creature than the care and the guardianship of His own divine Son! In this he became the minister of the Father’s council, his coadjutor and associate in the government of his Son here on earth; ay, as St. Bernard remarks, he became the confidant of the most secret and sacred designs of His heart. While upon earth he exhibited to the world nothing of that greatness, that nobility, that sublime dignity to which he had been elevated. The world little knew that the poor, humble carpenter at Nazareth occupied so important a place in the designs of God’s providence, but, oh! how the angels of heaven, looking down from their high abodes, must have rejoiced when they beheld what the world did not behold: such a sublimity of virtue, such a dazzling array of God’s greatest gifts, that nothing in heaven or earth seemed to compare with them save those of his beloved spouse, Mary! And is it to be wondered at that St. Joseph should be thus favored of heaven when we remember all that the word father comprehends? From our Saviour’s tender infancy St. Joseph’s chief and only solicitude was the care and maintenance of the Divine child. He sustained Him by the labors of his hands and the sweat of his brow, and could it for a moment be supposed that the Saviour would be less mindful of the care and labor and solicitude that St. Joseph and His holy Mother exercised in His behalf than it is natural for the children of men to feel? Surely God in heaven had nothing so much at heart as the care of His divine Son. Yet while He placed man under the guardianship of angels, the care of the divine

Word was confided to St. Joseph. When it was necessary for our Saviour to fly to Egypt to escape persecution, it was under the careful guidance of St. Joseph that the journey was performed. It was in his company that he went up to the temple; it was under his roof that he was sheltered and cared for at Nazareth. And while we admire the wisdom of the Creator in providing for the nourishment of His smallest creatures, certainly we have reason to love and admire the man who fed Him who made all creatures. Nothing is more calculated to awaken in us feelings of indignation and contempt than the neglect and ingratitude of the child towards its parent. How then can we imagine that the Master who came to teach and to leave us an example in the practice of all virtues, could be so ungrateful towards His protector and benefactor as not to enrich him with the highest gifts and graces that it was possible for mortal to receive in order that he might be in all truth a worthy father of a worthy Son, a worthy spouse of the Queen of heaven on earth. We certainly must conclude that he who was chosen to be the life-long companion of the most trusted and beloved spouse, the guide and protector and ruler of a soul so pure and holy as Mary, would not be unlike her in thought, in aspiration, in virtue, or in character. She is represented to us as continually advancing in grace by means, not only of the gratuitous gifts of God lavished upon her in the successive stages of her onward path in life, but also on account of the continual faithfulness with which she made use of the graces already in her possession. And if this is the general rule in the kingdom of God, that to him that hath it shall be given, if he use what he hath faithfully, it may surely be supposed that St. Joseph was no exception in this continual growth of grace, but that he multiplied grace day after day, besides receiving from time to time fresh endowments as special favors from God. This, it would seem, was necessary in order to the accomplishment of God's designs in regard to Mary. She received such high favors from Heaven as justly to be proclaimed singular amongst all the creatures of God. Whatever spiritual riches the saints amassed here upon earth, were inconsiderable in comparison to Mary. She, in a word, is the treasurers of all grace. Now, if this be true, if God has made her singular amongst mothers, amongst virgins, amongst queens, she should also be singular amongst spouses. And this high privilege should ensure to her a corresponding

singularity in merit on the part of her spouse, so that she might in truth say: "My beloved is chosen amongst thousands." Who could suppose that the Holy Ghost, who was the author of Mary's alliance with Joseph, should have selected for her any other but the best, the wisest, the holiest of men? Human prudence would dictate this, and why not eternal wisdom? O astonishing elevation! O unparalleled dignity of Joseph! cries out the pious Gerson, that the mother of God and queen of heaven should call him Lord, and that God Himself, made man, should call him father, and execute his commands!

Great, indeed, was the sanctity of the patriarchs and prophets, whose number, continuing through so many successive generations, forms the mysterious ladder of Jacob, which reaches to the Word Incarnate. Long years had they waited and sighed for the expected of nations. But it was only when Joseph appeared their hopes were realized. It was in the person of St. Joseph, says St. Bernadine, that they received the fruit that was promised to them. By his eyes they have seen him, by his mouth they have kissed him, by his arms they have embraced him. He alone was worthy of being raised to the super-eminent dignity of guardian and protector of the divine Word, because his virtues transcended all that had been seen in patriarch, prophet, or king. He stood on the uppermost step of that great genealogical ladder mentioned by the evangelist, supporting, as it were, the sacred humanity of the God-man.

When we review the lives of the saints, we are often struck with surprise at the high degree of sanctity that many of them reached. They prayed, and suffered, and bled for the sake of Christ; their whole lives seemed a continual sacrifice, offered up for the atonement of sin. And yet, towering above these heroic witnesses for the faith, rose the exalted virtues of St. Joseph. For whatever virtues the other saints practised, Joseph excelled in. St. Hilary says of him: "He gave the form of preaching to the doctors; he suffered the first persecution (that of Herod) raised against the martyrs; he was sanctified in his mother's womb before St. John the Baptist; he was confirmed in grace before the apostles; his purity surpassed that of the virgins; he opened the deserts of Egypt to the Anchorites; he entered the world brilliant with innocence, like the aurora, and he left it as a resplendent sun ascending to heaven in body and soul, to grace

the triumph of Jesus Christ, and to precede that of Mary." From this we perceive in what high estimation St. Joseph was held by the early fathers of the Church. It seemed impossible for them to express in language what they felt in their hearts concerning the high prerogatives of this great saint of God. But let us go farther and say, as we have reason, that not only does Joseph hold a place in the calendar of saints higher and more glorious than the patriarchs and prophets of old, of the great saints, too, of the new law, but likewise of all the blessed spirits of the celestial hierarchy. According to his pious historian, he is an angel by his integrity, an archangel by his office, a virtue by action, a power by commission, a principality by influence, a domination by employment, a throne by service, a cherubim by knowledge, a seraphim by love. And why should we wonder at this when we reflect what relationship he held towards Jesus Christ and his holy Mother, holding over the one the authority of the eternal Father, while over the other he exercised the authority of the divine spirit, while to both he was privileged to say: "I rule and command." Think of it; she, that miracle of grace, who looks up and beholds but God alone above her, who sees all creatures subject to her after Him, whose name is the terror of hell, who is the daughter of the Father, mother of the Son, spouse of the Holy Ghost, the honor of heaven, and the hope of earth—even she bows down to the authority of Joseph and proclaims him as her guardian and protector—the one who alone has a right here on earth to command her love and obedience.

When we reflect on this high privilege, surely we must say to ourselves: by what right and title does he act? For in order that such great responsibility be placed upon him, there must reside in him qualities that would warrant such an extension of authority on the part of God. Well, in the first place, we see that Joseph was eminently gifted with the most exalted virtues, and first amongst those was his great purity, and this, it may wisely be said, had a marvellous connection with the incarnation of the eternal Word, a connection peculiar to him, since it was to render the virginity of Mary fruitful that the virginity of Joseph remained intact. So highly is this virtue esteemed in heaven, that we are told in holy scripture that those who have practised it here on earth have a right to sing a particular canticle, and to "follow the Lamb whithersoever He goes." But this virtue in others has

reference only to the exterior glory of Jesus Christ, whereas the purity of Joseph immediately refers to the mystery of the incarnation as to its end; and the reason is this: To screen her honor, to shelter her integrity, it was befitting that the Blessed Virgin should be married, if she were to become a mother. Now to be the mother of God, and at the same time remain a virgin, her spouse must also be a virgin. We must necessarily conclude, then, that as the life of Jesus depended upon the maternity of Mary, her maternity on her virginity, her virginity on the virginity of St. Joseph, this great virtue in the saint is intimately connected with the incarnation. So that our Lord is indebted for His human existence to two virgins: first to His mother, who gave birth to Him, and afterwards to the virginal St. Joseph. Besides the priceless gem of virginity that glittered in the crown of our saint there was super-added, in an eminent degree, that most admirable of virtues—charity,—that love of God which exceeded in sincerity and in depth all that was ever felt by angel or man. For love, remember, has different qualities according to the diversity of its object. The love, for instance, of a servant, is less than that of a friend; the love of a friend is less than that of a son and daughter, but the love of a parent is so strong, so tender, so enduring, that language is inadequate to express it. Now, what is the love of the saints and angels towards the Son of God but that of servants, friends, or at most, of adopted brethren? The highest archangel around the throne of God was made to be but the servant of God, while St. Joseph was made to be his father, united to Him by the highest and tenderest ties of affection and love. This made Rupert say that the divine spirit that presided over Mary and Joseph, committed her to his fidelity; then forming of her flesh the sacred humanity of the eternal Word, he enkindled in the heart of Joseph all the love of a father towards the divine Infant who was to be born of her. This was not a mere natural love, although the instinct which moves a parent might be called such, but it is more: it might in all justice be termed both natural and supernatural; for Joseph loved not only as a parent, but as one who knew and felt that it was not man but God he loved. Thus it was by an instinct of grace and not of nature that Joseph loved. And to this love there was joined another quality that distinguished him from all others, and that was the wonderful gift of wisdom which predominated in his character.

And why is this to be wondered at since he was charged, not like St. Peter, with the mystical body of the Church, but with Christ, its head; not with the heavens, as the angels were, but with the God of heaven and earth. And in this, it might be said in truth that his responsibility was in a great measure the responsibility of the Holy Spirit. For while the Holy Spirit led the incarnate Son of God interiorly, Joseph led him exteriorly. His conduct, then, should be conformable to the third person of the Holy Trinity, and consequently proportionately regulated by a similar wisdom. If so, then his wisdom was not only perfect, but extraordinary. If the wisdom of St. Joseph was so nobly employed in the conduct or government of the incarnate Word, his patience in the labors he has undergone is not less glorious; for every step he made, every care he took, every drop of perspiration which fell, all the labors he underwent, all the pains he suffered, regarded solely the life of Jesus, upon which depended the salvation of all men. There may be some saints who endured more than St. Joseph, but it is certain that there is not one of them who suffered for their Lord so immediately present as he. If St. Joseph suffered, it was to save the life of Jesus; if he labored, it was to sustain the life of Jesus; if he spoke, it was to Jesus.

What vision more sublime than to have the Son of God ever before his eyes! what ecstasies more rare, what transports more wonderful, what entertainment more divine, what familiarity more intimate than to be always with God! to speak, to converse, to labor, to repose in the presence of God! This was St. Joseph's unique privilege, and, oh, what veneration we should show to this admirable saint, and what confidence we should place in his patronage! For if he is so singular in merit, he is equally so in influence with God. St. Teresa, who seemed to have been raised up by God to be the saint of devotion to the foster-father of our Lord, has left us her own testimony of the confidence she had in his intercession. "It seems to me," she says, "that to other saints the Lord has given power to succor us in only one kind of necessity, but this glorious saint, I know by my experience, assists us in all kinds of necessities; hence our Lord, it appears, wishes us to understand that as He was obedient to him when on earth, so now in heaven He grants him whatever he asks." Take him then, dear reader, for your special patron and protector. He will be your guide in this life; he will aid you at death's

hour, and after death will plead for your release from purgatory's fires, and finally conduct you to your heavenly abode, to enjoy with Jesus and Mary an endless eternity of bliss.

GOOD FRIDAY.

P. J. McMAHON.

TURN thy eyes in sorrow now
To the cross where Jesus hangs;
With his grievèd Mother bow,
And think of all their dreadful pangs.
Oh, the sight is there to see—
Jesus dies for love of thee!

See His hands and feet pierced through,—
Fountains whence redemption springs;
While around the hardened Jew
In His face foul taunting flings.
Which, alas! we also do,
Every time we sin anew.

Ah, what sorrow pierced the heart
Of His Mother kneeling there!
From the cross she would not part,
All His anguish she must bear.
When you suffer any loss,
Think of Mary at the cross.

Look upon that sinless Mother,
Gazing on that sinless Child,
Bruised and dying for another;
For another's crime reviled.
Not a murmur, not a groan,—
Her Son must for our sins atone.

Still behold our loving Jesus,
High on Calvary's gibbet hung;
Dying, dying to redeem us,
Heart and soul with anguish wrung.
Love eternal, love divine,
What has made this Victim mine?

Sin, O sin! the crime is thine;
 The weight of woe the Saviour bears;
 But, my God, that sin is mine!
 For me ascend those heart-felt prayers:
 "Father,"—ah, yes; it is too true—
 "Forgive! they know not what they do."

Now His head is bending low,
 And His soul is almost free;
 None but God can ever know
 What He bore for thee and me.
 Again He lifts His holy eyes;
 He prays for all, bows down and dies.

Nature shudders at the sight
 That the cross doth now present,
 And the day is dark as night,
 And the temple's veil is rent.
 Oh, the sight is there to see—
 Jesus dead for love of thee!

MANUAL OF THE LIVING ROSARY.

BY A DOMINICAN PRIEST.

CHAPTER IV.

PRIVILEGES AND INDULGENCES OF THE SODALITY.

I.—ITS SPIRITUAL FAVORS FROM THE ORDER.

By a special grant of the Most Rev. Master-General Cipoletti, conceded in 1836, the Sodalists were made to participate in the same manner as the members of the Confraternity in all the spiritual goods of the whole Order of St. Dominic. This concession was renewed in 1877, by the Vicar-General of the whole Order, the Most Rev. Joseph Maria Sanvito.

II.—GENERAL INDULGENCES.

All true Sodalists of the Living Rosary association, that is, all persons who have been admitted into it, by a legitimate prefect, may gain, according to the summary of the Sodality, the following indulgences:

1.—A plenary indulgence on the first feast day after admission into the Sodality, provided they, on that day receive holy communion after a sincere confession.

2.—For reciting their daily decade, 'one hundred days' indulgence on all week-days.

3.—Seven years and seven quarantines on Sundays and feast days, even on those feasts¹ from which the obligation of hearing Mass has been removed, and also on each day of the octaves of the feasts of the Nativity of Our Lord, Easter, Corpus Christi, Pentecost, and of the Assumption, Nativity, and Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary. (Gregory XVI. 27 Jan., 1832).

4.—One hundred days for each *Our Father* and for each *Hail Mary* of the daily decade, provided the beads used in its recitation have been blessed by a Dominican Father or some other priest who has received from the Most Rev. General of the Order the faculty to bless *Rosary* beads.

5.—A plenary indulgence once a year, on any day at choice, by all who recite throughout the year their daily decade on beads blessed as already described, provided they, after sincere confession, receive holy communion and pray according to the Pope's intentions.

6.—Moreover, all Sodalists who visit on any Saturday of the year some church, and recite in it, with at least contrite hearts, five times the *Our Father*, the *Hail Mary*, and the *Gloria Patri*, in honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and according to the Pope's intentions, may gain each time (*toties quoties*) an indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines.²

III.—PLENARY INDULGENCES OF THE SODALITY.

Besides the few plenary indulgences already specified, each Sodalist may gain a plenary indulgence:

1.—On each of the following feasts: The Nativity of Our Lord, Circumcision, Epiphany, Easter, Ascension, Corpus Christi, Pentecost, and Trinity.

¹ In the calendar which we shall give will be noted these feasts.

² Gregory XVI. decreto S. C. Indulg. 11 Junii, 1834.—The original decree is preserved in the Archives of the Dominican Convent of Lyons. This indulgence does not appear in the Summary of the Sodality.

2.—On all the feasts, even the minor ones ¹ of the Most Blessed Virgin Mary, viz.: the Purification, Annunciation, Compassion, Our Lady of Help, Visitation, Our Lady of Mount Carmel, Our Lady of the Snow, Assumption, Nativity, Holy Name of Mary, Our Lady of Seven Sorrows, Our Lady of Mercy, Holy Rosary, Presentation, and the Immaculate Conception. ²

3.—On the feast of SS. Peter and Paul, All Saints, and on the third Sunday of every month.

CONDITIONS TO BE OBSERVED FOR THE GAINING OF THE PLENARY
INDULGENCES JUST POINTED OUT.

(a). The careful and pious recitation of the daily decade every day for at least a month, unless when legitimately impeded.

(b). On the feast days themselves the reception of holy communion after a worthy confession.

(c). And on the same days a visit to some church and the offering up of some pious prayers there. The confessor may, for a just cause, substitute some other good work in place of the visit to a church.

IV.—COMPLETE CALENDAR OF THE INDULGENCES OF THE LIVING
ROSARY SODALITY.

The following calendar presents in the clearest manner possible the spiritual riches within the reach of all the Sodalists of the Living Rosary association. As many Sundays and feasts enjoy at the same time a plenary indulgence, and also a partial indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines, it is quite proper that both classes of indulgences be pointed out with their dates, so that the associates who cannot receive Holy Communion on those days, and therefore cannot gain the plenary indulgence, may remember that they can gain at least the partial indulgence.

JANUARY.

1.—On all week days, one hundred days' indulgence for the recitation of the decade; and for every Our Father and for every Hail Mary of the decade when recited on beads blessed

¹ The minor feasts of the Blessed Virgin here referred to are only those which are celebrated throughout the whole Church, and by no means those which are observed only by some Religious Order, or by a particular diocese.

² Leo XII. gives in a rescript of 12 Jan., 1827, the above presented list of the major and minor feasts of the Blessed Virgin which are celebrated by the whole Church.

as above described (pag. 827, No. 4), one hundred days' indulgence.¹

- 2.—Every Sunday, seven years and seven quarantines.
- 3.—Third Sunday, a plenary indulgence, and also a partial indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines.
- 4.—1st of January—feast of the Circumcision of Our Lord, a plenary indulgence and also a partial one of seven years and seven quarantines.
- 5.—6th of January—feast of the Epiphany, a plenary indulgence and also a partial one of seven years and seven quarantines.

FEBRUARY.

- 1.—On all week-days, one hundred days' indulgence for the recitation of the decade; and for every Our Father and for every Hail Mary of the decade when recited on beads blessed as above described (pag. 827, No. 4), one hundred days' indulgence.
- 2.—On each Sunday of the month, seven years and seven quarantines.
- 3.—On the third Sunday, a plenary indulgence, and also seven years and seven quarantines.
- 4.—2d of February.—The feast of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin, a plenary indulgence and also seven years and seven quarantines.
- 5.—24th of February.—The feast of St. Matthias, Apostle, seven years and seven quarantines.

MARCH.

- 1.—On all week-days, one hundred days', etc., as noted in No. 1, January.
- 2.—On each Sunday, seven years and seven quarantines.
- 3.—On the third Sunday, a plenary indulgence, and also seven years and seven quarantines.
- 4.—On the 19th.—The feast of St. Joseph, spouse of the Blessed Virgin, seven years and seven quarantines.
- 5.—On the 25th.—The feast of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, a plenary indulgence and also seven years and seven quarantines.
- 6.—On the feast of the Compassion of the Blessed Virgin Mary,

¹ The one hundred days' indulgence for each Our Father and for each Hail Mary of the decade is gainable on week-days, feasts and Sundays.

(Friday before Palm Sunday), a plenary indulgence and also seven years and seven quarantines

APRIL.

- 1.—On all week-days, one hundred days', etc., as noted in No. 1, January.
- 2.—On every Sunday, seven years and seven quarantines.
- 3.—On the third Sunday, a plenary indulgence, and also seven years and seven quarantines.
- 4.—On Easter Sunday, a plenary indulgence and also seven years and seven quarantines.
- 5.—On each day of the octave of Easter, seven years and seven quarantines.

MAY.

- 1.—On all week-days, one hundred days, &c., as noted in No. 1, January.
- 2.—On each Sunday, seven years and seven quarantines.
- 3.—On the third Sunday, a plenary indulgence and also seven years and seven quarantines.
- 4.—On the 1st of month.—The feast of SS. Philip and James, seven years and seven quarantines.
- 5.—On the 3d of month.—The feast of the "Finding of the Holy Cross," seven years and seven quarantines.
- 6.—The feast of the Ascension, a plenary indulgence, and also seven years and seven quarantines.
- 7.—On the 24th of month.—The feast of our Lady of Help, a plenary indulgence.

JUNE.

- 1.—On all week-days, one hundred days, &c., as noted in No. 1, January.
- 2.—On each Sunday, seven years and seven quarantines.
- 3.—On the third Sunday, a plenary indulgence and also seven years and seven quarantines.
- 4.—On the feast of Pentecost, a plenary indulgence and also seven years and seven quarantines.
- 5.—On each day of the Octave of Pentecost, seven years and seven quarantines.
- 6.—On the feast of the Most Holy Trinity, a plenary indulgence and seven years and seven quarantines.

- 7.—On the feast of Corpus Christi, a plenary indulgence and seven years and seven quarantines.
- 8.—On each of the days of the Octave of Corpus Christi, seven years and seven quarantines.
- 9.—On the 24th.—The feast of St. John the Baptist, seven years and seven quarantines.
- 10.—On the 29th.—The feast of SS. Peter and Paul, a plenary indulgence and also seven years and seven quarantines.

JULY.

- 1.—On all week-days, one hundred days, &c., as noted in No. 1, January.
- 2.—On each Sunday, seven years and seven quarantines.
- 3.—On the third Sunday, a plenary indulgence and also seven years and seven quarantines.
- 4.—On the 2d of month.—The feast of the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin, a plenary indulgence and also seven years and seven quarantines.
- 5.—On the 16th of month.—The feast of our Lady of Mount Carmel, a plenary indulgence.
- 6.—On the 25th.—The feast of St. James, Apostle, seven years and seven quarantines.
- 7.—On the 26th.—The feast of St. Anne, seven years and seven quarantines.

AUGUST.

- 1.—On all week-days, one hundred days, &c., as noted in No. 1, January.
- 2.—On each Sunday, seven years and seven quarantines.
- 3.—On the third Sunday, a plenary indulgence and also seven years and seven quarantines.
- 4.—On the 5th of month.—The feast of our Lady of the Snow, a plenary indulgence.
- 5.—On the 10th of month.—The feast of St. Lawrence, martyr, seven years and seven quarantines.
- 6.—On the 15th.—The feast of the Assumption, a plenary indulgence and also seven years and seven quarantines.
- 7.—On each day of the Octave of the Assumption, seven years and seven quarantines.
- 8.—On the 24th.—The feast of St. Bartholomew, Apostle, seven years and seven quarantines.

SEPTEMBER.

- 1.—On all week-days, one hundred days, &c., as noted in No. 1, January.
- 2.—Every Sunday, seven years and seven quarantines.
- 3.—On the third Sunday, two plenary indulgences; one, because it is the third Sunday, and the other, because the third Sunday is also the feast of our Lady of Seven Sorrows; furthermore, a partial indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines.
- 4.—On the 8th.—The feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary, a plenary indulgence and also seven years and seven quarantines.
- 5.—On each day of the Octave, seven years and seven quarantines.
- 6.—On the Sunday within the Octave of the Nativity.—The feast of the Holy Name of Mary, a plenary indulgence and also seven years and seven quarantines.
- 7.—On the 21st.—The feast of St. Matthew, Apostle and Evangelist, seven years and seven quarantines.
- 8.—On the 24th.—The feast of our Lady of Mercy, a plenary indulgence.
- 9.—On the 29th.—The feast of St. Michael the Archangel, seven years and seven quarantines.

OCTOBER.

- 1.—On all week-days, one hundred days, &c., as noted in No. 1, January.
- 2.—On the first Sunday.—The feast of the Most Holy Rosary, a plenary indulgence and also seven years and seven quarantines.
- 3.—On all the other Sundays, seven years and seven quarantines.
- 4.—On the third Sunday, a plenary indulgence and also seven years and seven quarantines.
- 5.—On the 28th.—The feast of SS. Simon and Jude, Apostles, seven years and seven quarantines.

NOVEMBER.

- 1.—On all week-days, one hundred days, &c., as noted in No. 1, January.
- 2.—On each Sunday, seven years and seven quarantines.
- 3.—On the 1st of the month.—The feast of All Saints, a plenary indulgence and also seven years and seven quarantines.

- 4.—On the third Sunday, a plenary indulgence and also seven years and seven quarantines.
- 5.—On the 21st.—The feast of the presentation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, a plenary indulgence.
- 6.—On the 30th.—The feast of St. Andrew, Apostle, seven years and seven quarantines.

DECEMBER.

- 1.—On all week-days, one hundred days, &c., as noted in No. 1, January.
- 2.—On each Sunday, seven years and seven quarantines.
- 3.—On the third Sunday, a plenary indulgence and also seven years and seven quarantines.
- 4.—On the 8th.—The feast of the Immaculate Conception, a plenary indulgence and also seven years and seven quarantines.
- 5.—On each day of the Octave, seven years and seven quarantines.
- 6.—On the 21st.—The feast of St. Thomas, Apostle, seven years and seven quarantines.
- 7.—On the 25th.—The feast of the Nativity of our Lord, a plenary indulgence and also seven years and seven quarantines.
- 8.—On each day of the Octave, seven years and seven quarantines.

REMARK: Persons who are at the same time associates of the Living Rosary Sodality and members of the great Confraternity, do not satisfy their double obligation by the daily decade alone, nor by the recitation of the whole Rosary alone within the week. To gain the indulgences of both organizations they are bound to perform the duties demanded by each association, that is, recite their daily decade, and also comply with their weekly task of the Confraternity. But it should be well understood by all—both the Sodalists and the members of the Confraternity—that the obligations of these associations in no manner bind under any sin whatsoever.

V.—SPECIAL INDULGENCES OF THE OFFICERS.

- 1.—A prefect who has been appointed by a legitimate Director, and who has charge of a circle, may gain an indulgence of one hundred days as often as he or she performs some official act. (Gregory XVI., 7 Jun., 1839).
- 2.—A president who has been duly appointed, and who has charge of at least eleven circles, may gain an indulgence of three hundred days as often as he or she performs any duty relating to the office. (Gregory XVI., 7 Jun., 1839).
- 3.—The special indulgences conceded to the prefects and presidents, can be, in a certain sense, multiplied at will by them.

These officers ought to regard their special indulgences as a precious remuneration for all the solicitude and care which they have to experience in the formation and maintenance of their circles.

(To be continued.)

A LEGEND

OF HENRY SUSO, DOMINICAN FRIAR.

LUCILE J. SHAW.

UPON a time ('tis so the legend goes)—
Was he transported 'mid a radiant band
Of angels, his companions, to a land
He had not ere that time beheld. (Who knows
But he was rapt to heaven? For they tell
Of things miraculous that there befel.)
Then saith an angel—he who stood most near
To Henry:—"Stretch forth thy hand and claim
The gift that thou receivest in the name
Of Him who giveth—Him thou holdest dear."
Straight he obeyed the angel; and some power
Unseen placed in his open hand a flower.
So beautiful this blossom that he knew
'Twas none of earth's. Its fragrance, floating wide,
Seemed to o'erpower the seraph at his side.
And tho' he held it while the blossom grew
Until his very hand was hid from sight,
Yet felt no weight—the burden was so light.
Then, filled with wonder, Henry turned to one
Of the angelic host, and questioning said:—
"What means this rose?" To whom with bended head;
"An emblem, this, of suffering, which none
May ever hope escape who dwell on earth;
Since sorrow is their portion from their birth."
Whereat was Henry with compassion thrilled
For those who at the slightest ills repine.
"Lord! I beseech Thee, let them but divine
Thy saving truth. Tho' the long day seem filled
With weary burdens, yet is every hour
As light, by Thy sweet grace, as is this flower."

SANDA MUHUNA'S PALACE.

JOHN A. MOONEY.

CHAPTER VIII.

A SIMPLE FAITH.

(Continued.)

THOMAS was weary of the crowd, and wished to collect his thoughts. So, when, after a short walk, he came to a lane that led away from the main road, he was glad; and turning into the lane he sauntered leisurely along. And while he was reflecting on that sad day whereon he had refused to believe because he had not seen, and while he was striking his breast and weeping bitterly, just as though the Lord had not wholly forgiven him, he heard a voice calling him by name. And facing about he saw a man hurrying towards him, and, when the man drew near, the Apostle saw that he was none other than the sailor who had stopped him the night previously. And before the sailor came up, he bared his arm and moved it freely, and his face showed great joy. And, approaching, he said: "It is healed. This morning, when I awoke, the pain had left me, and I am as though no accident had befallen me. Wilt thou now give me the white dove that is to nest in my heart?" And Thomas hearing the man, was moved exceedingly; for he saw that the poor sailor had been granted the great gift of faith. Going then into a neighboring field, Thomas sat down on a stone, and placing the man beside him, he spoke to him thus: "Have you prayed the prayer I taught you yesternight?" "Again and again have I prayed it," answered the sailor. "I cannot tell how it was, but each time that I said the prayer I was so comforted that I needs must say it again. And yet I know not who is my Father in heaven, nor where His kingdom is, nor what is His will. Is not the Buddha our Father?" "He is not," Thomas answered; "at the best he was a man like yourself, and no more; but the Father of men is a Spirit, the Creator of the earth, and of the stars, and the moon and the sun; and the Giver of life to all living things. And the Father was not created as Buddha was, but existed from the beginning, and with Him the

Son and the Holy Spirit. And these three, who are indeed One, created man for love's sake; and men having forgotten their Maker, who is God, and having most ungratefully done evil in His sight, the Father sent the Son here upon earth, out of love; and the Son, becoming man, and yet being no less God, instructed men and gave them the truth; and then, in His great love for them, suffered death for them ignominiously. And having been laid in the tomb, He lifted Himself up and rose into heaven, and there, with the Father and the Spirit, He reigns gloriously, and, more generously than ever, pours out His love on mankind. And if you believe in the Father, and in the Son, and in the Spirit, and obey God's law, then shall you receive the dove in your heart." And, after a moment, the man said: "Hast thou seen the Son?" "Thus indeed was I blessed," Thomas answered. "I saw Him alive, and dead, and, again, risen." "And dost thou believe He was God?" asked the sailor. "Verily," replied Thomas; "I could not believe otherwise; for His teaching and His life and His miracles proved Him to be as He said." Thereupon the sailor, after a moment's silence, exclaimed: "I, too, believe in this God." Then Thomas questioned him why he believed, and he made answer: "Even because thou believest, for I have seen thy power; and I have felt it, and, I know that thou art an honest man, and holy, and that thou wouldst not deceive me." This answer affected Thomas deeply; and he reproached himself saying: "And I, who saw my Lord and His mighty works, I would not believe on the word of the disciples! Yet how shall these men believe, except on my word, through the grace of Jesus Christ!" Then he addressed the sailor: "Your faith is a heavenly gift to you, and my part in it is as nothing. But faith, without baptism, is not the Christian faith." And having explained to him what was baptism, Thomas bade the man lead him to a tank. There was one near at hand, and, having come to it, the man kneeled and was baptized. And when he stood up, he was smiling and happy; and he said to the Apostle: "Was I not right in believing? For even now I can feel the dove fluttering in my heart." And Thomas was rejoiced at the man's simple faith. Then he warned the new Christian, saying: "Hereafter your name is Paul. Thus do I name you, after a brother of mine; and remember always that you are the first believer in the land of Ceylon. And, hereafter, worship no God, but the One who is from the beginning, and who

is your true Father in Heaven; and for the present let no man know of your change of heart; and love all men as brothers, and do evil to no man. And forget not that white is a color easily spotted, and that, doing wrong, the white dove will fly far from you; for evil staineth the soul and the heart, and where there is evil the white dove may not stay. And let your life be as a light before men. And when the time shall come that you are to acknowledge your faith before your fellows, I will advise you." Then the sailor made answer saying: "There are many here who were sailors with me on the ship; and some of them knew that I was hurt, and I could not hide from them that I was healed. And this morning they went out to gather the leaves that thou didst bind around my arm; for they think that the leaves have a special virtue, and they would have them when they set sail again, to guard against pain. And all of these men have faith in thee, by reason of what they saw in the storm; and they say that, were it not for thee, we had perished. And I am certain that they will worship our God when they know Him."

Now Thomas saw that the Lord was guiding his every step, and that, first of all, the poor and the simple were chosen to be of the flock of the Good Shepherd. And, the Spirit moved him, and he said to Paul: "Bring two branches of some precious wood!" And Paul went, and returned with two branches of mango; and Thomas said: "It is well: for by the fruit of the Cross are we also nourished, as the body is nourished by the fruit of the mango." Then he broke the branches, and tied them with osiers, in the form of a Cross; and he planted the first cross of his mission beside the rock on which he had made his first convert. And they two knelt down before the Cross, and, at the request of the Apostle, Paul recited aloud and fervently the Lord's Prayer. Hardly had he finished when the sound of music was heard in the distance; and Thomas made ready to keep his appointment with Abinissa. And again cautioning his first convert, the Apostle hurried away through the fields; and once, when he looked back, he saw Paul carrying a bunch of field flowers in his hands. And, looking once again, Thomas perceived that Paul was covering the arms of the Cross with the flowers; and when, next, he stood and shaded his eyes that he might see the better, Thomas saw that Paul had chosen only flowers that were of purest white. And the Apostle's heart was once more filled with delight.

CHAPTER IX.

THE WEDDING PROCESSION.

As he approached the hill where he was to meet Abinissa, Thomas heard the tramping of horses, and the trumpeting of elephants, and the bellowing of wild beasts, and, high over all, the shouts of the crowd; and he knew that the procession was nigh. When he reached the house that the merchant had pointed out to him, he found Abinissa awaiting him; and hardly had they saluted one another, when they saw the outrunners coming up the main road at a rapid gait. They were half naked. A coarse sash of cotton stuff, striped in yellow and white, was wound around their hips. From their ears, and from their nostrils, hung rings of cornelian, or of green coral, and, in their hands, they carried long wooden poles, painted with bands of alternating green and red. There were five lines of runners, forty in each line. After these came nine lines of horsemen, clothed in red jackets, and wearing white leg-coverings, and girdles of light blue, and shoes of colored leathers, deep brown and yellow. Each rider carried a shield of leather, curiously painted, and a glittering steel spear. Following these there rode singly a tall man on a white stallion that reared and pranced and plunged as the musicians madly beat their tom-toms, and blew aloud through gilded conch-shells. "Behold the king's brother," said Abinissa. "The mounted men are his body-guard." The king's brother was richly garbed—a close-fitting jacket of golden brocade, covered with figures of lions and tigers—all flaming red—and of hunters pursuing the beasts. From the prince's shoulders hung a short cloak of white silk, shot with silver threads; and the cloak was fringed with gold and bordered with jewels. His shoes were golden, and his leg-coverings were of sea-green silk, shot with scarlet. In his right hand he carried a curved sword, damascened and jeweled. The trappings of his horse were of the finest wool, embroidered in many colors, and fringed with silver and gold, and brilliant with rubies and emeralds. Then came an army of elephants, five hundred in all—twenty-five rows of twenty in a row. Their trappings were of leather, varicolored, inlaid with figures of tigers, and of birds, and of snakes. The elephant-riders were clad in stuffs colored like the almond. They carried black-handled

spears, and long daggers hung from their girdles, on metal chains. Following the elephants was a group of men playing on wind-harps; and every man was differently dressed. The garment of one was green; of another, yellow; of another, blue; of another, pink; and some wore mixtures of several colors. All the mixed stuffs were woven in zig-zag stripes; and as the minstrels moved, under the bright light of the sun and the waving shadows of the trees, the effect was bewildering. Hark to the outbursts of delight, the exclamations of wonder, the chattering of the women, and the applause of the men! A thousand damsels, singing and playing the soft-toned flute, and scattering flowers! Their necks are outstretched, haughty; their glances are free, wanton. Their garments are of delicate stuffs; silk rivalling the flowers of the meadows in beauty—lilac, and blue, and violet; silver waved with blue, like the ripples of the sea; deep green and bright red, like unto sunshine and shade; chintzes, covered with tender sprigs of flowers; brocades, woven of finest golden wire, and embossed with silvery stars and moons; muslins, transparent as woven air, soft as the dew of the evening; long fringes, cunning edgings of gold. From the hair hang filmy veils, amethystine, violet, rose. Necklaces of gold have they, and bracelets, and anklets, and rings, and girdles of twisted silver, ending in serpents' heads, and earrings, chimes of tinkling bells; brooches of hammered silver, and chains hanging down on the back, and golden caps on their breasts. And where the hair is parted on the forehead, the skin is painted red, and golden bangles fringe the forehead; and the braids of their hair are pierced with bodkins, curiously fashioned, and jeweled; and they wear crowns of gay flowers.

"You do not look?" said Abinissa to the Apostle. "You are weary, I fear. But bear up a while longer, and be attentive, for soon you will see my master, the king." Then Thomas looked again, and he saw a number of cars drawn by milk-white oxen, and on the cars were strong boxes of black wood, tied with upright iron bars. In the boxes were many lions, and tigers, and jackals; and their roarings were terrific. Behind these were other cars, drawn by white oxen with flowered and gilded horns, and with garlands around their necks. Now the cars were filled with sacred geese and pigeons, in pierced wooden houses, gaily painted. Next there walked with bent heads, a thousand shaven monks, all shod with white leather, and carrying metal staffs, and

all chanting; and some passing their beads; and some throwing boiled rice at the people that lined the way. Suddenly all the people shouted in chorus, and Abinissa, turning to Thomas, pointed, saying: "The bride and groom, and the king!"

First came the bride's waiting women, a hundred of them, reclining in palankeens borne on men's shoulders, four men to each palankeen. The hangings were of woven stuffs, and the women were dressed in silks worth their weight in gold; and their girdles were golden, set with corals, and sapphires, and hyacinths; and precious stones dangled from their ears, and their feet were covered with golden shoes. And with fans, made of heron and parrot feathers, they cooled their fair cheeks, that were spangled with gold. A hundred men followed—the bridegroom's guard,—all splendidly robed, and riding jet black horses. At length, appeared the bride and the groom. Who shall describe the beauty of their attire and surroundings? They sat aloft in a chariot, painted in glowing tints, and glittering with jewels, and musical with the tinklings of hundreds of golden bells. He was young and lithe, and a rare sight to-day in a shining, shimmering, armor made of the scales of an armadillo, encrusted with gold, and turquoises, and garnets; while she was more beautiful than the full moon flecked with clouds. She wore a soft silken garment, rosy red, broided with gold; and in her hair were jeweled butterflies and green-winged beetles, and her ears glittered with diamonds, and her girdle, and amulets, and bracelets, and anklets were resplendent with topaz and emerald, and carbuncle and pearls; and her necklace was of pearls, more than a hundred rows. Her little feet were bare, and every toe was ringed with gold and with jewels and with tiny tinkling bells. Beside and between the twelve white horses, ranged four abreast in front of the chariot, were slaves carrying whisks made of peacock's tails. Seated behind the bride, in the chariot, a woman-slave held aloft an umbrella of rosy silk. The frame and the ribs were golden, and the handle of ivory carved, and the knob of diamonds; and the fringe hung in loops of pearls, thirty loops, and more than a thousand pearls.

Once more the drums, and brass horns, and conches resound. Soldiers carry flags of many colors, and tall standards of wood surmounted by metal devices; and one, a giant, bears aloft a twisting snake of bronze, having a thousand heads. The king!

See him proudly seated on the great white elephant! A throne has been fixed there. It is shaped like a peacock, the tail full-spread and counterfeiting life. Every shade of color is there, feigned with wondrous enamels, sapphires, rubies, topaz and emerald. The king wears a golden crown, set with diamonds. His vest is of many-hued silk; his cloak of purple brocade, decorated with figures of the lion and the elephant, and clasped with gold and enamels. He waves a choice fan of peacock's feathers, and his dark hair is moved to and fro by the air, and his bright green beard is tremulous. An umbrella of white silk, with a hundred ribs of bamboo, covers his proud head. The stick is of sandal-wood, incrustated with rubies. On either side of him march twenty-four slaves, each one carrying an umbrella of vermillion silk. Immediately following the king ride five hundred dark-hued archers, and five hundred warriors, carrying battle-axes, and still five hundred with metal shields and swords toothed like a saw. And all these wore head-coverings made of the tough wood of the shola plant, and their beards were variously dyed, some white, and others blue, red, or purple; but not one of them green, like the king's.

Now Abinissa saw that the procession had nearly ended, so he said to Thomas: "Let us away! We shall not go to the temple, because the crowd is too dense; but we shall return by the road we came, and seek refreshment and rest; for you need the one and the other." Then they descended to the main street, and, turning to the right, mixed in with the people, who were coming and going.

(*To be continued.*)

"GOOD and bad fortune are necessary to a man, in order to make him adroit and capable. Few men are equal to the emergencies of life who have not experienced some of its vicissitudes."—*Anon.*

"GOOD is never effected more happily than when it is produced slowly. Sudden revolutions, either in the affairs of empires or of individuals, are seldom productive of beneficial consequences."—*De Moy.*

"THE truly wise bear with them the consciousness of their own failings."—*Boileau.*

SAINT JOSEPH.

MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD.

CHOSEN Guardian of Mary,
To whose fond and faithful care
The Most High His Son entrusted,
Happy was thy lot to share
Her sweet watch and ward beside Him,
Feeling glowing fires of grace,
Kindled in thy ardent bosom
By the beauty of His Face.

Nazareth's humble home was brightened,
Egypt's exile lost its sting,
Hours of weary toil were lightened
By the presence of our King.
Glorious Saint! the first to offer
Homage at the Savior's birth.
First to hail in joy the coming
Of Christ's kingdom upon earth.

Honoring His Foster Father,
Jesus hears thy every prayer,
Oh, great Advocate of mortals,
Win us in His home a share;
From His Heart's blest font of mercy
Plead that dews of grace distil,
Till all tribes in love uniting
Haste to do His holy will.

"GREAT minds, like Heaven, are pleased on doing good, though the ungrateful subjects of their favors are barren in return."--*Rowe*.

LIFE OF ST. DOMINIC.

BY REV. MOTHER AUGUSTA THEODOSIA DRANE, O. S. D.

CHAPTER XX.

THE JOURNEY TO SPAIN.

(Continued.)

IN the autumn of the year 1218, St. Dominic prepared to leave Rome, in order to visit the various settlements which had been made by the brethren since their dispersion at St. Romain. In particular he desired to travel into Spain, that he might strengthen the young foundations in that country, which had hitherto met with very partial success. A feeling of humility is also said to have urged him at this time to absent himself from Rome, where the fame of his preaching and miracles was earning him a homage of popular applause, from which he shrank with horror. He accordingly appointed Reginald of Orleans to be his vicar in Italy during his absence, and chose Bologna as his place of residence, whence it appears probable that Reginald had returned from the East, before the holy Father's departure from Rome, which took place about the feast of All Saints.

Leaving the city therefore with his stick, his little bundle, and his copy of the Gospels, Dominic set out, together with a few of his religious, and took the road to Bologna. On their way they were joined by a Franciscan, named Brother Albert, who greatly rejoiced at finding himself in such good company. As they journeyed along, engaged in pious discourse, they encountered a fierce dog, who attacked the poor Franciscan, and tore his habit to rags. In sore distress he sat down by the wayside, not knowing what to do; but the saint compassionating his trouble, applied a little mud to the torn garment; and when the mud dried the rents were found to be perfectly joined together. Passing through Florence, he reached Faenza, where the following incident occurred as related in the ancient memoirs preserved in the convent of that place. Albert, the bishop of Faenza, was so charmed by his eloquence and the fascination of his discourse,

that he would not allow him to lodge anywhere but in the episcopal palace. This did not, however, prevent Dominic from pursuing his ordinary course of life; every night he rose at the hour of Matins, as was his custom, and proceeded to the nearest church to assist at the Divine Office. The attendants of the bishop noticed this; and on watching him secretly to observe how he was able to leave the palace without rousing the inmates, they observed two beautiful youths who stood by the door of his chamber with lighted torches, and so led the way for him and his companions, every door opening for them as they went along; and in this way they were every night conducted in safety to the church of St. Andrew, whence after the singing of Matins, they returned in like manner. When this was made known to Albert, he himself watched and became an eye-witness of the fact, and in consequence he procured the above church for a future foundation of the Order. A memorial of this circumstance is preserved in the name given to the ground lying between the bishop's palace and St. Andrew's Church, which is still called "the Angels' Field." St. Dominic often returned to Faenza and preached to the inhabitants, who so greatly valued his ministrations among them that they erected for his use on the public road going to Imola a pulpit, in which he preached several times, as did also St. Peter Martyr and St. Thomas Aquinas. Michael Pio describes this pulpit as still existing in his time, and says that out of reverence for the saints who had stood therein no other preacher had presumed to use it.¹

Thus journeying, Dominic arrived at Bologna, where the brethren were still inhabiting their first convent of Sta. Maria della Mascarella, and enduring much poverty and many hardships. The arrival of the saint among them was therefore doubly welcome. Some of those who had joined the community since their establishment in the city had never seen the holy founder, and rejoiced greatly in the opportunity of doing so, and all gathered fresh courage from his presence and the burning words he addressed to them. In spite of their poverty, the prospects of the community had brightened in some respects since their first arrival. It happened that Cardinal Ugolino was at that time appointed Legate of Bologna, and moved by the great love he bore to St. Dominic, he de-

¹ *Prog.* 91, 92.

sired to obtain for the friars a more suitable residence than the narrow and inconvenient quarters they then occupied.

The hospice attached to the church of Santa Maria was quite insufficient for their rapidly increasing numbers, and was incapable of enlargement, being surrounded on all sides by buildings. The Cardinal therefore decided on removing them to a different quarter of the city, and made choice of a church which at that time stood outside the walls, and occupied an open space in the midst of vineyards, whence it took its name of St. Nicholas delle Vigne. The rector of this church was a priest of holy life, named Rodolph of Faenza, to whom Ugolina proposed that he should resign the church and the plot of ground on which it stood, for the foundation of a convent of Friars Preachers. To this suggestion the good man acceded with generous promptness, but it was also necessary to obtain the consent of the patron of the church, a Bolognese nobleman named D'Andalo,¹ a matter of much greater difficulty. The proposals of the Cardinal, however, found an unexpected and powerful advocate in the person of Diana D'Andalo, a daughter of this noble house, who persuaded her father and grandfather, not only to make over to the friars their rights in the church, but also to bestow on them as a free gift, a small house adjoining it with ground attached to serve as a site for their convent.

Tradition had long pointed out this spot as destined to become a place of special prayer and pilgrimage. There was a certain devout woman of the city whose custom it was to kneel and pray whenever she came that way, and when the passers-by used to laugh at her for her folly, "Yours is the folly," she would reply; "if you knew all that will one day happen on this spot you would kneel and worship with me, for those who are to live here in time to come will make our city illustrious throughout the whole world." Others spoke of a mysterious music which had been heard by the laborers among the vines, and which they believed to be the voices of angels. A citizen of Bologna passing there one day with his little son, whose name was Chiaro, told the child that the field through which they were walking was a spot favored by heaven, and that the angels had been heard singing over it. "But,

¹ Or more correctly, Andalo Degli Andalotti, though the name is commonly given as above.

father," said the boy, "perhaps they were only men and women who were heard singing." "My child," replied his father, "know this, that the voices of men are one thing, and the voices of angels are another."

These traditions found their fulfilment when the white-robed children of St. Dominic were established on this spot, and the songs of the angels were exchanged for the chant of their mid-night Office; a holy place indeed, for here were laid the foundations of that noble convent, the nursery of so many illustrious members of the Dominican Order in time to come. The buildings necessary for the accommodation of the brethren, which were planned at first on a very humble scale, had been begun before the arrival of the saint in Bologna, and pending their completion the community continued to occupy their first quarters at the Mascarella.

In spite of this welcome benefaction, however, the poverty of the friars continued to be extreme, and it was no rare thing for them to find themselves in want, even of the small portion of bread which formed their only fare. One day the procurator came to the man of God, and complained that though the brethren were very numerous, he had nothing to set before them for dinner but two little loaves. Dominic desired him to cut them into a number of very small pieces, and himself assisted him in doing so; he then desired the server to go round and put two or three of these little pieces on each table. When he had made the round of the refectory, and had still some morsels left, he went round a second and a third time, adding a little each time to what he had at first laid on the table. And thus he went on until he had set before the brethren abundance and to spare, so that by the gift of God, much more bread was cleared away when they had finished their repast than what was originally set before them.¹

As may be supposed at a time when the brethren were so often in want even of bread, they could not allow themselves the luxury of wine, even for the use of the infirmary, unless it chanced that some was given them as an alms. One day the infirmarian came to the holy Father, and pleaded the cause of the sick, for whom he much desired to procure a little wine, of which there was not a drop in the house. According to his custom the saint

¹ *Vit. Frat.* part 2, c. xx.

bowed his head in prayer, bidding the other pray with him. Then he bade him go and look at the empty vessel, in which the wine which they sometimes received was commonly kept, and make sure if perhaps a little had not been left in it. The Brother obeyed, and on opening the vessel discovered to his great joy that it was full of excellent wine.

On another occasion the same miracle was renewed that had formerly been witnessed in the refectory of St. Sixtus, and the community was fed by the hands of angels. The narrative is thus related by Father Ludovico of Palermo:

“After our sweet Father St. Dominic had finished the arduous business committed to him by the Holy Pontiff at Rome, he came to Bologna and lodged at the Mascarella, where the friars still abode, not being able to go to St. Nicholas by reason of the rooms being yet too fresh and damp. And it happened on a day that, on account of the great multitude of the brethren, there was no bread except a few very little pieces; and the blessing being given, the good Father raised his eyes and his heart to God, and lo! the doors being closed, there appeared two beautiful youths with two baskets of the whitest loaves, and giving one thereof to each friar, they so multiplied that there remained an abundance, enough for three days. This great miracle happened twice at Rome and twice at Bologna. And my dear friend, the rector of Sta. Maria Mascarella, told me that every year on the same day when the holy angels brought the heavenly bread, most sweet odors, which lasted forty hours, were perceived in the space then occupied by the refectory.”

The table on which the miraculous loaves were placed was left at Santa Maria, when the friars removed to St. Nicholas, and was carefully preserved in a niche guarded by iron bars, where Father Ludovico mentions having seen it. It was constantly regarded as a precious relic, and was supposed to have been adorned at a very early date with a painting representing the miracle, but no steps were taken for verifying the fact till 1881, when the parish priest of Santa Maria, wishing to add to the decorations of the altar over which it was then placed, caused the table to be removed for a time to the house occupied by the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament, on which occasion it was carefully examined by command of the Cardinal Archbishop of Bologna. It was found that besides being much decayed and worm-eaten, the

wooden planks had suffered not a little from the depredations of the devout, who had cut off small portions to carry away as relics. Moreover, to fit it into the space it had formerly occupied, the table had been sawn into three parts, which were placed one above the other, and fastened by iron cramps. But in spite of these injuries there was plainly visible on the upper surface, a roughly executed painting, belonging, as it seemed, to the early part of the fifteenth century. It represents twelve persons seated at an oblong table, in the midst of whom appears the holy Patriarch with his hand raised in benediction. Standing before the table are two angels, only their heads and wings being now discernible. A yet more ancient painting of the same subject, attributed to the thirteenth century, was discovered on the other side of the table, with the remains of an inscription, of which but a few words are now legible. Santa Maria in Mascarella preserves other memorials of this first visit of St. Dominic within its walls. The room once occupied by the saint has been turned into a chapel, over the altar of which is preserved a very ancient picture of our Lady, which is said once to have spoken to him. Between the chapel and the parish church is a large hall which, according to tradition, was formerly used as the refectory of the friars, and was the scene of the angels' visit.¹

St. Dominic's stay at Bologna was of very brief duration, for he was anxious to reach Spain before Christmas, stopping at St. Romain on his way. He therefore set out, accompanied by Bertrand of Garrigua and the brethren who had come with him from Rome. The only incident recorded of the journey is amusingly related by Castiglio, who, however, does not inform us where it took place. The saint having one day stopped at an inn with his companions, the hostess was much disturbed at the small gains she saw herself likely to make by them, for they being many, and eating little, she was put to much trouble to little purpose. Wherefore, as the servants of God conversed together on spiritual

¹ *Cenni Storici sulla tavola di S. Domenico*. Bologna, 1883. In this little brochure is given a fac-simile of the paintings described above. By the greater number of writers the foundation of St. Nicholas is assigned to Blessed Reginald of Orleans. The actual removal thither of the friars undoubtedly took place under his government, but from Father Ludovico's narrative, given above, it is plain that the grant of the church had already been made, and the building of the convent begun before Reginald arrived at Bologna.

things, according to their wont, she went about grumbling and blaspheming, saying all the evil words that came into her mind; and the more the holy Father sought to appease her with fair speeches, the more violent she became, not being willing to hear reason. At length, being greatly disturbed by the noise of this virago, St. Dominic spoke to her and said: "Sister, since you will not leave us in peace for the love of God, I pray Him that He will Himself silence you," which words were no sooner uttered than she lost the power of speech, and became entirely dumb. She continued so until the saint's return from Spain, when, as he stopped at the same inn, she threw herself at his feet to implore his pardon, and he restored to her the use of her tongue, with a warning that she should use it in future to the praise of God.

It was some time in the month of November when the travellers reached Toulouse, where the community of St. Romain had endured incredible hardships during the siege of that city, which had lasted nine months, and ended in the death of De Montfort and the temporary triumph of the heretics and their supporters. As the staunchest champions of the faith they had everything to fear from the enmity of Count Raymund VII., and the malice of the heretics of Toulouse, which had been so openly manifested against Peter Cellani, that Dominic judged it prudent to despatch him to Paris, at the same time summoning thence his brother Manes, whom he purposed taking with him into Spain. He remained a few days at St. Romain, during which time he did his best to encourage and advise the brethren; then leaving Bertrand to support them in their difficult position, he continued his journey, being anxious to complete it before the winter set in. The whole time occupied in his progress from Rome to Segovia, including that taken up by his visits to Bologna and St. Romain, did not exceed seven weeks, and when we remember that he had to cross both the Alps and the Pyrenees, and that the journey was made on foot, and in the season of winter, the energy and resolution that could have accomplished such an undertaking in so short a period, appear truly wonderful. We have again to remind ourselves that our story belongs to a date from which we are separated by nearly seven centuries, and that those wild mountain-passes now traversed by military roads, or pierced by railway tunnels, were then savage wildernesses, where every kind of peril had to be encountered by the traveller. But neither

fatigue nor danger had power to daunt the heroic resolution of the saint; they did but raise his courage higher, as, singing aloud the *Veni Creator* or the *Ave Maris Stella*, he passed fearlessly over rocky steeps and foaming torrents till his feet once more pressed that native soil of Spain from which he had been absent for more than thirteen years.

CHAPTER XXI.

ST. DOMINIC IN SPAIN.

1218, 1219.

On a steep hill which rises in the midst of the plains stretching north of the Guadarrama mountains, stands the city of Segovia, ancient even at the period when it was visited by St. Dominic, and still unchanged in many of its features from the aspect which it must then have presented. The stupendous Roman aqueduct, built of blocks of uncemented granite, the rocky hill, washed at its base by the river Eresma, on the summit of which the Alcazar, or Moorish castle, stands at the verge of a giddy precipice, present much the same spectacle as that on which his eyes must have rested as he entered the city towards the festival of Christmas, in the year 1218, an unknown and wayworn traveller, seeking hospitality in some house of entertainment frequented by the poor. As he travelled hither from the frontiers of France, he must necessarily have passed through that part of the country familiar to his youth: for Segovia is situated only a few miles to the south-west of Osma and Calaroga. Doubtless his return to this well-known neighborhood brought back many memories of his friendship with Diego, and the long, quiet years of his early life, before at the call of God he exchanged his cloistral retirement for the labors of the apostolate. But on all this history is silent, nor does he seem to have stopped anywhere on his road before reaching Segovia. There he took up his abode in the house of a poor woman, who was not long before she recognized the sanctity of her guest. Dominic chanced to discover that she had in her possession a very rough hair-shirt, and desiring much to obtain this treasure for himself, he besought her to give it to him, offering an under-tunic that he wore in exchange. She willingly consented, and laid by the tunic in a box wherein she kept her little store of valuables. Some time afterwards a fire broke out in her house

and everything was consumed excepting this box, which, as she believed by the merits of St. Dominic, was saved with all its contents. The larger part of the tunic she afterwards gave to the Fathers of Segovia, only reserving for herself the sleeves, which were long preserved in the monastery of Valladolid.

Dominic had not been many days in the city before he began his usual work of preaching, and that with more than usual success. Possibly the freedom of speaking once more in his own mother-tongue, and the sight of those Spanish hills after long years of absence, gave fresh inspiration to his words. Priests and seculars, magistrates and citizens, all flocked to hear him, and conjured him to deal out liberally to his countrymen the bread of life. It pleased God to confirm the words of His servant by several special manifestations of Divine power.

A long drought had afflicted the country of Segovia, and reduced the inhabitants to the utmost distress. One day, as they gathered together outside the walls to hear the preaching, Dominic, after beginning his discourse, as if suddenly inspired by God, exclaimed: "Fear nothing, my brethren, but trust in the Divine mercy. I announce to you good news, for this very day God will send you a plentiful rain, and the drought shall be turned into plenty." His hearers looked about them with surprise, for the sun was at that moment shining brightly in the heavens, and there were no signs to indicate any change in the weather. Nevertheless, before the sermon was ended, dark clouds overspread the sky, and soon such torrents of rain fell, that the assembled crowds could scarcely make their way to their own homes. On another occasion, as he was preaching before the senate of the city, some letters from the king were delivered to the councillors present, who at once withdrew in order to open and read them. The preaching had to be suspended until their return, and when the man of God resumed his discourse he did not fail to make an application of what had just taken place. "You have listened to the words of an earthly king," he said, "now hear those of Him Who is eternal and Divine." One of the senators took offence at the freedom of his speech, and mounting his horse rode off, exclaiming contemptuously, "A fine thing, forsooth, for this fellow to keep us here all day with his fooleries! Truly it is time to go home to dinner." Then the blessed Dominic, looking at him with sorrow, and being filled with the spirit of prophecy, replied,

saying: "You go away now, but before the year is over that horse of yours will want its rider, and you will not be able to reach the castle you have so carefully prepared as a place of refuge, for it will have fallen into the hands of your enemies." These words were fulfilled to the letter, for within the year this nobleman, together with his son and cousin, was slain on the very spot where he was then mounting his horse, and his strong castle, as the saint had foretold, was seized by the assassins.

Dominic soon endeared himself to the people of Segovia, who were proud of him as a fellow-countryman, and thronged about him in crowds whenever he appeared in public. There is a green meadow outside the city through which rushes the river Eresma, its beautiful banks thickly shaded by alders and willows, where, according to tradition, the saint often preached to the assembled multitudes, and where a little chapel has since been erected in his honor. He very shortly gathered together a number of fervent disciples, with whom he was able to lay the foundations of a convent dedicated to the Holy Cross. Very different is the present convent which bears that title, and which is to be seen nestling under the turfy slopes, displaying its rich flamboyant entrance, adorned with statues of the saints of the Order and the royal badges of Castile and Aragon, from the austere abode in which St. Dominic placed the first brethren of Segovia. The rocky hill on which the city stands is pierced with a number of grottos, and adjoining one of these the saint caused a few cells to be erected, so poor and narrow in their proportions as to excite the wonder of all who beheld them. The site bore an aspect of rugged severity well suited to the dwelling of those who embraced a life of poverty and mortification. The grotto itself was deeply sunk in the rock, and had been chosen by the holy Father as a place to which he could retire at night, in order to fulfil those exercises of prayer and penance which he never laid aside. This kind of solitude had a singular attraction for him, and local traditions point out more than one such spot to which he was in the habit of withdrawing, as at Castres, where a cave is still shown bearing the title of the cave of St. Dominic. At none of these, however, has his presence been so well attested as at the grotto of Segovia. Its rocky walls (as those testified who secretly watched him) were often wet with his tears and watered with his blood. The ruddy stains are still shown, which bear witness to the heroic constancy

with which this true martyr of penance offered his scourged and bleeding body as a sacrifice to God. For when in process of time a stately monastery was raised upon the site, this grotto was included within its circuit, and converted into a chapel often visited by pious pilgrims. Among these was one whose name is scarcely less illustrious in the history of her country than that of St. Dominic himself. In the year 1754, St. Theresa, before leaving Segovia to return to Avila, "desired," says Ribera, "to visit the Dominican monastery of the Holy Cross, in which is that celebrated chapel which the glorious St. Dominic so often watered with the blood of penance. She entered the chapel accompanied by the prior and by Father Diego de Yanguas, who at that time acted as her confessor. Having approached the altar, she prostrated on the ground in prayer, and being wrapt in ecstasy, beheld at her left side the glorious patriarch St. Dominic. After awhile Father Diego called her, and she at once arose, bathed in tears, which according to her custom she tried to conceal. The Father heard her confession, said Mass and gave her Communion, after which, returning to her prayers, she saw St. Dominic as before standing on her left side. Then she asked him why he placed himself there, and he replied: "Because the right side belongs to my Master." At these words she turned, and beheld our Lord standing on her right hand side. He remained there for some minutes, and before withdrawing His sacred presence, He spake to her these words: "REJOICE WITH MY FRIEND."

"St. Theresa spent about two hours in the chapel, during which time the holy Father St. Dominic remained by her side relating to her what he had suffered in that grotto, and the great graces which our Lord had there bestowed upon him. Moreover, he promised to assist her powerfully in the affairs of her Order, and added many words of encouragement and consolation. She often afterwards declared that God at this time bestowed on her so many graces, and filled her soul with so much spiritual joy, that she could have desired never more to have left that holy sanctuary."¹

In this most interesting narrative, our Lord is represented as conferring on His servant the very title by which he was known amongst his own followers. "Rejoice with MY FRIEND." How

¹ Ribera, *Vie de Ste. Térèse*, lib. iv. c. xiii.

singular a happiness was his in being thus named by the voice of Truth itself; and how justly is that sanctuary to be held in honor wherein was granted a revelation so touching, for ever linking the holy memories of St. Dominic and St. Theresa! *Nimis honorati sunt amici tui Deus.*

Dominic appointed to the government of this convent a certain Brother commonly known as Blessed Corbolan the Simple, who was beloved and venerated by the holy Father for the purity and innocence of his life. As soon as the foundation of the convent was complete, he set out for Zamora, then one of the principal cities of Old Castile, being an important mercantile centre, and having in consequence a large Jewish population. It offered, therefore, a great field to the apostolic zeal of the saint, who desired greatly to secure a foundation for his brethren within its walls. The charm of his preaching won the good will of the citizens, and according to Polidori, his aunt, Donna Sancia Guzman, purchased a piece of land called *las Sageras*, used as a burial-place for the Jews outside the walls, and gave it for the site of the future convent, which was actually established a few months later. St. Antoninus, in his Chronicles, speaks of this convent as one favored by special tokens of heavenly protection. Once as the brethren were singing Office in choir they heard a voice bidding them fly with haste. Obeying what they deemed a Divine warning, they had hardly left the spot when the walls of the building fell in, and so they escaped a cruel death. Here was preserved a crucifix which had belonged to the Blessed Dominic, and was said on one occasion to have spoken to him, and a bell which was often heard to toll untouched as a sign that one of the brethren was about to pass out of this life. This was so well understood that whenever the bell thus sounded each member of the community was accustomed to prepare for death.¹

(*To be continued.*)

“HE who seduously attends, pointedly asks, calmly speaks, coolly answers, and ceases when he has no more to say, is in possession of some of the best requisites of man.”—*Lavater*.

¹ Nanni, lib. 3, c. ii. The same is told of a bell belonging to the convent of Salerno; and at Santa Catherina at Naples another signal, resembling that given for the midnight Office, always sounded before a death. P. Nanni declares having himself often heard it when living there as a novice.

IN THINE OWN HEART.

ANGELUS SILESIUS. (1624.)

THOUGH Christ a thousand times
In Bethlehem be born,
If He's not born in thee,
Thy soul is still forlorn.
The cross on Golgotha
Will never save thy soul;
The cross in thine own heart,
Alone can make thee whole.

Whate'er thou lovest, man,
That, too, become thou must;
God, if thou lovest God,
Dust, if thou lovest dust.
Go out, God will go in.
Die thou and let Him live.
Be not, and He will be.
Wait, and He'll all things give.

To bring thee to thy God
Love takes the shortest route;
The way which knowledge leads
Is but a round-a-bout.
Drive out from thee the world,
And then like God thou'lt be,
A heaven within thyself
In calm eternity.

Let but thy heart, O man,
Become a valley low,
And God shall rain on it,
Till it will overflow.
O shame! The silk-worm works
And spins till it can fly,
And thou, my soul, wilt still
On thine old earth-clod lie?

Man, if the time on earth
Should seem too long for thee,
Turn thou to God and live,
Time-free, eternally.

DOMINICAN SAINTS OF THE MONTH.

J. D. F.

MARCH 2D.

BLESSED Henry Suso of Swabia was admitted to the ranks of the Dominican Friars when he was but thirteen years old. Though possessed naturally of very fine qualities of heart and mind, he gave no very extraordinary evidence of piety in the beginning of his religious career. The time came, though, that revealed in him a sanctity so great that he became the wonder and admiration of his brethren. Then it was that he began to resemble our Lord in His sufferings. His mortifications were something astounding. He wore an iron girdle about his waist continually, while between his shoulders he bore a wooden cross in which he had nails so fixed that at every move he would suffer the most intense pain; he showed the greatness of his love for the sacred name of Jesus Christ by branding it over his heart. After a life of the most heroic piety and suffering, God called him to his reward.

MARCH 6TH.

Blessed Jordan of Pisa was born in the 13th century. He was a man of wonderful sanctity, and was besides graced with extraordinary natural ability. At an early age he became a religious in the Order of St. Dominic, and true to his vocation, he never ceased night and day to work for the conversion of sinners. It was not alone his preaching but the wonderful example of his piety that led sinners to the feet of Jesus Christ in the holy sacrament of penance. His great learning moved his superiors to send him from Florence to Paris, where he was to meet the best talent of the age in natural science and theology. But God decreed otherwise; he died on his journey whilst on his way to Paris, and his remains were brought back to Pisa to be deposited near by those of B. Peter, Martyr.

MARCH 7TH.

St. Thomas of Aquin is upheld as one of the brightest lights and greatest theologians that ever propounded the word of God.

Eminent alike for the sincerity of his piety as for the lofty conceptions of his genius, he did not fail to impress upon the minds of men the fact that his was not the knowledge coming from any human source, but rather from the divine fountain of knowledge, whose mouth-piece he was. In his early years he was brought up under the direction of the monks of St. Benedict. Some time later in life he was sent to Naples and there sought admission to the Order of St. Dominic. His parents were much opposed to this, and strove by every means to wean his thoughts from the religious life. No obstacle was sufficient to deter him, for he felt God called him, and accordingly it wasn't long before he was numbered among the sons of St. Dominic. The fame of his learning and piety spread over Europe. Students came from every quarter to listen to his learned discourses, and after a life devoted to the diffusion of learning, he died the death of the saints and is venerated to this day as the Angelic Doctor.

MARCH 10TH.

Blessed Peter was born of noble family in Sicily. He first directed his attention to the study of law, but yet his mind seemed unsettled in the profession he had chosen. After deliberating for a time, he resolved to abandon the world and give himself wholly to God. In spite of great opposition on the part of his father he became a Dominican. From that time his zeal for the advancement of God's glory knew no abatement. Whilst exercising himself in the work of the ministry with untiring effort, he did not forget himself. His penances were so great that after death the iron girdle that he wore about his waist was so deeply imbedded in the flesh that the flesh had to be literally cut away to remove the chain. Thus did he persevere to the end, when he went forth from this life to meet his Maker and hear from His lips: "Well done, good and faithful servant."

MARCH 18TH.

Blessed Sybillina, of the Third Order of St. Dominic, evinced a spirit of the deepest piety from her tenderest years. At the age of 12 she had the misfortune to lose her sight. Far from murmuring, she accepted this affliction as coming from God for her good; so never wavering in her fidelity, she daily bore new sufferings for the glory of God. Strange as it may appear in a worldly sense, Sybillina, although never knowing how to read,

was miraculously versed in all the learning and theology of the Fathers, and was able to quote passages bearing on whatever subject was proposed to her. No one was excluded from her charity; and after eighty years spent in the severe practice of penance, she went to receive her reward on the 14th of April, 1367.

Blessed Ambrose, born in Etruria, when a young man was received into the Dominican Order. He soon began to give evident signs of wonderful sanctity. The devil, jealous of his efforts, appeared to him one day under the guise of a hermit. He tried to influence him to abandon his course of life and give himself up again to the world. Enlightened by God, B. Ambrose, recognizing his false adviser, was stimulated to renewed efforts in the way of truth. His scholarly attainments made him the boast and admiration of all who knew him. Frequently he was employed by the Holy See on missions of the greatest importance. He was the fellow-pupil of St. Thomas Aquinas, and with him made the study of the Divine science mainly the business of his life. He died full of merits in the year 1286.

A LITANY.

MARY WEST.

O MOTHER of God, remember me
When dawn first touches the dreaming sea,
When day, unloos'ning her diadem
Of scarlet roses, scatters them
On the peaceful brow of the dreaming sea:
O Morning star, then pray for us!
Mystical Rose, then pray for us!
Mother of Christ, then pray for me!

O Mother of God, remember me
When sunbeams burnish the sparkling sea,
When radiant noon with her crown of gold,
Rests on the brow of the ocean cold,
Illumining the deep, blue sea:
O house of gold, then pray for us!
Cause of our joy, then pray for us!
Mother of Christ, then pray for me!

O Mother of God, remember me
When shadows gather upon the sea,
When night sinks softly with noiseless tread,
And gloomy wings and silent spread,
When day no more lights the treacherous sea,
 O Strength of the weak, then pray for us!
 Queen of the angels, pray for us!
Mother of Christ, then pray for me!

O Mother of God, remember me
When storms sweep over the restless sea,
When life clings but to a single spar,
Unanchored, floating out afar,
While Faith lights only a troubled sea:
 Then, help of Christians, pray for us!
 Refuge of sinners, pray for us!
Mother of Christ, then pray for me!

O Mother of God, remember me,
For life is only a changeful sea,
And thou didst cross on its waters wide,
On its ebbing, flowing, dark'ning tide,
When its last wave rolls to eternity:
 Then, Virgin most powerful, pray for us!
 Gate of Heaven, pray for us!
Mother of Christ, our refuge be!

THE THIRD ORDER OF ST. DOMINIC.

MARGARET E. JORDAN.

THIRD PAPER.

FOR upwards of sixty years after the death of St. Dominic, the rule of his Third Order was transmitted orally. Time, that crucial test of God's works effected through human instrumentality, had well tried and proved the stability of this rule and its adaptability to the needs of the world, and of souls laboring for sanctification amidst the world's trials and allurements. The Friars Preachers saw the wisdom of their holy founder in drawing into one brotherhood with them just souls from all stations in

life, who, from the blessed union, and the exercises enjoined thereby, would gain spiritual strength immeasurable, while by their prayers the missionaries would be strengthened in their battles with the powers of darkness. Hence, wherever they bore the Gospel of Truth to unbelievers, they bore the knowledge of the Militia of Jesus Christ to believing souls.

With this wide-spreading of the rule arose the danger of confusion in its practice, and this danger apparent was the signal that the hour had come for committing to writing the legacy bequeathed by St. Dominic to his children of the outer world. It is to his sixth successor, Munio de Zamora, who governed the Order from 1285 to 1291, that we owe the possession of the written rule of the Third Order as we possess it to-day. Peace had been restored to the Church, spiritual arms of prayer and penance had almost completely replaced the material arms that in the beginning were wielded in defence of God's rights, wedded subjects had become widowed, and, still holding to the holy practices of the Third Order, had won other widows to their ranks; God, in a word, had developed His work, and hence, modifications and adaptations were by force of circumstances demanded, and in the light of the Holy Spirit, they were made by Munio de Zamora. So highly was this "Rule of the Dominican tertiaries esteemed," says the Tertiaries' Guide, "that Nicholas IV. commanded the Carmelites to follow it in founding a Third Order; and Martin V. confirmed that of the Servites, on condition that they took it up, word for word, only with the necessary changes of names."

Of twenty-two very brief chapters is the rule composed. The first chapter treats of the character of the subjects to be received into the congregations, (we are treating here of chapter, not private tertiaries, and of the conditions of admittance thereto.) No one can be received except with the consent of the Father Master, and that of the prior or prioress of the congregation, and of the greater part of the professed Brothers or Sisters. The Father Master should be a priest of the First or Third Order; the prior or prioress, of the men and women respectively, belongs to the laity. Before his or her reception "it must be carefully ascertained that the proposed tertiary be of virtuous life and good fame, and in no way suspected of heresy, but rather, (as becomes a special son of St. Dominic in the Lord), a zealous lover and

particular promoter of truth and the Catholic Faith, as far as in him lies." Surely a special mission has the Third Order of St. Dominic here in this great Republic of ours, as shown forth by the wording of this very first clause of its rule! To promote the Truth and the Catholic Faith!

To have fully paid all his debts, or at least to be prepared to meet them at his creditors' call, to be reconciled with his neighbor, to have his last will made, in cases of doubtful duty or justice, all these are required by the first chapter of the rule, and alike for men and women. Husbands are to obtain the consent of their wives, wives of their husbands, before entrance, unless some cause in one or both is deemed just and sufficient to set this aside.

The second chapter of the rule refers to the dress, prescribing a black and white Habit, symbolizing purity and humility. For the ordinary dress, tertiaries are reminded of the necessity of curtailing all worldly vanity.

Chapters III. and IV. relate to the reception of the Habit, and to the profession, a year later, in the Third Order. No priest, even though he be a tertiary himself, can give the Habit to a candidate without special leave from the Master-General of the Dominicans, or from the Provincial. Dominican Fathers themselves receive their faculties.

Priests in other Religious Orders may be empowered by the Master-General to receive and profess tertiaries.

"The ceremony of clothing with the Habit" is touching, beautiful, and expressive in the prayers of which it is composed. So, too, is that of Profession. Yet more so is the form of espousals for those who are called to that inviolable union with Christ which secures "all the graces, *non contentiosa*, of the First and Second Orders.

Chapter V. briefly states that it is not lawful after profession to leave the Third Order, but one "may freely pass into one of the approved Orders professing the three solemn vows." As stated in a previous paper, profession in the Third Order does not debar one from entering the state of marriage.

Chapter VI. treats "of the canonical hours to be said." Centuries before the invention of printing had made it possible for the Sacred Scriptures to be in the hands of the laity, was the Rule of the Third Order written, hence *Our Fathers* and *Hail*

Marys, in stated numbers, replaced the "Seven Hours"; and to-day, tertiaries whom want of time or ability prevents from reading the Office of the Blessed Virgin, conform to this chapter, unless requiring by circumstances the later dispensation granted for this province, twelve *Our Fathers* and *Hail Marys* daily. But why forego the Little Office of Our Blessed Lady, unless hard pressed to do so? How full is its mystical language with literal meaning unfolded to the soul according to each one's growing needs.

"When the Rule was written it was the custom of the Church to have night office"; hence, we find that Chapter VII. treats of the rising of the tertiaries for the recitation of Matins, at stated times in the year. That which follows applies for all to-day, stating as it does that the Hours preceding Vespers, namely, Matins and Lauds, Prime, Tierce, Sext and None, may be said in the morning, Vespers and Compline in the evening. (However those who are swayed by other duties may say the entire office together at a convenient hour).

It was in days when coldness on the part of some, exaggerated reverence on the part of others, held the laity away from the frequent Holy Communion of earlier and later days, hence we may understand why in Chapter VIII. tertiaries were urged to communicate *four times a year*, and oftener "when they have asked and obtained leave from their superior." The happy and holier custom of to-day leads the tertiary to frequent Holy Communion at the advice of spiritual direction.

Chapter IX. enjoins silence and reverence in God's house, and diligent attention to the offices of the Church. Chapter X. fidelity in paying all necessary dues in one's own parish church, and in showing reverence to one's bishop and clergy. Chapter XI. and XII. treat of the fasts and abstinences. With the addition of every Friday being a fasting day, the rule of the former differs little from the regular fasts of the Church, and in these the Order, when it is necessary, follows "the mildness of the Church in these times." As to the abstinence, the rule of the past creates its own dispensation for the present in this that Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays were to be days of abstinence, unless when there was a "great festival." A "great festival" was defined by the general chapter of 1439 to be "a *duplex* and above," says an annotation to this chapter. The duplex feasts have now become so many that a day of abstinence happens scarcely twice a month.

The difficulty, therefore, in knowing these days, has rendered a commutation advisable. In this country the saying of three *Our Fathers* and *Hail Marys* on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays secures to the tertiary the indulgences gained in earlier ages by tertiaries who fulfilled the abstinence law upon these days.

Chapter XIII. prohibits idle and curious running about, the frequenting of worldly places of amusement, and,—this for chapter tertiaries only,—the leaving of the city even for a pilgrimage without the consent of the superior of the Congregation or its Father Master. Chapter XIV. prohibits the carrying of arms “unless it be for the defence of the Christian faith, or for some other reasonable cause, and with the leave of their superiors.” Let it be remembered that in the days when the “Militia of Jesus Christ” was founded, heresy had drawn the sword against the Church of Christ, and in the name of the God of Hosts she had called upon her sons to defend her.

Chapter XV. imposes upon the tertiary the duty so faithfully practised by the saints of all ages, the visitation and relief of the sick. An annotation to this chapter states that chapter tertiaries are bound to visit and aid the sick, but private tertiaries have not, strictly to go beyond what Christian charity may call for. “All should see that their dying brethren receive the absolution of the Rosary and the blessing of St. Dominic.”

“It is a wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins.” Firmly impressed is this wholesome thought of prayer for the dead in the XVI. chapter of the tertiaries’ rule. Charity towards their departed Brothers or Sisters in the Order, and desire for their own spiritual help after death, should lead the tertiary to appreciate the bond of union afforded by the congregational character possible for the Third Order to assume. Let us quote: “When any of the Brethren departs out of this life, let it be announced to the other Brethren who are in the same city and place, so that they may all be at the funeral of the deceased... We will that the same be observed with regard to the deceased Sisters. Moreover, within eight days immediately after the funeral, let every Brother and Sister pray for the soul of the departed: priests one Mass; others who know the Psalter, (the psalms of David), fifty psalms; let those who cannot read say one hundred *Pater Nosters*, adding at the end of each, ‘Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them.’”

What follows is binding upon private as well as chapter tertiaries: "Besides this, for the welfare of the Brethren and Sisters, both living and dead, let each one, within the year, have three Masses celebrated; let those who know the Psalter, say it; and let the rest be bound to five hundred *Pater Nosters*." An annotation here states that if there be difficulty in having three Masses said, three communions will suffice; and that the obligation of the five hundred *Our Fathers* is easily fulfilled by saying two a day till the number is completed. And it states also that those who say the Office of the Dead every week are not bound to the yearly Psalter. Nor is this all in behalf of the departed. "Tertiaries are invited to keep the four solemn anniversaries of the dead, celebrated every year in the Order. February 4th, for the fathers and mothers of members of the Order; July 12th, for all those buried in Dominican cemeteries; September 5th, for friends and benefactors of the Order; November 10th, for the Brethren and Sisters." Many indulgences may be gained thereby.

In the foregoing divisions of the rule of chapter tertiaries is embraced all that relates to private tertiaries. The remaining portions relate to the offices, and the government, and the discipline of congregations of chapter tertiaries. Much, indeed, does the Third Order in its congregational character hold for souls that yearn for perfection, and yet feel that the road thereto which God has traced for them lies in the midst of the world. Exteriorly, seen as others see them, they are called to live an ordinary life; interiorly, seen as God and their own soul's vision see them, they are called to lead an extraordinary spiritual life in an ordinary state of existence. Extraordinary helps are oftentimes needed for the obtaining of strength for the accomplishment of this. Were it not so, souls would not crave them, nor would God have provided them in the past, nor inspired their restoration in the present. If God calls souls to His special service, and yet leads them towards the highways and lowly places of the world, instead of into His cloistered gardens, it is doubtless true that there lies the work that He would have them do. The Creator never creates a need in the souls of His creatures for which He does not hold that which can satisfy it.

All that which is past, present, and future to us, is, and has ever been, one eternal TO-DAY with God. That which seems to us to be a growing need of our age and our country, was a present re-

ality to God always. Seven hundred years ago He inspired and effected the great lay organization of the Third Order for the defence and the propagation of the Truth. The Truth needs defence and propagation to-day—and the Third Order of St. Dominic still exists in the Church of God.

THIRD ORDER NOTES.

The Third Order of St. Dominic for New York City and neighboring places, meets at St. Vincent Ferrer's Church, Lexington Ave. and 66th St., the fourth Sunday of every month at 4 P. M. Hitherto the meetings have been held quarterly.

These are private tertiaries holding meetings at regular intervals. In addition to the quarterly meetings, these tertiaries have hitherto met twice a year, on the Feasts of St. Catherine of Siena, April 30th, and St. Dominic, August 4th, for general Holy Communion. On these two occasions the members are specially privileged to wear the full habit of the Order.

It is desired that there be a closer bond of union among the members of this division of the Third Order, and between them and the Spiritual Director, hence the request made by the Director at the October meeting that each member pass in his or her name and address, the name of the patron saint chosen at reception, and also the date of profession to the Spiritual Director, Rev. R. H. Goggin, O. P. All have not yet responded.

The Third Order in Boston and vicinity meets in St. Augustine's Church, South Boston, through the courtesy of Rev. Denis O'Callaghan, rector, there being no Dominican Church in Massachusetts excepting that in Fall River. These tertiaries meet regularly the first Wednesday of every month, at 8 P. M. The exercises consist of the recitation of the third part of the Rosary, the special intentions for which are announced previously to its recitation, the reading of Vespers, and a spiritual reading with commentations thereon. The meeting closes with the congregational singing of the *Te Deum* in its familiar rendering in English, adapted to the German choral: "Holy God, we praise Thy Name."

There are about forty tertiaries in Lewiston, Me., where the Dominican Fathers from St. Hyacinth, Canada, are in charge of St. Peter's Parish. The Congregation of Tertiaries is not yet canonically established, but many of the essential regulations of the chapter are complied with. A prioress is in office, the meetings are held monthly, the profession of novices is decided upon by the vote of the Sisters. The meetings consist of the recitation of a part of the Office, a spiritual conference by the Father-Master, and announcements occasioned by circumstances. From choice the Fathers are working slowly in the advancement of the Third Order in Lewiston, laying strong and deep foundations. Rev. Father Couet is in charge.

In San Francisco, Cal., there are about two hundred members of the Third Order of St. Dominic. Their meetings take place once a month, the men and women being assigned to different Sundays. Prayers are recited at these meetings, instructions on the rule are given, and the general absolution

from faults against the rule is imparted. The members are received with the little white scapular; they never wear the full habit of the Order in life, but are buried in it. As a Dominican body they do not carry on any work of charity, but individually the tertiaries are noted for their devotion to general good works in the church, and to the special works of their localities. To quote the Dominican Father, through whose kindness the information regarding the California tertiaries reaches us: "There are, and for years have been several, both men and women, eminent for all the virtues that adorn the Christian. Generosity, self-sacrifice, and zeal are their characteristics." We find that the California tertiaries have a "Summary of the Rule" specially prepared for themselves. Explicitly, yet concisely, it sets forth in its thirty-five pages their obligations and dispensations.

In Oakland, Cal., there are many tertiaries. They meet with those of San Francisco. In other places of the State there are several, but nowhere else can they be called numerous.

None of the above are chapter tertiaries, but rather private tertiaries, holding meetings at stated times. It is probable that in these places there are many members who do not attend the meetings. We kindly request that information be sent us of the organization of tertiaries, wherever such organization has been effected by Dominican Fathers, or Fathers of the secular priesthood who are members of the Third Order.

The Dominican Fathers in their missions do not strive to "work up" the Third Order in way of numbers, any more than they try to "work up" vocations for conventual life. It is too sacred an institution to have its ranks thus filled. The Fathers realize too fully that it is a real part of their Holy Order and not a confraternity or a sodality simply aggregated thereto. They dare not sow seeds of worldly life in that which has been in all the past a garden of sanctity. Hence they draw members individually, not collectively; through the confessional, seldom through the pulpit.

It is a sacred institution intrusted by St. Dominic to his sons for the spiritual gain of many in the world. And they who are the keepers of its doors do not leave them standing open unguarded, but rather hold them closed till God leads souls there who will knock for entrance.

"THERE is a tide in the affairs of men, which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune; omitted, all the voyage of their life is bound in shallows and in miseries: and we must take the current when it serves, or lose our ventures."—*Shakspeare*.

"ALL things commenced with hasty violence are strenuous in the beginning, but they languish in the end. That fervor which seeks no aid from wisdom soon evaporates; the means are therefore exhausted before the end can be attained."—*Tacitus*.

EXPLANATION OF THE OUR FATHER.

FROM ST. THOMAS AQUINAS.

FIFTH PETITION, CONTINUED.—With regard to the first consideration, viz.: why this petition is made, it is to be noted that from it we may gather two things that are necessary for men in this life. One is that man is always in fear and humility. There were some, indeed, presumptuous enough to say that man could live in this world so as to avoid sin. But this privilege was granted to none save Christ alone, in whom dwelt the Spirit without measure, and to the Blessed Virgin, who was full of grace, and in whom there was no sin, as St. Augustine says: "Concerning her, when there is question of sin, I wish no mention to be made." Other saints committed at least venial sins. *If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves and the truth is not in us.*" St. John, Chap. 1. This is evident from this petition. For it is clear that it is proper and right for all, even for saints to say the *Our Father*. Therefore, all acknowledge and confess that they are sinners or transgressors. Hence, if you are a sinner, you ought to fear and be humble.

The second consideration is this: we are always living in hope; for although we be sinners, we are nevertheless not to give away to despair, because despair may lead to other and greater sins, according to the saying of St. Paul, Ephes. iv. 19: "*Who despairing, have given themselves up to lasciviousness, unto the working of all uncleanness, unto covetousness.*" Therefore it is very beneficial to hope always, for while man is a sinner, he ought to hope that if he be contrite and converted, God will forgive him. This hope is established in us when we pray: forgive us our trespasses. The Novations took away all hope, declaring that those who committed a single sin after baptism would never obtain mercy and pardon. This is not true, for Christ has said: "*I forgave thee all the debt, because thou didst ask me.*" Matt. xviii. On whatever day, therefore, you ask with true sorrow for your sin, you will be pardoned. Thus, then, from this petition arise fear and hope, because all sinners contrite, and confessing, obtain mercy, and so you perceive why this petition was necessary.

THE ANGELIC DOCTOR.

CROSS this aisle; within yon chapel
Kneel amid the checkered shade,
Through the long and floating curtains
By the sun of Naples made;
Kneel, and let the bygone ages
Through your fancy drift and fade.
Underneath this very archway,
On the stone you kneel on now,
Once the king of thought was kneeling,
Bending low that noble brow:
Born to sound the Spirits' ocean,
And the eternal Why and How.
Pale the cheek from early boyhood,
Pale that dome of kingly mind,
But the hidden heart a furnace
Scarce the throbbing frame could bind:—
Furnace fanned by angel pinions,
Or the Paraclete's swift wind.
Wider range of proud dominion,
Farther vision, loftier flight,
Ne'er hath human genius conquered
In the glory of its might,
Summed in him old rival wisdoms
Plato and the Stagirite.
Love and meekness, high revealings,
More to prayer than toil made known,
Light called down in tears and penance,
Nothing deemed he of his own;
Thus had swept his being upwards
To the angels' starry zone.
In the blush of earliest morning
Daily did his hands uphold
High the sweet and blessed Victim
For the Father to behold;
Then the cell, the massive volume
And the antique parchment rolled.

God, the Triune—Mary—Angels—
Truth half shown in twilight gloom;
Nature, Grace, Free-will—Foreknowledge,
Worship's joy, rebellion's doom:
Christ in Eucharistic splendor,
Christ and bliss beyond the tomb.

Such his themes; the high brow labored;
Swift the eager fingers wrote:
Down from God on that lone student
Light unutterable smote;
There he bathed, as doth the morning
Vapor-gem in glory float.

Prayer and labor, lettered pages
Grew beneath the ceaseless hand;
At this day the stately volumes
Wayward Europe's wonder stand.
Round him still, priests, bishops, pontiffs,
Hang a humble student-band.

Not the iron nerve of Reason
Only unto him was lent;
Poesy in torrent music
Through those parted lips was sent;
And he sang at Rome's high bidding:
Jesus, in the Sacrament.

It was here one day, while kneeling,
Rapt in hidden strife of prayer,
Low, grave tones of tender accent
Glided through the quiet air;
From yon cross, low bending o'er him,
Bowed the thorn-crowned brow so fair.

And from far through yon dim arches,
Seen it was by wondering men;
On the ground the saint was kneeling,
Gently borne the clear voice then;
"Well, concerning Me, O Thomas,
Thou hast written," and again,

"What reward wouldst thou, my servant?"
 Weeping, weeping, while the sword
 Of a life's long love went through him,
 And with voice of broken chord,
 Thomas answered: "Oh, my Master,
 Nothing save Thyself, O Lord!"

And the vision closed, though o'er him
 Manhood's blush still lingered fair;
 Brief that lofty soul's detention,
 Brief his angel's term of care;
 Then away to hold in heaven
 The reward awaiting there.

"*Tantum Ergo Sacramentum, Veneremur Cernui,*"
 Still those words the Church is sounding,
 Still will sound while time shall be;
 Thou that sang them first, plead for us,
 Unto Him that spake to thee!

BE CALM UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

"BUT how can I?" This expression may be very easy to utter, but if you had such difficulties to contend against as I have been suffering from, and which still cling to me, you would acknowledge that it is much easier to preach than to practice. Such thoughts are natural, but they are not consoling. We are too prone to imagine that our own sufferings exceed those endured by others, and in this frame of mind the thought is apt to arise: how gladly, if permitted, would I embrace (of course relying on sustaining grace) this or that, or any of the austerities that I read of as practised by the saints and martyrs. Such so-called sufferings would be heroic, and the charm of heroism is a great incentive to the endurance of bodily pains; but self-love is apt to exercise a disturbing influence under such circumstances. Such heroism bears too much with it the taint of earth. True heroism, like God, is hidden from the ordinary vision, and has to be sought and obtained through a general submission to His will. The voluntary and self-inflicted bodily sufferings endured by the saints were through humility hidden, as far as possible, by those from the public gaze, but were made known after their

death, if not sooner, and were more or less within the comprehension, and appreciated by all. Our Lord Himself allowed His body to be treated with the greatest cruelty, that all, good, bad, or indifferent, might be impressed with His willingness to suffer for us. But great as were the cruelties practiced upon His body, they were as nothing when compared with what He endured in His Sacred Heart.

The sympathy of our fellow-creatures brings some consolation, for do as we may, we are still poor, weak mortals. Bodily suffering, apparent to the outward senses, produces more or less sympathy, and with it some consolation to the sufferer, and should be thankfully received, chiefly, however, on the ground of its softening influences upon the hearts of the sympathizers, for there are sadly too many who, to all appearance, have no sympathetic chord in their hearts until roused by some visible suffering in others. It is God who thus softens their cold worldliness, which renders them amenable to receive further graces; at the same time it makes the sufferer a medium of true charity in the sympathy produced. Granting that human sympathy is enjoyable and good as far as it goes, it is but a temporary calm, and unreliable; although it proceeds from God, it comes by such a roundabout way, has too much alloy to penetrate the depths of the soul—a more direct communication with God is necessary; when the suffering comes from hidden sources, the more pungent is the grief and the greater the necessity of looking beyond earthly consolation for alleviation.

Those whose constant study it is to know and to do the will of God must be convinced that He would never permit any one suffer but for his own good, and the more impenetrable the cause of his troubles, so much the more readily should he see the hand of God in them. Feeling that no human being can enter into the depths of our grief, we are compelled to humble ourselves still further, to bear in silence what but for faith would seem unendurable. They who have not the faith, but have some belief in God, can, when unusual consolation is given, recognize that God is the Author of it, and thank Him according to the extent of their ability; but it is almost the exclusive privilege of those who possess a vivid faith to appreciate His loving kindness in trials and afflictions, and it is their bounden duty to perseveringly try to overcome the promptings of nature and thank Him for such fa-

vors. It seems like a doubt of God's love to suppose that He would permit affliction of any kind to assail us if it were not beneficial for us. God is love; how can love be unkind?

The great Saint Teresa relates that on a certain occasion her spiritual adviser spoke to her in a manner which appeared to her as unnecessarily harsh. When, some time after, she named it to him, he replied that he was not aware at the time he had used such words. How can we account for this in persons so holy otherwise than that God ordained that it should be, and that the confessor was simply an instrument through whom He acted, and how can He be unkind? This may be beyond the understanding of some, but the day will come when all will be revealed, clear as light. What could—what did that dear saint do under such a trial? Submit, and she did submit with all the humility at her command, to what seemed unintelligible to her, until the explanation was given; this shows the absolute necessity of our submitting patiently under grievances, however great and unintelligible, particularly when beyond our control to prevent. Humility would grow stale and unproductive unless sometimes invigorated by trials greater than those we have already experienced.

The Children of the Rosary.

A CHAT WITH THE LITTLE ONES.

OUR little ones of THE ROSARY responded with a hearty good will to our suggestions and intimations that we would be pleased to hear from them. Their letters are pouring in yet. One bright little girl, whose first name is Annie, was in such a nice hurry to tell us how much she liked the Children's Department—(this is a big word, isn't it?) that she forgot to write the name of the city in which she resides. Oh, yes, we notice these things, and a great many others besides. But, then, Annie may be consoled when she is told that even grown-up persons write to us, and forget to tell us where they are. Annie's letter was nicely and carefully written; the spelling was perfect. She says: "I have two brothers and one sister. I am the youngest of all and I go to the Gesù school. I will pray for THE ROSARY, hoping you will write to me soon." Perhaps, only Philadelphia boys and girls know where the Gesù is. At all events, Annie is a thoughtful and a

generous little girl; we thank her for her offer of prayers, and hope to hear from her soon again.

Another little person, a boy up in Maine, asks us to tell him something about the World's Fair. Well, now, we think that we know a way of getting out of this difficulty. We will call upon our little friends, east, west, north and south, for a short description of the World's Fair; and to the boy or girl who sends us the best description of the World's Fair we will send a beautiful prize in the shape of an excellent book. Here is your work:—

Where will the Fair be held? How long will it last? What good will it do? Write this in a letter to us, and we will publish the letter with the winner's name in the May ROSARY.

My! My! What a splendid letter we received from a little Rosarian in Haverhill, Mass.! She read "Tessa's Blossom Time" with great pleasure, but thought it too short in January's number. So it was, but we had to make room for something else. Just as it would be very nice to print our little Haverhill friend's letter, but we have no space to spare. We are glad that "Teresa" is fond of reading, and we notice with much pleasure that her favorite author is very popular as a Catholic writer, and we hope soon to give our Little Ones one of his best stories.

We have another letter from "Kitty," New York City. Do you like to have your beautiful name of Catharine covered up in the noiseless, meaningless fur of "Kitty." Well! well! No doubt you submitted to that nickname without a murmur, and thought "Kitty" sounded nice. Now hear how much nicer Catharine sounds!

Well, little ones, you are all attending school, and therefore you have the happiness of possessing the great St. Thomas Aquinas as your special patron: You know that the Holy Father selected him as the universal patron of Christian Schools.

"HE only is great who has the habit of greatness, who after performing what none in ten thousand could accomplish, passes on like Samson, and tells neither father nor mother of it."—*Lavater*.

"THOSE passionate persons who carry their heart in their mouth are rather to be pitied than feared; their threatenings serving no other purpose than to forearm him that is threatened."—*Fuller*.



MISS MATILDA MEOW'S ACADEMY.

MISS MATILDA MEOW'S ACADEMY.

MARGARET E. JORDAN.

I SAW, one day, the funniest school,
Where Miss Matilda Meow held rule,
In snow-white cap and crisp, white gown—
The daintiest maiden in all Cattown.
I counted the scholars—twenty-one—
The friskiest laddies under the sun;
Their hair was soft as finest fur;
All their words were “meow” or “purr-r-r;”
But such queer lessons as they were learning,
Over and over the pages turning:
“How to catch mice,” “How to love birds,”—
On the book covers I read the words,—
While “cats” and “rats” and “beetles” and “flies”
Were writ on the blackboard before their eyes.
One lad, with a bible under his arm,
For good behavior took the palm;
The next in a quarrel surely was
The day or the night before, because
His head was bandaged, one eye was closed.
With cigar and high collar another posed
As a genuine dude. Another sat
A-giggling, crowned with the dunce’s hat.
One lay reading, with great delight,
A story paper, quite safe from sight
Of Miss Matilda Meow, for she
Was busy scolding as she could be.
Two were “monitors,” I knew well,
Entrusted all bad deeds to tell.
One sat rubbing his tearful eyes—
“Reported” thrice—for him no prize.
One naughty lad in the spelling class,
His own words counted and studied—alas!
Miss Matilda, she skipped them all about—
Not a word did he get that he picked out.
With lips a-tremor, with brow downcast,

From the third place he took the last.
 Some little lads were very good,
 Kept out of mischief all they could.
 Some never left their given places,—
 Their fun consisted in "making faces."
 But the sauciest scholar of anywhere
 Was in that Academy, I declare.
 He was ready for mischief any minute,
 But never, no never, was he caught in it.
 A-laughing he'd set them all, then he
 Would quietly turn to his A. B. C.
 No one ever on him would "blow"—
 He "bought" them all with goodies, you know;
 Candy he'd bring and pass around—
 But never a piece with him was found!
 Oh! the funniest sight of all to me
 My "Kodak" saved for posterity.
 'Twas funny, and yet 'twas wicked, I know;
 Master Tom Cute, how could you do so?
 I look at the picture and smile at it now,
 And softly whisper, "Poor Miss Meow."
 While she was a-calling, with cross-grained face,
 The lad that failed, "a hopeless case,"
Over the shoulder of her white gown
The black, black ink went trickling down!
 Alas! alas! some day you'll rue it!
 Master Tom Cute, how could you do it?
 Dear me, there was fun in that queer school
 Where Miss Matilda Meow held rule!
 She didn't invite me, though, to stay—
 No matter, I'll call again some day.

"IN doing good we are generally cold, and languid, and sluggish; and of all things afraid of being too much in the right. But the works of malice and injustice are quite in another style. They are finished in a bold, masterly hand, touched as they are with the spirit of those vehement passions that call forth all our energies, whenever we oppress and persecute."—*Burke*.

"A REAL spirit should neither court neglect, nor dread to bear it."—*Byron*.

MY FUGITIVE FRIEND.

S. H. G.

It was a fine summer's evening in a grand old city in the south of Europe, and I had gone out for an evening walk. My hall door stood open as usual, and the porter, Luigi, was at his post in the hall, when a gentleman rushed in, and passing him like a flash, bounded quickly up the stairs. Luigi followed him at once, but had scarcely reached the inner door leading to the staircase when others came running in hot haste behind him. He immediately closed and bolted the door from within. "Open! let us in! let us in quickly!" they cried in a chorus as they rushed against the bolted door.

"Easy, my friends, easy—*pazienza figliuoli*,"—said Luigi with a calmness quite in contrast with their breathless clamoring. "No strangers will enter here till my master comes home."

"But we are no strangers, my man," said one of the besiegers in a very imperious tone; "we are police. The criminal is here and we *must* get him."

"What!" cried Luigi, becoming indignant; "what have we to do with criminals? Be off! Go look for your criminals where you're likely to find them."

"I command you, sir, to open the door," said the police officer solemnly.

"I tell you, sir, in the name of my *padrone* that I won't," said Luigi with equal gravity.

"We'll force an entrance."

"Do it if you dare, but I can tell you you're likely to regret it."

"Now, men," said the police officer to his two comrades, "I am going to the station to report the matter. Take no further steps till we get the magistrate's sanction, but take care that the fellow does not leave the house."

In the meantime I returned after my walk and was surprised to find two policemen outside the street door, and the inner door locked. Luigi opened it for me but closed it again carefully without a moment's delay.

"What's the matter, Luigi," said I.

"O signori," said he in a whisper; "a gentleman ran in here and the police are after him, but I refused to let them in till you came home."

"Who is he or where is he now?"

"I don't know, sir, who he is, but you'll find him somewhere upstairs."

I went upstairs at once and found the fugitive in the corridor, in a most excited state. It was a young man, not more than thirty,—tall, handsome, and gentlemanly. The moment he saw me he threw himself on his knees and raised his hands imploringly; there was a piteous look in his dark, bright eyes as he exclaimed: "Save me, sir; save me! Hide me or I am ruined! The police are pursuing me; they have mistaken me for somebody else. Oh, save me!"

"If they've taken you for someone else, you will doubtless be able to prove that they're mistaken."

"Yes, yes, I know, but my financial affairs—oh, my arrest would ruin me! My poor wife! My poor mother! God help me!

He told me then he had been educated at my own Alma Mater, and spoke to me in English to confirm his statement.

"Wait here a few minutes," I said, "and I will go and see what I can do for you."

So saying, I went down to the street to reconnoitre. I found two policemen still outside looking as stiff and as stolid as if they were made of timber. In a Café nearly opposite I espied the Chief of Police and some other officials apparently engaged in a discussion. There was an officer with them whom I knew, and as soon as I could catch his eye I quickly beckoned to him to come out. "Tell me, pray," said I, "what was all this row about at my door?"

"Well," said he, "it is simply this. The detectives are following a man they believe to be a criminal. He ran up here and into some house on your side of the street. There was no door open but yours."

"Then what are they going to do?"

"They have just decided to inform the consul before making a search in your house."

When I returned to the fugitive I found him in still greater excitement than when I left him. He was so nervous he could scarcely speak, and there was a look of agony on his face as he

stood before me trembling. "Come, now," said I, cheerfully, "don't be so troubled. I'll get you out of this scrape; you cannot remain here, for the police are coming to search the house. I will have you let down from a window into the back street—the police don't know the house extends so far. I shall be waiting for you there."

"Oh, no," he cried; "I will stay here; I am safer here."

"Now, my friend," said I, taking him by the shoulder, "you must either consent or give yourself up to the police."

Without waiting for a reply, I called my servant Francesco and told him to bring me a strong rope.

We then went down to the room from which the descent was to be made. I fastened the rope firmly to a strong holdfast in the wall, and opened the window.

"Are you ready now?" said I to the fugitive.

"No, no, no; I'll stay where I am."

I turned to Francesco, who was a strong, broad-shouldered man, and said:

"Francesco, hold this gentleman here till I go round to the back street. When I get there I will whistle; you will then give him the rope and let him down to me. If he refuses to go of his own accord, give him the rope and throw him out.

"All right, sir," said Francesco, bringing his hand to his forehead in military fashion, for he had been a soldier.

In five minutes I was in the street below and gave the signal. I soon saw the right leg of the fugitive out over the window-sill; probably Francesco had hold of the other and was forcing him over. At last he began to descend, and as the window was only in the second story, he was soon on the ground.

"Now," said I, taking his arm, "come along quickly; there is not a moment to be lost. Don't be so dreadfully timid and scared looking. Take courage, man; step out boldly and put on a bold front."

"Oh heavens, here are the police coming towards us," said he, starting as if to take to flight, but I held him firmly by the arm.

"Let us walk on cheerfully," said I, forcing him along; "it is our best plan."

We were almost face to face with the police when we turned up a side street. I feared they would follow, and felt as much relieved as my friend when I heard their heavy footsteps dying

away in the distance. We soon reached the outskirts of the city.

"Now, are you safe?" said I.

"I am," said he, grasping my hand warmly with both his own. "And what can I ever do for you?" he continued, with deep emotion; what can I ever do for you to show my gratitude?"

"Accept this little parting gift," said I, taking a small Rosary beads from my pocket, "and sometimes say a little prayer for me to the Queen of the Rosary. I ask no more; good-night."

Some months afterwards he called to see me, and thank me for what I had done. He said the storm had blown over and his reputation was saved.

About a year after that the police got information that a fraud was about to be committed in the city. An old swindler from a distant part of the country was to impersonate a certain wealthy old gentleman, and pretending he was dying to make his will with all the legal formalities. A room had been rented for the purpose in a well-known hotel in the city. The secret police engaged a room on the same landing and waited there for the arrival of the notary, who was to draw up the will. He arrived in due course and entered the chamber where the old villain lay in bed expecting him. The police remained quietly outside till they thought the will was fully drawn up, when they suddenly burst open the door with instruments they had brought for the purpose, and rushing in, seized the will just as it was being folded. A man who was present attempted to snatch it from them, but failed; they arrested him together with the old villain in the bed.

Next morning the newspapers gave a full account of the affair, and to my surprise I found that the name of the accomplice was the same as that of my fugitive friend. I went to the court where the case was to be tried, and sent in for one of the officials with whom I was acquainted.

"Tell me," said I, "do you know the man who is charged with snatching the will from the hands of the police?"

"I do," said he in an undertone, with a knowing smile; "*that's the man you let out through the window.*"

* * * * *

On making inquiries afterwards from the prison chaplain I was consoled to hear that my fugitive friend had become truly penitent, and that the Rosary beads were continually in his hands. He had done what I asked him to do when I gave him the beads as a parting gift.

RAGS AND RICHES.

EDWIN ANGELOE.

CRYSTAL POND was swarmed with skaters. Rich and poor were there alike to enjoy the keen, bracing air, and the noisy gaiety and fun.

As Paul Broddern watched the merry throng from where he stood, near the edge of the pond, a wistful expression overspread his frank, honest face.

"How I wish I owned a pair of skates!" he murmured to himself. "The ice has never been finer than it is now. It makes a fellow feel bad not to be able to join in the sport."

Paul lived with his father and mother in a shabby little cottage near the outskirts of the village, which was called Rosedale.

The family were extremely poor, the only income being that earned by Paul's mother, who was a music instructress. Mr. Broddern was an invalid and unfit for work of any kind.

Paul was kept at school in order that he might obtain an education, an advantage which his parents reasoned would prove invaluable to him in the future.

Paul's clothing was of the very poorest, and oftentimes he was compelled to go in tatters to school. His father's infirmity was so expensive and his mother's earnings so meagre that it was by the severest effort that he was clothed at all.

Paul was a proud and ambitious boy, and he hoped some day to enjoy a prosperous life. As he stood on the pond to-day, he wondered if the time was very far off when he could have the comforts that those around him had.

"Hello, Paul!" cried a voice near him. "Why haven't you your skates on?"

"I don't own a pair, Tom," said Paul, with a faint smile.

"Then put mine on. I'll take them off in a minute. I want to lean against that rock so that I can unstrap them without losing my balance."

Tom Woods was in the act of starting for the rock when Paul stopped him.

"No, Tom. I will not let you deprive yourself of your fun. It will satisfy me well enough to look on."

"Do put them on, Paul," urged Tom. "I can rest for a while."

Paul finally agreed, and in a few moments the skates were on his feet.

Paul was an exceptionally good skater. Although he had no skates of his own now, he had owned many a pair in days long gone by when his father was well.

As he glided along over the ice he attracted the attention of more than a few by his graceful movements.

"That fellow makes himself a little too prominent," sneered Arthur Courtney, jealously, addressing some one at his side. "He should conduct himself quietly, and not attempt to show people what he can do. It doesn't do for one to make too much display when one is dressed in rags."

Arthur Courtney's apparel was of the richest, for his parents were the wealthiest in Rosedale.

Young Courtney always looked down on the poor, although he well knew that his father had been poor in his boyhood.

"I wonder where he managed to get the skates?" said Courtney to his companion. "I heard his mother tell mine yesterday that he had none. She is my music teacher," he added in a tone that showed he did not wish Paul's mother to be considered a social acquaintance of Mrs. Courtney's.

"They are Tom Woods'," said his companion. "I saw Tom lend them to him."

"Tom's people are pretty well-to-do. I don't see why he condescends to be so familiar with such as Paul Broddern," said Courtney, disdainfully.

Just then Paul glided past them. Paul caught the look of contempt that Arthur Courtney shot at him, but pretended not to see it.

Later on Courtney and Paul happened to be skating very near each other on the centre of the pond.

Suddenly Paul, by accident, struck against Courtney, causing the latter to fall heavily to the ice.

"You did that out of spite!" cried Arthur Courtney, in a voice of rage, though he was unhurt.

"I assure you it was an accident," said Paul, much embarrassed. "I am sorry it happened, and I beg your pardon."

"You'll not get my pardon, you proud beggar. You've been showing off ever since you had those skates on, which, by the

way, are not your own, but Tom Woods'. Make up your mind that you'll pay dearly for what you have just done," said Arthur Courtney, as he rose to his feet.

"I tell you it was an accident," repeated Paul, crushing the humiliation he felt at the other's allusion to his poverty and the skates. "I did not see you, else it never would have happened."

Say what he would, Paul could not induce his victim to believe him. The truth was that Arthur Courtney knew the occurrence was an accident, but refused to credit Paul's explanation because it pleased him to do so.

"You did it purposely, and I repeat, you will suffer for it soon."

There was a significance in Arthur Courtney's tone which Paul did not then perceive, though he did before long.

Arthur Courtney's parents were of the same disposition as himself, and it may be said that his vindictive spirit was inherited from them.

When he reached home after leaving the pond, he sought his father in the library, where the latter was reading a book.

When Arthur went in, his hand was pressed against his side, and his face wore an expression of suffering.

"What ails you, Arthur?" inquired Mr. Courtney, rising from his chair in alarm.

"My hip aches me terribly," replied Arthur, untruthfully for, as I said before, the fall had done him no harm.

"How did it happen?"

"That Paul Broddern knocked me down."

"I suppose he was conducting himself in a rough manner about the pond," said the other, indignantly.

"Yes, father. If he had behaved himself properly, it wouldn't have happened. Besides, he enjoyed the situation when I fell, for I could see a twinkle of pleasure in his eyes," said Arthur, lending color to his speech.

"Father," continued he, "his mother ought not to be kept as my music teacher now."

"See your mother in reference to that matter. I did not engage Mrs. Broddern."

"Where is ma?"

"Upstairs."

Arthur went to his mother and repeated his tale of woe, adding a few more falsehoods for effect.

Mrs. Courtney shed tears when she beheld his half-lame condition.

"The ruffian!" she exclaimed, hotly. "No punishment would be too severe for him."

"You won't keep his mother now, will you ma?"

"She is an excellent teacher, dear."

"But it would be hateful to me to have to sit with her at the piano. I should be always thinking that she was *his* mother. Please tell her not to come any more."

Being an exceedingly spoiled son, Arthur did not have to do much pleading before obtaining his request.

"Very well," said his mother. "I will have her discontinue her visits."

Arthur felt delighted. It was a sweet revenge on Paul.

"Not quite so much money will go into the Broddern family now," he chuckled to himself. "Three lessons a week will make a big loss."

"You had better go and lie down until dinner, dear. Perhaps you will be better by that time."

"I don't feel sick. It is only my hip pains. I would rather go down stairs."

Arthur retreated to the dining-room where his younger sister Eloine happened to be talking playfully to her pet bird.

Eloine was a charming girl and seemed to make up for the rest of the family's defects.

She had been skating on Crystal Pond that afternoon, and had seen her brother fall.

"I suppose you saw that pauper throw me down on the pond, didn't you?"

"I did not see him throw you. I saw him knock against you accidentally, and cause you to fall."

"Accidentally! If he deliberately pushed me off the pond you'd say it was accidental."

"I saw the affair plainly, Arthur. It was a pure accident. Paul Broddern is too nice a boy to be guilty of anything wicked."

"Oh, he is, is he?" sneered her brother, jealously. "You seem to know all about him."

The next afternoon Mrs. Broddern, before starting for Mrs. Courtney's, received a scented note, politely informing her that her services would be no longer required at the home of Arthur's mother.

Mrs. Broddern was much depressed after reading the missive, though she was not very much surprised. Paul had related to her the past circumstance the evening before, and she had a fear at the time that something disagreeable would arise from Arthur Courtney's threat.

"What is the trouble, mother?" said Paul, when he came in from school. "You look worried."

"Mrs. Courtney sent me word to discontinue my visits to Arthur."

"That is some of his work," said Paul bitterly. "That is what he meant when he said he'd make me suffer for knocking him down."

"I am very sorry the affair happened, Paul."

"So am I, mother; but it was not that alone which has prompted him to act so meanly. He dislikes me any way, and he is as jealous of me as he can be. To-day when he said the Capital of Pennsylvania is Philadelphia, and I corrected his mistake with Harrisburg, he muttered all sorts of names under his breath at me, and threatened to fight me after school. He didn't do it, though."

"Well, we must make the best of our loss, which is a serious one to us," said Mrs. Broddern submissively. "We will trust and hope for something in the future."

After writing his exercise in algebra, Paul again started for Crystal Pond. Every one that had been there the preceding afternoon was there now.

Of course the pain in Arthur Courtney's side had ceased to exist, and he was skating about in a most vigorous manner. His sister noticed this and formed her own opinion of him. She smiled and bowed very pleasantly when she observed Paul.

Our hero strolled in among the skaters and enjoyed the merriement as much as was possible for one without skates.

Arthur Courtney kept near him just for the purpose of showing himself, I suppose. Courtney executed many fine movements on the ice, unpretentiously for the benefit of Paul; but the latter did not consider it necessary to give his enemy any attention.

Suddenly every one was startled by a loud, piercing scream.

Eloine Courtney had broken through the ice and disappeared.

Arthur Courtney's face turned deathly pale when he realized his sister's peril.

"Some one save my sister!" he cried excitedly. "I cannot swim!"

If he had loved Eloine with the proper depth of affection, he would have risked his own life for her's, let the consequences be what they might. But he was of a cold, selfish nature, incapable of much love for others. His fright now was due more to the knowledge that she was his sister, and not to any particular love for her.

"Some one save my sister!" he cried out again. "Save her, or she will drown!"

A throng gathered about the spot where Eloine had sunk, all keeping back a safe distance from the opening.

One of the boys sprang forward and leaped in the water. It was Paul Broddern.

In a few moments he appeared to the surface with his dripping burden, and called to the others to help him out.

Tom Woods suggested that they all join hands and form a line.

They did so, and Tom advanced to the opening and grasped Paul's hand.

In another minute Paul and Eloine were landed in safety.

Eloine was in a dead swoon, and Paul had been out of the water but a few moments when his own senses gave way.

That night found Eloine and her rescuer seriously ill at their respective homes.

Mrs. Courtney despised herself when she realized that Eloine's life had been saved by the son of the woman she had treated so unjustly.

"May heaven forgive me," she murmured with the deepest remorse she had ever experienced. "I will see Mrs. Broddern tomorrow and atone for what I have done."

Accordingly Mrs. Courtney called at the Broddern cottage next day.

Paul was so ill that he had not risen from his bed. He was in a worse condition than Eloine.

Mrs. Courtney was touched with pity when she beheld him, and begged of Mrs. Broddern to be allowed to assume all expense brought about by Paul's heroism.

"Forgive me, my dear Mrs. Broddern, for that cruel note of yesterday," she said humbly. "It should never have been writ-

ten. Arthur deceived me with the story he told. He admitted as much to me last evening at Eloine's bedside. Even had the account been true, I should never have let it influence my relations with you. If there is anything I can do for you now, pray do not spare me in the least."

Mrs. Broddern was filled with gratitude for the other's generosity of heart, and she thanked her warmly.

It was a month before Paul and Eloine fully recovered from the effects of their exposure.

By that time Mrs. Broddern was re-installed in her position at the Courtneys', with a remuneration double that which she had previously received.

However, she did not have to continue long at earning the family living. Fortune soon favored the Brodderns in a way they very little dreamed of. One day a stranger called at the cottage and asked for Paul's father. "My name is Harper," said the stranger, "I'm a lawyer from the West in search of Cyrus Broddern, the nephew of Benjamin Broddern of Colorado, who has just died and left a fortune of forty thousand dollars behind him."

"I had an uncle Benjamin," said Mr. Broddern. "He went West years ago. We never heard from him, and believed that he was dead. He was a very poor man then."

"He spoke of having a nephew whom he also believed to be dead. He left his affairs in my hands. If I failed in finding you, which he believed would be the case, his money was to go to an orphan asylum out there. I persevered in my search, and was directed to this village. The only question is to have you properly identified as his nephew before you can receive the money. I presume you can easily do that?"

"I can, sir."

"Mr. Broddern, his wife, and Paul were indeed amazed at this sudden good news. It seemed to them like some unreal dream.

In due time Mr. Broddern obtained the money, and poverty fled from their home.

They and the Courtneys are firm friends now, and visit each other as social equals.

The latter family have yet many shallow ideas, but not of a serious character.

Arthur reformed as well as he could, and showed a great indication to be a close friend of Paul's.

Paul received his advances with consideration, but never cared for Arthur as a companion.

There were points in Arthur's nature which Paul did not like, although he overlooked them.

Paul is honored and admired by every one in Rosedale, especially the poor.

"He was poor and shabby once," they often remark, "although he is well-off now. His father's money has not changed him in the least.

It was so. Poor or rich, Paul Broddern was always the same.

OCTAVE AND HIS FRIEND.

BY HENRY COYLE.

OCTAVE's mother was a poor woman, and she had to go out every day to work in the fields. She could not take her little boy with her, and so she left him at home. They lived in a small hut, near a great forest in France; no other houses were near, and here the boy played from morning till night.

Octave had but few playthings, and after his mother was gone, he amused himself with the few he had till he grew weary; then he would go into the forest and listen to the birds, and watch the brook as it rolled along merrily on its way to the river. He would often sit and wonder where it went; he would float small pieces of wood, and imagine that they were great ships going far away to other countries, and it grieved him when they never came back.

The brook, the birds, the flowers, and the trees alone were his companions; he would talk to them by the hour; for him they had a language which he understood, and he was never lonely. When he grew weary, he would rest on the soft moss beneath the pine-trees; their gentle murmuring, the tinkling of the brook, and the music of the birds, would soon lull him to slumber; and thus the happy days went by.

In winter it was not quite so pleasant, for then everything was covered with snow, the birds and the brook were silent, and the flowers asleep. His mother could not work in the fields, and they were often hungry and cold, but then they were always together. Octave would go with her to gather wood for their fire, and dur-

ing the long winter evenings, she would tell him wonderful legends of the fairies who lived in the forest.

One summer morning his mother kissed him, and went to the fields. After she had gone, Octave began to play with his toys, but he soon wearied of them, and he went out into the forest. He felt restless and uneasy, and he walked very far; he had never ventured so far alone before, and he suddenly came upon a road which ran through the forest.

He and his mother had passed over it once during their rambles in search of firewood, and he remembered she had told him that it was a road built for the convenience of the hunting parties at the castle. He was very tired, and he sat down to rest.

Suddenly he heard a noise, and looking down the road, he saw a boy, a year or two older than himself, approaching. He was richly dressed; his clothes were of velvet, with lace ruffles at the collar, the sleeves and the knees; a blue silk sash was tied around his waist; his shoes had silver buckles, and there was a long, white feather in his wide-brimmed hat.

When he saw Octave, he was very much surprised; he walked up to him, and Octave noticed that he was very beautiful; his eyes were blue, his yellow hair hung down his shoulders in curls, and his face and hands were white as the lily.

"What is your name, and where did you come from?" said the strange lad, smiling.

"My name is Octave; what is yours?"

The boy seemed to be surprised at the abrupt question, but he answered, "My name is Louis. Where do you live?"

"I live with my mother in the hut near the road," answered Octave; "where do you live?"

The boy did not answer, but laughed merrily.

"Are you a fairy?" said Octave, breathlessly.

The lad looked at him with surprise, and then laughed again.

"Yes," he answered; "but, how did you know?"

"Because you are so beautiful," said Octave, frankly; "but where are your wings?"

"Oh, I left them at home," said the lad, and he seemed to be very much amused.

"What makes you smile so much? Are you very happy?"

"No, I am not happy; are you?"

"Oh, yes!" replied Octave.

"What makes you happy?"

"I do not know; my mother says if we are good we shall be happy."

"Ah, then, perhaps that is the reason I am not happy. But, come, let us play. Come and throw stones at the birds," and the strange lad began to gather pebbles.

"No, no, no!" cried Octave, "that would be cruel!"

"Well, then, let us play soldiers. I will be the general, you may be the captain, and we will make believe the daisies are the armies."

Saying this, the lad broke a switch from a bush, and beheaded several of the daisies. Octave sprang forward uttering a low cry of pain.

"Ah, please do not; it is wrong to kill the beautiful flowers."

"Well, then, what can we play? You are a sad coward."

"No," replied Octave, "I am not; but it is cowardly to kill anything not able to defend itself!"

"Well, let us play boar and hound; you may be the young boar, and I will be the hound that hunts you."

"Very well!" said Octave, and he ran ahead for some distance and laid in the bushes. Louis was to hunt for him, and when found, he was to run until he was captured.

Octave waited in the bushes until Louis was within a few feet of him, and then he started up and bounded away. The two boys ran with all their speed, but Louis was the oldest, and his legs the longest, and he soon captured Octave.

The two boys, panting and exhausted sat down to rest.

"Well, you *can* run fast, even if you are a coward!" said Louis, trying to tease him.

"I am not a coward!" said Octave, with dignity; "but one that stones a bird or kills the flowers is a coward."

"What! then you call me a coward?"

Octave did not answer, but he smiled into the lad's eyes.

Suddenly they heard a loud shouting in the distance; the bushes near them parted, and a huge boar rushed toward them, his small eyes blazing, his teeth gnashing. He glared fiercely at them for a moment, but the sound of shouting, and the tramping of horses' feet grew louder, and he advanced nearer to the boys.

"What shall we do?" cried Louis; "he will kill us! are you afraid?"

"No," said Octave; "the good God will protect us! See, I have a knife; I will kill him."

The knife was a long, sharp blade, with an iron handle, used for cutting bushes and twigs. The enraged animal darted forward, and rushed at Louis, evidently attracted by his bright uniform. Another moment and he would have buried his tusks in the lad's breast, when Octave darted forward, and plunged the knife through one of the boar's eyes.

The wounded animal, maddened with pain and blinded by the flow of blood, turned suddenly and knocked Octave down, trampling upon him. Just then there was a loud shout, and the hunting party surrounded the boar, and killed him. Octave felt a great pain in his arm, and then he remembered no more.

When Octave recovered his senses, he was reclining on a beautiful cloak, and several people were standing around him. A lady was bathing his head with perfumed water, and Louis was kneeling beside him; he uttered a cry of joy when he saw Octave open his eyes.

"Are you hurt? are you suffering?"

"I am not a coward," whispered Octave, with a wan smile.

"No, you are a brave boy," replied Louis; "I was only teasing you! But tell me, are you able to walk?"

Octave made an effort to get up on his feet, but he could not stand without assistance. A tall, distinguished looking gentleman stepped forward, took his hat off to Louis, and lifted Octave into his arms.

"Are the ponies on the road?" said Louis, to an attendant; "send them here."

"Yes, your Majesty," answered the man, bowing very low, and hastened away.

Octave looked at Louis with amazement, and then he turned and looked at the group surrounding them, and he noticed that all the gentlemen were standing with their hats in their hands, and that Louis was the only one of the party with his head covered. He often heard his mother say that no one ever wore his hat in the presence of the little king.

"Are you ——?" and Octave looked into the lad's face, enquiringly.

"I am your king," said Louis, gently; "you have saved my life, and I am your friend. I got tired of being constantly

watched, and I thought it would be fun to hide from my attendants; then I met you. But here are the horses!"

Octave saw a beautiful miniature coach, drawn by a pair of little white horses, not much larger than dogs; they shone like white satin; their heads were decorated with soft, white plumes, which waved and nodded, and they had nets of silver thread with fringe and tassels. The tall gentleman put Octave into the coach; the young king then mounted the seat, and surrounded by the court, they turned towards the castle.

A messenger was sent for Octave's mother. At first she was very much alarmed, but when assured that her boy was not seriously injured, she was overjoyed at their good fortune.

When Octave recovered, he was appointed page to the young king, and his mother was given a respectable position in the royal household. The boy afterwards became a distinguished general, and one of the king's most trusted servants.

MANY of you have the ambition to become men of the day. It is a pleasant thing to be pointed at and spoken of as a man of the day. "There is a man who has made his mark." There is a man of whom every one speaks well; the intelligent man, the successful man, the man who is able to propound the law by expressing his opinion—able to sway the markets; the man whose name is blazoned everywhere. You all admire this man. But examine him in detail, for he is made for mere show, a mere *simulacrum* of a man. Pick him in pieces and see what is in this man of the day; whether he will satisfy God or man. See whether he will come up to the wants of society or not. Man, I suppose you will all admit, was created by Almighty God for certain fixed, specific purposes and duties. Surely the God of wisdom, of infinite love—a God of infinite knowledge and freedom, never communicated to an intelligent human being power and knowledge like His own, without having some high, grand, magnificent, and Godlike purpose in view. A certain purpose must have guided Him. Certain duties He must have attached to the glorious privileges that are thus imprinted in man's soul as the image of God.—*V. Rev. Thos. Burke, O.P.*

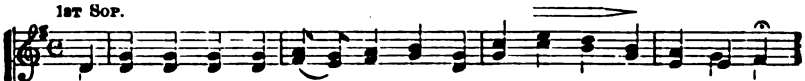
THE CROWNING WITH THORNS.

Words by MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD.

Music by LOUISA MORRISON.

Slow, with great devotion.

1st Sop.



2d Sop.

1. With demon skill Christ's torturers weave Sharp thorns His ho-ly brow to crown,
2. With mocking lips men hail Him, King! His Mother hears their impious jeer,
3. O King di-vine! Thy crown of thorns Our tal-is-man of love should be,

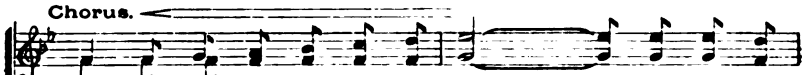
ALTO.



And lo! the pitying an-gels weep, To see the red drops trickling down.
And asks our pitying Lord to melt Their harden'd hearts with love and fear.
That train'd in Thy dread Pas-sion's school, Our ev'-ry thought may turn to Thee.



Chorus.



List - en, O Moth-er, while we pray,..... We show thee



while we pray,



our cares and needs,

all..... our cares and needs,..... As pleading for thy aid we



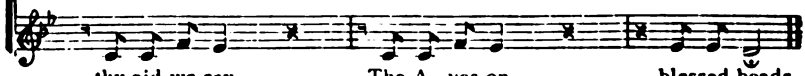
We show thee all

our cares and needs,



bless-ed beads.

say..... The A-ves on..... thy blessed beads.....



thy aid we say,

The A - ves on

blessed beads.

Notes.

WANTED.—Agents for **THE ROSARY** in every city and town in the United States. —When writing for instructions, inclose a letter of recommendation from your parish priest.

Our article on the Old Testament Types of the mysteries of the Rosary was crowded out by matter that we could not omit.

Our January number was delayed by an accident in the printing-room. And some of our readers suffered additional delay by having their copies lost from the wrappers. As soon as we were notified of **THE ROSARY**'s failure to put in an appearance at its place of destination, we promptly mailed extra copies.

Dominican missions during the month of January and February were given in Wilmington, Del., Philadelphia, and other eastern cities by two bands—one led by Father Splinter, O.P., with Fathers De Cantillon and Kernan; the other ably conducted by Fathers McKenna and Daly. In the West, too, throughout Wisconsin, and in Minnesota, and the Dakotas, Fathers Bloomer and Enis, O.P., gave numerous missions, rich in spiritual blessings. Mission-work is very laborious, and the strongest constitution soon gives way under the continual strain. We therefore ask our Rosarians to pray to God for the success of Catholic missions, and for an increase of laborers in the Master's vineyard.

While our second volume will be complete in April, '93, we will receive subscriptions at any date, leaving it to the judgment and the wishes of our patrons as to the time that the subscription will begin.

Our subscribers are respectfully requested to fill out and return to us the blanks that are sent in this issue of **THE ROSARY**. One more number will close the second year's existence of **THE ROSARY**. It remains for our subscribers to cancel old scores and testify their appreciation of **THE ROSARY** by more than a verbal statement to that effect.

The real work of **THE ROSARY** has only begun. Hitherto we have had an uphill time of it, and whilst our experience in magazine work was very limited—and is so still—nevertheless we are more familiar with methods that will be conducive of material benefit to our readers as well

to ourselves. We have heard few complaints from our esteemed Rosarians, but, as far as we were concerned, we did not knowingly give occasion for the least dissatisfaction. We tried hard to have **THE ROSARY** reach our readers for the first Sunday of the month, but as yet have been baffled in our laudable efforts. We do not despair, however, of attaining this point, trifling as it is in reality. All we ask from our Rosarians is the continuance of their good will and the support that our magazine deserves. If there is anything of merit in **THE ROSARY**—and truly we think there is much that is important and interesting—no thanks are due to us, but all the dignity and the interest and importance of the magazine are derived from the exalted theme that we have had mapped out for us. No matter how simple the language, when it is inspired by our blessed Mother's beads, it is by that sole fact ennobled.

If our people desire it we shall tell them much about those beads. During the coming year we purpose to continue our groupings of instructions on the Living Rosary, the Perpetual Rosary, and, finally, clearly and succinctly to show the beauties and advantages that cluster about the great *Archconfraternity* of the Rosary.

At the same time, the best writers in the land will contribute to further the noble plans of him who laid the foundations of our work for the spread of a wholesome literature. To do this we must have support. We particularly request our subscribers to form the good habit of paying as they go. Don't run into debt. We have had some experience ourselves of the misery that such a manner of living entails.

If you are able at all to subscribe for **THE ROSARY**, it would be advisable, and we strongly urge this course, to pay in advance.

We shall continue to send **THE ROSARY** to all our friends who have not notified us of their determination to discontinue after April, '93.

We thank the many who have already renewed their subscription for the year of '93, while we notice with unfeigned pleasure the desire of many of our readers to have **THE ROSARY** sent to charitable institutions, reformatories, and prisons. We will continue to do what we can in the way of having Catholic chil-

dren and the inmates of our public institutions regularly supplied with THE ROSARY. Would that our means allowed us to send Our Lady's magazine to every public building in the land, to the reading rooms that are littered with literature unfit for decent eyes and clean imaginations; to the boarding-houses, the lodging-rooms that house many a poor and honest young man, who for lack of good influence is drawn into the vortex of thoughtless and ruinous dissipations.

We are in receipt of a most interesting manuscript all the way from the old Dominican Convent in Portugal. It contains a very beautiful story entitled "The House of St. Gudwall, a Welchman's Dream," and was written by a learned Irish Dominican years ago, not indeed with a view to publication, but for the entertainment of a choice circle of friends.

The storm that threatened to rupture the seamless garment of Our Lord in the American Church has happily passed off with only a little squall here and there. Mgr. Satolli, the papal delegate, seems to be welcome, although it was feared by a few that he would do away with our parochial schools altogether. We do not just now hear of so many rushing into print, either from the ranks of the "learned ecclesiastics," or from those of the "prominent laymen." Non-Catholics who took note of this newspaper squabble among Catholics thought there were going to be grave internal dissensions that would weaken and cripple the old Church. And indeed while the spectacle was not an edifying one, there is no cause for alarm. Catholics, as a rule, are so busy attending to the maligners of their Church and denying false charges, that when a surcease of these attacks from without came, they thought they

could find time to break a lance or two with themselves.

If they will not be united, the thumb-screws of persecution may be brought into requisition once again with profitable results.

During the month of February a mission of two weeks' continuance was given by six Dominican Fathers in St. Charles Borromeo's Church, Philadelphia, of which Father Sinnott is the respected pastor. The missionaries were Fathers Splinter, McKenna, McFeely, DeCantillon, Daly, and Kernan. After the close of the Philadelphia mission, four of the above mentioned Fathers conducted a very successful mission, lasting two weeks, in St. Joseph's Church, this city. Rev. D. P. Flynn, pastor.

From this city four of the missionaries headed by Father Splinter, go to Buffalo, N. Y., to give a two weeks' mission in the Cathedral, Rev. James E. Quigley, pastor, and on the same day another band opens a two weeks' mission in Lowell, Mass., for Father O'Brien.

CALENDAR FOR MARCH.

March 5. First Sunday of month, three Plenary Indulgences.

a) C.C. Visit Rosary chapel.

b) C.C. Assist at Procession.

c) C.C. Visit Rosary chapel; prayer.

March 7. Feast of St. Thomas Aquinas. Plenary Indulgence, C.C., visit and prayers.

March 10. Feast of the Five Wounds.

March 16. Feast of the Sacred Lance.

March 17. Feast of the Precious Blood.

March 24. Feast of the Seven Dolors.

Plenary Indulgence, C.C.

March 25. Feast of the Annunciation, Plenary Indulgence, C.C.

March 30. Holy Thursday.

March 31. Good Friday.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

1. Referring to the article on *The Souls in Purgatory in the December number*, I would like to know if the Rosary is believed to be of more benefit to the Holy Souls than the Way of the Cross, so highly indulgenced?

ANS.—Father Faber says that it is not right to make comparisons between saints, and perhaps the same might be said of devotions; each has its advantages, and each appeals to individual tastes. Which one of the forms of prayer is more beneficial to the poor souls may not be easy to determine. It is, however, commonly believed that as the Rosary is more highly indulgenced than any other form of prayer, and that as all its indulgences are applicable to

the souls in purgatory, perhaps we might say that it is the most beneficial of all devotions.

CLERICAL SUBSCRIBER:—By what Pontiff has the plenary indulgence of the Rosary been granted to Rosarians at the moment of death?—And to whom is the authority delegated to impart the same?

ANS.—The Rosary indulgence in articulo mortis was first granted by Innocent VIII., 15th of October, 1484, and confirmed by Leo X., and afterwards by Pius V.

Any priest whom a member may choose after having received the last sacraments, has power to impart the Rosary Indulgence using the prescribed form, vide "Acta Sanctæ Sedis," Vol. I. p. 182.—Vol. II., 300, 543, 544.

BOOK NOTICES.

"THE HEART-WATCH," Translated from the French of Father Rigoleus, S.J., by a Seminarian. St. Joseph's Seminary, Baltimore.

LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC AND POLITICAL VIEWS OF ORESTES A. BROWNSON; selected from his works by Henry F. Brownson. Benziger Bros., New York, Cincinnati, Chicago. Price, 12mo., cloth, \$1.25, net.

As indicated by the title of this book, the cullings are from Brownson's literary, scientific, and political writings, and are most admirably chosen.

In this way access will be gained to what would have been for many a sealed book, and the result will be a more close acquaintance with the author.

While we do not indorse all of Brownson's views on the various subjects which he has treated, we still think that it is well and cannot but prove interesting and instructive to know how these views are advanced and defended.

The reading of excerpts some will regard as unsatisfactory, while to others they reveal the beauties which else might have remained forever hidden. We found such a splendidly generous array of topics, some of which are now the burning questions of the day, in the volume before us, that we could not but regard them with pleasure. Some of them are rather brief; but then he who is dissatisfied with the brevity of any of the excerpts is respectfully referred to the original source.

This book should have a wide circulation. It is highly deserving of it. We wish that other books of the same plan were published, making known to our Catholic Americans the treasures of literature which they possess, but seemingly do not prize. How many, for example, are familiar with Kenelm Digby's forcible and loyally Catholic writings?

The American publisher sadly complains that he can with difficulty dispose of the edition that he has made. If a judicious culling were made from these ponderous volumes they would undoubtedly never prove a drug in the market.

MARCH ROSARY.

INTENTIONS.

The prayers of Rosarians are asked for the temporal and spiritual progress of two sorely tried; a special intention; a happy marriage; the means to pay off a debt; two persons neglecting their religious duties; employment for several; the successful sale of a piece of proper-

ty; Let books be multiplied. If Catholics are accused of an absence of a literary taste and appetite, educate and tempt them with a multiplicity of good books and cheap. The *cost* and not the *size* has, we believe, deterred most persons from procuring the complete edition of "Brownson's Works" as well as any other.

MOMENTS BEFORE THE TABERNACLE, by the Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J. Benziger Bros. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago. Price, cloth, 40 cts.

A devotional but by no means a dry book. The reflection of the author in his preface is helpful and consoling. He has heard of a book similar in theme to his own, called "Hours at the Altar: " "Alas! few can count by the hour they spend before the altar." They may indeed spend a few moments in the presence of their Lord, and with this little book to help them they will be strongly tempted to prolong those moments into hours. We confess, however, that as all who read and meditate may not be familiar with any other than the English language, the introduction of quotations from the Latin and French, however sententious, pointed and epigrammatic they may be, strikes us nevertheless as pedantic, and ought to be severely omitted.

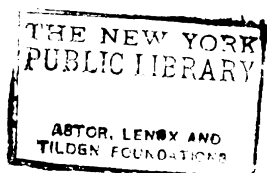
We heartily commend the little book in spite of these minor defects.

STADO GENERAL DE LOS RELIGIOSOS Y RELIGIOSAS de la Provincia del Santissimo Rosario del Sagrado Orden de Predicadores del Filipinas.

This interesting pamphlet is printed in Manila, the chief city of the Philippine Islands, and also the city in which is located the principal Convent of the Order of St. Dominic. This Convent was founded in the year 1587, and has with its splendid college and university of St. Thomas, continued to prepare soldiers of the cross for the laborious missions of Western Asia and the islands of the Pacific.

It is consoling, while it sounds strange, to say so, that the Order of St. Dominic is flourishing in those islands of the Pacific better, perhaps, than in any other country.

ty; a woman afflicted with a very troublesome cancer; several sick persons; for the repose of the soul of John Farrell who died at New Britain, Ct., Nov. 7, '92; for one in grave spiritual trouble; situations for several; the conversion of three; the grace to overcome scruples and strong temptations; employment for two.





OUR LADY OF THE PASSION FLOWER.



VOL. II.

APRIL, 1893.

NO. 12.

THE FIRST GLORIOUS MYSTERY.

MARY IRWIN.

Surrexit Christus. Hail, thou glorious Light!
What radiant splendors all the world illumine!
O wondrous light! a sun-burst from the tomb,
Heral'd by angel clothed in garments white
Who rolled the stone away at close of night!
The Christ is ris'n, dispelled is death's dread gloom
Here, holy women, fairer flowers bloom
Than ye have brought, the flow'rs of hopes all bright:
For Christ is risen, Conqueror of death,
And we shall rise, our hopes are not in vain.
We too, shall rise and join His glorious train.
Though universal nature is the breath
Of a new life, a fadeless, endless spring,
And Heav'n and earth with alleluias ring.

THE CHILDREN OF THE PETREL.

An Easter Story.

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

Two children wandered all day long, sad and tearful. Once Gerald laughed with delight, and forgot the horrible night that had just passed, for he came suddenly upon a clam lying on the beach; and in picking it up he found a dozen others in the sand. One of these clams had opened its shell, and tried to close it again on a sharp pebble. The clam could not close its stony lips, and there it was when Gerald saw it, gaping on the sand. He was pleased, because he knew that his little sister could now have something to eat. Once, when their ship had touched at an island, a sailor had taken him ashore on his back, and had opened some clams for him. Now he knew what to do. He made his poor, tired little sister sit down in a nest of dry sea-weed, under a big rock; then with a flat, sharp shell he opened the clams. He was afraid to use his own knife,—a most precious thing to a boy,—for fear that it should break. Geraldine raised her dark-fringed eyelids, to look up for a moment, when the clam-juice was poured into her mouth. But as it was the first taste of anything to eat she had had that day, she soon showed that she liked the little clams which her brother put into her mouth. The color came back to her cheeks after a time, and she smiled as Gerald swallowed his clams in quick succession. The sun was warm on the sand, and, after a time, Geraldine went to sleep. Gerald covered her up with the warm, dry sea-weed, and wandered off a few paces to a little grove near. Here, on the ground, he saw a long trail of the arbutus,—the aromatic May-flower. This he wreathed into a crown and laid it beside his sister. He knew that it would please her when she should awake.

He thought of the events of the night; it seemed as if he had a bad dream. But it had been no dream. Yesterday he and Geraldine, with the kind Father O'Mally, had been passengers aboard the Petrel. Last night they had been awakened by the cry that the ship was ashore on the rocks. A sudden storm had sprung up, and the poor little ship tossed and struggled.

beating itself against the rocks like a bird trying to escape from a net.

Geraldine and Gerald were seized in the arms of Father O'Mally, wrapped in a big cloak, and lowered into a boat. There was a strange rush around them, the high whistling of the wind, salt spray on their faces. They were lifted far up by the waves, and then dropped far down. Father O'Mally told them not to be afraid; but they were very much afraid, though their faces were so covered by his cloak that they could not see the lightning that seemed to cut the sky in two with its zigzag blades.

After a time, during which poor Gerald clasped his ivory crucifix tight, and prayed with all his heart, Father O'Mally was parted from them. They heard him whisper: "God bless you!" There was a deafening crash; the boat broke to pieces on the beach, and Geraldine and Gerald found themselves entangled in a great mass of wet sea-weed on the beach. The Petrel and their little boat had gone down. These little children were left alone.

Geraldine, who was only seven years old, cried loudly for her own dear Father O'Mally; Gerald, who was ten, knew that the sea had swallowed him. Fortunately, the priest's thick cloak had protected them from the sea. They were damp, but not thoroughly wet. They made a tent of it as best they could, and waited for the dawn. When the sun rose above the ocean they were very glad. They looked again and again, for some trace of the Petrel, but there was none. Waves followed one another, breaking on the beach in white foam. The sun grew warmer and warmer. It was early in spring, and there was a new breath of softness in the air.

Gerald thought of the chilliness of the night before, and shivered. Then, to drive the thought away, he looked at his little sister, and smiled as he saw the garland of the arbutus beside her.

These two children had lost their father and mother a year ago. A sudden fever had carried many people off on the coast of Brittany, and among them were Gerald and Geraldine's father and mother. This had been a sad blow to the children; their father's dear friend, Father O'Mally, had taken care of them; he had put them in the care of some kind nuns at St. Malo. The Captain, their father, had been driven from Ireland by the unjust laws against the Irish, and he had entered the service of France. He had acquired some property in Brittany, and there he dwelt,

when not engaged in military duty. Father O'Mally was his chaplain, and one of the family.

Father O'Mally had been called by his spiritual superiors to the island of Cuba, and he could not bear to leave his dear, little friends behind him. He was permitted to sell their estate, by the terms of their father's will, and he did this. With them, an attendant, and all their money and jewels, he started in a French vessel, *L'Etoile*; but it was wrecked. The Petrel, an English bark, took them and all their belongings on board, and, though it was bound for the new English settlement on Plymouth Rock, the captain promised that, after he had discharged his cargo of bread-stuff and household gear for the Pilgrims, he would make for Cuba. He could easily do this, for Father O'Mally offered him a high price. But we know what happened; we know the Petrel's fate, and that of all her crew and passengers; and we find Gerald and Geraldine resting not far from that famous Plymouth settlement so famous in history.

As Gerald turned his gaze from his little sister, whose cheek had now become as pink as the arbutus, he saw columns of smoke rising to the horizon. And under the roofs from which that smoke rose dwelt some noted New Englanders, Miles Standish and Priscilla, and John Alden in those early days of spring, and last days of Lent.

Gerald's eyes sparkled as he saw the smoke. It meant a fire, and a fire meant a hearth, and a hearth meant welcome. There would be warmth and food for Geraldine, and perhaps their clothes might be changed. But then he remembered that his clothes were in the big, oaken chest, and he knew that the sea had swallowed it up.

Along the edge of the breakers was a fringe of sea-weed, spars, and other rubbish cast up by the sea in the night. Perhaps the chest might be there. He knelt first, and said a prayer to St. Antony. Surely, St. Antony, who always found lost things, would not refuse to get back the chest of clothes.

He went to the edge of the water:—sea-weed, a broken table, a soaked book. He picked the book up. He knew it was Father O'Mally's Breviary; he kissed it, and put it under his arm. Then he saw a box of broken bottles, and at last, after much looking, two large chests, side by side, and one of them was his. They were embedded in the sand, and a low ledge of

rock stood between them and the ocean. Gerald could only hope that the waves might not carry them away in the night; for he could not move them with all his strength.

He saw a man with a peaked hat and a black cloak coming towards him along the beach. He ran back to Geraldine as fast as he could go. He threw himself down on the sand near her, clutching the little sword which hung at his belt. His crucifix, thrust between the folds of his black velvet doublet, showed plainly as the stranger paused for a moment to look at the children. Gerald rose and stood still, with his sword in his hand.

"Ha!" said the stranger, in an austere voice. "You would fight, little man!"

Gerald looked up at him; his face was reddened by the hardships of winter, his eyes were black and piercing, his expression almost terrible in its gloom. His peaked hat and his inky cloak made him all the more dreadful in the eyes of the little boy. The man's face took a kindlier look, as he noticed the sleeping Geraldine in her garland of arbutus. But his brow became as black as night, as he saw the crucifix. Gerald, who, young as he was, saw that something was wrong, tried to feel very brave; but the expression of the stranger was so severe, that the boy's heart failed. To him, the figure of his dear Lord on the cross meant peace and pardon; and so he took it from his bosom and held it out to the stranger, instead of the tiny sword.

The stranger's face flushed; he bent forward and tried to dash the sacred symbol from the boy's hand. But Gerald started back, and avoided his blow. Geraldine awoke with a cry.

"Ye be idolators!" cried the man. "I will have you burned in the fire as witches or bewitched," he said, "unless you give up that idol to be destroyed."

Gerald, who had heard French spoken so long, found it hard to understand the man's words at once. He hesitated.

"Come, give it up,—that I may cast it into the sea!" repeated the stranger.

Gerald put it back into the folds of his doublet, and seized his sword.

"Take it, if you can," he said. "Oh, if I were a man, instead of a little boy, I would teach you to respect the cross."

"Even you, child of the evil one, thirst for blood," said the man. "It is natural for the Papist to desire the blood of the godly. Whence comest thou?"

"From a ship, the Petrel, which is no more."

The man started.

"The Petrel! Alack! 'Tis well the winter is over, or the stores the Petrel had aboard would be sorely missed by our people. Your name?"

"Gerald," said the boy, resolved to say as little as possible.

"And your country?"

"My father and my grandfather were Irishmen, and I——"

"The Irish were ever a pestilent race," muttered the man. "You will stay with us, since you have been sent hither, and we will teach you to hate the idol you have just shown me. There is one among us now who is even an idolater, I suspect, for he is of the Irish blood. Give me the idol!"

"Never," said Gerald, "I will die first."

"Who is he? who is he?" asked Geraldine. "He makes me afraid."

"I do not fear him," answered Gerald, though he was trembling all over. "Do not cry, Geraldine, he can not hurt us."

"If you will throw that popish cross into the sea," the man said, "I will take you home with me, and you and your little sister will be as brands plucked from the burning. You shall depart from your popish ways, and listen to godly words. Otherwise," said the man, craning his long neck high above the stiff, white ruff about it, "you shall be left here to perish, or be burned as the witches are burned. How do I know that ye be not foul witches in the fair forms of children?"

Gerald looked at the man steadily with his clear, innocent eyes.

"I thought you were a Christian, because I knew not that pagans dressed in clothes like yours. We will come among you, —yes, and we will teach you what the crucifix means, and even little Geraldine, though she is but five years of age, can tell your children the story of our Lord's birth." Gerald put his arm around his little sister's waist, dropped his sword, and again took the crucifix from his doublet.

The man's face became crimson.

"You mock me!" he said, angrily. "I verily believe that you are imps of Satan, risen from the depths, not cast up by the sea."

And he went on, leaving them, as the sun was going down. Some distance within the little wood where Gerald had gathered the arbutus was a deserted hut. It had an evil reputation. The

people of the settlement said that it was the haunt of witches,—that black dogs with flaming eyes might be seen at night running about its neglected garden, and that a witch was observed to fly from its chimney on a broomstick. Of course this was nonsense.

Gerald took his sister to the hut, which contained no furniture. Father O'Mally had told them always to carry flint, steel, and timber with them. Gerald piled the chimney-piece high with dry sea-weed and wind-falls of doughs. There was soon a roaring fire. Then he remembered the keys that hung to the chain about his neck. Bidding Geraldine enjoy the warmth of the fire, he ran down to the sea, and tried the chests with his keys. On top of one he found a thick, woollen cloak, and beneath a box containing the provisions dear Father O'Mally had made for the celebration of Geraldine's feast day, which was Easter Monday. There was a large cake, hard and rich with almonds and raisins, five little wax candles, a flask of sweet wine, and some little pink lozenges. The water had not injured anything. Below these trifles there were cups of silver, gold plate, rich cloth, and several caskets. Gerald took one of the caskets out; it was very heavy; he could not carry it, so he put it back again, and locked the chest.

Geraldine was weeping when he returned. She was lonely; she wanted Martha, her nurse; she wanted mamma and papa and Father O'Mally. Gerald gave her a piece of cake and a sip of the sweet wine; and they had a little feast together. But Geraldine was not satisfied with the rich cake; she wanted milk and bread and butter. Gerald forgot his own fears,—for the sight of the frowning man in the peaked hat lay heavy on his heart,—and hung his beautiful crucifix on the wall, with the garland of arbutus around it; and beneath it he put two of the lighted candles.

"To-morrow is Easter Sunday," he said, "and we will rejoice. But to-night we will watch by our dear Lord, and ask Him to take our sufferings as an offering. Surely, Geraldine, you would not want bread and milk when our God lies lonely in the tomb."

Geraldine, pleased with the lights, and touched by her brother's speech, was content with a drink of water he brought her in the silver cup covering the mouth of the flask, from the disused well near the door.

The night closed around them. It was a quiet night, and the sound of the woodfire, and the low boom of the sea were the only noise that broke the silence.

"I am afraid," whispered Geraldine, drawing closer to her brother, and putting her curly, golden head against his shoulder; "I saw a face at the window.

Gerald shivered, but said bravely:

"Let us sing. Who can hurt us when the figure of our dear Lord is yonder, among our flowers?"

"Well, sing," said Geraldine, closing her eyes. "Oh, I wish we were with papa and mamma, and the angels."

And Gerald began, in his clear voice:—

"Carol Easter, Carol Easter,
Sing aloud, Our Lord is free,
After darkness, after sorrow,
He has ris'n triumphantly;
Carol loudly, carol sweetly,
He has ris'n for you and me,
He's Our Father, He's our Brother,—
He who died upon the tree."

Geraldine joined in with her shrill, piping voice:—

Carol Easter, sing of Easter,
Sing aloud, Our Lord is free!"

Outside in the darkness, there was a group of men. One was the gloomy man who had spoken to Gerald on the sand; his face was pressed against the little window.

"See the idolaters at their work,—they are adoring images!" he said. "Let them perish. I say, Ezekiah Smite-the-Breast, we must burn them as they are, in this foul witch's nest, lest a curse be brought upon our good work."

"Even so," said a shrill voice near him, "even so, godly Master Simons, it must be done. 'Twill give our good ministers many a text against popish witchcraft, when they hear the tale. Hark, they sing some devilish song to satan. He will yet appear, and whisk them and their idol away, if we make not quick work."

"Carol Easter, sing of Easter,
Sing aloud, Our Lord is free,
After darkness, after sorrow,
He has ris'n triumphantly."

A groan rose from the dozen black-cloaked men outside. Gerald heard it, and, with a sudden impulse, drew Geraldine to the crucifix, and, kneeling, kissed the feet of the Figure. The boy's heart almost ceased to beat. The faces at the window seemed

horrible to him,—faces of monsters. At the foot of the crucifix was safety. Geraldine clung to her brother with all her might, sobbing fitfully. There was no more singing.

A young man, wearing a fur cap, separated himself from the outskirts of the group, and approached the window. He was touched by the sight of the two little creatures kneeling in the fitful firelight before the crucifix.

"Why, they are but children," he said; "surely you would not slay them. They have been cast ashore, as I was, from a wreck; surely, you will spare the babes.

He spoke in a soft, rich voice.

"Smite and spare not, so sayeth the scripture," said Master Simons; "to-day the boy there even threatened me with a sword,—a bewitched sword, I suspect, for no human child would have been so bold. I am assured that these children of satan will bring plague, and murder, and disease of cattle, and the wrath of Jehovah upon our colony. Slay them;—find the wood and use the torch;—let us rid the land of this nest of witches and the foul brood within!"

The black cloaks groaned in sympathy. Shaun O'Leary, the young man who had spoken, clenched his fist. Tears rushed to his eyes, as he thought of those innocent children; his voice was choked. His first impulse was to defy the group of bigots; his second, to remember that it would probably be the means of destroying both himself and the little ones. He had been thrown on the hospitality of the colony; he had worked hard for it, and shirked no task, and yet, as he never went to the meeting-house, he was suspected. It was only the friendship of that great man in the colony, Captain Miles Standish, which prevented his punishment for this omission. Shaun O'Leary was a Catholic, and he longed, with a heart-sick longing, for the consolations of the Church.

He must save the children,—even if he died for it. He judged that it would take the crowd some time to fire the hut. Would he have a chance to reach the settlement, to find Captain Miles Standish?—*he* would never consent to have the dear, little children killed, no matter what the rest might say. And yet, if the thatch had dried in the hot sun, a spark from Master Simons' flint and steel might do the horrible work.

Shaun, praying with all his heart, started off, in the shadows,

towards the settlement. He had gone only a few yards when he saw a woman, thickly cloaked, leading a little child by the hand. A woman,—and doubtless a woman of quality, by her stately walk,—might help him.

"Ah, little one," he heard her say to the child, "you should not have wandered so far; I have looked for you since the evening meal, and so have all our good neighbors."

"Oh, Mistress Alden," said Shaun, "is it you? Thank God! Come with me at once,—they are murdering two little children."

Priscilla Alden dropped the cloak from about her face, and half smiled at Shaun's evident fear.

"See," she said to the little one who was clinging to her, "this might have happened to you, had you wandered farther in search of the May-flower."

"I did but want to make a basket for thee, mother," began the child.

"Come, Mistress Alden, or it will be too late! Even now I see the torch flashing in Master Simon's hand.

"Whither?"

"To the witches' hut."

Priscilla Alden hesitated. It was a name of ill-omen, and she herself believed in witches; but she trusted Shaun, and she followed him to the hut, imagining that some one was deceiving Shaun.

Gerald and Geraldine still knelt at the foot of the crucifix. The fire, which had been well fed with knots and sea-weed, lit up the little room. The crucifix surrounded by its May-flower wreath, the golden heads of the children, Gerald's white face and clasped hands, told their own story, as Priscilla, with an air of authority, pushed her way through the group, and looked in the window. Geraldine's golden head was set trustingly on her brother's shoulder; and this touched Priscilla's heart. And at this moment, Gerald, feeling his little sister's sobs,—she was afraid to cry aloud,—began to sing, to give her courage, in his trembling voice:

"Carol Easter, sing of Easter,
Like a new tree from the ground,
Carol Easter, carol Easter,
Comes Our Lord with glory crowned."

It was a hymn his mother had taught him. Priscilla felt a sob in her own throat, as she turned away.

"I must see those little children," she said, turning to Master Simons, who stood ready to apply the torch to the thatch.

"They must die the death,—they and their idol," said Master Simons. "Away! Mistress Alden, if you would not be cursed by the witches."

The other men groaned, piling more brush-wood about the house.

"Shaun," said Mistress Alden, her eyes flashing, "break open that door!"

Shaun's mighty foot and fist obeyed her in an instant. She entered swiftly, and clasped the children in her arms.

"Now," she cried, "let them dare to burn John Alden's wife!"

Master Simon's dropped his torch and followed her, his face white with rage. Shaun took Gerald, and Priscilla followed him with Geraldine and her own little one. But Gerald had not forgotten to take his own dear crucifix from the wall.

Master Simons tried to strike it from his hand, as he passed out. But Priscilla,—she was a strong woman, —thrust his hand aside.

"It is the image of Christ," she said solemnly, moved by a power she understood not.

Shaun knelt and kissed her hand.—

"Mistress Alden," he said, "you and yours shall be blessed for this forevermore."

Simons applied his torch to the hut. The frail structure blazed up. Geraldine burst into tears; it was for her lost wreath of arbutus.

* * * * *

The children spent Easter in the house of the Aldens. Their chests holding all their fortune, were given to them by the powerful Miles Standish. In May a ship touched at the Colony, bound for England; and it took back on their way to France, the two children and their protector Shaun. They fared well among friends there, and lived happy lives. And many, many times did Shaun and Gerald and Geraldine pray for the good Priscilla, and say: "May she and her children be blessed forevermore!"

"THEY who have light in themselves will not revolve as satellites."—*Anon.*

MANUAL OF THE LIVING ROSARY.

BY A DOMINICAN PRIEST.

CHAPTER V.

Feasts of the Sodality and how they are to be observed; also its common customs.

I.—FEAST OF THE MOST HOLY ROSARY.

As Rosary Sunday (1st Sunday of October) is the principal feast of the sodality, it should be celebrated with all possible solemnity by the sodalists. The associates should go in a body to the Sacred Table, and offer their Holy Communion to God for the Pope's intentions. On the afternoon of the Vigil and on the feast itself they should make as many visits as possible to the altar or image of the Rosary in some Rosary Confraternity church, in order that they may gain the plenary indulgence due to each visit made with prayer for the Pope's intentions.

These indulgences they should generously place in the hands of the Blessed Mother for the benefit of the holy souls in purgatory. Many persons in the Church make it a rule to give all the satisfactory merits of their works to the Blessed Virgin for the members of the Church suffering.¹ Nothing pleases God and the Blessed Mary more than to see their devoted children on earth working with a will for the liberation of souls that are so dear to them, and that ought to be most dear to us.

Every member of the sodality should take part in the solemn procession of the Most Holy Rosary on Rosary Sunday, and this chiefly for two reasons: 1, in order that they may profess openly their faith and confidence in their heavenly Queen, show their love for her and testify their deep gratitude to her for all the benefits they have received from her sacred hands; and 2, that they may be enabled thereby to assist with the indulgences gained the holy souls. In the evening all the associates should devoutly assist at the public exercises conducted in the presence of the Most Holy Sacrament exposed for adoration, and endeavor to make satisfaction, at least in some measure, to divine justice for

¹ See Heroic Act in the Supplement.

all the irreverences and offences of the world against the God of the Eucharist, but especially for those committed by themselves.

II.—FEAST OF ST. DOMINIC.— (*4th of August.*)

As the associates of the sodality share in all the spiritual works of the three Orders of the great St. Dominic, it is plain that they should nourish in themselves special devotion to the glorious patriarch, the institutor and first preacher of the Most Sacred Rosary. Hence on his chief feast they should, in thanksgiving to God, the Blessed Virgin Mary and the Saint, assist at Mass, receive Holy Communion, and recite at least five decades of the Rosary.

It is to their interest to make St. Dominic, in the recitation of their decade and chaplet, their intercessor with the Queen of the Most Holy Rosary, for if it is true, and it certainly is, that he never asked while on earth any favor through the Rosary from the Blessed Mother, which he did not receive, what must not be his power and influence with her now that he is one of the princes of her court!

III.—FEAST OF ST. PHILOMENA, VIRGIN AND MARTYR.—

(*3d of September.*)

Gregory XVI. constituted St. Philomena, the renowned wonder-worker of the 19th century, the special patroness of the sodality. Therefore let all sodalists often and often commend themselves and their association to the care of this great saint, and observe and celebrate her feast with as much solemnity as possible. The best way to keep any feast is to assist at Mass, receive worthily Holy Communion, and recite the Holy Rosary at some convenient time during the day.

IV.—SOLEMN FEASTS OF OUR LORD AND OF HIS
BLESSED MOTHER.

Those among the solemn feasts of Our Lord and of His Most Blessed Mother, which commemorate the holy mysteries of the Rosary, should be celebrated by all sodalists with special devotion. On those days the mystery of the feast should be dwelt upon with special care and attention, and with reference to the obligations of one's state of life. If possible, Holy Communion should be received by all members on the feast of each of the mysteries.

V.—CERTAIN COMMON CUSTOMS.

I. OFFERINGS.

When the organization was first established, each new associate was invited to make an offering, and to renew that offering every year. Usually the contribution was fifteen cents, or fifteen centimes, in memory and honor of the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary. The contributions thus received were at first destined to defray the necessary expenses of the sodality, viz., for printing, the purchase of leaflets with the mysteries, seals of the society, &c., and the surplus was expended in procuring chaplets, medals, good books, pictures, and other religious articles for those who could not pay for them.

The annual contributions were entirely voluntary, and were never a necessary condition for the gaining of the indulgences of the sodality. In some places another method of procuring the money necessary to meet or cover the current expenses of the organization existed, viz., a voluntary contribution was made by the members whenever they met to receive the mysteries of Rosary.

At present the practice seems to be, at least in this country, that each member is expected to give a small donation each time he or she receives a new mystery. It should, however, be well understood by all that this contribution is not a tax, and that it is not compulsory, and that no member can be excluded from the society because he or she does not contribute just so much. Of course, every reasonable being will at once understand that money is necessary for the proper administration of any and every organization, and therefore each member should do his very best in every way for the furtherance of the ends of this pious sodality.

The prefect collects the alms from the members of his circle and marks in his book containing the list of their names the amount received by him. He is earnestly urged to give, as soon as convenient, the offerings collected by him and registered on his special list, to the president, or, if there be no president, to the director. The president or the director on receiving the amount of alms specified on the prefect's list, is admonished to sign that list in the same manner as if he were giving a receipt.

All collections received by the president from prefects are to be sent as soon as convenient to the treasurer of the organization, and the latter is required to place, in testimony of their reception by him, his signature, in the form of a receipt, on the president's

list. In this way prefects, presidents, and treasurers will find it very easy to render an account of their stewardship in regard to the monies received by them for the organization, and to authenticate their accounts with it before the director and his council.

It should be also carefully remembered that the foundress of the Living Rosary intended two things in her great work: 1, the conversion of sinners through the prayers of the Rosary and the meditations on its mysteries; 2, a circulating library, the books of which were to pass from hand to hand for the purpose of counteracting the influence of the vile books that were at that time everywhere disseminated by the enemies of faith and purity. In her letter to the Dominican General she assigns as the two principal causes of the evils of her day, the diffusion of bad books, and the neglect of meditation.

The Living Rosary and the circulating library were the two remedies that she proposed for the removal of the two great evils named. The reasons given by the foundress to the Dominican General for the evils of her times, may be, without fear of contradiction, declared likewise to be the cause of many of the evils of our times, and hence directors ought, imitating the spirit of the foundress, to labor for the establishment in their parishes of a circulating library.

2. MEETINGS.

Meetings not only strengthen the bonds of the association, but also keep alive in it the love of rule, unanimity, order, and fervor.

There are three classes of meetings: 1, meetings of the officials (presidents and prefects); 2, of the members of the same circle, and, 3, of the associates of the same parish or locality. Every one knows well how important it is for the maintenance of uniformity, harmony, and rule, that the officers agree among themselves and labor under the guidance of the director and in concert with him. Many mistakes and misunderstandings will be avoided if the officials hold regular meetings, and in cases of doubt or of importance, consult the director of the sodality.

Frequent meetings of the prefects and of the associates of their respective circles give to both the officers and the simple members happy opportunities of becoming strengthened in fervor, zeal, and charity.

In fine, it would be well if all the associates of the sodality would hold, from time to time, general meetings, for the purpose of imparting to the Living Rosary association a unanimous movement, and of infusing into it an increase of life. It was with this object that the directors in many places gathered around them in the parochial church, on the first Sunday of the month, the sodalists, and explained to them on each of those occasions some one of the mysteries of the Rosary.

Nothing has been determined by law in regard to these reunions or meetings, but it is highly desirable that the meetings of the prefects and their associates should take place every month, and those of all the officers together at least three or four times a year.¹

3. PUBLIC DEVOTIONS.

When possible sodalists should meet at a convenient hour on the feasts of the Most Blessed Virgin, and on Sundays in a church, and there before the altar of the great Mother of God recite in common a third part of the Rosary with the Litany of Loretto. Both before and after these exercises may be sung some appropriate canticle in honor of the Queen of the Most Holy Rosary.

This practice, so advantageous to individual piety, and so useful in all public necessities, ought to be introduced everywhere, especially as our Most Holy Lord, Leo XIII., has declared that it is his earnest wish that the Rosary be recited every day in the principal church in each diocese, and on feast days and Sundays in parochial churches.² Sodalists ought to be frequently reminded to practice regularly the Stations of the Cross, and to make frequent acts of adoration of the Most Holy Sacrament.³

4. MASSES.

On the first free day after the feast of the Most Holy Rosary, an anniversary Mass should be solemnly celebrated for all the sodal-

¹ Girard: *Manuel du Rosaire Vivant*, p. 42-44.

² Leo XIII. in *Brevi* 24 Decembr. 1883.

³ The great object of the Living Rosary is to bend Heaven to our cause, and to implore God's mercy and grace on the human family. To do this in an efficacious manner, the pious founders of the association conceived the holy thought of urging the associates to join to their principal duty, another very beautiful and edifying practice, viz., to make every year one-half an hour's adoration before the Most Blessed Sacrament, or to make in the name of the whole organization, the Stations of the Cross.

ists who died during the year. After the death of a sodalist the members should take care to have a private Mass of requiem celebrated for his or her soul, at which, at least the associates of the circle to which the deceased member belonged in life should assist. In some places Masses are sung every third month for the intentions of the sodality. Wherever this praiseworthy custom exists, these Masses may be celebrated on the first free day after each of the following feasts of the Blessed Mother, viz., the Purification, Annunciation, Assumption, and Nativity. In some other places, every month, on the first or the third Sunday, a Mass is celebrated for the same intention, and a sermon is delivered to the assembled officers and members on their duties and obligations to their society and to one another.

5. FUNERALS.

On the coffins, graves, or tombs of dead sodalists it is usual to place, as marks of the sodality, three crowns of flowers, each composed of five roses. The three crowns together should give the three colors of the Rosary, viz., white, red, and yellow; hence each crown should be composed of roses of that color which it is intended to represent.

6. SPECIAL ORGANIZATION OF THE SODALITY.

For the greater increase of membership, propagation of the devotion, and the perfection of its government, the sodality may, like the confraternity of the great Rosary, have a special organization. In large cities special organization soon shows its fruits, and even in country places in which the population is scattered, it will be found to be most useful and beneficial. This association as designed by its pious founders and approved by the Holy See, is composed of a director who must always be a priest, of a president, a secretary, a treasurer, a librarian, councilors, and simple members. Inasmuch as the regulations just described in regard to the feasts and common customs of the sodality, have been, for the most part, practiced from the beginning of the organization, one would naturally suppose that they must have great weight or authority, yet, strange to say, they do not appear to induce a strict obligation on the members. Let directors, therefore, wisely select from amongst these regulations those that they may judge, according to circumstances and in the Lord, most opportune and beneficial to the members, and to the devotion itself.

However, there should be, as much as possible, uniformity in the administration of all the various sodalities of the same name, for every one can readily understand that some members become very much weakened in their reverence for certain associations when they discover that those organizations are administered differently in different places; one way in the place in which they lately resided, and in another way in the place in which they are now residents or visitors. Uniformity of government renders the association stable and productive of many blessings.

(To be continued.)

THE MORNING STAR.

EUGENE DAVIS.

WHEN the dark clouds are vanishing away,
And to the east the glad dawn slowly streaks
With crimson flush the morning's pallid cheeks,
And the round sun is leading forth the day
To bathe the land and ocean in its light,
O'er the tall cliffs that dim the skies afar
God paints the wondrous beauty of a star
Upon the fading canvas of the night!

So she's our star—our faithful morning star,
Whose gladd'ning gleams fall on the human soul
Illuming it with faith, and hope, and pray'r;
And though the billows revel at the bar,
Our barques ride safe in triumph to the goal,
For we are brave, knowing that she is there!

“UNITE the highest education with the deepest and tenderest practical love of God and of your religion, and I see before me in many of your faces on which I look, the stamp of our Irish genius; I see before me many who may be the fathers and legislators of the Republic, the leaders of our race, and the heroes of our common country and our common religion.”

—V. Rev. Thos. N. Burke, O.P.

SANDA MUHUNA'S PALACE.

JOHN A. MOONEY.

CHAPTER X.

THE SERPENT WORSHIPPERS.

THEY walked a distance without breaking silence. At length the merchant turned towards Thomas and asked: "What thought you of the pageant?" "Many things," was the apostle's answer. "I thought of Dives and Lazarus; of a camel and a needle's eye; of the reaper and the sower; and of a heavenly king who rode triumphant on the colt of an ass." "Who was he?" said the other. "The Light of the World," replied Thomas; "the King of kings; the One Master whose yoke is sweet, and whose burden is agreeable." "And where does this King reign, dreamer?" Abinissa laughingly interrupted. "In heaven, and over the whole earth, and, above all, in the hearts of those who love Him. The heir of all things, He made the world, and the heavens are the work of His hands. He is"—At this moment the crowd separated the two men, and the conversation was, for the time, ended. While pressing his way carefully, Thomas felt some one seize his hand and put something therein; and when he looked he found it to be a comfit. And then he noticed, that, as the people passed each other, they interchanged sweet cakes. There were many shaven monks in the crowd, and frequently a man, or a woman, stopped a monk, and placed a coin in an alms'-bowl that he carried. And thereupon the monk emptied a cupful of boiled rice upon the donor's head. To the right and to the left there were pedestals supporting idols at whose feet stood metal cups, filled with burning incense. White cows, garlanded, were tied to the rails in front of the houses; and, from the windows, hung wreaths of many colored leaves and flowers, and draperies of gay stuffs. Jugglers played tricks at the street corners, and men danced on tall stilts, and there were merry maskers and minstrels, and venders of sweet ointments. All was joy and laughter. But of the many sights that filled his eyes, one alone delighted the heart of the apostle—the innocent, playful, pretty children, gathered in the courts of the houses. Dressed in simple or in costly stuffs, ringed and jeweled, and

wearing plates of gold on their foreheads, their artless gaiety moved Thomas, who smiled on them kindly, encouragingly, affectionately, here and there giving the little ones a comfit.

Abinissa and the apostle had just come together again at the opening of a small park, where the people, having more space, were less closely packed, when, of a sudden, a piercing shriek startled young and old. For a moment there were signs of a panic, men and women rushing wildly to right and left. But soon the fright was over, and from one to another a word was passed which Thomas did not understand. From Abinissa he asked an explanation, and the merchant's answer was that a cobra had bitten a man. Then looking out on the roadway, not far from where he stood, the apostle saw the body of a man, writhing in pain, and quite neglected. And he wondered at this, and all the more that a number of snakes were gliding along the road, and that no one raised a hand against them. He turned to Abinissa, seeking further information, but he was no longer to be seen. And Thomas perceived that all the people round about were kneeling, and wailing, and chanting in smothered tones; and they were all facing a tall column, above which towered the figure of a monstrous snake with seven heads. Now the apostle did not kneel; and a deep feeling of pity took hold of his soul—pity for the poor people who worshipped this contemptible idol, and a deeper pity for the man who was dying, neglected, in the roadway. And, making his way among the prostrate men and women, he went out on the roadway and approached the body; and stooping down, he examined it. While he was doing this, a noisy murmur went up from the crowd as if they were displeased; but Thomas gave no heed to their murmurings. Just above the ankle of the victim, he found a small wound; and already the whole body was swollen and discolored, and the poor fellow twisted his limbs, and clenched his hands incessantly; and he gasped for breath, as if he were choking. It was evident that, thus neglected, he must die. And the spirit moved Thomas, and, rising up, he lifted his eyes to heaven and prayed: "O my Lord and my Saviour, who in Thy great mercy hath given to Thy unworthy servant the power of raising even the dead to life, I beseech Thee that as Thou didst heal the centurion's servant, and him that was sick of the palsy, and all those who touched but the hem of Thy garment, and the daughter of the woman of Canaan.

and the man with the withered hand, and the many who were lepers or deaf or dumb or blind or lame or paralyzed or sick with the dropsy, do Thou, here and now, grant me the use of Thy power, that, for the conversion of many, I may heal this man, and, on the instant, bring him back to life." And having offered this prayer, the apostle bent down once more; and, exposing the serpent's bite, he signed it with the sign of the cross seven times, and then he rose up. And each time that he signed the sign of the cross, a head of the serpent of bronze uttered a loud cry; and after the seventh cry, he that lay in the road, stood up suddenly, and kissed the hand of Thomas, again and again, and shouted with joy. Now, though all the people had gotten up from the ground, not one of them came near the man that had been healed; but they stood, silently, yet showing amazement and anger and fear. And when Thomas walked modestly over to the place from which he had come to the dying man, those near him shrunk away, and he heard angry voices, as though the crowd threatened him. And when the voices were loudest, and the commotion greatest, all at once a little toddling child, a boy, ran from the path to the man who had been saved, and who still stood in the roadway, where he had risen. And no one had before this gone out to him; but indeed the on-lookers seemed to avoid him and to spurn him as they did Thomas. Now when the child reached the man in the roadway, embracing his limbs, the little one wept as though it could not be comforted. And the father drew the pretty boy up to his bosom, and kissed him tenderly, passionately, and then burst into tears. And at once the temper of the crowd changed; and first of all the women were moved, and the man's wife rushed to his arms, and then the men softened, and pity entered all hearts. Thomas, to whom these natural moods were not strange, stood alone, thanking God for His goodness, when he was called back to himself by the voice of Abinissa; and turning, he listened. "Come with me," the merchant said. "Follow, and be silent!" Then Thomas followed him. And they went by a side street. And after they had walked awhile, Abinissa looked backward, to make sure that no one pursued them. And, making sure, he said to Thomas: "You have committed a great crime against our laws. The serpent that touched the man is sacred, and the place wherein he was stricken is most sacred. He whom we adored, the one with the seven heads, is Sessa Naga, the in-

finite. With him it was that great Krishna churned the ocean. He is the all-powerful lord of the infernal regions. And the man who was bitten was chosen by him to die; and the man's death would have been holy. Yet, by magic, you kept him from the lord of hell. Heard you not Sesha Naga's loud protest against your unholy act? It was well that the child was carried to the father, out of love; otherwise you would have been seized as one guilty of impiety and sacrilege. I was not wrong in charging you with being a magician. My master, the king, will hear of this; and I fear me much that, unless your power and your science be wondrous great, trouble will come to us both out of this day's doings."

Then Thomas answered, saying: "Not by magic have I worked, but by the almighty power of Him who sent me. He it is whom all peoples should glorify, and to Him they should give thanks. The glory of the incorruptible ye have changed into the likeness and image of a corruptible man, and of creeping things; worshipping the creature rather than the Creator." And lifting his eyes upward, he exclaimed: "Blessed be Thy name forever!"

Abinissa paid slight attention to the apostle's words, for he was anxious about their safety. They had just reached the western limit of the Park, when, turning to the left, he crossed the road, and halted before a vast building. "Enter here!" said he, mounting the steps that led to a broad platform. From the hallway, he brought Thomas into a spacious room, filled with people of every condition in life. When he had reached the middle of the room, Abinissa stopped, and beckoned to a slave who was standing idle. And, when he approached, Abinissa addressed Thomas, saying: "This servant will care for you, giving you to eat and to drink. And here you may refresh your body, resting all night. To-morrow, in the morning, I will come for you, and I will bring you before the king." And to the slave he gave orders that he should be attentive to Thomas, and serve him well and faithfully. Whereupon, saluting the apostle, the merchant withdrew.

CHAPTER XI.

THE BLEEDING HAND.

The slave led Thomas to a low couch covered with a bright-colored shawl, and there he stretched himself, resting. He was

placed over against a wall, near a door that opened on a garden, whence were wafted sweet odors of the cocoa-palm, orange, tamarind, and of jasmine and rose. Before him stood a low table of palm wood, on which the slave placed a frugal meal of rice, milk, sugar, spices, bananas, and other fruits, set in curious dishes made of plaited leaves of the cocoa-palm.

While he was eating, Thomas looked around the hall, observing the architecture and the people. The room was more than a hundred feet square. The floors were of hard gray cement, polished and painted with figures of animals, rough in execution, though brilliant in color. The walls and the ceiling were of wood variously tinted and carved. Through the windows that looked out on the garden streamed rays of mellow light, the farewell greeting of the setting sun. Floor and ceiling and wall echoed and re-echoed the warm tints of the sky. The gay costumes of the men and women shone in the wandering, dancing, fleeting gleams of rosy-yellow light. In the streets, the crowds carried flaming torches made of twisted leaves of the fragrant cocoa-palm.

Besides the couch on which Thomas lay, there was only an odd one in the room. Most of the guests were seated on mats made of woven grass. A grass-covered pillow served as a support for the back or the head. The women wore garments of coarse linen, or of cotton; some painted with silver leaves, some with gold, some woven in colored stripes, and covered with curious inscriptions. Young and old had collars and girdles of woven grass; bracelets and necklaces, and anklets of shells, or of black and scarlet seeds, or of thin gold leaf, or of small, irregular, cubes of silver and gold, strung on red silken threads. All around were fans of palm leaves, embroidered with figures of palm trees. The stuff of the men's outer garment was not unlike that of the women. Many men wore ear-rings, and nose-rings, and collars and girdles of woven grass. In the centre of the hall were four statues of the Buddha, seated, and smiling contentedly. They were placed back to back, each one facing a wall of the room; and, though the ceiling was high, the heads of the statues touched the framing-beams.

All the people ate and drank and made merry. There was a wide passage-way down the centre of the room, and another across, and still another that ran outside, along the four walls. In these were jugglers playing tricks, and mimics, who kept the crowd

laughing, and men singing, and dancing girls, wreathed, and wearing tinkling bells, who stopped here and there to whirl and glide and bend, waving their arms and swaying their bodies, and circling their flower-crowned heads. As the night grew, many of the men and women bought wreaths of flowers, and decked their hair with them. The hall was bright with the glow of the burning cocoa-palm oil, and with the shining of the brazen lamps.

The labors of the day had wearied the apostle, and he fell asleep on his couch. As he lay there, he attracted the attention of the neighboring groups. They made many a joke at his expense, and threw him many a gibe. At length one of the dancing girls, playing a double flute, came nigh to him. She was a Hebrew damsel, and quickly recognized him as a native of her own loved land. A stranger in a strange country, she was drawn to him, and, more from true sentiment than from guile, she set herself to please him, dancing every graceful measure she knew, and, meantime, playing music, now soft, now gay, now wild, now sad. Yet he moved not, neither seeing her nor hearing. And as she tarried all the longer for his seeming neglect and unfriendliness, the eyes of many were turned to him, and the smart sayings increased, and the humor, and suggestion. One of the mimics drew near and amused the people greatly, counterfeiting the motions of the dancing girl, and the expression of the sleeping Thomas. The people egged him on. Suddenly, he picked up a castaway wreath from the floor, and plucked out here a flower and there a leaf, and twisted the thing awry, and then gently placed it on the apostle's head. And while the onlookers were snickering, and encouraging the mimic, Thomas awoke. He had not heard the noise, nor was he aware that the actor had touched him. A dream had come over him; a dream of Christ's passion. One by one the sad scenes passed before his mind. He saw his Lord in the fool's garment, wearing the crown of thorns. He saw the hard-hearted men dealing the Saviour savage blows. One of the blows was so harsh that Thomas felt it deep down in his own heart, and the cutting pain awakened him.

The apostle's face showed strong emotion. He looked wonderingly at the gaping, grimacing crowd. Why they motioned and laughed at him, he could not tell. The Hebrew girl, who had been the innocent cause of the vulgar tricks that were played on him, pointed her finger at her own hair, to give him a hint of his

judicrous appearance. Placing a hand on his head, Thomas felt the crown; removed it, amid the laughter of the onlookers; looked it over sadly, and then replaced it on his brow. Then rising, while the guests jeered, he hurried out by the door leading into the garden. As one with another conversed excitedly about the incident, they saw the apostle re-enter the hall. The crown he still wore; but he had wound around its edge a thorny rose-vine that pressed into his forehead; and in his hand he carried a long bamboo reed. When he had seated himself on the couch, a number gathered around him, and they brought the Hebrew girl to speak to him, and to ask him why he had done as he had. To their surprise, he answered them in their own tongue, saying: "I prepare the work of my Master, who is the way, the truth and the life." "Is the Buddha your master?" they exclaimed. "Verily not," answered he. "I am sent of the Son, who was sent of the Father, who likewise hath sent the Spirit in the Son's name. Who so believeth in Him shall do mighty works." "What will you do?" said they. "Fish with a net," he replied. "You are a fool!" came from all sides. Here one, that was in the crowd, rushed forward, and pushed the crown farther down on the apostle's forehead, and struck him a ringing blow on the cheek. Then the man bent his knees, and leered at him, saying: "Has the son of his father any spirit?" Whereupon the men and women laughed and jeered. When they were silent, Thomas looking at the man, patiently, spoke thus to him: "It is not I who will it. Would that I could hold the lion and the dog!" After this the crowd separated, seating themselves again on the mats. But the one who struck the blow went out of the house.

The music and dancing and juggling continued as before, though the crowd was less gay. The dignity and modesty and calmness of the apostle had rebuffed them. The blow and the quiet answer made them ashamed. Thus a half-hour passed, when, suddenly, a great black dog bounded into the hall, rushed to the right and then to the left, and at length made his way by the outer aisle; and when he had reached the end of this, turned again sharply to the right. In his mouth he carried what seemed to be a piece of meat. The servants pursued him unavailingly. When he reached the place where the apostle sat, the trembling dog stopped, and whiningly set down his meal. And Thomas looking, saw that it was a bleeding hand. Raising his eyes to

heaven, he said out aloud: "God be praised! Thy ways are wonderful! Have mercy on the poor man's soul!" Seizing the dog, the slaves drove him out; but not a man of them would touch the hand. The crowd was shocked; men and women gathered about the apostle, some crying, some threatening, and all full of amazement. Presently there came in others from the streets, bringing startling news. A keeper of wild animals in the king's garden had been killed by a lion, and one of the dogs had gnawed off the keeper's right hand, and had fled with it. Then the new-comers were in turn told of the dog's strange doings, and of Thomas, and of the dog's laying the hand before him; and they too were brought to look at the bleeding hand. Soon the saying of Thomas about the lion and the dog was passed from mouth to mouth. And presently the Hebrew dancing girl rushed in, breathless, and cast herself down before the apostle and cried out: "I knew thou wert a holy man and a prophet. The hand is the hand of him who so heartlessly struck thee." And, as she wept, Thomas smiled upon her graciously, saying: "Cheer up, foolish woman! You shall dance and give joy in the mansions of the everlasting King. I promise you." Then came Abinissa, and a number of guests from the other part of the hall. They had been gaming, and, hearing the noise, came forth, and were told of the stranger, and of the man that was eaten; and they hurried to see for themselves. When the merchant looked upon Thomas, he could not believe his eyes. "Why wear you this thorned crown?" said he. "The crown they gave me," answered Thomas; "but the thorns are my Master's." "It is ever thy master, thy master!" exclaimed Abinissa. "What means this reed?" "Know you not that the builder measureth with a reed?" asked Thomas, in return. "I do," replied Abinissa. "This is my Master's reed," Thomas said. "A part of His work did He with it; and through it and by it I shall do His work, and that of your master, the king, I hope." There was now a great commotion in the hall, near the door. Abinissa turned to see what was doing, and there he beheld the chief eunuch of the king advancing, with many slaves about him, and asking where he might find the strange prophet. Seeing Abinissa, the eunuch hurried to him. They saluted each other warmly, and the eunuch said: "Heard you of the terrible fate of him who cared for the wild beasts?" "Just now have I heard it," Abinissa answered. "Where is the stranger?" inquired

the chief. "The king has heard of him, and has given me orders concerning him." "I pray you do nothing with him, until I have seen my master, the king," pleaded Abinissa. "This man whom you seek is in my charge; and his fortunes much affect the king, if only he knew it. I shall go to him at once." "Be at ease," said the eunuch, "our lord, the king, will do the stranger no harm. Know you the tale?" Whereupon he related that the king had heard of the blow and of the answer, and of the speedy fate of him who gave the blow. The king was much affected; and, believing the stranger to have divine powers, wished to see him at once, and to lodge him in the palace, lest, being angered, he might move some god to do harm to a beloved only daughter, who had that day been married. Hearing this, Abinissa was reassured; and he called Thomas to him, and presented the apostle to the eunuch, and told Thomas about the king and his wishes. Whereupon Thomas silently accompanied Abinissa and the eunuch. Amid exclamations of wonder and noisy gesticulations, they passed through the crowd, and left the hall by the door they had entered. And, as yet, no man had dared to touch the bleeding hand.

(To be continued.)

THESE FLOWERS ARE FOR MOTHER.

B. M.

SHE held within her little hand
A bunch of mountain flowers
Which she had picked, that summer day,
From nature's fairest bowers.

"Where are you going, dear?" I asked,
"Your posy is so pretty
I'd like to take it home with me,
Up to the dusty city."

Modestly she blushed and smiled,
And said, "I'll get another;
I cannot give you these, kind sir,
Because they are for Mother."

"But I want *these*, they are so sweet;
I don't want any others."

She only shook her little head,
"These flowers are for Mother."

"But I will give you gold," I said,
To try her resolution,
Quite sure her sweet caprice would yield
At promised retribution.

But no, the little maid was firm;
My pleading met no other
Answer than her former one:
"These flowers are for Mother."

So, much amused, I let her go,
And watched her as she hurried
On before me, up the road,
With manner swift and flurried.

"Who is the little one?" I asked
A peasant who stood near me.
"She's just a little orphan girl;
Her name is Annie Kearney.

"They say she is half-witted, too;
She may be wee bit crazy,
But she would rather work than play:
She's not the least bit lazy."

'She is an orphan, did you say?
One story tells the other.
What made her tell a fib like that;
The flowers were for her Mother?"

"Oh, follow her and you will see,"
The peasant said, half smiling.
And so I did, by way of thus
An idle hour beguiling.

She stopped before the village church,
And entered, I behind her;
Straight to our Lady's altar went,
'Tis there the peasants find her.

Her blossoms laid at Mary's feet,
Nor saw, near by, another;
And now I knew the reason why
Her flowers were for Mother.

And softly in my heart I said:
"You've taught me, dear, a lesson
Which, if I heed and study well,
Will surely bring a blessing.

"My resolutions I will guard—
I very often make them—
And offer them to Mary, too,
But quite as often break them.

"So when temptations come to me,
Vying with one another,
I'll firmly say, Oh, no, false world,
These flowers are for Mother."

LIFE OF ST. DOMINIC.

BY REV. MOTHER AUGUSTA THEODOSIA DRANE, O. S. D.

CHAPTER XXII.

(*Continued.*)

FROM Zamora, Dominic hastened on to Madrid, where a community had been already established by Peter of Medina, the same who was despatched into Spain at the time of the dispersion from Prouille. He and his brethren had met with a hospitable reception from the citizens, who furnished them with sufficient alms for their support, and assisted them in the erection of a little house outside the gate of Palnadu. It was poor and inconvenient enough, but its poverty only recommended it the more to the heart of Dominic, who rejoiced greatly at the condition, both spiritual and temporal, in which he found the brethren. He carefully examined into their manner of life, their exercises of piety, and the labors they had undertaken for the good of their neighbor; and gave hearty thanks to God that He should have made choice of his children to be instruments of the salvation of souls, "the great-

est and most honorable dignity," says P. Nanni, "that can be conferred on any creature." The people of Madrid earnestly desired to see the holy founder, whose reputation was already great amongst them; and the welcome they gave him, and the extraordinary fruit which attended his preaching, induced him to make a longer stay in the city than he had at first intended.

The change of manners indeed that was effected by the ministry of himself and his companions was so great and wonderful, "that," says Castiglio, "he could not satisfy himself with weeping, so great was the heavenly joy he felt at these manifest tokens of God's favor." Desiring in return to bestow some lasting benefit on the people who had so generously received him, he resolved on founding amongst them a convent of religious women to receive those pious souls who were desirous of flying from the vanities of the world and consecrating themselves to God, but for whom no suitable asylum then existed, for convents for women were still rare in Spain. Having once formed this design, he lost no time in carrying it into effect, and in order as soon as possible to provide his nuns with a dwelling, he and his brethren gave up the little house they had hitherto inhabited, and set about enlarging it and adapting it to the use of its proposed occupants. This undertaking was regarded with singular favor by the people of Madrid, who contributed liberally towards both the erection and endowment of the new monastery. So anxious was the saint to forward this work that, assisted by the brethren, he labored at the building with his own hands. Though he was careful to provide his nuns with whatever was needful for religious observance, yet he desired that everything should be on a scale befitting holy poverty. "Their little chapel," says Castiglio, "resembled that of a hermitage, and the common dormitory had neither curtains nor partitions of any kind." All the necessary offices of the convent were provided with grates and turns according to the custom already adopted in France and Italy, in order the better to secure the observance of strict enclosure. As the building was not finished before his departure from Madrid, Dominic received the vows of the religious, but arranged for them to remain in their own homes until their new dwelling should be ready to receive them.¹ Meantime, he showed himself not less solicitous for

¹ Danzas, *St. Raymond de Pennafort*, p. 158. It will be remembered that the year of novitiate before pronouncing the vows was not at this time required.

their well-being, both spiritual and temporal, than he had been for that of his other religious daughters. He gave them the same rule and habit that had been adopted at Prouille and St. Sixtus, and appointed his own brother, Manes, to be their director and Superior. To provide for their support he renounced in their favor all the revenues that had been granted to the brethren since their coming to Madrid, leaving the latter in that state of absolute poverty which he desired to be the rule of the friars, though in the case of religious women he acknowledged it to be unsuitable.

The convent of Madrid was, then, the third convent of nuns founded by St. Dominic. It was dedicated by him to St. Dominic of Silos, though after his canonization he himself was regarded as its titular patron. The singular interest with which he watched over this foundation is evident by the letter which after his departure he addressed to the nuns on hearing of their final establishment in their conventual home. This possesses a special value as being almost the only authentic fragment of his writing which has been preserved to posterity.

Brother Dominic, Master of the Friars Preachers, to the Prioress and Sisters of the convent of Madrid, health and increase in all virtue.

We rejoice greatly at the report we have received of your holy conversation, and give thanks to God that He has delivered you from the mire of the world. Continue, then, my daughters, to combat your ancient enemy with prayer and watching, knowing that none shall be crowned save those who have fought valiantly. Hitherto you have had no house suitable for following your religious rule, but now you will have no such excuse for negligence, seeing that you are provided with a convent in which you can perfectly carry out every detail of religious life. I desire therefore that henceforth silence be better observed in the places of silence, such as the choir, the refectory, and the dormitory, and that you live in all other respects according to the Constitutions that have been given to you. Let no one go outside the enclosure, and let no one be admitted within it, unless it be some bishop or prelate who shall come to preach or to visit you. Do not neglect vigils and disciplines, and let all be obedient to the prioress. Let none waste time in idle conversation about unnecessary things. And inasmuch as we cannot help you in your temporal necessities, we desire not to be a burden to you, nor will we permit that any

Brother should have authority to receive novices, but only the prioress with the council of her convent. We command our dearest Brother, who has labored so much for you and has gathered you together in this holy state, that he will dispose all things as seems best to him, to the end that your life may be ordered in a holy and religious manner. Therefore we give him full faculties and authority to visit and correct you, and if need be, to remove the prioress from her office, with the consent, however, of the majority of the community, and also to grant any dispensations that he may consider necessary.

Farewell in Christ.

The convent of St. Dominic the Royal, as it came to be called, went through many vicissitudes of fortune, both prosperous and adverse. The holy King St. Ferdinand III., regarded the community with special favor, and five years after the death of St. Dominic granted them a kind of charter written partly in Latin, and partly in Spanish, in which he took them under his protection. In spite of his good-will towards them, however, attempts were made to declare them incapable of inheriting or holding property, and the question was only set at rest in 1237 by a Bull from the Pope affirming the rights of the religious and charging the King to defend them. But another trouble arose about the same time from a quarter whence it was least expected. The Superiors of the Spanish province thought good to withdraw the Fathers of the Order whom St. Dominic had left at Madrid for the direction of the nuns, leaving them to be supplied in their spiritual necessities by secular priests. This was the more sensibly felt, as according to Castiglio, there were at one time in Spain very few ecclesiastics, and those but poorly educated, the incessant wars with the Moors and the troubles thence arising giving no facilities to the secular clergy for following their studies, so that few or none were then to be found among them qualified to act as guides in the spiritual life. In their distress, therefore, the nuns appealed to Pope Gregory IX., trusting that out of the great friendship he had borne towards the person of their holy founder, he would not suffer them to be thus abandoned. Nor were their hopes disappointed, for he at once dispatched a Brief addressed to the General of the Order and the Provincial of Spain, in which he peremptorily required that the brethren should resume the spiritual direction of the nuns. One little incident re-

lated by Gerard de Frachet as happening at a time "when the Sisters were still living who had received the habit from the hands of St. Dominic," may be given here as a warning to the impatient. Two brethren, possibly of the number of those who had sought to escape from the responsibility of directing the nuns, were sent to Madrid, and one of them, who was charged with the duty of delivering an instruction to the community, seems to have found his task a difficult one and set about it unwillingly. Lodged in a little house adjoining the convent, he tried to prepare his discourse, but was greatly hindered and disturbed whilst doing so by the incessant crowing of a cock belonging to the religious. At last he could stand it no longer, but seizing his stick, rushed out, and dealt the unfortunate bird a blow which laid him dead at his feet. Ashamed of his fit of passion, he picked up the dead bird, and prayed it might be restored to life, promising our Lord if the favor were granted, that he would never again give way to his impatient temper. As he did so the cock fluttered out of his hands to the ground, and began to crow gently, as if he desired not again to exasperate the Brother. Brother Giles, from whom Gerard received this story, assured him that he had heard it from the friar who was the chief actor in it. Doubtless, the history of their cock was not soon forgotten by the nuns themselves.

As to the convent itself, the little building which St. Dominic had labored with his own hands to raise, did not last many years. Whether from its poor materials, or from the hasty manner in which it had been constructed, it soon fell into decay, and not long after the death of the saint had to be replaced by another and much more stately edifice, some portions of which are said still to remain. Here the community continued to flourish for several centuries, during which it produced many holy religious, worthy descendants of those first planted here by their holy founder.

It was with unbounded regret that the people of Madrid at length took leave of the saint whose presence had brought them so many precious graces. "His teaching and conversation," says Castiglio, "had so captivated the souls of all, that they felt themselves raised on high to great and heavenly things, whilst their affections were drawn to him with singular tenderness." Nor was he indifferent to the regard which they showed him and

the generous response they had given to his words. On returning to Italy he failed not to make known to the Pope their fervent and devout dispositions, and in consequence Honorius despatched a Brief to the inhabitants of Madrid, in which he declared how acceptable to him had been the welcome they had given to his beloved sons the Friars Preachers, seeing that no good work can be more pleasing to God than thus to show charity to those who labor for the salvation of souls.

On leaving Madrid, Dominic directed his steps towards the city of Saragossa; but on his road thither a sorrowful trial was in store for him. Like his Divine Master, he was to taste the bitterness of being deserted by his own disciples. He was warned of the coming trouble by a vision in which he beheld a terrible dragon that seemed ready to attack and devour his companions. In fact, when they reached Guadalaxara many of them, discouraged by the hardships of the journey, broke out into murmurs, and even determined to cast off the habit and return to the world. It would seem that these religious were not those who came from Italy with the saint, but some young Castilian novices who had been attracted to him by the fame of his eloquence and miracles, but whose fervor cooled as soon as they made closer acquaintance with the austerity of his Rule. Their discontent was soon discovered by Dominic. He did his best to deter them from their purpose, but in vain: three only remained with him, a cleric named Adam, and two lay-brothers; the rest having put their hands to the plough, looked back and left him. Turning sadly to those who remained faithful, Dominic addressed them in the words of our Lord on a like occasion: "Will ye also go away?" "May God forbid, my Father," replied one of them, "that we should follow the feet, and abandon the head."

The saint, according to his custom, took refuge in prayer, and that with so happy a result, that those who had yielded to the force of temptation soon repented of their cowardice, and, returning with tears, cast themselves at his feet and prayed to be received back into the company of his children. The tender heart of their loving Father did not reject them, nor from that time did they show any further signs of inconstancy in their holy vocation.

The memory of this incident has been preserved in a touching passage of the Constitutions of the Order, introduced at a later

period, with an evident allusion to these circumstances. "Whenever novices," it is said, "wish to return to the world, we command all the religious freely to let them go, and to return them all that they have brought. Nor must they give them any vexation on this account, after the example of Him, Who, when some of His disciples went back, said to those that remained, 'Will ye go away?'"¹

Arriving at Saragossa, Dominic and his companions took up their abode in the convent that had already been founded on the banks of the Ebro by some of the brethren sent from Prouille. Here Dominic gathered great fruit of souls, and according to Flaminius effected many striking conversions through the medium of the Rosary. On one occasion, as he expounded to a crowded audience those words of St. John, "He who commits sin is the servant of sin," it chanced that one of the chief men in the city, named Peter, who is said to have been a near relative of the saint, came to the church rather out of curiosity than devotion, for he was plunged in every kind of evil living; and conscious of his miserable condition, without having the will to amend it, had given himself up to despair. St. Dominic seeing him enter, by the spirit of God discerned the state of his soul, which he beheld, as it were, possessed by evil spirits as many in number as were the vices to which he had abandoned himself. He therefore adapted his words so as to touch the heart of this unhappy reprobate, and succeeded so far as to rouse within him not only a sense of salutary fear, but a feeling of love towards the preacher which he could not explain to himself. In fact, the charity which kindled the heart of the saint often thus communicated its flame to those who heard him, and attracted them to him, as it were, in spite of themselves. The next day, Peter came again, unable, as it seemed, to resist the secret influence that drew him to the feet of the preacher. St. Dominic perceived him amidst the crowd of listeners, and as he continued to speak, raised his heart to God, earnestly recommending to Him the salvation

¹ Const. FF. Præd. d. i. c. 14. Several writers relate the defection of St. Dominic's disciples as occurring on his first entrance into Spain. But in this case we should have to suppose that the deserters were of the number of his old and tried companions, including his brother Manes, a thing which is evidently incredible. Malvenda examines the question carefully, and places the incident after his departure from Madrid.

of this soul. Then it came to pass by Divine permission, that the same spectacle that he had himself beheld on the previous day, was made sensible to the eyes of the congregation. They saw the unhappy man (whose sins were indeed open and notorious) compassed about with evil spirits, who held him as their bond-slave fast bound with cruel chains. Filled with terror they all fled from the church, leaving him covered with confusion. But the saint did not abandon him. Giving him a rosary and teaching him how to use it, he won the poor reprobate to resume the long-forgotten exercise of prayer, and to seek for mercy through the intercession of our Lady: and before leaving the city, he had the happiness of reconciling this soul to God, and of seeing him embrace a life of sincere penance.¹

It seems probable that many other places were visited at this time by St. Dominic, besides those above enumerated, but there is no period of his history the events of which have been less carefully recorded. We are justified, however, in supposing that his labors were really of a far more extensive character than would appear from the scanty notices preserved by his biographers. From the words used in his deposition by Brother John of Navarre, it is clear, that not Christians only, but Jews and Saracens, fell under the benignant influence of the preacher. "He showed himself amiable to all men, rich and poor, Jews and Gentiles, who were then very numerous in Spain; and he was beloved by all except the heretics, whom he refuted in his sermons and disputations. Yet even these he exhorted with charity, and sought to win them to penance and the true faith." These words afford the only indication that St. Dominic addressed himself to the conversion of the infidels, who at that time mingled so largely with the Christian population of Spain. Nor have we any certain information as to the route he followed after leaving Saragossa. Castiglio contents himself with saying that he preached and heard confessions in every place through which he passed, and that neither

¹ We have omitted from the above narrative a number of prodigies which seem to possess no sufficient authority, though they do not necessarily invalidate the story of Peter's conversion. The fact that some member of St. Dominic's family was converted by him during his visit to Spain, is obscurely referred to by several writers. Père Réchac, on the authority of Alan de la Roche, supposes it to have been a certain noble lady, recalled by the preaching of the saint from a worldly and vicious life.

weariness nor the pressure of his immense labors, ever interrupted his habits of devotion.

"Prayer had become so habitual with him," says this writer, "that whether at home or abroad, in the church, or by the wayside, his heart was always united to God as to a centre wherein he abode with marvellous tranquillity. Like the three children who walked unharmed amid the flames of the fiery furnace, so did St. Dominic maintain the peace and quiet of his soul in the midst of every kind of outward distraction. Never did he lose that interior repose which is essential to the spirit of prayer, but in all his cares and labors, amid hunger, thirst, fatigue, long journeys, and continued interruptions, his heart was free and ready to turn to God at all times, as though conscious of none else but Him. Therefore many consolations were granted to him that are not given to others; and of this we have evidence in his words and all his actions, wherein there appeared a certain grace and sweetness of the Holy Ghost, showing how dearly favored was his soul." ¹

That in the course of these journeys he visited Palencia, seems certain from the important document quoted in a former chapter, which firmly establishes the two facts that confraternities of the Holy Rosary existed in the time of St. Dominic, and that he himself actively propagated the devotion. We refer to the will of Anthony Sers, a citizen of Palencia, who left a sum of money for supplying candles for the use of the Confraternity of the Rosary, founded in that city by the "good Dominic Guzman." Polidori speaks of the warm welcome which he received from the bishop and citizens of Palencia, among whom the memory of his charity during the great famine still survived, and says that he prepared the foundation of that celebrated convent of St. Paul, which afterwards produced two of the *beati* of the Order, Blessed Peter Gonzalez and Blessed Giles of Portugal. He adds that, passing on to Compostella, the saint was present at the translation of the relics of St. James, and preached on that occasion in the church dedicated to the holy Apostle.

Another incidental proof of his having revisited the scenes of his early life is to be found in the fact that the nuns of St. Stephen of Gormas, near Osma, who had hitherto lived under the Rule of St. Augustine, petitioned to receive the Constitutions given to

¹ Castiglio, part i. lib. i. cap. 43.

Prouille and the other convents of women founded by St. Dominic, and to be adopted into his Order. These nuns afterwards removed to the convent which was founded at Calaroga, a foundation suggested by the Blessed Manes after the death of St. Dominic. Preaching once in their native village, he proposed to the people to raise a convent of the Order on the very spot which had given birth to its great founder. "Only," he said, "let it be of modest proportions; if my brother sees fit, he will know how to enlarge it." Thirty years later, Alphonsus the Wise, King of Castile, transformed the ancient abode of the family of Guzman into a noble monastery, and the nuns of Gormas were brought hither to occupy it.¹

Unfortunately, no particulars of these visits have been preserved, and the last spot in Spain where we can with any certainty track the footsteps of the holy Father is at Barcelona, in Aragon. Here he was entertained in the house of a citizen named Peter Grunio, who lived in the parish of St. James, and in the street which now bears the name of St. Dominic. "There is a constant and most ancient tradition in Barcelona," says Malvenda, quoting from the historian Francis Diago, "that St. Dominic, returning into Italy out of Spain, passed some days in the house of Peter Grunio, now inhabited by the Friars Preachers." In this house was long preserved a portrait of the saint, having at his feet Berenger de Palon, Bishop of Barcelona, and founder of the convent of Preachers in that city. For the statement of some writers to the effect that this foundation was made by St. Dominic himself, must be interpreted in the same sense as that in which so many other convents claim to have been founded by the saint, when, as a fact, he only prepared the way for their foundation by his presence and influence.

In reply to the pressing solicitations of the citizens, he promised shortly to despatch thither a colony of his brethren; and his host, Peter Grunio, generously offered his own house to be their residence.

Nothing is preserved that enables us to follow the course taken by St. Dominic after leaving Barcelona. It is believed, however, to have been during his homeward journey that an incident took place related by Gerald de Frachet without anything to indicate

¹ Rod. de Cerrat, c. 50, in Append. t. i. *Ann. Præd.* This Brother Rodriguez was confessor to King Alphonsus.

the date of its occurrence. "On a certain day," he says, "the saint was travelling with several companions, and when the time came for them to dine they found they had no more wine than would fill one small cup. The holy Father compassionated their needs, for some of his companions had been delicately nurtured in the world, and the want of wine was felt by them as a hardship, specially during the heat and fatigue of a long foot journey. He therefore desired the cup of wine to be poured into a large vessel, the bottom of which it scarcely covered, and then bade them fill it up with water. When this was done the vessel was found to be full of wine up to the very brim, and those who drank of it, who were to the number of eight, declared that in their whole lives they had never tasted any more excellent."¹

So journeying, the saint once more crossed the Pyrenees and arrived at Toulouse by the end of April, in the year 1219, his visit to Spain having occupied altogether something less than five months.

(To be continued.)

THE ANNIO.

S. H. GLENDON, O.P.

ON the Sabine hills there's a rolling stream
That covers the golden mould,
Like a giant strong in a troubled dream,
In its bed of yellow gold.
Fast down from the heights where the eagles soar,
It dashes, and rolls, and flows
Through echoing wilds where whirlwinds roar,
And sower never sows.
Flowing where brown eagles scream;
How sweet to think of that rolling stream?
'Tis the Annio bold in its onward course,
Nor sorrow, nor grief it shows,
As leaving forever its parent source,
To the sea it gaily flows.
At Tivoli's side on the mountain gray,

¹ *Vit. Frat.* part 2, chap. v.

It thunders o'er depths untold,
And it reaches the steeps in silv'ry spray,
By the Sybil's ruin old.
Leaping forth with pow'r supreme,
'Tis grand to gaze on that rolling stream.

Through the valleys deep, where the sun ne'er shines,
And on where the olive grows,
And the clustering vine on its stake entwines,
In its rippling mirth it flows
O'er Campagna's plain like a shining snake:
It stretches its glist'ning tide,
And playfully calls to the sulphur lake
As it sparkles by its side.
Rippling while its waters gleam,
'Tis joy to stroll by that rolling stream.

LOVE AT LAST.

A True Story.

MARY AGNES GANNON.

THE setting sun threw rays of glory into a quiet room, where an invalid lay sleeping. The brightness lingered around her, as if it were a benediction to one in need of comfort, and she awoke, smiling at the beauty the rich, warm light gave the commonplace little room.

How still it was. She must have slept long, she thought. She roused herself, and began to think. Ah yes, the doctor had come, and he had asked her husband to go to his office for instruction and medicine for her. It was not so late at that time—it was strange she was still alone.

The sun sank down, and the room filled with shadows that made her heart beat quickly with undefined fear. Was something going to happen? She held her thin, white hands out before her, and looked at them. How worn she was! Dread took possession of her. She could not rest, and rose, walking restlessly around the room, touching the few ornaments on the mantel and table, till at last she saw a folded note. She took it up carelessly, wondering what it was, and to satisfy the listless curiosity, lit a

lamp, and after resting a little in her chair, opened it, to read the following lines:

"The doctor says you will not live, and I am going away. Under the circumstances I could not do otherwise. FRED."

She read this quietly several times, then folded it carefully and placed it on the table.

Was this the end, then? She wondered if broken-hearted people always felt so numb and still. There were no tears in the wide, open eyes, no pity for self in the poor, tortured heart, only a great, sorrowful wonder.

Her thoughts went back to her childhood. She saw herself once more with the longings she could not understand, to be like other children who had mother and father to love them, who did not make them afraid to give expression to affection. She remembered a day she had gone to her father as he sat reading, and laid her tired little head timidly on his knee—he had asked her if she was ill, and told her not to be foolish! Her step-mother was kind and good to her, but her heart craved more. As she grew older she was sent to Sunday-school and taught of God, whom she was to love and serve, but the emphasis was always on the serving, and there was far more fear than love instilled in the young heart. She was prepared for her first Holy Communion; her catechism was well learned, and her ardent soul looked forward, tremblingly, yet hopefully, to this great day. She kept its memory always, though she had never since approached the holy table.

Her father was a stern, respectable man, whom men called good, who kept the letter of the law, and believed in moderation in everything. He and his wife went regularly to church, and kept the law of the Paschal duty; that was enough, they thought. This child Julia was so different from them in disposition, but they did not trouble themselves to try to understand her. She concluded, because of some slight fault which was much overrated, that God must think her ungrateful, and unworthy of His great gift, since even her step-mother declared she was worse, rather than better, since receiving so wonderful a grace. So the childhood days had gone, and she learned self-repression, keeping the impulsive expressions unsaid, unconscious herself of what her life had missed, till she was a serious pretty girl of sixteen, with no knowledge of the world, nor of her own heart.

She had few companions, had read no "foolish books or stories;" she had grown absolutely indifferent to religion, going to church with her parents on Sundays because it was easier to go than to refuse. The sermons she heard were tiresome to her, and she soon ceased to try to find their lessons for herself.

A lady bought land from her father, and a house was soon built on it, and Julia attracted the new neighbor very much. Mrs. Emmons thought Julia's life very monotonous, and with kindly energy determined she would bring some brightness into it. Her nephew was coming to visit her, and she gave a garden party in his honor, and invited Julia.

She went, and then felt out of place and alone among so many gay boys and girls, who had not a thought of restraint. Fred Horton had been interested by the difference of her manners from that of those around her, and had asked his aunt who this shy girl was.

"Oh, that is Julia Martin. I am so glad you noticed her. I will introduce you, and do try to make it pleasant for her. I have been too busy, and she knows no one very well, but she is a dear little thing, I am sure."

They crossed the garden path to where Julia stood apart from the others, and when Mrs. Emmons introduced her nephew, he bent so earnestly over the timidly-offered hand of the girl that the aunt smiled. She did not know this grown-up nephew as well as she had known "little Fred," and she did not think this introduction would lead to anything more serious than a pleasant afternoon for both young people.

After a few words passed, she left them. Julia was soon at her ease, and there was an exhilaration in the unusual attention paid her by this young man. He was much amused by her simple manner and speeches, that were filled with sense and wit.

That was the beginning. He came to see her often, not at her home, but sometimes in the lane, when they took long walks, sometimes at his aunt's, and many times apparent accident brought them together.

Julia did not know why the sky seemed fairer, the flowers sweeter, nor why the song of the birds lingered in her heart. Yet she did know the days had missed some brightness when she saw him not. Then one night came when she knew, and she felt as if she had entered a new world.

She wanted to tell father and mother of this strange joy, but dreaded doing it. Fred told her not to do so. They would take her from him, he said, because he was not of their faith. She clung to him then, saying *he* was her religion, her soul, and he was pleased with her devotion, and uncontrolled love for him. She insisted, however, on having her own way; father and mother must know. Fred did not offer to see either of them, and to Julia this did not seem odd. Timidly, but straightforwardly, she told her father, and met with a storm of opposition and unreasoning rage. Then she had gone to Fred in her innocent trust, and told him she belonged only to him. The quiet, curbed spirit felt free at last; love gave her strength of will.

They went far away, and were in a little village where neither was known, and Julia did not heed nor care that it was only a "law marriage." The house-keeping was begun right merrily; how quickly the time had flown, and how happy she had been!

There came a change after awhile. It was hard to get along, Fred told her. Then she thought *she* could work too; she knew how to sew very well, that would be some help, and she almost enjoyed her own weariness in thinking she was working for him.

But his manner grew colder; he did not care for her caresses any more. The day she realized this had been one of bitter pain. She put the thought away, and excused him to herself. It was because he did not feel well. He was tired—but not of her—no, no, for *she* would love him forever.

So time had gone on, and Fred often rested while she worked. Sometimes he left her for whole days alone with but slight excuse; in truth, her devotion had tired him, and all novelty being gone, he thought only of the restraint his marriage had proved. Constant work had marred her beauty, and her simplicity had lost its charm.

She never let herself even think one word against him. She crushed all doubts that arose, and went on patiently, though the heart-hunger of her childhood had come back, and its strain, more than the heavy work, made her grow thin and weak.

A troublesome cough came, and remained; one day she had fainted while waiting for the money she had earned. The doctor had been sent for, and now—it all passed before her many times that night as she sat there all alone.

Morning came, but she still sat there with wide-open, dry eyes.

Then the church-bells began to ring, and she knew it was Sunday. She roused herself, brushed back her dark hair, and bathed her tired head. She sat by the window, watching people going to different churches, and the desire took possession of her to go too. She knew where the little Catholic church was, and she hurriedly dressed, and went out into the sunshine. She could not define this desire, nor did she try; only walked on, hardly thinking.

When she reached the church she found it nearly filled, and timidly went into one of the pews near the door. A nurse from the hospital, who had come in late also, sat near her, and noted the strained look in her eyes, and the fevered, quick breathing.

The consecration was over, and Julia felt the stillness of an awe she had not known since her childhood. A sweet, clear voice sang the "Agnus Dei," and she sank on her knees. Her heart filled with the memory of her first communion so long ago. "Oh!" she thought, "here was love, and I turned from it. Dear Lord, is it too late?" In answer to her prayer, love and sorrow came to her, but the love that brought her sorrow was forgotten. She knelt down never heeding nor hearing anything save the sweet, pleading voice singing so clearly: "Agnus Dei, dona nobis pacem."

"Give me peace, dear Lord," she asked.

* * * * *

"Father, you must come as quickly as you can, the poor soul is going on the long journey very soon," and the nurse looks imploringly at the priest, who is taking the message half unwillingly. "You do not know this stranger," he answers, "and I am very busy. I will go to-morrow." "No, father; please come *now*." She looks down, while she thinks how much she is asking—she knows he *is* busy, but the need is very great. "You *must* come," she says, bravely. "I know this woman is dying." "Very well; I will," he answers after a pause.

"Thank you," and the nurse goes quickly away.

Father Dawson prepared for his visit. The interruption of his work for the afternoon, long-planned and looked forward to, displeased him, and Miss Berry, the nurse, had hurried him out many times when there was no need of haste. Yet, if there was real necessity—he sighed, and then went on more cheerfully.

Again the sunbeams linger on a pale, thin face, gently, like a

benediction, and the dark eyes of a sufferer look up questioningly to the face of the nurse, while a low voice asks: "You are sure I am not too late? The priest will come?" "Yes—he is here."

He comes softly nearer, and with keen soul vision, Julia knows he has not come to her alone. The simplicity that had always been her characteristic made it easy for her now to be direct and candid, so that in a short time her life was plain and clear to the minister of God.

All the longing of her life was satisfied; all the love returned, and gently, peacefully she rested back among the pillows; her thoughts had left all things of earth.

The nurse had asked her if there were messages to be sent to any friends. She sent a touching little message to her father and mother, but was far beyond the reach of pain or hurt when the bitter reply came some days later: "We have no such daughter. We lost our daughter three years ago."

TANGLED SKEINS.

BY LAURA GREY.

A True Tale of the Irish Persecutions.

CHAPTER I.

THE feast of Portiuncula, August 2d, was drawing to a close in the Abbey of Muckross, Co. Kerry, Ireland. Small knots of people gathered round outside the church. Some, wearied out by the religious exercises of the day, had strolled out to refresh themselves in the balmy air, whilst others, less piously inclined, had just arrived to catch a shred of the great Indulgence before the sun went down.

This once stately home of the Franciscan Order in Ireland was fast falling to decay, blasted by the withering edicts of the royal free-booters, Henry VIII. and his daughter, Elizabeth of England. Undeterred by the executioner's axe which hung suspended over them, the Friars still continued to assemble within the ruined walls and chaunt the Divine Office, and thus on the feast in question, had celebrated the festivities of Portiuncula with all its ancient devotion. True, the groined roof of the Abbey Church had

vanished, and the blue vault of heaven supplied its place, and stars kept guard, where once the beacon burned to light-benighted travellers on their way.

One gable end supported a thatched roof where the Community took their meals and scant repose, and close at hand, peeped up through the sod—a tiny sapling, to-day—the giant yew-tree which overshadows the cloisters.

The high altar of Muckross had been shorn of its rainbow-colored marbles, supplied from the home quarries of Cork, Galway, and Armagh; but the brilliant veining had been replaced by garlands of arbutus and mountain heather, plucked from the rocky sides of Mangerton.

Every taper that flickered was a gift from pious hands, that had extended their charity to the outcast friar, and were still prepared to offer food and raiment to the Sons of St. Francis whenever they crossed the threshold.

Over the green graves that peopled the cemetery the multitude wandered. Some laid simple trophies of their love on the freshly-turned sod of some dear one just dead, and others recited a Pater and Ave for the repose of souls long since enjoying heaven. The evening of August 2d, 1604, was calculated to rouse within the meditative breast feelings at once religious and poetic. In the near distance slumbered the far-famed Lakes of Killarney, studded with tiny islets. The roar of Torc waterfall could be heard in the stillness of the sunset, mingled with the hum of the worshippers who thronged the altar-steps to gaze on the ancient statue of St. Francis with his bleeding hands and feet imprinted with the sacred Stigmata.

When the sound of the gong announcing Benediction vibrated through the arches of the church, a group of three persons entered. An elderly lady bearing the traces of faded beauty led the way, followed by a young girl. The latter was tall and fair—a genuine portrait of a Saxon maiden.

The nationality of the newcomers betrayed itself in the starched ruffles and trailing shirts worn at the court of "good Queen Bess." Their headgear consisted of dainty caps, composed of lace and velvet, ornamented with a flashing gem, and in her hand each lady carried a giant fan.

No wonder that the poor, unlettered peasantry, unaccustomed to the silken attire of their betters, should pause in their devotions to steal a glance at the high-born dames.

Behind them walked a young nobleman clad in the uniform of the Elizabethan period, ruffles, silken hose, and velvet doublet, reminding one of an old painting of Sir Walter Raleigh. He knelt devoutly amongst the crowd, and perused an illuminated piece of vellum. Occasionally he raised his eyes to ascertain how his companions fared. Continuing their way up the church, they paused at the marble rails surrounding the altar. Then, feeling the awkwardness of their position, they knelt down, and remained thus until Benediction was over.

Suddenly, as if by magic, acolytes appeared on the altar, and extinguished the lights, the people slowly dispersed, and Muckross became as still as death.

The massive iron door creaked in the evening wind, and the breeze began to creep through the ivy on the walls.

It was time to close the Abbey for the night, and a Franciscan appeared at the entrance, keys in hand.

The ladies and their escort slowly retraced their steps down the nave, scanning the effigies of mail-clad warriors, who lay sleeping under their canopies of stone.

Then they passed outside the Abbey. Turning round in quest of their companion they saw him pause as if to assure himself of some reality. He was scrutinizing the figure in the brown habit, who stood at the door.

A cry of recognition followed, accompanied by a warm grasp of the hand, and old friends had come face to face.

Turning aside into the cloisters, they paced to and fro for some minutes, enjoying each other's society.

There are few pleasures so pure and heartfelt as the meeting of schoolmates after the lapse of years, and this happiness was tasted to-night by Father Bonaventure and Dermot McCarthy, page to His Highness, the Lord Deputy.

Elizabeth of England had been dead one year, and her successor, James I., still retained in office her former lieutenant, Sir George Carew, President of Munster.

He ravaged the holy places of Ireland, and the year before our story opens had broken in the cloistered retreat of Holy Cross Abbey, Co. Tipperary, rifled its sanctuary, and sent the Abbot adrift,¹ carrying with him the precious relic of the True

¹ Father Bernard Fulow, Abbot of Holy Cross Abbey. He fled to France later on, took up his residence at Bilboa, Spain, where he remained for 5 years before returning to Ireland.

Cross, from which the famous Cistercian Abbey derived its name.

The ears of Catholic Ireland were still ringing with the details of this latest sacrilege, when Father Bonaventure gleaned from his friend that he had joined Carew's retinue.

A shudder which he could not suppress passed over his frame, and he glanced significantly at Dermot's court costume. The latter noticed the look of displeasure, and hazarded an explanation.

"Prythee, Father, do not look so wry. Frowns like these but serve to stifle a honest man's confession. Bear with me whilst I tell thee all. That fair wench whom thou hast seen pass into the starlight is Carew's only daughter, and the ancient dame is Mistress Agnes Carew, his sister. They wended their steps hither—"

Father Bonaventure stopped him with a gesture of disapproval.

Daughters of Eve had wrought havoc in days gone by with their tongues, and before the priest's gaze flitted visions of a crimson sky above Muckross Abbey, flecked with broad patches of yellow and blue, and lurid flames creeping up the walls and licking the foundations.

"And thou hast carried these scions of a hated house here this evening when our people assembled in their hundreds. Before long the Abbey of Irrelaigh¹ will again reel to the tramp of the Sassenach.² To my mind thou hast acted a dastard's part, and woe woeth the day for the poor friar if thou has roused the lion from his lair. Carew is not to be mocked." Dermot McCarthy bit his lip in displeasure. He had not expected so scathing an onslaught from the companion he had once loved, and whom he had so unexpectedly encountered.

"Thou hast hit me sore, Cormac O'Hurley," were the only words he could command. "My fair friends are no spies, and honor holds as dear a place within their breasts as in mine or thine. Thy Father Guardian, perchance, may hide a milder spirit beneath his brown habit than thou dost. God willing, I shall wait on him to-morrow." Father Bonaventure made the sign of the cross over his friend as he disappeared into the dusk, and then repaired with throbbing heart to his cell. Earnestly he prayed that the visit of Carew's kinswomen might bode no ill to the Abbey.

¹ Irrelaigh. The ancient name of Muckross Abbey.

² Sassenach. Irish of foreigner,—an Englishman.

An hour later and the cry of the white owl was heard as she skimmed the belfry tower. Bats peeped out from their hiding places, the moon went down, and Muckcross Abbey lay shrouded in darkness.

CHAPTER II.

The wind was rustling amongst the almond groves outside Bilboa, the capital city of the Province of Biscay, Spain. Far away to the north glistened the blue waters of the Bay of Biscay, whilst to the south towered the lofty range of the Asturias.

Towards these mountain fastnesses on a sultry day in July, journeyed a mule, bearing on its back a young man propped up with cushions. Occasionally the jaded animal paused to gain breath, and to allow its burden to change his position. The mule was led by a tall, fair woman—girl, we should call her, had not the marriage-ring proclaimed her a wife.

The travellers were in quest of a hermit's cell nestling under one of the projecting forks of the mountain chains, and the hermit was no other than Fr. Bernard Fulow, formerly Abbot of Holy Cross Abbey, Co. Tipperary, Ireland.

For five years he had dwelt an exile amongst these jagged peaks and rushing torrents, guarding the precious relic of the Holy Rood, rescued from the clutches of Sir George Carew on that memorable 20th of August, Feast of St. Bernard, 1603.

The home of the recluse was well known to the people of Bilboa, and thither they flocked with wine, grapes, and olives to offer their contributions.

"Edith, sweet, is the cell far distant?" murmured the sick man.

"Up yon crooked path, and we have reached it," was the answer.

An hour afterwards, and they were resting in an orange grove with the fierce sun glinting off the leaves.

The invalid had dismounted, and lay on the sward, whilst a priest with shaven head bent over him.

He was too ill to speak, and the man of God addressed his remarks to the tall, fair woman, who knelt by her husband's side, cooling his parched brow with water from the brook.

She told him he had been suffering from nervous intermittent fever, the outcome of hardship and ill-usage, and that they had both endured persecution; he for being a Catholic, she for having married a penniless scion of a noble house.

"And who is thy pursuer, my daughter?" asked the priest.

"My own father," she answered in almost inaudible tones.

He made no reply, but raised the drooping head of the patient, and told the woman to retire for the night to the house of a pious widow who would give her lodging.

Women were not permitted to approach nearer the hermitage, and the hour had come for husband and wife to bid farewell.

It was a touching scene—the first time they had been severed since their marriage, five years before, and the young man placed his hand in silent blessing on the bowed head of sunny hair beside him.

The separation was to be brief—only till next-day, and the trysting place was to be where they stood.

The following morning found the wife awaiting the arrival of the priest.

The grove was deserted, save for the birds carolling overhead, and the drowsy bees draining the orange blossom of its honey.

Down a mountain-path came Father Bernard Fulow at the appointed hour.

"How fared it with my lord during the ghostly hours of the night?" she enquired anxiously.

"Fairly well," he answered. "His fevered vision is disturbed by divers phantoms, but with the blessing of God and the Holy Rood, these humours will pass away. Three hours past mid-day I shall sign him with the precious relic, and do thou pour forth thy prayers in union with mine. United prayer is a mighty weapon."

"Trust not to my orisons, good Father," she replied. "I belong not to my husband's creed, though I have suffered much in its behalf as a loyal wife should do."

The priest cast a rueful look of astonishment on the speaker.

"Adieu, daughter," he said. Then with a profound inclination he withdrew, telling her that she should meet her husband three hours hence.

CHAPTER III.

The rising sun was gilding the peaks of the Asturias and throwing fantails of light across the dark ravines of the mountains, whilst underneath an awning of plaited leaves, Father Bernard's guest lay dying.

No smile of peace played over his wan features, and from time to time a deep sigh escaped from his weary heart.

The good Abbot had striven in vain to pluck the thorn from the stricken breast, and now that death was approaching, he redoubled his prayers that his patient might pass away in peace. True, faith was not wanting to the dying man, but had good works followed?

That was a problem wrapt in mystery, only to be solved by the priest and his penitent!

One morning the dying man raised himself languidly from his couch and signed to his wife to approach. She obeyed, and he whispered some words into her ear.

Then, as the Abbot entered, she threw herself at his feet and discovered to him that her maiden name had been Edith Carew—her husband, Dermot McCarthy.

At mention of the first name, the Abbot started. The green glades of Holy Cross Abbey, awakened by the tramp of the trooper, flashed before him, and memories of the 20th of August leaped into life.

Edith Carew had come as a spectator to the great ceremonial; Dermot McCarthy, as a devout worshipper, and in the Abbey cloister they had first met.

Overcome by terror and the crush of the crowd, the English girl had fainted and the young Irish chieftain had borne her away to the adjacent holy well, and bathed her brow in the cooling spring. Sir George Carew, in return for his daughter's deliverance, gave him a place amongst his pages of honor, thus sowing the seeds of a love which afterwards blossomed into marriage.

When the President discovered that his only child had married a penniless adventurer, his anger knew no bounds. In the veins of Dermot there flowed the princely blood of the McCarthys, but this counted for little weight against his nationality and creed.

On the Abbey of Irrelaigh Carew vented his fury, and swooping down on the devoted pile, scattered its occupants and moss-grown stones to the winds of heaven.

This last episode in the President's blood-stained career was unknown to his dying son-in-law.

"Hast thou heard aught of the Abbey of Irrelaigh, Father?" asked Dermot McCarthy, when the Abbot bent over his couch in mute astonishment.

"It has shared the fate of its martyred sister, my own fair Abbey by the river Suir," was the reply, "fired, it is said, by a wom-

an's tongue, one Mistress Agnes Carew, sister to the King's deputy in Ireland."

Husband and wife exchanged significant glances, and Dermot said sadly:

"When thou hast laid my bones to rest, good Father, and breathed over me the last absolution, bear my message to one, Father Bonaventure at Irrelaigh, whom I remember as Cormac O'Hurley, my twin playmate. Tell him that I have acted no spy's part, neither has my sweet wife yonder. On Mistress Agnes Carew lies the heavy guilt. She has wreaked her vengeance on fair Edith and me, in punishment of a love which no threats could smother, and high words only fanned. Alas! Father," he continued, "since our union my life has been a tangled skein. I have been hunted from my own land, and feelings deep and bitter consume me."

"Thou sayest truly," answered Father Bernard Fulow, joyfully. "God's mightiest work is to unravel the skein of a sinful life, and my highest aspiration is to second our gracious Lord in rescuing the straying lamb from the tangled meshes."

"Amen," ejaculated Dermot McCarthy.

From that time forward the task of the good Abbot proved an easy one. He watched his patient grow daily weaker in body, but strong in God's grace. A confession of his chequered life followed, and death, when it hovered on the threshold, was robbed of its sting.

The tangled skein had been unravelled, and Dermot McCarthy had made his peace with God.

"In his own good time God will open thine eyes to the light of the one true faith, sweet Edith," murmured the dying man to the broken-hearted girl, who watched beside him.

"Thou hast been a true wife to me through weal and woe. Ever blessed be the fretted cloisters of Holy Cross Abbey, where I first beheld thy angel face. Nought but gratitude flits through the chambers of my heart when I look on thee. Should Providence spare thee life and limb to return to Ireland, carry my heart thither and bury it at Muckcross. See Cormac O'Hurley. Tell him I don't forget his rebuke beside the old doorway at Irrelaigh, but warn him to hold us both guiltless of the crime of sacrilege perpetrated by thy father. Adieu, my cherished wife. I shall await thee in a better land."

After this exhortation Dermot McCarthy turned his thoughts aside from Edith. Once or twice he cast an anxious glance at his wife's kneeling figure. It was only a passing regret for the young girl he was leaving hapless in a foreign land.

The advice of Father Bernard Fulow had borne fruit, and the last words his penitent uttered were: "He who reckons the hair of our heads, and heeds the fall of the sparrow, will not forget thee, sweet Edith. Adieu, we shall meet again."

DOMINICAN SAINTS OF THE MONTH.

J. D. F.

FEAST OF THE SACRED STIGMATA OF ST. CATHERINE OF SIENNA.

How pleasing this saint must have been in the eyes of God may be learned by the resemblance of her sufferings to that of our Divine Lord. The one thought that constantly engaged her mind was to render herself each moment more perfect in the practice of prayer and penance. Her convent life afforded her better opportunities to indulge her pious desires—being a member of the Third Order of St. Dominic—than was to be expected in the busy turmoil of the world. So great was her love for God that it is related on one occasion she was favored with a vision in which Our Lady and her Divine Son appeared, and there in the presence of His whole heavenly court Jesus took her for His spouse and placed on her right hand the golden ring of espousals. Frequently so wrapt in ecstasy was she on receiving our Divine Lord in the Eucharist that she remained suspended in the air for some moments. On one of these occasions she beheld our Savior clothed in a shining garment of light, and from His five wounds a radiant light gleamed, which, reflecting with marvellous brilliancy on the body of St. Catherine, caused to appear in her body the marks of the five wounds. After this St. Catherine experienced a sadness so great that were it not that she received supernatural assistance she would have died from very grief. This feast, inaugurated by St. Benedict XII., is piously observed each year by our holy mother Church on the 3d of April, while her principal feast day happens on the 30th of the same month.

ST. VINCENT FERRER.—5TH.

This saint was born at Valentia, Spain, in the 15th century, of pious parents who made it their chief care to watch over the spiritual interests of their young son. Nor were their pious efforts in vain, for after Vincent had attained the years of discretion, the chief and only desire of his heart was to give himself wholly and unreservedly to God in the cloister. In time, he joined the Order of St. Dominic, and after he made his profession he was sent to Barcelona, where in a sermon he foretold to the famine-stricken inhabitants the arrival of some ships laden with corn. That evening his prophecy was verified. During his apostolic career the Church was afflicted with a great schism—two popes were disputing the chair of St. Peter. The saint, unable to withstand the terrible grief that oppressed him at this sight, seemed about to die, when our Divine Lord appeared to him and told him the schism would soon cease, but for him in the meantime to go out and preach against sin and infidelity. The saint arose from his sick bed entirely cured, and had the happiness soon after of seeing the Church restored to its former peace and tranquillity. He died in the year 1417, after many years spent in preaching and bringing sinners to repentance.

BLESSED ANTHONY NEYROT, MARTYR.—10TH.

Blessed Anthony was born in Turin, in the North of Italy. When quite a youth he journeyed to Florence for the purpose of seeking admission to the Dominican convent which at that time was famous for its many pious and scholarly religious. The young postulant advanced very rapidly in the knowledge of sacred and profane science, and after some years was sent on a mission to Sicily. This seemed to him an unfortunate undertaking, but it was in the designs of God the means destined to secure for him the crown of eternal life. While on the high seas his vessel was overtaken by pirates, and he was captured and sent to Tunis in Africa. During his captivity he allowed himself to fall little by little from grace, until it seemed he was in imminent danger of losing his faith. But no; God would not permit this. His eyes were opened to the danger, and rising up, he went before the pagan ruler of the capital and proclaimed that he was a Christian. Threats and promises alike were used to influence him to give up his faith, but all of no avail. He was then put to the torture and

martyred. When after death his body was consigned to the flames it was found that no trace of fire was visible on it after it had been taken out of the burning pile. It was afterwards bought from the barbarians by some Genoese merchants, who brought it to Genoa and interred it there with the greatest reverence and solemnity,

BLESSED MARGARET OF CASTILE.—13TH.

This holy virgin had the misfortune of being born blind. Strange that even under her great affliction she should give early tokens of a piety that never knew the least abatement. From her earliest years her heart yearned to serve God and Him alone. Her parents, in the hope of having her sight restored, sought the shrine of St. Francis, but little Margaret was destined in the designs of God never to gaze on earthly things, but to await the moment when she should behold in all His transcendent beauty and loveliness the only object of her love—Jesus Christ. When her parents saw this they had the hardihood to abandon their child. But God be praised! she received the kindly hospitality of a pious old woman, and afterwards, led on by the spirit of God, she became a member of the Order of St. Dominic. Soon God called her to Himself, and that men might not be deceived about her genuine piety and holiness, it pleased Him that after her death there should appear enshrined in her pure heart the images of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph—while another represented the poor little blind girl in solemn adoration with a dove fluttering over her head. She was beatified by Pope Paul V. on the 19th of October, 1609.

BLESSED PETER GONZALES.—14TH.

Blessed Peter was born in Spain, surrounded by much that the world affords to feed the vanity and encourage the appetites of its pleasure-seeking votaries. Naturally the young mind of Peter became imbued with the idea that while serving God he might likewise serve the world. Being appointed to the high dignity of dean, while yet very young, by his uncle, the Bishop of Astorga, his vanity led him into a scene that while humbling his pride, served the better end of making him disgusted with the world and its vain conceits. One Christmas day, in company with some gay cavaliers, he rode in state through the town, when suddenly his horse started and threw the magnificently-attired rider into a

heap of mud. This mishap elicited from those who accompanied him laughter and jeers. It had the effect, however, of opening Peter's eyes to the folly of worldly prestige; so entering into himself, he made a resolution no more to serve the world, but devote his life and talents to God. He thereupon sought and obtained admission into the Dominican Order, and with a zeal that never knew rest, he worked, and prayed, and fasted for the conversion of sinners, until finally, after twenty-five years from his profession, he foretold in a sermon delivered at Tuy, on Palm Sunday, that his end was near, and in 1249, he expired in the arms of the Archbishop.

BLESSED CLARA, WIDOW.—17TH.

Blessed Clara, born at Pisa, Italy, was reared in the midst of the most luxurious surroundings. Her parents were wealthy, and naturally it would seem that Clara's disposition would incline towards the ways of the world. But no; her ambition was elevated to a higher standard. She saw nothing in the world worthy of her attention, and so she sought God in everything she did. Her charity was boundless, and although from her position in life she was able to accomplish much towards relieving the needy, she was not satisfied until she relieved herself of every needless article of dress. At the age of twenty-two she was forced into an alliance with a rich and noble youth, but this did not direct her attention in the least from the work of her life. She served God faithfully and prayed Him constantly to preserve her from any taint that might render her in the least displeasing in His sight. Her husband dying, she dedicated herself to God in the Order of St. Dominic, where she advanced step by step up the ladder of perfection, until at her death she was deemed worthy of a place amongst the saints, although she was not officially pronounced blessed until some years by Pope Pius VIII.

ST. AGNES OF MONTE PULCIANO.—20TH.

Early in life St. Agnes was placed under the tutelage of the pious nuns of St. Francis. Even at this period of life she evinced a wonderful predilection for the service of God. Although born of parents who were able to afford her every opportunity for a life of gaiety and ease, she preferred to make a sacrifice of all, in order to unite herself more closely to her Divine Saviour. She became a Dominican nun in spite of the most violent opposition of

her family. It can well be understood how rapid was her progress in the science of the saints when God manifested His power and love for her in such a way, that while engaged in prayer, pure drops of the whitest snow were seen at all times and seasons on her cloak, while in the place where she knelt, lilies, roses, and violets sprang up, which fully proved to the eyes of men how great was the purity, love, and humility of this great servant of God. She died in the year 1317, not, however, without having experienced during life, together with sweet interior consolations, the most painful and severe sufferings of a devoted follower of her crucified Master.

ST. PETER VERONA.—29TH.

St. Peter, Martyr, as he is commonly called, was born at Verona in the year 1205. He had the misfortune of being born of Manichean parents, who left nothing untried to influence the young mind of Peter in the direction of their nefarious tenets. But from the beginning God's grace seemed to be with him, and not only was he saved from all taint of heresy, but of sin, which rendered him suspicious of the rightfulness of the doctrines his parents so strenuously upheld. It happened at one time while he was away from home and the influence of his parents, he heard a sermon from St. Dominic. His resolution was from that moment fixed. He determined to follow St. Dominic in his missionary life; so flinging aside every tie that bound him to the world, he became a member of the Order of Preachers. His zeal through life was directed principally against the obnoxious sect of the Manicheans who were overrunning Christendom. So formidable an adversary could not be without the most bitter enemies. The Manicheans conspired to take his life, so on a certain night, while he was travelling from Corno to Milan, a hired band of assassins waylaid him and took his life. Whilst expiring, he wrote with his blood on the sand: "I believe in God."

"CONSULT your friend in all things, especially on those which respect yourself. His counsel may then be useful, where your own self-love might impair your judgment."—*Seneca*.

"BETTER conquest never canst thou make, than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts against giddy, loose suggestions."—*Shakspeare*.

DRIFTING.

REV. WILLIAM D. KELLY.

AVE MARIA! among all of whose names
None sweeter to sailors can be
Than that their love uses whene'er it proclaims
That thou art the Star of the Sea:
The mirror of ocean holds pictured below
Thy radiant home in the skies;
We drift with the tide in the day's afterglow,
And dream of that fair paradise.

As bright in the blue of the far-away West
The evening-star flashes in view,
The winds seem to pause for a moment, and rest
Ere they whisper thy praises anew:
The image of heaven in the waters awakes
Desires for the joys that are there;
We sigh for its bliss, and the passing breeze makes
Our longings a vesperal prayer.

Sancta Maria! ere our canvas be furled,
Give ear, we beseech, to the sighs
Thy children uplift from this wearisome world
To thy throne of reward in the skies;
May the light of thy love illumine our path,
Thy smile cheer our labors, and be
A pledge of that glory whose plenitude hath
An incessant vision of thee.

"Do not, for one repulse forego the purpose
That thou resolved to effect."—*Shakspeare.*

"How poor are they that have not patience!
What wound did ever heal but by degrees?"—*Shakspeare.*

"THE first sure symptom of a mind in health,
Is rest of heart, and pleasure found at home."—*Young.*

EXPLANATION OF THE OUR FATHER.

FROM ST. THOMAS AQUINAS.

FIFTH PETITION, CONCLUDED. With regard to the second consideration (viz., how the petition is to be fulfilled) it is to be noted that in every sin there are two things: the guilt by which God is offended and the punishment which is due by reason of the guilt. Now the guilt is forgiven by contrition, which of course must include, at least, *implicitly* the intention of confession and satisfaction. Says the Psalmist (ps. 31): "*I said, I will confess against myself my injustice to the Lord: and Thou hast forgiven the wickedness of my sin.*" Never despair, then, since to be forgiven, even sorrow with the intention of confession is sufficient. But some one may say to this: "Well, now, if sin may be forgiven by *contrition*,¹ why are we taught that we must *confess* our sins to a *priest*?" To this objection the answer is made that while God forgives the guilt of sin as often as a person turns to Him in perfect contrition, and while He changes the eternal punishment into a temporal one, there nevertheless remains that debt of temporal punishment to be cancelled. Hence if such a person were to die after having elicited a perfect act of contrition, but without having an opportunity of making his confession, he would go to purgatory, the pains of which, according to St. Augustine, are extreme. When therefore such a person makes his confession, the priest absolves him from this punishment in virtue of the "power of the keys," which is confided to him, and to which the penitent submits in confession. Hence Our Lord said to His apostles (John xx.): "*Receive ye the Holy Ghost; whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven them,*" etc. As often then as a person

¹ The word contrition used here means perfect contrition. In our common use of this word we generally qualify it by the adjectives *perfect* and *imperfect*. We say *perfect contrition* remits the guilt of sin,—because perfect contrition supposes that all things are to be embraced which God has established for the remission of sin. Now in the ordinary economy of salvation, the only means we know of by which sin committed after baptism may be remitted is the *tribunal of penance*—hence, the intention of confessing is *at least* implicitly included in every act of perfect contrition. Imperfect contrition or attrition does not remit sin except it be joined with the actual reception of sacramental absolution. In his answer to the objection, St. Thomas is supposing the case of one with perfect contrition.—[Ed. Ros.]

confesses and is absolved, some of this temporal punishment is forgiven. There is in the Church another way of getting rid of this temporal punishment, viz., by the imparting of indulgences, the recipient of which must have charity, or, in other words, be in the state of sanctifying grace. That the Pope may grant indulgences is clear. There were many saints who did much good for the Church—they never sinned (at least never committed mortal sins). In the same way there are the incomparable merits of Our Lord and His Blessed Mother stored in the Church's treasury, which may well be called inexhaustible. Out of this treasury the Sovereign Pontiff, and they whom he commissions, may dispense these merits. Thus, then, sins are forgiven as to their guilt, by contrition; as to their temporal punishment, by confession and the gaining of indulgences. With regard to the third consideration, viz.: What is required of us in order that this petition may be fulfilled—we must forgive all who have injured us. Hence we pray "*as we forgive them that trespass against us.*" Unless we are in earnest when we say this, God will not forgive us. "*Man to man reserveth anger, and doth he seek remedy of God.*" (Eccli. xxviii. 3.) "*Forgive, and ye shall be forgiven.*" (Luke vi.) This is the only petition that has a condition attached to it. Therefore if you do not forgive you will not be forgiven. But perhaps you may say: "Well, why may I not pray in this wise: "*Forgive us our trespasses,*" and keep silent about the rest of it, leaving out "*as we forgive them that trespass against us*"? But surely you would not attempt to deceive Christ? He who composed this prayer remembers every word of it. Therefore when you pronounce the words with your lips, let their meaning be felt in your heart. Now another question arises: "Ought a person who refuses to forgive his neighbor, nevertheless recite this petition, "*as we forgive them,*" etc.? It would seem that he ought not to recite it because it would be a lie. Still it must be said that such a person does not lie, because he does not pray in his own person, but in the person of the Church, which is never deceived, and that is the reason the plural number is used. It is to be borne in mind that there are two ways to forgive: One is that of the perfect who seek out the offender. The other is the usual one common to all, to which all are bound, viz.: to forgive him who asks your forgiveness. "*Forgive thy neighbor if he hath hurt thee: and then shall thy sins be forgiven to thee when thou prayest.*" (Eccli. xxviii. 2.) From this follows the beatitude: "Blessed are the merciful." Mercy constrains us to compassionate our neighbor.

A CHAT WITH THE LITTLE ONES.

AN Easter greeting to the children of the Rosary is herewith cordially sent by the Editor. He is delighted with the letters—every one of them that come to him written—some of them by little hands new to the use of the pen—all of them in straightforward full, round hand, betraying the good-natured, generous dispositions that dictated them.

Letter-writing is not so easy a task after all. The writing of good letters is an accomplishment to be proud of, and one with which every young Rosarian ought to labor to be credited.

The things required in every letter—no matter what the style—are: the arrangement, the neatness, the legibility. This last is a big word, isn't it? It means that your letter ought not to look as if a hen had scratched and spattered the ink on the page! Oh! yes, there are letters that look like the desultory scratching of a thrifty hen.

If poor writing was considered an evidence of ignorance and a defective education, as are bad reading and pronunciation, I am sure that greater pains would be taken by the majority of writers. Strange to say, the very contrary is the case. Poor writing is said to be an outward sign of inward genius! But I think that it may be safely put down that the person who wishes to attract genius to himself or have it imputed to him by cultivating a wretched hand, will soon be detected and subjected to the ridicule that he himself has invited. There are those who profess to be able to determine the more prominent traits of one's character by the style of the writing, and perhaps there is more room for evidence here than we will be willing to grant on first sight. However that may be, we owe it to ourselves to write neatly and intelligibly, just as we desire to speak correctly, and in a way to be readily understood. We are glad to notice that our little ones' letters have all been neatly and carefully written. The prize-letter about the World's Fair seems to be stirring up enthusiastic young people in every section. The result will be made known in May. The conditions were laid down in the March ROSARY.

"I have been a reader of THE ROSARY from the beginning," writes a Philadelphia girl. "I write to express my ardent admiration of

the beautiful and instructive reading contained within its pages. I earnestly wish it the highest success." Then the letter goes on to tell about a great mission given by the Dominican Fathers in Philadelphia, and about a splendid lecture delivered by the well-known Fr. McKenna. Then the little one asks about the St. Thomas cord; and as so many little ones have asked us about this pious devotion, we will briefly explain it, freely quoting from a little pamphlet called:

THE GIRDLE OF ST. THOMAS AQUINAS;
OR, THE ANGELIC WARFARE.

God bears a special hatred to the vice of impurity. Often has He punished other sins, but His most terrible vengeance has been visited on those guilty of this crime. The cities of the plain destroyed; twenty-three thousand slain in one day on the journey to the Promised Land; and almost the entire tribe of Benjamin wiped out; these are some of the instances of the rigor of God's chastisements for this horrible sin. Yet no sin is now more common. From youth to old age it carries on its work of destruction. Our loving mother, the Church, realizing the danger, offers to her children every assistance and defence against this vice. For this purpose she has instituted the Confraternity of the Cord of St. Thomas Aquinas, or the Angelic Warfare, whose origin may be briefly told.

St. Thomas Aquinas was born in 1226, in that part of Italy known as the Happy Country. His descent was most noble—from the Chieftains of the Crusades, Tancred and Bohemond. He was a nephew of the Emperor Barbarossa, first cousin of the Emperor Henry VI., and second cousin of the Emperor Frederick II.

St. Dominic, the founder of the Dominicans, had died but a few years before. His Order was rapidly spreading, and the young Aquinas, on arriving at an age when he could form a judgment in so grave a matter, determined to abandon the world and all his brilliant worldly prospects and became a poor friar. Accordingly in the year 1243 he received the habit in the Dominican convent, Naples. Hearing that his mother was coming, and fearing her influence on his determination, he was allowed to go to Rome. She followed him there, and even placed her case in the hands of the Pope, who, she hoped, would change Thomas from his purpose. But in vain! He was sent by his superiors in the mean-

time to Paris, but on the road was captured by troops of his brothers, and brought to his father's castle, where he was confined as a prisoner. While thus held, his brothers, men of un-Christian life, introduced into his cell a woman of infamous reputation in order to effect the youth's destruction. On seeing her enter, St. Thomas, animated by a holy indignation, seized a brand from the fire and drove the wretch from his cell. He then marked a cross on the wall and knelt in ecstatic prayer. While thus kneeling two angels appeared and girded him with a cord. From this moment he never experienced an attack against his purity. After more than a year's confinement he escaped by the aid of his sisters, and soon realized his vocation as a Dominican, having successfully defended his cause even before the Pope, and now the whole Church honors him as the Angelic Doctor, the patron of Catholic schools, of youth, of students, of chastity, of learning, of devotion to the most adorable Sacrament, and of vocations to the priesthood and the religious state.

He wore this miraculous cord till his death in 1274.

After his death it was given by the Master-General of the Dominicans to the fathers of the convent in Vercelli. There it remained till the French Revolution, when it was taken to another Dominican convent at Chieri, near Turin, where it is still preserved.

The veneration of the faithful towards this cord was rewarded by miracles, and in the sixteenth century it became customary to make other cords like it which were blessed by touching the original girdle of the saint. This devotion was much practised, but it was not till the middle of the seventeenth century, or 1649, that the Confraternity of the Angelic Warfare was established. Innocent X. solemnly confirmed it on March 21, 1654.

Innocent XII., by decree of December 24, 1695, granted a number of indulgences to the members of the Confraternity.

Benedict XIII., in 1727, associated this Confraternity with the Society of the Academy of St. Thomas, Barcelona, Spain, in honor of St. Catherine the Virgin and Martyr, and granted a communication of indulgences. Other Popes, Gregory XIII., Sixtus V., and Pius VII., have also enriched it with indulgences.

The great feast of the Angelic Warfare is the 28th of January, commemorating the translation of the body of St. Thomas.

Whole volumes might have been filled, writes one of the Jesuit Fathers, in recording the favors received by those wearing the

Cord of St. Thomas. Many saints have been devoted to this blessed girdle, particularly St. Aloysius and St. Joseph Calasancius. The Confraternity is under the care of the Dominican Fathers, to whom application can be made by the reverend clergy for faculties to establish it and bless the cord.

The girdle is made of white linen containing fifteen knots in honor of the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary.

CONDITIONS FOR BECOMING A MEMBER.

1. Have a cord blessed by a priest authorized to enroll in the Confraternity.

2. Have your name registered.

3. Wear the cord day and night around the waist.

No prayers are of obligation under sin. Neglecting to say the fifteen Hail Marys or the other prayers causes a member to lose the corresponding indulgences. But it is particularly urged that members say these fifteen Hail Marys faithfully, as many blessings may justly be expected in this warfare from the ever Immaculate Mother in whose honor they are recited, as well as in memory of the Fifteen Mysteries of the beads.

"Blessed are the clean of heart for they shall see God."—*Matt. v. 8.*

INDULGENCES GRANTED TO THE MEMBERS OF THE ANGELIC WARFARE.

1. A plenary indulgence on the day of admission to the Confraternity, subject to the usual conditions of receiving the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Eucharist, and praying for our Holy Father's intentions.

2. A plenary indulgence on the 28th of January, for visiting a church where the Confraternity is established. The conditions as above.

3. A plenary indulgence at the hour of death, if being able they receive the Sacraments, and with penitent spirit invoke the Holy Name of Jesus, in their heart if not with their lips.

4. Partial indulgences are granted for wearing the cord; for saying daily fifteen Hail Marys in honor of the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary; for visiting the church of the Confraternity, especially on the Feasts of the Rosary and the Dominican Saints; for practising the works of mercy, corporal and spiritual; and for reciting the prayer "Chosen Lily."

COUNSELS FOR THE MEMBERS OF THE ANGELIC WARFARE.

1. Custody of the eyes; mortification of the senses in general; readiness in resisting impure thoughts; shunning the occasions of sin.

2. To avoid evil reading; to resent all impure conversations; to avoid all improper amusements; and to endeavor to induce those guilty of such to join the Confraternity, or at least to abandon their sinful life.

3. Prayer, earnest and persevering; devout invocation of Jesus, Mary and Joseph, in temptation; meditation on the heinousness of sin, for which St. Thomas had such a horror that he used to say he would willingly remain in hell forever rather than deliberately commit even a venial sin; meditation on the passion of our Lord, especially His cruel scourging and crowning with thorns; imitation of St. Thomas, who day and night studied in the book of the Crucifix.

4. Devotion to our Blessed and Immaculate Mother, Mary; consecration to her special service; devotion to St. Joseph; devotion to St. Thomas. Deep was his love for Mary; for an entire Lent he preached on the Hail Mary.

5. Practice of humility. St. Thomas teaches us that God often permits the proud, as a punishment, to fall into impurity. By habitually humbling himself before God, he was delivered from the least sting of pride.

6. Devout and frequent reception of the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Eucharist.

7. The practice of some self denial or mortification, such as fasting, for the souls in Purgatory.

8. The reception of the Sacraments and the recital of the Rosary, especially for the end and intention of the Confraternity.

9. The use of the following prayers, the first of which was said by St. Thomas prostrate before the Cross he had marked on the wall of his cell, in resisting the last attack he ever experienced against his virginal purity:

PRAYER OF ST. THOMAS.

Dearest Jesus, I know well that every perfect gift, and above all others that of chastity, depends upon the most powerful assistance of Thy Providence, and that without Thee, a creature can do nothing. Therefore, I pray Thee to defend with Thy grace.

chastity and purity in my soul as well as in my body; and if I have ever received the impression of anything sensible that can stain my chastity and purity, do Thou who art the supreme Lord of all my powers take it from me, that I may with an immaculate heart advance in Thy love and service, offering myself chaste, all the days of my life, on the most pure altar of Thy Divinity. Amen.

PRAYER TO ST. THOMAS.

Chosen lily of innocence, purest St. Thomas, to thee who didst preserve ever fair thy baptismal robe, to thee who, being girded by two angels, didst become a true angel in the flesh, to thee do I pray to recommend me to Jesus the Immaculate Lamb and to Mary the Queen of Virgins, that I, also, who bear about me thy sacred girdle, may receive the gift of thy purity, that thus imitating thee, on the earth, I may one day be crowned with thee, O great guardian of my purity, amongst the angels in Paradise.

Our Father. Hail Mary. Glory be to the Father.

V. Pray for us, St. Thomas.

R. That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.

LET US PRAY.

O God who hast vouchsafed to defend with the blessed girdle of St. Thomas, those who are engaged in the terrible conflict for chastity, grant to us, Thy suppliants, by his help, happily to overcome in this warfare, the dread enemy of our bodies and souls, that being crowned with the lily of perpetual purity we may deserve to receive from Thee, amongst the chaste bands of the angels, the palm of bliss, through Christ our Lord. Amen.

WHEN PUTTING ON THE CORD.

Gird me, O Lord, with the girdle of purity and by the merits of St. Thomas, extinguish within me every evil desire, that I may remain continent and chaste until death. Amen.

This is a beautiful ejaculation for use at any time.

"It is the lot of almost every man to flatter himself with a higher opinion of self than can possibly be effected by the adulation of others."—*Roche foucault*.

"Lose not thy own for want of asking for it; 'twill get thee no thanks."—*Fuller*.

A HAPPY EASTER.

I. M. O'R.

"Good news! good news, Tom! Guess what it is,—I won't tell you until you see if you can guess it. Hurry, hurry, for I'm wild to talk about it! I'll give you three guesses; now be quick." And ten-year-old Nannie, who had entered the play-room with a bound, went pirouetting around her only brother, a year younger than herself, as if she'd like to fly off into space if those ninety pounds of flesh would let her.

"Whoa, there! now don't be so frisky; stay still a minute, can't you, and tell a fellow?—Pshaw! I suppose it's another party. That may be good news for *you*, but you know *I hate parties*."

"No, no, not a party; it's something a *great deal* more fun than that. One guess gone."

"Is it some plan for our Easter holidays?"

"Now you're getting warm, Tom. Only one more guess. Hurry, slow-coach; try again. I can't keep it much longer or something dreadful will happen me. I'm so happy I don't know what to do with myself."

"Are we to go to—"

"Yes, yes; that's it, we're to go to Grandma's for our vacation; Mamma just told me so; there, aren't you delighted? and listen—"

Her next words were lost, for with a whoop that would have done no discredit to a Comanche brave, Tom flung his arms around his sister's waist, and both went whirling about the floor like some sort of a fanciful tee-to-tum. When at length they came to a stand-still from sheer exhaustion, and each had fallen on a chair in a manner more emphatic than graceful, Tom gasped between breaths:

"That *is* good news; the very jolliest thing I've heard since I don't know when. I believe I won't call you Jumbo for a whole week."

"You'd better not," replied Nannie, with a warning shake of her head, "remember, Grandma don't allow you to tease me; she says she was fat herself when she was little. But let me tell you the rest. You know Mamma said we couldn't go this year because

Grandma had been so sick, but she writes that she is quite well again, and that she wants us as usual, and Mamma says if Grandma wants us, of course she is to have us; and Katharine is to take us on Wednesday.

* * * * *

The wished-for morning came at last, and Nannie and Tom, having finished their breakfast, ran up-stairs to take another look, to make sure that nothing had been forgotten. They were still busy gathering their treasures, when Lizzie appeared and told them their mother wanted to see them. Down-stairs they went, Tom on the banisters, and Nannie two steps at a time, and darted into their mother's room.

"Children, something has happened," she said; "poor Katharine got a telegram a few minutes ago, telling her to go home at once, as her father is very ill. She is in such grief! and I told her to start just as soon as she possibly can."

The children's first thought was one of sorrow for Katharine, but this was quickly followed by a sudden fear for themselves.

"But, Mamma," said Nannie excitedly, "if Katharine has to go home, how are we to get to Grandma's?"

"That is just what I cannot see," replied Mrs. Gibbons. "It is impossible for me to go away now, and your father of course can not leave his patients, so I fear you'll have to stay at home."

This sudden blow to their hopes was more than the poor children could bear. Tom's lips quivered, and he rushed from the room to hide the tears he was ashamed to shed; whilst Nannie threw herself on the bed and cried as if her heart would break. Mrs. Gibbons' own eyes were moist as she saw the suffering of her little ones, and after thinking deeply for a few moments, she arose and quietly left the room.

Tom had sought refuge in the nurse's room, and here Katharine found him when she came to say good-bye. At sight of her anxious face all the boy's anger vanished. She had been governess to Nannie and Tom until last year, when they went to school for the first time, and she now remained to help them with their lessons and to care for them generally. They loved her dearly, and she had great influence over them, so that now as she told him how sorry she was to be the cause of this disappointment, but begged him to offer it as a sacrifice to God. He promised her he would. Shortly afterwards he went whistling down the stairs, and meet-

ing his mother coming out of the office, put his arms around her, saying in a shaky voice: "That's all right, Muzzer,—it's pretty hard, but it can't be helped. May I go out on my 'cycle?" Mrs. Gibbons smilingly said: "Come with me first; I have something to tell you." And together they went to find Nannie. Here likewise Katharine had done a good work, for the child had made up her mind to offer this keen disappointment to her suffering Saviour. She even tried to smile as her mother and Tom came into the room. Mrs. Gibbons at once said:

"Children, I see you have conquered yourselves, and I know what it has cost you; now for your reward. I have been talking to your father, and we have decided to let you go to C.... by yourselves. It's only a few hours' ride, and as you have been over the road so often, I don't think there is any danger. I'll telegraph to your Aunt Anna to meet you, and take you out to Marydale.

"O Mamma, that is lovely!" and the faces were once more radiant with joy.

"But wait, there's something more," said the young mother; a train goes this afternoon by which you would be in C.... before dark, but I'm not sure your aunt could be there in time to meet you; if you wait until to-morrow I could have an answer, so I think that will be the safer plan."

This postponement was a fresh trial, and, if the truth must be told, both Nannie and Tom became very unamiable over it. They pleaded and coaxed to be allowed to start that day, and then pouted and grumbled, and said: "It was too mean for anything," and that "they could'nt wait," and altogether seemed to entirely forget their good resolutions. Their mother appeared not to notice them for awhile, and then, when they were quieter, said gently: "If you started to-day, your father and I would not have one easy moment. Would you like to feel you were giving us so much trouble?" There was a short hesitation, a smothered sigh, a little prayer—and then love conquered. "No, Mamma," said Nannie, burying her tearful face in her mother's lap, "no; we won't say anything more about it." Tom surrendered in the same way, and peace once more reigned.

* * * * *

The next day, after attending the Holy Thursday services with their parents, Nannie and Tom started on their journey. When Mrs. Gibbons took them to the parlor-car, she noticed that their

nearest neighbor was a most kindly-looking old gentleman, who seemed so much amused and interested by the youngsters' prattle, that she felt tempted to put them under his care. She did not do so, however, and after feeding the porter and giving Nannie and Tom all sorts of advice and warnings, she bade them good-bye and stepped from the car. The next instant the train was moving away. A glimpse of two serious young faces pressed against the window-pane, a kissing and waving of hands, and she was alone. She almost regretted the soft-heartedness that had caused her to take such a risk, and would have drawn her darlings back to her side were it in her power; but it was too late, and with a fervent prayer for their safety she returned to the silent house.

For a few minutes the children also felt rather dreary, but they soon began to make themselves at home, and to be quite merry. Before they had gone many miles on their journey they had eaten the plentiful lunch good old Martha had done up for "the darlins, God bless them; shure they'll be starved going so far." Next they turned their attention to the Easter eggs they were taking to their grandmother and aunts. As they were admiring them for about the twentieth time, one of these rolled to the floor, and under their pleasant neighbor's chair. Before Tom could reach it, the handsome old gentleman had rescued and handed it to the owner with some funny remark. This opened the conversation, and soon they were chatting away like old friends. Nannie could'n't stand being deserted, so she joined her brother, and it wasn't long before their new acquaintance knew their whole history; how they were going to visit their grandmother, who had the prettiest country home called Marydale; how they loved to be there, and what fine times they always had; and how Grandma delighted in making them happy because they were just as she was when she was little. She had a brother younger than herself, "like Tom and me," Nannie said, and it's the best thing of all to get Grandma to tell of the fun they used to have together, and the scrapes they got into. "Oh, my! how she does love that brother," exclaimed Nannie. "Why, she named me after him," said the boy, "Thomas Benton, don't you think that's a nice name? Thomas Benton Gibbons." "What!" said their listener, and then he suddenly turned away from them and looked out of the window, so that they thought they had tired him, and

went back to their seats. In a few moments, however, their neighbor again drew them into conversation, as if he found their talk the most interesting thing in the world. "What became of this grand-uncle of yours?" he asked. "We don't know," answered Nannie, "we asked Grandma once, but she only said 'he's far, far away,' and she looked so sad we were frightened. Papa,—he's Grandma's son, you know,—said we must not question Grandma any more, and so we don't." Thus these young chatter-boxes prattled on until the conductor came to tell them they would be in C.... in five minutes. By the time they had put on their wraps, and said good-bye to their new-found friend, the train stopped with a jerk that made them cut a pigeon wing, and the next instant they had darted out, and were strangling and smothering their aunt on the platform.

* * * * *

The hours had flown by on golden wings, and Sunday came,—as bright and beautiful an Easter morn as ever dawned. Our young friends, Nannie and Tom, brimming over with happiness, having found all the curious and pretty eggs Grandma had hidden in various nooks and crannies, went out to roll some of them down the terrace on the lawn, to see whose were best. They were laughing merrily at the sport, when all at once Tatters began to bark savagely, and looking up they saw a small boy watching them over the gate. "I'll pick wid ye," he said to Tom, "if ye'r not afeard." What boy could stand that? Tom couldn't any way, so out he went, Nannie following and begging him to come back—Grandma would be so angry. As soon as they got near him the little urchin grabbed a golden egg out of Nannie's hand, and scampered down the road as fast as his legs could carry him, Tatters at his heels, Tom in hot pursuit, and Nannie bringing up in the rear, screaming for Tom to come home. They hadn't gone far before the culprit was caught by a strong hand, and as the panting brother and sister came to a stand-still, a voice said. "Hello, my young friends, you seem to be in a hurry; what's the matter?" and there who should they see but their acquaintance of the parlor-car! Giving the small boy a reprimand and a dime, to which Nannie added the golden egg, the kindly old gentleman took the children by the hand and walked back with them towards Marydale. A letter that Nannie wrote that evening will tell the rest of the story.

DEAR PAPA AND MAMMA:—I can't go to sleep without telling you the great news. Mamma, don't you remember the kind gentleman who sat next to us? Well, he talked to Tom and me, and of course we had to talk a little to him. When Tom told him his full name, he looked awful queer, and this morning we met him on the road and he came in with us and asked to see Grandma. Oh, Papa, Mamma, will you believe it, he turned out to be Grandma's brother that she hadn't seen for ever and ever so many years! He went South before the war, and he fought on that side, and some hateful person told him Grandma didn't love him any more, and so he just staid away and didn't write or anything. He came North on business, but wouldn't have stopped, only he met us and we told him how dearly Grandma loved him, and always talked about him. He went to Mass with us, and we heard him tell Grandma he'd been "a careless old boy," but that he would do everything that was right now. I'm not sure, but I *think* he cried, and I *know* Grandma did when Father Hughes said: "This is the day which the Lord hath made: let us be glad and rejoice therein." That's right, for I copied it out of my prayer-book. Uncle Tom's just lovely to us; he calls us his big Easter eggs, and says he never expected to have such a bright Easter as we have given him. You ought to see the presents he brought us, and to-morrow he's going to take us to Philadelphia to Independence Hall and the Zoo, and he says we shall have such a jolly vacation that we'll never forget it. We know now, Mamma dear, if we had been bad, like at first, and had our own way about coming when you didn't want us to, Grandma would not have found the brother she loves so much; my! but she is happy, and so are all our aunts because she is. Indeed, we're going to try to be good. I never wrote so long a letter in my life, and I'm tired out. Good-night. Tom and I send twelve kisses.

Your little daughter,
NANNIE.

"SHUN the inquisitive person, for he is also a talker. Those who inquire much into the affairs of others are seldom capable of retaining the secrets which they learn."—*Horace*.

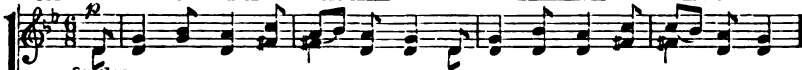
THE CARRYING OF THE CROSS.

Words by MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD.

Music by LOUISA MORRISON.

Slow and sad.

1ST SOP.



2ND SOP.

1. The bur-den of our sins oppress ; His foes press 'round with tire-less wrath,
2. That path to Cal-v'ry traced in blood His Moth-er tear - ful - ly pursues ;
3. No moan, no mur-mur of His pain, Falls on the mad in-sen-sate throng ;

ALTO. *p*



As bowed beneath His heav-y Cross Christ fal-ters up the rug-ged path.
She marks Him fall beneath the Cross His fair face stained with many a bruise.
Patience sub-lime, sup-ply our needs, And make our coward spir-its strong.



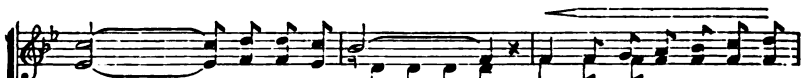
Chorus.



List - en, O Moth-er, while we pray,..... We show thee

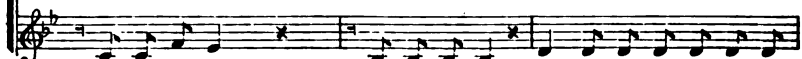


while we pray,



our cares and needs,

all..... our cares and needs,..... As pleading for thy aid we



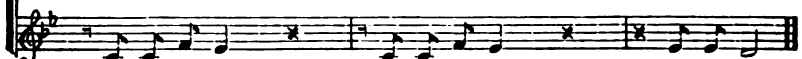
We show thee all

our cares and needs,



bless-ed beads.

say..... The A-ves on..... thy blessed beads.....



thy aid we say,

The A - ves on

blessed beads.

Notes.

May the joys of the glorious Resurrection morn be with all our readers. Christ our pasch is risen. Death shall no more have dominion over Him. We, too, should be risen from the grave of sin. We are the members of Christ; He is our Head. It ill-becomes the members to be dead when the Head is rejoicing, to have the members in the grave when the Head has burst the bonds of death and is glorious in His triumph!

We learn with great pleasure through the columns of the *Kilkenny Journal* that the famous and historic Black Abbey, the possession of the Dominican Friars, was made the scene of unusual interest on Sunday, Feb. 12. It was the occasion of the opening of a grand two-manual organ. It is no wonder that such a ceremony as this, in such a place as this, should cause those who are familiar with the history of this old Abbey to reflect on the vicissitudes to which the old Catholic faith has been subjected. "A vision of the Black Abbey in the glorious olden time grows upon my mind," said the preacher of the day, the Rev. A. Coleman, O.P.; "I see the friars issuing forth in long procession from the choir after Compline. I hear the organ pealing forth from the old tower; the rays of the setting sun fall here and there upon silent, solitary worshippers, whose hearts are lifted up to God as the hymn of the "*Salve Regina*" to the Queen of Heaven floats through the air, calling on her to protect both themselves and the people of the town. The chant of the friars was hushed; the plundered, dismantled Abbey served to mark another of the monuments of triumphant Protestantism, and the sheltering moss and vines covering the pleading, protesting walls, told a sad story to all the world. Slowly, year by year the *debris* has been removed. The friars have returned and the hymns that once were silent are heard in self-same tones again, re-echoing the golden past. May their numbers increase and their piety be known to all men."

Says the director of the Arch-confraternity of the Rosary (at St. Vincent Ferrer's church, this city):

"Since last November we have received and recorded in the Rosary Register, kept in our church, the names of *fourteen thousand, two hundred and fifty-six* new members of the great Rosary Confraternity. Many of these names

were taken in our own church, many were sent us by our fathers who are laboring on the missions, and many more came from distant quarters, where the ROSARY MAGAZINE has made known to the people the wonders of this great Confraternity."

A truly consoling reflection this information suggests.

This subjoined letter was suggested on seeing an article in the *Illustrated Catholic Missions*, on Dominica, reprinted from THE ROSARY, Oct., 1892.

ST. MARY'S, CROYDON.

25th November, 1892.

To "The Editor."

DEAR SIR:—I have read with pleasure the interesting letter of Miss Florence Mary Kelly, on Dominica, as reported in your religious paper, "*The Illustrated Catholic Missions*" for this present month of November. I hope you will kindly allow me to make few remarks on that subject. I am confident that the writer will kindly accept my statements, as they will elucidate a point she could not have known. Yourself, dear sir, desirous to convey to posterity the true origin and progress of our holy religion, you will, I am sure, receive the enclosed information from authentic sources which I send to you:

I owe that notice to the memory of my late friend, the Right Rev. Michael Désivé Vesque, second Bishop of Roseau, Dominica. The Right Rev. M. D. Vesque was previously the chaplain who introduced into England, at Norwood, on 14 Sept., 1848, a colony of *Religieuses* known as Faithful Virgins, from *La Délivrande*, near Caen, Normandy. His wonderful learning, his piety, his manners so gentle, soon brought him to the knowledge, friendship, and confidence of our great Cardinal Wiseman. Thence His Eminence, having to appoint a Bishop to succeed the Right Rev. Michael Monahan, 1st Bishop of Roseau, cast his eyes on my friend and confrère, Michael Désivé Vesque. He was consecrated Bishop of Roseau, at the Pro Cathedral of Moorfields, on the feast of the holy Rosary, 26 Oct., 1856. He went immediately to Rome to obtain the blessing of Our Holy Father, Pius IX, on his new mission, and he started from England for Roseau, 17 March, 1857, and arrived there on the 21 April, 1857. He looked upon the souls thus under his care, by a visible vocation from heaven

with such a desire of saving them, that he undertook at once the arduous work of his visitation of all the islands under his jurisdiction. His letters to his late community at Norwood gave us all such frightful pictures of the low morality and spiritual ignorance of his charge, and yet their eagerness to be instructed, that the zealous Nuns of Norwood offered themselves to go and share in his apostolic labors and merits. This generous offer was to the Bishop's heart a new mark of the help Divine Providence would give him for the successful administration of his Diocese. On the 8th Oct., 1857, seven *Religieuses* of the Faithful Virgin landed at Roseau: five from Norwood, two from La Délivrande. Thus the work of God and Religion went on progressing wonderfully. Soon the holy Bishop, victim of his zeal, died, but his spirit animated his holy community, through his successor, Right Rev. Bishop Poivier. At the time of the death of that true pastor Apr. 22, 1878, that is in 21 years, the community of the Faithful Virgin at Roseau had wonderfully spread its fruits over the island.

There are now fifteen *Religieuses* in the convent. They have opened a boarding-school for young ladies of the neighboring isles: forty of them receive there a higher education. They have also founded an orphanage, wherein sixty poor fatherless children are brought up; thirty day-scholars attend the various classes of education, and besides, several of their former pupils are teachers as school-mistresses, in several parts of Roseau. What a difference in civilization, comfort, and religion from 1857, to our present day! *Deo gratias.*

A. CANON DAVID.

[We will soon publish an article giving a history of the Nuns of the Faithful Virgin.]—ED.

Our article on the old-testament types of the mysteries of the Rosary is again crowded out this month by articles that we could not hold over. We will, however, introduce them in the May number.

The following came all the way from Halifax, N. S., a sample of many like it from a subscriber renewing his subscription for '93: "I assure you that I shall lose no opportunity of recommending it (THE ROSARY) to my acquaintances as a first-class magazine for a Catholic family."

We have been asked, and we gladly give the space, to announce that thanks are returned to the Queen of the Rosary by a new subscriber for a favor attained.

Several anonymous letters—good ones, too—have come to us of late. Their authors asked us to publish the communications which they submitted, but we beg to inform them that we cannot do so until they give us their names and addresses.

CALENDAR FOR APRIL.

Easter Sunday, April 2d, six plenary indulgences: (a) C.C., visit chapel, (b) Stations, (c) visit any church, prayers; (d) C.C., visit chapel, prayers; also 10 years and 10 lents for saying five decades, and 7 years and 7 lents for C.C., visit chapel, and prayers. Each day during the octave of Easter, including Low Sunday, and on St. Mark's day, April 25th, indulgence of 30 years and 30 lents for the stations. For the living Rosary two plenary indulgences on Easter, and 7 years and 7 lents each day of the octave for the recitation of the appointed decade.

On the four feasts of Dominican saints: St. Vincent, April 5; St. Agnes, April 27; St. Peter, April 29; St. Catherine of Siena, April 30; a plenary indulgence, C.C., visit Dominican church, prayers.

OUR EXCHANGES.

Among other choice articles in the March number of the *North American Review*, the one on Claims to Statehood is especially interesting, written by the ex-Governor of Arizona. He writes:

"Bribery and kindred scandals are unknown in Arizona, and the laws are honestly passed, and justly administered. As yet the power of corporations in legislative matters is unknown, and the laws are intelligent, humane, and suited to the wants of the people. In education, too, Arizona is abreast of the age. It has a splendid system of public schools, and at school elections all taxpayers and all parents or guardians of children of school age are entitled to vote without distinc-

tion of sex. Every child in the Territory can receive a free education, and if too poor to obtain text-books, the school district must furnish them free of cost. In these schools no religious tests of any kind are permitted, either as to teacher or pupil, and sectarian instruction is absolutely forbidden. Teachers are paid from \$50 to \$125 per month. The counties levy a school tax of seventy-five cents upon each \$100 of assessed property, and adds to the amount thus raised the money derived from certain licenses, fines, and penalties, while each school district which is two miles in extent, and includes at least ten children, is entitled to an annual allowance of \$400. And this

system of schools is sustained entirely by the people of the Territory, with no assistance from the national government, excepting a small annual payment for the benefit of the university at Tucson."

The Ladies' Home Journal is always filled with choice reading-matter. The March number was very interesting. More's the pity that this wide-awake magazine should be put up in folio; it is too unwieldy altogether. Palmer Cox's Brownies keep travelling, and give untold pleasure and merriment by their cute antics. The following directions about caring for flowers will be read by everybody: "All writers on floriculture agree in the importance of moisture, but not all agree as to how water shall be applied in the effort to secure a moist temperature. 'Sprinkle daily,' one says. 'Flirt water over them with a whisk broom,' says another. I notice that I have made use of the term 'shower.' I presume that the other writers quoted from had the same effect in mind that I have; but the term 'sprinkle' is a misleading one, and a whisk broom is not the proper instrument to use in distributing water over and among plants. You must have something more than a mere sprinkling to do much good, and with a brush broom a mere sprinkling is about all you ever get. You should aim to throw water up among the branches, so that the lower side of every leaf is wet; unless this is done you but half accomplish what you aim at, and this is all you can accomplish by the use of anything that does not throw a stream of water forcibly in any direction where you want it to go. Every person growing plants in the window ought to be the owner of a brass syringe made expressly for florists' use. With one of

these implements it is the easiest thing in the world to get water just where it is needed, and the red spider is sure to be routed by the persistent use of it."

Says the *Western Watchman*, Feb. 9, '93: "We learn from the *L'Observateur Louisianais* that the Germans and the French are fighting for supremacy in the diocese of New Orleans; and we might remark that the country at large does not care much which wins. The French complain that the young priests from the seminary at Pontchatoula learn to speak French under German professors, and consequently do not speak good French. *The majority of the German priests from the Salesianum* who have been preaching to our people in English for a half century have had no professors at all, yet, if we are to believe themselves, they speak excellent English."

The italics are ours and we are wondering at that last sentence yet. In the meantime we remark:

1. We do not think that the period of the Salesianum's usefulness dates back a half century yet.

2. And, anyhow, the Rev. Editor of the *Watchman* does not seriously claim that St. Francis has been without efficient professors of English!

And here comes another juvenile magazine—*American Young People*, a hardy-looking, promising youngster it is, too. The January number, which has just reached us, starts off very well with articles by well-known writers, and illustrations that are copious enough, but hardly of a style to catch and hold youthful fancy. We wish *American Young People* well. It is sure to succeed, as it claims Chicago as its home. It is one dollar a year.

APRIL ROSARY.

INTENTIONS FOR APRIL.

The prayers of our Rosarians are asked for Our Holy Mother the Church, Our Holy Father the Pope, and for several special intentions sent to us: For a mother and son addicted to intoxicants, and careless about practising their religion; for a position and a buyer for some property that must disposed of; for a mother addicted to drink; peace in a family; that a young girl may make a good confession; for a happy marriage; the conversion of a mother; health and peace of mind; the grace to overcome a certain temptation; for the repose of the souls of Mr. Patrick O'Connell, who departed this life

in Iron Mountain Niche, in Feb., '93, and Mrs. B. Loughery, who died in Philadelphia in Nov., '92; for desirable subject to a religious vocation; for the health of several; for the conversion of several; for the restoration to the faith of one; for a husband who drinks to excess; for a little one sorely afflicted; for success in a study, and a special intention; 27 sick; 23 families; 97 conversions; 26 sinners; 2 first communions; 7 first confessions; 26 departed souls; 121 children; 20 parents; 2 temporal and 46 spiritual favors; 17 perseverances; 2 thanksgivings; 105 special intentions; a safe journey, and other special intentions.

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